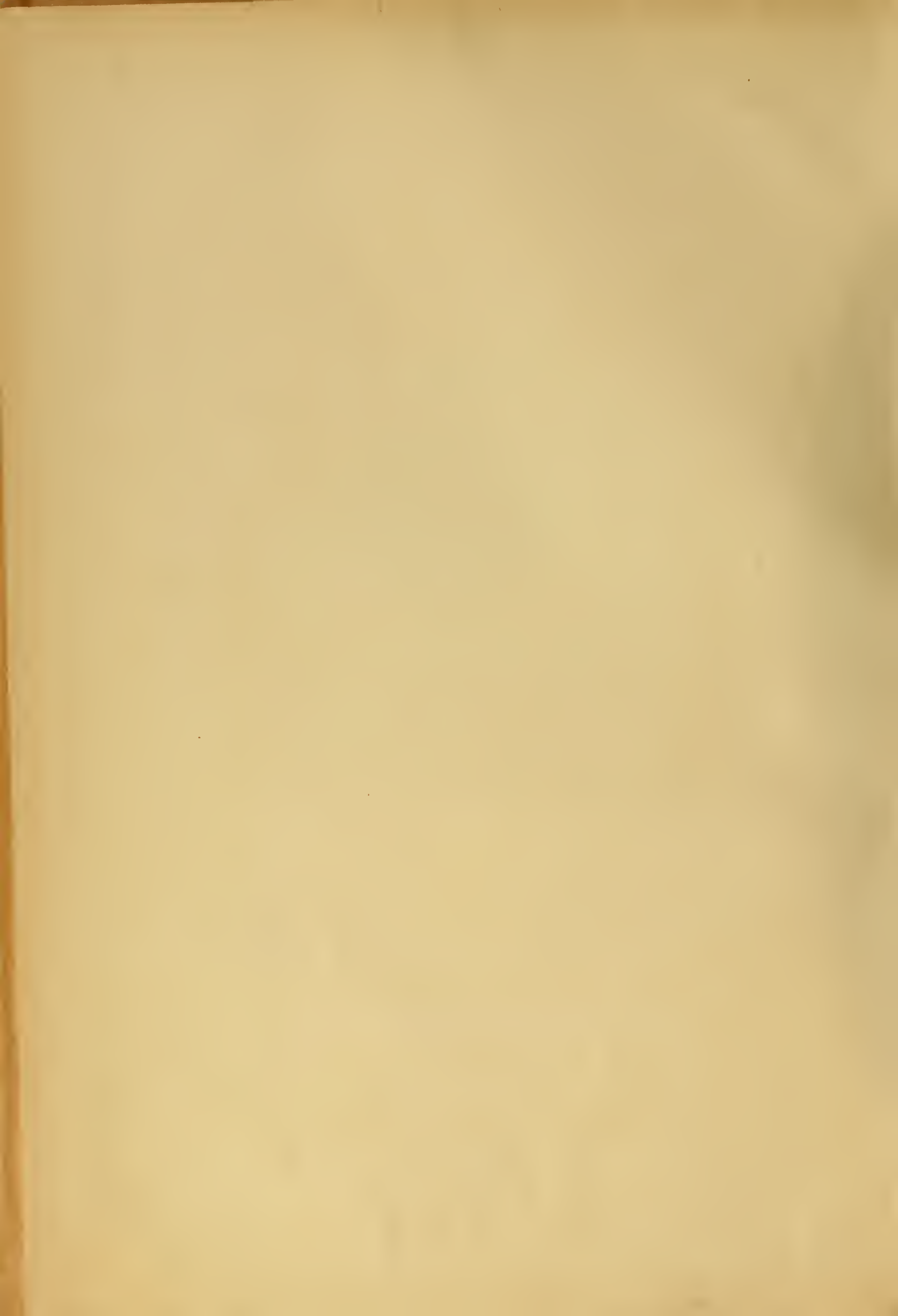


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JANUARY—THE NEW YEAR.

The fine allegorical picture below, designed by Billings, represents the beginning of the year—January, 1853. So evident is the meaning of the picture, that it hardly requires further mention from us. Old Winter is seen bringing the New Year in his arms, followed by the other seasons. The old years flee before him, while Cupids scatter flowers in his pathway. Below is seen a characteristic winter-landscape. This timely and expressive picture will be exceedingly acceptable to our readers, illustrating as it does the season and belongings of to-day. It is not sufficient for the reader to give a casual glance at these scenes; they will bear study and examination; and these are required, in order to

understand the true conception and object of the author. The picture before us has poetry and meaning in every part, and must be carefully examined, and dwelt upon, to see all the beauty of its significance and execution. It is also emblematical of our first number for the new volume, being the commencement of the year 1853,—and as these Cupids strew flowers in the pathway of Winter, so may our readers strew our way with smiles and patronage. In the picture that graced our first page of the last number, from the same artistic hand, there was an emblem attached, of most Christian-like significance, and which is most particularly applicable at this season of the year:—"Remember the Poor!" When making your children and friends, the favored of fortune, gifts for the New

Year, remember to lay by a small portion from out your abundance, for the poor, that you may know the joy vouchsafed to the charitable, the real and lasting pleasure of charity. Let us commend, then, this January picture to you, and trust for its goodly and pleasant influence. In this season of gift making, what more acceptable token could a gentleman give to her he wished to compliment, than by sending her the Pictorial for a year? In what possible way could the same amount of money afford so much pleasure, *weekly renewed*, and constantly recall the giver before the receiver's mind, as this? To friends at a distance—to those who live in the country—city friends can thus render themselves vastly kind and serviceable, at a most trifling cost.



THE NEW YEAR—ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF JANUARY.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE OF WESTERN LIFE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

ROSALTHE:

—OR,—

THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.

A Story of Western Life.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.

ROSALTHE ALSTON—LE BLAND.

THE vast forests of Kentucky had reverberated to the sound of the woodman's axe. The tide of population was flowing towards that wild and picturesque country which had been represented by those who had explored its fertile levels, as another Eden.

A fort had been erected on the southern bank of Kentucky River by Daniel Boone, that daring and indomitable man whom no dangers could appal and no difficulties discourage. At the distance of eight miles from Boone's fort, and one from the Salt River, Captain John Harrod had built a second fortification, while Colonel Logan had raised a third at St. Asaph's, in Lincoln County. The few adventurous settlers that had penetrated into that county were continually harassed by savage foes, not unfrequently incited and led on by Frenchmen and British Canadians.

Bold men worked in the new clearings with arms by their side, and became soldiers from necessity. The thrilling scenes that were of daily occurrence at that period, eclipse the pen of romance, and imagination is surpassed by startling reality. The shrill war-whoop grew strangely familiar to the ears of the pioneers, and the shafts of destruction, hurled from the rifles of ambushed enemies, were continually striking down friend and neighbor.

The red man beheld the daring approaches of the white settler with alarm and furious indignation. Aided by the British posts at Detroit, Vincennes, and Kaskaskia, the Indians began a war of extermination against the determined trespassers upon their hunting grounds. Against Boonesborough, in particular, was their hostility directed. At the period when the fury of the savages was at its height, and all the arts of Indian warfare were brought into active operation, our story commences.

A few rods below the Salt Lick, near which a fort and stockades had been erected by Daniel Boone and his associates, there was a highly romantic spot, half shut in by trees, and in the month of May (the period at which our romance exhibits its opening scene), was an exceedingly pleasant locality; for a great variety of wild flowers, mosses, and lichens, luxuriated there in agreeable profusion. A grassy glade sloped down to the water, and gentle eminences, and rocks overgrown with verdure, formed very acceptable seats for those who might feel disposed to linger there to enjoy the tranquil beauty of nature in her spring vestments.

We have directed the reader's footsteps to that then quiet and dreamy spot, in order to call his attention to another object fairer and more agreeable to the eye than the thousand flowery forms of vegetable life that were trembling and nodding in the early breezes of morning.

A young lady, in the summer of maiden loveliness, occupied just such a place as imagination most naturally suggests, and would desire her to occupy: she was reclining upon a mossy knoll, and the waters of the Kentucky (that vocal witness of so many striking events) was flowing at her feet. She had gathered roses and evergreens, and a wreath of the latter bound her brow with a careless grace, while the former she was busily forming into a bouquet with lichens and the earlier buds and blossoms of the season. Her face was uncommonly attractive, and her figure, so far as one might judge of it in the

attitude which she had assumed, very symmetrical in its outlines. The hand and foot, those useful appendages to the human form, so much admired (when of classical mould) by connoisseurs in female perfections, were faultless, so far as size and delicacy of proportions were concerned.

Of the several features of the face, and the expression of the whole conjoined, we cannot very well speak, for they were so perfect in all respects that we feel a want of appropriate terms to do justice to the subject. That common figure of the blending of the lily and the rose, was perhaps never more felicitously illustrated than upon the fair cheeks of Rosalthe Alston. The soft, pensive expression of the eyes, and the sweet light of intelligence that streamed from beneath the pencilled lids, were enough to fix the beholder's attention in a steadfast and admiring gaze.

It will not be wise for us to dwell long upon the mere externals of our heroine; therefore we will proceed to those matters, events, and incidents calculated to develop and display those internal graces, without which physical beauty ceases to be attractive.

The sound of human footsteps upon the river's bank caused Rosalthe to assume a different attitude, and east hurried and alarmed glances around her; for no doubt the consciousness that she had been imprudent in venturing so far from the fort, was vividly impressed on her mind. It was not deemed safe, at that time, for females to venture out of sight of the stockades, and that consideration generally governed their movements; the boldest seldom overstepping the specified bounds. Rosalthe had, in this instance, as on several other occasions, violated, in some degree, the established custom; for, from the spot where she had been reclining, the stockades were not visible, although a few steps would render them so.

The cause of Rosalthe's alarm was directly apparent; a man appeared in the glade, and without hesitation approached her. The young lady drew the folds of her light scarf hastily about her person, and was on the point of leaving the spot with considerable precipitation, when the intruder addressed her, in a voice not wholly redeemed from the accents peculiar to Frenchmen:

"Stay, mademoiselle! Why should you fly at my approach, or exhibit so much perturbation of manner? Am I indeed a savage? Is my skin red? or do I seek youthful maidens in sylvan bowers to do them harm?"

Rosalthe paused a moment before she replied, and was obviously somewhat annoyed and ill at ease.

"Excuse me, Monsieur Le Bland," she said, rather coldly, "if my fears appeared somewhat excited, and my manner hurried, for I did not expect—that is, I had no reason to suppose that my pleasant meditations in this agreeable retreat would be intruded upon."

"I am, then, it would seem, to be regarded as an intruder?" added Le Bland, in a tone less courtly than at first.

"No matter, sir—let the subject pass, if it be not pleasing. I seek no cause of disagreement," returned the lady, with a smile.

"Neither do I, fair Rosalthe; your frown of displeasure would make me miserable," said Le Bland, earnestly.

A scornful smile played for an instant over

the rosy lips of the lady; Le Bland observed it, and contracted his brows.

"Coldness may not quite crush me," he added, "but contempt I never could bear."

"The old theme, Mr. Le Bland; the old theme," returned Rosalthe.

"It is a theme never old with me. Small streams may be turned aside into new channels, but large and swiftly flowing rivers cannot be easily diverted from the deep channels which they have worn in the earth and in the solid rock. It is thus with the human affections; when they become fixed and strong, they cannot be changed or trained to flow in other directions."

"I have more than once begged you to spare me conversations of this nature; be good enough to change the subject, or I leave you," replied the maiden.

"I have sought you, Mademoiselle Alston, to lay bare my heart before you, and ask you to see the treasures of love that are garnered there—that are hoarded there for you—for you only; but your impatient gestures, your curling lip, your rebuking glances, forbid me to proceed. I dare not adhere to my purpose; my tongue grows mute, my words find no utterance—they flow back in unspoken sorrow upon my despairing heart."

When Le Bland had given utterance to these sentiments, he bent his head as if in profound grief, and fixed his gaze steadfastly upon the ground.

Miss Alston gave him a searching look, and seemed to gain intuitively a deeper insight into the character and objects of the man before her, whose words distilled so sweetly and smoothly upon the external ear. She trembled and grew pale, as if her fears were struggling with her fortitude.

"I am glad you have done, and you could not better evince the good sense which I have always given you credit for possessing, than by so doing. I will now return, and hope you will enjoy the beauty of this pleasant morning and of this lovely spot, as truly as I have done."

"Not yet, mademoiselle, not yet; I have other matters to discuss which require your earnest attention. I refer to the dangers which environ and menace you on every side. The red men of the wilderness are gathering in great numbers to march against Boonesborough, and level it with the dust," returned Le Bland.

"Whence had you this information?" asked Rosalthe, quickly, fixing her dark eyes penetratingly upon the Frenchman.

"From one of my countrymen whom I accidentally met while hunting yesterday," answered the latter, calmly.

"Who incites our savage foes? who supplies them with arms and ammunition, and who sometimes leads them to battle?" interrogated Rosalthe, with increasing earnestness.

"I know what you mean," said Le Bland, coloring. "I am aware that it is reported that the British posts at Detroit, Kaskaskia, and Vincennes, aid and encourage the Indians in their movements against Boonesborough, Harrodsburg, and Logan."

"Do you not know that to be the case, Mr. Le Bland?" asked Miss Alston, with considerable energy of tone and manner.

"I do," answered the Frenchman, after a moment of reflection.

"Then why not speak openly, and call things by their right names. Let us have no concealments and subterfuges, but speak boldly and truthfully, and confront the danger, whatever it may be. If you have acquired by any means knowledge that concerns the safety of these young settlements, let it be plainly and manfully uttered," added Rosalthe.

"You possess much shrewdness and courage for a lady," observed Le Bland, with a smile.

"During my stay at Boonesborough, I have learned that among the rustic maidens that are destined to smooth the way for the flowing tide of population and civilization, there exists the true spirit of heroism. But still, mademoiselle, this country is too rude for you; you were destined for another sphere of life—to grace the highest circles of refinement."

The Frenchman ceased, and then added, as if speaking to himself:

"No; yonder rough cabins are not for you; it were wrong to immure you for life in those wild forests, where the war-whoop of the red man forms a dread chorus for the howl of the wolf and the dismal howlings of the hooting owl."

"Spare me your compliments; and let it suffice that I am well content with my lot," returned Miss Alston.

"To the subject under consideration; I have heard, from undoubted authority, that Captain Du Quesne will soon appear before Boonesborough with a large body of savages, to demand its surrender."

"And what will be the consequence if Daniel Boone refuses to yield to such an unreasonable demand?"

"The consequences will be that Du Quesne will hurl his savages against Boonesborough, and take it by storm; the slaughter will, in such a case, I fear, be indiscriminate. And now comes the most important part of my business; it is to most earnestly request you to go to Harrodsburg, and stay until after this tragedy, for such I am certain it will be, is enacted."

CHAPTER II.

ALLAN NORWOOD.

LE BLAND paused, and waited anxiously for an answer; but Rosalthe remained silent.

"Will you go to Harrodsburg, Mademoiselle Alston, in order to escape the fate in reserve for yonder brave but infatuated families?" asked the Frenchman, seriously.

"And leave my dearest friends?" said Rosalthe, calmly.

"And leave your dearest friends," repeated the Frenchman, deliberately.

"Your motives may be excellent, sir; but I reject your counsel; I will not go; I will remain and share the fortunes of those I love, whatever they may be. If your plans of mercy cannot be extended to all, they are not schemes of benevolence to me. But I would not appear ungrateful. I thank you for your kind intentions."

"You have answered without reflection. Reconsider the subject, and be guided by the voice of cool reason," resumed Le Bland, with increasing vehemence.

"Adieu! my decision is final," said Rosalthe, preparing to leave the spot.

"It is not—it must not be!" cried the Frenchman, emphatically. "I cannot, I will not consent to such a sacrifice!"

"I cannot understand whence comes your intimate knowledge of the contemplated movements of the Indians, and their French and British allies," said Rosalthe. "Neither can I fully appreciate the motives which can induce you to offer safety to me and to no others. You have been, for a period, the guest of the settlers, and Captain Boone, my father and others have treated you with kindness and true hospitality; why not go to them and make known the danger that is hourly drawing nearer and nearer?"

"There are many reasons that shape my actions, which I cannot explain. I am not at liberty to open my lips to one of those, whom you esteem so highly, on the subject of our conversation; but a strong, an irresistible desire to save you, to pluck you from the general ruin, has induced me to give you a word of timely warning. It remains with you to determine whether you will perish with those destined to death, or live with those whose days are not numbered by painted warriors."

"My resolution to dare every peril with my natural guardians and protectors, is as strong as human will can make it," said Rosalthe.

"Promise me, at least, that you will lock this secret in your own bosom, and reflect on what I have said for four-and-twenty hours," continued Le Bland, considerably agitated.

"I will make no promises, if you please," answered the young lady.

"How vexatious! how perverse!" exclaimed the Frenchman, petulantly. "Mademoiselle, you must listen to reason; you must be rational—you must promise to keep my secret, for at least twenty-four hours."

"Not for an hour," returned Miss Alston, and directed her footsteps towards the fort; but Le Bland placed himself before her, and barred her further progress.

"Pardon me, lovely mademoiselle, but I am so unfortunately placed, that I am compelled to insist that you will pledge me your word to remain silent in regard to Captain Du Quesne and the advance of the savages, for a short time; the period I have named will do."

Rosalthe quailed before the stern glances of Le Bland, and would have called for assistance had she dared; but the terror which the Frenchman's singular conduct inspired, sealed up her lips. When she timidly raised her eyes to his, they gleamed upon her like a basilisk's, and shrinking from him, she exclaimed:

"I promise—let me pass."

"It is well; be careful that in some unguarded

moment you do not betray the secret," rejoined Le Bland, in a milder tone, but without moving from her path.

"This is unnoying, sir, and ill becomes you as a guest and a friend," said Miss Alston, whose perturbation momentarily increased, and was now mingled with some just indignation.

"I prevent you from going, that I may beg your forgiveness a score of times, fair Rosalthe. I will do severe penance for this liberty, I assure you," replied Le Bland.

"Stand aside, sir, if you are a gentleman," said a voice that made Rosalthe's heart beat with gladness. Turning her eyes towards the spot whence the warning voice proceeded, she beheld a young hunter at the distance of a few yards, with a rifle in his hand, a powder-horn and ball-pouch slung at his side, together with the usual accompaniments of such a calling. The stranger's face was somewhat flushed with resentment, and his eyes (they were dark and penetrating) were fixed sternly upon the Frenchman.

Le Bland, who appeared chagrined and displeased, stepped from Rosalthe's path, bowed as she passed, and then turned towards the hunter with an expression that might be construed into anything rather than approbation.

With a smile of contempt he scanned him from head to foot, and then remarked, as if his words were intended for no ears save his own:

"A knight of the deerskin hunting-shirt—a specimen of the infant chivalry of Kentucky." Then raising his voice:

"Young fellow, what may be your pleasure with me?"

"I have no farther demand to make of your courtesy, sir," replied the hunter, looking after the retreating figure of Rosalthe.

"Extremely modest and ingenious youth!" exclaimed the Frenchman, ironically.

The young man favored him with a furtive glance, which might admit of various constructions, and then followed the form of the maiden again, with his eyes.

"May I take the liberty, most courtly youngster, to inquire by what particular combination of letters you are usually known?" added Le Bland.

"The condescending monsieur wishes to know my name; it is Allan Norwood," replied the hunter.

"Did it ever occur to you, excellent Allan, that meddling with other people's affairs is not always safe and profitable business—that it sometimes results in broken bones, and other highly disagreeable consequences?" said Le Bland, knitting his brows.

"I have some knowledge, proud Frenchman, of what belongs to a gentleman. I know how to defend my honor, and punish impertinence," rejoined Allan.

"You are there, are you? you carry it bravely. I'll humor your mood, my doughty rustic, and though you are not my equal, I will meet you on equal terms. Have you pistols, worthy Allan?"

"I have, and you may take your choice of the pair," answered the hunter, calmly.

"Let us walk yonder, then, out of hearing of the settlers, and adjust this little affair. I trust that your business matters are so well arranged, that nobody will be the loser if you should by any strange chance be called into another state of existence," said the Frenchman, blandly, with his peculiar smile.

"You give yourself unnecessary trouble, gentle monsieur. My earthly affairs are well looked after, and I have, happily, nothing to think of in that regard; so lead on," returned the hunter.

"One thing more, if you please: have you visited the confessional recently?" resumed Le Bland.

"I confess daily, sir—confess to the Father," said Allan, impressively.

"All right, then," responded the Frenchman. The two now diverged from the river's bank, Le Bland leading the way. Pushing aside the bushes at every step, and passing over some pretty rough ground, they soon reached a large growth of wood, free from underbrush and brakes, and finally emerging from that, stood on the border of one of those beautiful levels, characteristic of the country. The spot was verdant with a kind of prairie grass, interspersed with laurel, and various indigenous wild plants. In one direction it stretched away and extended quite to the river, while in others it was spanned by forests of maple, oak, and beech, or margined by the humbler furze, hazel, and willow.

The sun had climbed so far into the heavens that its brightest rays lay along the plateau and

kissed the most modest blossom that had expanded its petals to the morning air.

Allan paused to admire the natural beauty of the spot, and the Frenchman, standing at a short distance, observed him askance. While the parties stood thus, a small bird alighted on a willow bush at about the distance of ten paces.

"I'll trouble you for one of those pistols, sir?" said Le Bland, quietly.

Allan instantly complied with his request, and gave him his choice of a brace of well-furnished pistols, with rifle barrels. The Frenchman took one of them, and remarked with his usual courtliness of style, "that he was considered a very good shot; but want of practice had unfitted him for nice shooting."

With these words, and smiling again, he raised the weapon, fired without much apparent care, and the bird fell dead.

"Rather clumsily done, for me. I should have shot his head off; but it is all owing to a want of practice. Be good enough to load it again, young man, and we will soon finish this business," added Le Bland, carelessly; but at the same time glancing stealthily at Allan to observe the effect of his shot.

"It is one thing to shoot a bird, and another to shoot a human being," replied the hunter, coolly. "Such a feat does not surprise me; I have done as much myself; but there is one art in which I have never been emulous to excel,—I allude to the art of dissimulation."

"Rash and foolish boy! you have provoked your fate. Your tone and manners are highly offensive, and add greatly to the sin of your first rudeness," retorted Le Bland, more angrily than he had yet spoken.

"I care not for the loftiness which you affect; I only remember the cause of this quarrel; you offered an insult to a young and beautiful maiden; who she is, what her name and station, I know not, neither does it concern our present purpose. I appear here as her champion, and will abide the result, whatever it may be; so proceed, and waste no more time in useless words," answered the hunter, firmly.

"I will pace off the ground: how many paces shall it be?" asked Le Bland.

"Suit yourself—I am not particular," was the ready rejoinder.

"Well, since you are so easily satisfied, I will pace off the distance between where I now stand, and the spot where yonder bird lies."

Allan assented, and Le Bland measured the ground by paces; and then walking back to his former position, said with his accustomed smile, and with a look that might have awed most men, situated as Allan was:

"You can stand, if you please, just where the bird was perched a few moments ago."

Allan felt the terrible significance of his antagonist's words, and understood the meaning look which accompanied their utterance; but he was too bold and proud to object to the arrangement, and accordingly took his place where the poor bird laid dead, rent and shattered by the Frenchman's unerring aim.

"Who will give the signal to fire, since we have no seconds?" asked Allan.

"I will arrange that, although it may not be *a la mode*. I have an alarm-watch which strikes any given time, by a regulated movement. I will set it, so that it will strike in precisely two minutes."

Le Bland drew a repeater from his pocket, and proceeded to set it with much nonchalance. When he had done so, he hung it by the chain upon a bush, so that it was about six paces from each when both were at their respective places, as mutually agreed upon.

"Now," added Le Bland, in a voice more harsh, and with an expression more stern, "we have only to await the motions of the repeater; the instant of its striking will be the signal to fire; and during the interval, you can reflect on the position in which your folly has placed you."

Norwood made no reply to the remark, which sounded to him very much like bravado; but thought of the fair lady for whose sake he had involved himself in a deadly quarrel. Both parties were now silent, and heard distinctly the monotonous tickings of the watch. Our hero, although he prided himself upon his skill in the use of fire-arms, was fully aware of the critical position in which he was placed. The bird which lay bloody and broken before him, was sufficient proof of his adversary's skill. But it was too late, to evade with honor, the quarrel into which he had been led; so commending himself to Heaven, he fixed his eyes upon Le Bland, and

awaited with singular calmness the strokes of the repeater.

A minute of deathless silence had elapsed, when the Frenchman suddenly dropped his weapon, and exclaimed:

"*Le diable! the game is up!*"

Norwood instinctively turned his gaze towards the spot upon which Le Bland's eyes were fastened, and perceived a man of a figure bold and striking. He was dressed in deerskin hunting-shirt and leggings, and his feet were incased in the Indian moccasins, so much in vogue among white hunters at that period. His head was covered with a low-crowned hat, with the brim, which was not very wide, rolled up at the sides. His tunic, or hunting-shirt, was ornamented about the skirt and sleeves with a leathern fringe, as were also the lower portions of the leggings. The tunic was fastened together nearly to the chin, and over that part which covered the neck, a collar, somewhat deficient in starch, according to modern notions, was carelessly turned. A large, leathern wallet hung upon his right side by a broad strap passed over his left shoulder. The handle of a hunting knife, the blade of which was thrust into a sheath under the wallet, was visible; while in his right hand he held a rifle.

"'Tis Daniel Boone!" added Le Bland. "Put up your pistols, and we will defer this business until another time; for I do not wish to incur his displeasure."

Allan mechanically placed his weapon in its accustomed place, and Daniel Boone approached.

"Mr. Le Bland, what means this!" he said sternly, letting the butt of his rifle fall heavily to the ground.

"Pantomime, sir, nothing but pantomime," replied Le Bland, somewhat disconcerted by the reproving glances of the far-famed forester.

"Let it end thus, sir, for we want no more bloodshed than absolute necessity requires. I perceive that there is a quarrel between you and this young stranger; but drop it here, and let it go no farther. If you are wise, you will take my advice, for I assure you that your friends at the settlement yonder are not numerous."

The Frenchman reddened, and for a moment was embarrassed by the sharp tones and keen glances of the pioneer.

"As you will, Captain Boone. I yield to your cooler judgment," he said, at length.

Boone stood a few seconds, as if lost in reflection, and then turning abruptly to Allan, added with much frankness:

"Come with me, young man, to Boonesborough. You appear to be of that class which we need at this crisis; you shall be welcome to hunters' fare."

This honest and open invitation made Norwood's heart beat with pleasure, for he trusted he should again see the fair maiden for whose sake he had dared the proud Frenchman's ire. He accepted the invitation as frankly as it was given.

"Will you go with us?" added the pioneer, addressing Le Bland.

"Not now; I will follow presently," replied the latter. Daniel Boone and Allan Norwood then walked towards Boonesborough, while the Frenchman, giving our hero a threatening glance, moved slowly away in another direction.

CHAPTER III.

INTRODUCTION OF NEW CHARACTERS.

ALLAN NORWOOD with a few hardy adventurers had floated down the Ohio and Kentucky rivers in boats, and reached, after encountering innumerable perils, the vicinity of the new settlements. Leaving his comrades to refresh themselves after nights and days of toil and danger, our hero took his rifle and sallied forth to explore the country a little, and learn how near they might be to Boonesborough and Harrodsburg, of which he had heard so many strange things in his native State, when he accidentally became a party to the scene between Rosalthe Alston and Le Bland, the immediate results of which are already known.

Allan was the son of a wealthy farmer, and had received, all things considered, a very liberal education. Naturally bold and adventurous in disposition, he felt a strong repugnance to any of the learned professions which his friends had talked of, and could not be induced, by logic or argument, to embrace either of them.

He longed for a life of activity, and declared that he would rather enter the American army as a private soldier, than to spend the best part of his life in the study of a profession which might be, after all, of doubtful utility, and to the dry details of which he could never fully adapt him-

self. Accounts were daily reaching Ohio, through various channels, of the sufferings and romantic adventures of Daniel Boone, Benjamin Logan, John Harrod, and other pioneers; and those remarkable stories, not at all exaggerated doubtless, made Allan conceive the bold design of penetrating to that wild region, to share in the excitement and danger of a back-woodsman's life.

This resolution being formed, and a plan of operation matured, the requisite material, in the shape of enterprising young men, was speedily found to co-operate with him, and the perilous undertaking was achieved.

As Allan walked towards Boonesborough with its daring founder, he could not refrain from observing him with deep interest; and he truly appeared to him, if to no other person, the most remarkable man of the age; for he had explored alone the mighty forests of Kentucky, braving singly the fury of the exasperated savages, who followed in his footsteps day and night to destroy him, and prevent him from carrying back to his countrymen the history of the most delightful country under heaven. But thus far he had escaped the deadly hostility of the wily savage, and the man of sleepless nights and weary days, ordained by the hand of God to carry life and civilization into the distant wilderness, now stood beside our hero with firm foot and lofty brow.

Norwood more than once thought to ask him about the maiden whom he had seen, but feared that his manner might betray how deep an impression her beauty had made upon him. To see a being of so much grace and refinement, in a country not yet redeemed from the grasp of its primal inheritors, was something which he had not been prepared for, and consequently took him by surprise; and his active mind had now food enough for meditation and speculation.

To him it appeared that his life as a forester had commenced most auspiciously; for had he not interfered to save the fairest female from insult that he had ever seen, and incurred for her the most imminent peril? He had unquestionably, and felt that he had been singularly fortunate. It now remained for him to learn who she was, what relation the Frenchman called Le Bland sustained to her, and whether her affections were already engaged.

When the parties reached Boonesborough, Norwood paused to examine the manner in which it was constructed. It consisted of a dozen cabins, built of heavy logs, ingeniously interlaced at the ends, and separated from each other by portions of the same material. These cabins formed one side of the fort, being highest upon the outside, the roofs inclining inward. Strong stockades were raised around these at a suitable distance, and in the angles of the cabins, blockhouses of the most substantial kind were erected. These projected about twenty inches beyond the outer walls of the cabins and stockades, and were amply provided with loop holes, that the garrison might prevent their enemies from approaching too near, to assail the works.

Allan, after making these observations, remarked "that the whole must have been a work of considerable labor."

"You are right, young man; and it was not only a work of much labor, but a work often interrupted by sudden attacks of the savages. It reminded me of Nehemiah repairing the walls of Jerusalem, when his workmen wrought with one hand, and held the spear in the other," replied the pioneer; and then led the way to a large gate of slabs, upon which he struck a few blows with the butt of his rifle. Directly footsteps were heard, and a voice asked:

"Who dar?"

"It is one of our colored fellows," remarked Boone to Allan, and then replied to the negro's reasonable inquiry.

"It's me, Andrew."

"I doesn't know any sich white feller," was the immediate response.

"Come, don't keep us waiting—hurry," rejoined Boone.

"Dat you, massa Boone?" asked Andrew, in a more respectful tone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

Nothing upon this earth can compare with the faithful attachment of a wife; no creature who, for the object of her love, is so indomitable, so persevering, so ready to suffer and to die. Under the most discrediting circumstances, woman's weakness becomes a mighty power; all her shrinking and sinking pass away, and her spirit acquires the firmness of marble—adamantine firmness when circumstances drive her to put forth all her energies under the inspiration of her affections.—*W. Webster*

TYPES OF MIND
OR
Delineations of the Character
OF
NOTABLE PERSONAGES.
IN SPECIMENS OF THEIR HAND-WRITING.
Illustrated by Fac-Similes of Autographs
BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.
No. 1



Buona parte

Buona parte

Napoleon

Napoleon



AUTOGRAPHIC REPRESENTATIONS.

"The pen," says Chateaubriand, "is the index of the mind;" and many distinguished writers have endorsed this assertion of the erudite Lavater: "The more I compare the different hand-writings that pass under my observation, the more I am confirmed in the idea, that they are so many expressions—so many emanations from the mind of the writer, by which you can judge of it." "The correspondence of every man," N. P. Willis remarks, "contains an actual portrait of the writer's mind, visible through a thousand disguises, and bearing the same relation to the inward man that a correct picture bears to the living face—without change or motion, indeed, but telling the beholder of both, and indicating what direction they are likely to take." Hence the real value of autographs. Locks of hair, or front teeth, or worn-out gloves, are equally to be prized as mere souvenirs; but specimens of the hand-writing have another and a higher value. The pen, like the camera of the daguerreotypist, portrays the intellect which controls its course, imparting to the chirography a disturbed or calm, slow or quick, calm or ruffled, lively or grave appearance. The daguerrian likenesses are not more correct than is this mental portraiture.

"Types of mind," is, therefore, a title appropriate for a series of papers, giving fac-similes of "the good, the great, the gifted, and the gay," who are or who have been prominent among the world's notables. Spotless patriots, haughty monarchs, brave soldiers, gifted writers,—all will be fairly represented; and while none can but be interested with these souvenirs of persons with whose history all are familiar, those who study them can but be convinced that the hand-writing is a type of the mental power. All faces have the same general features, yet no two faces are exactly alike, and every face varies with the temperament of its owner. So with autography: a few lines constitute hand-writing, yet no two write exactly the same hand, and each writer's hand is affected by his state of mind and feeling. It is also true that whilst every nation has its marked physiognomy, each face having the marked national features, although differing from other faces; so each nation has its peculiar hand-writing, although no two write exactly alike. Autography, in short, is far more reliable than phrenology, or chiromancy, as a theory by which the moral and intellectual character of nations or individuals may be estimated.

In illustrating our theory by fac-similes (taken from a collection which is our fondest pride, and which numbers upwards of eight thousand different autographs), we propose to group together prominent kindred spirits, under the heads inscribed on the legends around the basket on the frontispiece of this article. The fac-similes in this introduction are but the "curiosities" of the theory.

Egyptian autography, in the olden time, was only indulged in by the priests, and was either hieroglyphic or symbolic, concealing truth in mystery, to excite the curious veneration of the multitude. Latterly, this symbolical and hieroglyphical autography has been deciphered, and the rolls of papyrus found in Theban tombs are read with ease, giving a complete insight into the manners, religion and customs of those who lived three thousand years ago. Our illustration, taken from one of these paradoxical records, gives us their idea of a last judgment. The seated figure is Osiris, the Most High, seated upon his throne, and decked with the insignia of his power. On the other side is the deceased, escorted by Justice and Truth. In the balance, the heart of the deceased is being weighed; whilst Truth, the god of letters, is acting as registrar to the court, and recording the divine judgment on the eternal tablets.

The Hebrew initial word is a fac-simile of the commencement of a copy of the book of Genesis, written on parchment in the thirteenth century, and illuminated in gold and silver. Nothing, in the history of this venerable race is more characteristic and peculiar than its religious autography, to which we are indebted for the Old Testament. The skins were to be prepared by Jews, and each one was to contain the same number of words. Ink of the purest kind was to be used, and before writing the name of God, the transcriber was to wash his pen. Many of these Hebrew manuscripts contain sentences added by the transcriber, which show the devotion with which the autography was performed. One in the library of the late Duke of Sussex read thus: "I praise my God. I will raise my voice and bless Him, for He is my rock. He was my help till I finished this book of Isaiah. To Him do I hope that He will prosper my ways at the time I begin Jeremiah."

The American Indians, from the earliest period, recorded ideas by pictographic symbols, forming an ingenious autograph. We give fac-similes of two signatures, or, as they called their individual designations, "tokens." These are rude enough, and it requires a vivid imagination, in deciphering an old treaty, to recognize the *Bad Warrior*, the *Snapping Turtle*, or the *Big Nose*.

Napoleon Bonaparte's autograph conclusively proves that the hand-writing is a type of the mind. When a school-boy, he wrote a small, regular hand, and signed himself, in the idiom of his native isle, *Napoleone di Buonaparte*; when lieutenant of artillery, his signature was changed to *de Buonaparte*; when general, he "Frenchified" it more, so that it was *Bonaparte*; but so far it was a modest, unassuming hand. But when he put on the consular robes, his autography increased with his ambition, and soon, as emperor, his signature, *Napoleon*, was as gigantic as were his schemes—as impetuous and as imperious as was his manner. Caged, at length, on the rock of St. Helena, his diminished, crabbed, yet bold autography, showed that, like the caged eagle, he might be subdued, but he could not be tamed. Sir Hudson Lowe addressed him as "General Buonaparte." His signature was ever *Napoleon*.

Some ridicule collectors of autographs; but why? Even if our theory be not correct, why deride accumulations of interesting papers, calculated to illustrate private and public history? At any rate, it is an innocent hobby.

SLEIGHING IN RUSSIA.

We could hardly select a more timely subject for illustration in the Pictorial, than the one which we present below. By our foreign exchanges, we learn that the winter has set in most rigorously in Russia, and the icy North seems to be fulfilling its destiny. The scene below represents the winter mode of travelling in the emperor's dominions, and is a dashing but truthful picture. It appears that the genuine "whips" of Russia—those who make it a point of honor to stand up for the national "drag"—generally have their sledges in winter, and droschkis in summer, harnessed to two horses—the one between the shafts a trotter of first stamina, and his side companion free almost as air to gallop his best, which he does with extreme beauty and fire. Many a Russian phœton has been laid low by those steeds of the Ukraine, immortalized by the story of "Mazepa;" and strong must be the wrist, and steady and skilful, to curb and guide those horses, which even the Russians themselves acknowledge to be wild. Notwithstanding the manifest dangers of this "turn-out," besides the cheering prospect of being in the country, "chevied" by sundry packs of wolves, by wintry famine roused, and whose appetites are always extremely exigent, the Russians love their national vehicle, to a pitch almost ultra-national.—A country which, like Russia, extends from north to south through about forty degrees of latitude, might be supposed to have almost every climate; and this is, in some measure, the case. When spring commences in one division of this vast empire, another experiences all the rigors of winter. Here the parched camel traverses arid, burning deserts; there the reindeer courses over heaps of snow, under which he finds a scanty supply of moss. The Samoide sleeps in his cabin, where the days are short and cloudy; while the Kirkghisian feeds his flock under a clear serene sky. This variety of the products and diversity in the manner of living, gives Russia advantages not enjoyed by any other European country. She possesses, in the greatest abundance, all the most necessary articles, and the greater number of those which are reckoned luxuries; and she either furnishes or may procure all the products of different climates.—The great road from Petersburg to Moscow is justly said by Lord Londonderry to be a most magnificent public work. It is nearly five hundred miles in length,

ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY—THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

quite level, about double the width of the Great North Road in England, and is macadamized throughout, and kept along the whole line in the most perfect repair. But, with the exception of this and of a few other principal lines, there is a great want of good roads in Russia. This, however, is productive of less inconvenience than might be expected, from the circumstance of the frost rendering the worst roads fit for sledge travelling most of the year.

NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.

On page 9 we present a large and superb original drawing of this edifice. Following out the grand idea suggested by the late World's Fair, of London, American enterprise has engaged itself in the erection of a Crystal Palace on this side of the Atlantic, of a character to reflect credit and honor upon our national taste. The American Palace will vary somewhat from the original London one, and will, we think, architecturally, prove its superior. Mr. Wade, of New York, has done himself much credit by the very perfect manner in which he has executed this large and beautiful drawing for us.—The outside of the building will form a Greek cross. Each diameter of the cross will be 365 feet and 5 inches long. There will be three similar entrances—one on Sixth Avenue, one on Fortieth Street, and one on Forty-second Street. Each entrance will be 47 feet wide, and that on Sixth Avenue will be approached by a flight of eight steps. Each arm of the cross is, on the ground plan, 149 feet broad; this is divided into a central nave and two aisles, one on each side—the nave 41 feet wide—each aisle 54 feet wide. On each front is a large semicircular fan-light 41 feet wide and 21 feet high. The nave or central portion is 67 feet high, and is of an arch 41 feet in diameter. There are to be two arched naves crossing one another at right angles. The exterior width of the roadway of the nave is 71 feet. The central dome is 100 feet in diameter—68 feet inside from the floor to the spring of the arch, and 118 feet to the crown; and on the outside, with the lantern, 149 feet. At each angle is an octagonal tower, eight feet in diameter, and 75 feet high. Each aisle is covered by a gallery of its own width, 24 feet from the floor. This palace is to be erected at Reservoir Square, New York, a place granted to the Association at a nominal rent for the term of five years. It is situated about two miles from the City Hall, and persons will be enabled to reach it from the lower part of the city in half an hour. The building will be octagonal, the double cross being the galleries. With the three public entrances, there will also be a private entrance. Our artists in New York will be on the *qui vive*, to sketch every subject worthy of note in the Crystal Palace, so that our pages will present a very artistic illustration of all that is of general interest to our readers.

[See page 14.]



A WINTER SCENE—SLEIGHING IN RUSSIA.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A VISIT TO THE CHURCHYARD
WHERE GRAY COMPOSED HIS ELEGY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The vernal mists outspread their silvery veil,
And hoarded rain-drops gossamer the bending tree,
As o'er the rural, violet-sprinkled dale
We come to spend a silent hour with thee,—

With thee, who erst these hallowed shades beneath,
Mused o'er the mounds that no memorial know,
And poured the tribute of thy tuneful breath
Upon the poor inhabitants below.

Hither we came—from Windsor's eastward tower,
Whose gorgeous banners float the English sky,
And where the priceless spoils of wealth and power,
In glittering pomp and rich profusion lie:

Where, too, within the Gothic Chapel's shrine,
The stern Plantagenets in dust repose,
With the proud Tudor and the Stuart line,
And the fierce warriors of the Rival Rose.

The hatchment moulders o'er the regal tomb;
The lofty marble wakes no answering thrill;
Old History nobs amid her twilight gloom,
And the deep echoes of the dirge are still.

But thou, whose empire was the human heart,
Fond memories here undying vigil keep,
And guard, like sleepless sentinels apart,
The sacred pillow where thine ashes sleep.

Child, maid and matron love the tender claim,
And manly wisdom heeds thy pensive lay;
Their unforgetful lips pronounce thy name,
While age on age like autumn leaves decay.

And better thus with such a glorious power
To plant firm footsteps in the realm of mind,
Than lift the dreaded sceptre for an hour,
And like a meteor leave no trace behind.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE,
—ON—
THE PATH OF A MONEY LENDER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

MR. EDGAR was a money lender, and scrupled not in exacting the highest "street rates" of interest that could be obtained. If good paper were offered, and he could buy it from the needy seeker of cash at two or even three per cent a month, he did not hesitate about the transaction on any scruples of justice between man and man. Below one per cent a month, he rarely made loans. He had nothing to do with the question, as to whether the holder of bills could afford the sacrifice. The circle of his thoughts went not beyond gain to himself.

Few days closed with Mr. Edgar, that he was not able to count up gains as high as from thirty to one hundred dollars. Not acquired in trade; not coming back to him as the reward of productive industry; but the simple accumulation of large clippings from the anticipated reward of others' industry. Always with a good balance in bank, he had but to sign his name to a check, and the slight effort was repaid by a gain of from ten to fifty dollars, according to the size and time of the note he had agreed to discount. A shrewd man, and well acquainted with the business standing of all around him, Mr. Edgar rarely made mistakes in money transactions. There was always plenty of good paper offering, and he never touched anything regarded as doubtful.

Was Mr. Edgar a happy man? Ah! That is a home question. But, we answer, frankly, no. During his office hours, while his love of gain was active—while good customers were coming and going, and good operations being effected, his mind was in a pleasurable glow. But, at other times, he suffered greatly, from a pressure on his feelings, the cause of which he did not clearly understand. Wealth he had always regarded as the greatest good in life. And now, he not only had wealth, but the income therefrom was a great deal more than he had any desire to spend. And yet he was not happy—no, not even in the thought of his large possessions. Only in the mental activity through which more was obtained, did he really find satisfaction; but this still was only of short duration.

Positive unhappiness, Mr. Edgar often experienced. Occasional losses, careful and shrewd as he always was, were inevitable. These fretted him greatly. To lose a thousand dollars, instead of gaining, as was pleasantly believed, some sixty or seventy, was a shower of cold water upon his ardent love of accumulation; and he shivered painfully under the infliction. The importunities of friends, who needed money, and to whom it was unwise to lend it, were also a source of no small annoyance. And, moreover, there was little of the heart's warm sunshine at home. As Mr. Edgar had thought more of laying up wealth for his children, than giving them the true riches of intellect and heart, ill weeds had sprung up in their minds. He had not loved them with an unselfish love; and he received not a higher affection than he had bestowed. Their prominent thought in regard to him, seemed ever to be the obtaining of some concession to their real or imaginary wants; and, if denied these, they reacted upon him in anger, sullenness or complaint.

O no, Mr. Edgar was not happy. Few gleams of sunshine lay across his path. Life, to him, in his own bitter words, uttered

after some keen disappointment, had "proved a failure." And yet, he continued eager for gain; would eat as deep, exact as much, from those who had need of his money in their business as ever. The measure of percentage was the measure of his satisfaction.

One day a gentleman said to him:

"Mr. Edgar, I advised a young mechanic, who has been in business for a short time, and who has to take notes for his work, to call on you for the purpose of getting them cashed. He has no credit in bank, and is, therefore, compelled to go upon the street for money. Most of his work is taken by one of the safest houses in the city; his paper is, therefore, as good as any in market. Deal as moderately with him as you can. He knows little about these matters, or where to go for the accommodations he needs."

"Is he an industrious and prudent young man?" inquired Mr. Edgar, caution and cupidity at once excited.

"He is."

"What's his name?"

"Blakewell."

"O, I know him. Very well; send him along, and, if his paper is good, I'll discount it."

"You'll find it first rate," said the gentleman.

"How much shall I charge him?" That was Mr. Edgar's first thought, so soon as he was alone. Even as he asked himself the question, the young mechanic entered.

"You take good paper, sometimes?" said the latter, in a hesitating manner.

The countenance of Mr. Edgar became, instantly, very grave.

"Sometimes I do," he answered, with assumed indifference.

"I have a note of Leyden & Co.'s that I wish discounted," said Blakewell.

"For how much?"

"Three hundred dollars; six months," and handed Mr. Edgar the note.

"I don't like over four months' notes," remarked the money lender, coldly. Then he asked—"What rate of interest do you expect to pay?"

"Whatever is usual. Of course I wish to get it done as low as possible. My profits are not large, and every dollar I pay in discounts, is so much taken from the growth of my business and the comfort of my family."

"You have a family?"

"Yes, sir. A wife and four children."

Mr. Edgar mused for a moment or two. An unselfish thought was struggling to get into his mind.

"What have you usually paid on this paper?" he asked.

"The last I had discounted, cost me one and a half per cent a month."

"Notes of this kind are rarely marketable below that rate," said Mr. Edgar. He had thought of exacting two per cent.

"If you will leave the note, and call round in half an hour, I will see what can be done."

"Very well," returned the mechanic. "Be as moderate with me as you can."

For the half hour that went by during the young man's absence, Mr. Edgar walked the floor of his counting-room, trying to come to some decision in regard to the note. Love of gain demanded two per cent a month, while a feeble voice, scarcely heard, so far away did it seem, pleaded for a generous regard to the young man's necessities. The conflict taking place in his mind was a new one for the money lender. In no instance, before, had he experienced any hesitation on the score of a large discount. Love of gain continued clamorous for two per cent on the note; yet, ever and anon, the low voice stole, in pleading accents, to his ears.

"I'll do it for one and a half," said Mr. Edgar, yielding slightly to the claim of humanity, urged by the voice, that seemed to be coming nearer.

Love of gain, after slight opposition, was satisfied. But the low, penetrating voice asked for something better still.

"Weakness! Folly!" exclaimed Mr. Edgar. "I'd better make him a present of the money at once."

It availed nothing. The voice could not be hushed.

"One per cent! He could n't get it done as low as that in the city."

"He is a poor young man, and has a wife and four little children," said the voice. "Even the abstraction of legal interest from his hard earnings is defect enough; to lose twice that sum, will make a heavy draught on his profits, which, under the present competition in trade, are not large. He is honest and industrious, and, by his useful labor, is aiding the social well-being. Is it right for you to get his reward!—to take his profits, and add them to your already rich accumulations?"

Mr. Edgar did not like these home questions, and tried to stop his ears, so that the voice could not find an entrance. But he tried in vain.

"Hank rates on this note," continued the inward voice, "would not much exceed nine dollars. Even this is a large sum for a poor man to lose. Double the rate of interest, and the loss becomes an injury to his business, or the cause of seriously abridging his home comforts. And how much will nine dollars contribute to your happiness? Not so much as a jot or a tittle. You are unable, now, to spend your income."

The young mechanic entered at this favorable moment. The money lender pointed to a chair; then turned to his desk, and filled up, hurriedly, a check. Blakewell glanced at the amount thereof, as it was handed to him, and an instant flush of surprise came into his face.

"Haven't you made a mistake, Mr. Edgar?" said he.

"In what respect?"

"The note was for three hundred dollars, six months, and you

have given me a check for two hundred and ninety dollars, forty three cents."

"I've charged you bank interest," said Mr. Edgar, with a feeling of pleasure at his heart so new, that it sent a glow along every nerve and fibre of his being.

"Bank interest! I did not expect this, sir," replied the young man, visibly moved. "For less than one and a half per cent a month, I have not been able to obtain money. One per cent, I would have paid you cheerfully. Eighteen dollars saved! How much good that sum will do me! I could not have saved it—or, I might say, have received it—more opportunely. This is a kindness for which I shall ever remember you, gratefully."

Grasping the money lender's hand, he shook it warmly; then turned and hurried away.

Only one previous transaction had, that day, been made by Mr. Edgar. In that transaction, his gain was fifty dollars, and much pleasure had it given him. But, the delight experienced was not to be compared with what he now felt. It was to him a new experience in life—a realization of that beautiful truth, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Once or twice, during the day, as Mr. Edgar dwelt on the little circumstance, his natural love of gain caused regret for the loss of money involved in the transaction, to enter his mind. How cold, moody, and uncomfortable he, instantly became! Self-love was seeking to rob the money lender of the just reward of a good deed. But, the voice which had prompted the generous act was heard, clear and sweet, and again his heart beat to a gladder measure.

Evening was closing in on the day following. It was late in December, and Winter had commenced in real earnest. Snow had fallen for some hours. Now, however, the sky was clear, but the air keen and frosty. The day to Mr. Edgar, was one, in which more than the usual number of "good transactions" had been made. On one perfectly safe note, he had been able to charge as high as three per cent per month. Full of pleasurable excitement had his mind been, while thus gathering in gain, but now, the excitement being over, he was oppressed. From whence the pressure came, he did not know. A cloud usually fell upon his spirits with the closing day; and there was not sunshine enough at home to chase it from his sky.

As Mr. Edgar walked along, with his eyes upon the pavement, his name was called. Looking up, he saw, standing at the open door of a small house, the mechanic he had befriended on the day before.

"Step in here just one moment," said the young man. The request was made in a way that left Mr. Edgar no alternative but compliance. So, he entered the humble dwelling. He found himself in a small, unlighted room, adjoining one in which a lamp was burning, and in which was a young woman, plainly but neatly dressed, and four children; the youngest lying in a cradle. The woman held in her hand a warm Bay State shawl, which, after examining a few moments, with a pleased expression of countenance, she threw over her shoulders, and glanced at herself in a looking glass. The oldest of the children, a boy, was trying on a new overcoat; and his sister, two years younger, had a white muff, and a warm woollen shawl, in which her attention was completely absorbed. A smaller child had a new cap, and she was the most pleased of any.

"O, isn't father good to buy us all these; and we wanted them so much," said the oldest of the children. "Yesterday morning, when I told him how cold I was going to school, he said he was sorry, but that I must try and do without a coat this winter; for he had n't money enough to get us all we wanted. How did we get more money, mother?"

"To a kind gentleman, who helped your father, we are indebted for these needed comforts," replied the mother.

"He must be a good man," said the boy. "What's his name?"

"His name is Mr. Edgar."

"I will ask God to bless him to-night, when I say my prayers," innocently spoke out the youngest of the three children.

"What does all this mean?" asked the money lender, as he hastily retired from the room he had entered.

"If you had charged me one per cent on my note, this scene would never have occurred," answered the mechanic. "With the sum you generously saved me, I was able to buy these comforts. My heart blesses you for the deed; and if the good wishes of my happy family can throw sunshine across your path, it will be full of brightness."

Too much affected to reply, Mr. Edgar returned the warm pressure of the hand which had grasped his, and glided away.

A gleam of sunshine had indeed fallen along the pathway of the money lender. Home had a brighter look, as he passed his own threshold. He felt kinder and more cheerful; and kindness and cheerfulness flowed back to him from all the inmates of his dwelling. He half wondered at the changed aspect worn by everything. His dreams that night were not of losses, fires, and the wreck of dearly cherished hopes; but of the humble home made glad by his generous kindness. Again the happy mother, the pleased children, and the grateful father were before him, and his own heart leaped with a new delight.

"It was a small act; a very light sacrifice on my part," said Mr. Edgar to himself, as he walked, in a musing mood, towards his office on the next morning. "And yet, of how much real happiness has it been the occasion! So much that a portion thereof has flowed back upon my own heart."

"A good act is twice blessed." It seemed as if the words were spoken aloud, so distinctly and so suddenly were they presented to the mind of Mr. Edgar.

Ah, if he will only heed that suggestion, made by some pure spirit, brought near to him by the stirring of good affections in his mind! In it lies the secret of true happiness. Let him but act therefrom, and the sunshine will never be absent from his pathway.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

OLD FATHER TIME.

BY MATURIN M. HALLON.

Another cheat from the field of time
Hath the reaper gathered in;
A rare old farmer he is, I ween,
With eternity for his bin!
He swingeth his scythe with a burly swath,
For well doth the old man know
That nothing withstandeth his keen-edged steel—
He moweth the high and the low.

Onward, right onward, his pathway lies,
And he presseth on his way;
For his mission is plain, and he marks it well—
It brooketh no delay.
In the spring he smileth with opening flowers,
Watching the soft summer's glow;
He hindeth the autumn's ripening grain,
Nor feareth the wintry snow.

A dainty reaper is Old Father Time,
Who oft his age doth renew;
He walks in the sombre twilight hour,
And brushes the morning dew.
For sure is his crop, when the hour hath come,
As the laws of nature decree;
Fifty-two is gone, and the sun hath broke
On this eighteen-fifty-three!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON.

No. I.

BY BEN: FETLEY POORE.

"WAIFS," the dictionaries tell us, are "things found and not claimed,"—can I have a better title for a weekly budget of gossip, picked up behind the curtain of metropolitan life, and seasoned with an occasional pen-profile of the prominent actors? "Letters" (although rather deprived of the starch of novelty by the telegraph) are very well for daily papers, or for weeklies of limited circulation; but for a sheet like the "Pictorial," which goes to press many a day before its date, in order to supply its host of readers, "letters" would be just about as interesting as a last year's almanac. So whatever "waifs" I can find I shall send under this more appropriate title; and although they may sometimes lack the charm of novelty, I trust that they will find favor in the eyes of many—at any rate, that they will give offence to none.

Washington has been compared to an incipient pair of whiskers on a youngster's cheek—extensively laid out, but thinly settled. The French engineer who laid it out, copied the plan of Philadelphia, so that its wide streets run north and south, east and west, while spacious avenues, radiating from the Capitol and the White House (over a mile apart), cut diagonally through the streets and squares. Pennsylvania Avenue, and some few streets, are built up, but the remainder of the three thousand and odd acres which form the area of the metropolis, are scantily and miscellaneous covered. Here is a "Department," its massive walls towering into air—there a row of small negro-houses—here a godlike pile—there a distillery—here a grog-shop—there a church—in short, the edifices are as miscellaneous as the muskets in an old militia company. There has been, however, a great change for the better within a few years. Every administration brings a new accession, from all sections of the Union, of intelligent citizens, and while many make the city their permanent home, each one adds his impress to its tone and character. Uncle Sam's expenses for buildings are now about one million of dollars per annum, and to this revenue must be added the disbursements of office-holders, congressmen, and—by no means least—office-seekers. Surely Washington, with such sources of income, should become a populous and wealthy city, and when the new drainage shall have conquered local fever, it will present unrivalled attractions to families of wealth, who will congregate every winter, and establish the sway of fashion over the seat of national government.

Pennsylvania Avenue is the main channel of promenade, and its broad sidewalks are thronged every fine day with a varied mass. The tall, portly gentleman, with a stolid yet pleasant look, who moves along with easy firmness, is the PRESIDENT—of course, all decent people salute him, while the new-comers gaze at him with reverential awe. Behind him, with a lovely girl upon his arm, comes Senator GWIN, of California, a tall, athletic man, with a Wellington nose, and a determined, resolute air, which shows that he means to stand by his party and his State, at all risks. Here we have one of the "third estate," Herr GRUND, who is special correspondent of that excellent paper, the *Baltimore Sun*, and well known to all readers of *Graham* and other periodical literature—he is a stout, well-dressed gentleman, and a more jovial companion never put his boots under hospitable mahogany. And, by all that's good, here comes DAN NICKLES, the gallant Captain Dan, who fought so gallantly in the First Artillery in Mexico, and was sadly crippled; but here he is, without crutches. The chivalrous SUTHERS is with him, a warm-hearted soldier, and an efficient senator at that. But we must shut down upon the sidewalk, just taking a peep into the broad street.

Vice President KING passes, in a close carriage, for his health is not well established. He is a tall, spare gentleman, with a fine eye, and dressed with the genuine bachelor neatness—indeed, the unmarried lords of creation could not select a more perfect pattern than Mr. King; and when he was minister at Paris, his domestic arrangements far eclipsed those of his married successor.

A heavy carriage rumbles past, with a driver in livery, and within are a foreign-looking gentleman, heavily bearded, with a lady of Juno-like beauty, and some lovely children—it is the Chevalier de Bonisco, who married in Georgetown, where he now resides, an estimable member of society. Different is the Belgian representative, who has attained an unenviable reputation for kidnapping cows, and prosecuting gentlemen; and, as he rides past, many a muttered execration follows him. But the flags are up on the Capitol—both Houses are in session, and the Avenue is thronged with hacks and carriages, whilst among them tower the fine Georgetown omnibuses. A new hotel has been opened in that rural city, and those who like quiet and a good table reside there in preference to the metropolis. A good idea.

CLARKE MILLS's equestrian statue of Gen. Jackson is the chief topic of conversation, and the native artist receives high praise from all, save a few who undertake to ride a high horse on art, and prate about classic taste. Classic humbug! Why, thousands will admire "Old Hickory," arrayed in his uniform, chapeau in hand, and his good sword by his side, where tens even take the trouble to look at Greenough's Washington, which represents the "Father of his Country" as a naked prize-fighter, who is undergoing the cold-water treatment by wrapping up in a wet sheet. Honor to Mr. Mills for rejecting all such antiquated ideas, and giving us a Hero of 1812 as he looked, and as he was dressed when he led the "Hunters of Kentucky" on to victory! An engraving of this statue, very excellent and accurate, appeared in *Gleason's Pictorial*, Volume I.

Balls and parties have not as yet made much headway, although there have been many of those pleasant little re-unions, where acquaintances are renewed over quiet cups of tea, or oysters and "trimmings," as tastes may vary. A Fair, under the superintendence of Madame CALDERON, was well attended, and this generous lady but added another leaf to her chaplet of good works. Who is to be the belle of the season is not yet decided; but, so far, none eclipse a lovely Virginian, whose elevated cheeks vouch for her descent from Pocahontas, whilst her bright, clear eye, rich-toned voice, graceful form and accomplished manners render her a favorite with all who know her.

MR. PIENCE has taken rooms at Willard's Hotel, which is at the extremity of Pennsylvania Avenue most distant from the Capitol, and will thus give a fine chance for processional display on Inauguration Day. It is rumored that there will be a great turn-out, and that military companies will come from New York and other cities to swell the escort.

How the nation has been afflicted since the last Inauguration Day! Taylor, Webster, Calhoun, Woodbury, Clay, and other distinguished citizens have gone to their last home, and even since Congress has adjourned, death has been busy among the members. Eulogy and praise now echo where censure and slander were once heard, although the poet says:

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

In Washington, however, the apophthegm has been reversed. The best of men now must wait till after death to hear their good deeds recorded, and make up their account during life to endure envy, detraction, and all uncharitableness. Some of the most unpopular men of the present century, of whom it might be said during their lifetime, "Who will show us any good" in them, have appeared after death to the wondering multitude in the clean and white garments of angelic chastity. And there are those now in the metropolis to whom their survivors will owe a heavy debt of self-reproach for having too easily listened to malignant tales, and passively, if not actively, assisted in thrusting them one side—although when they die, their opponents will be the first to trumpet their praise. "The good, then, that men do, lives after them—and the evil is often interred with their bones;" and this, if injustice, is angelic injustice. The Saviour, then, evertained the right estimation of true and lasting fame, when he said—"Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you!"

But a truce to moralizing—and I close this rambling epistle with a wish that every reader may enjoy a HAPPY NEW YEAR! And may 1853 eclipse, in heartfelt joy and prosperous life, any of its predecessors! Adieu!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

CHARITY.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DEGANNE.

Out of the 'withered petals of a flower
Struck heedlessly by violent hand to earth,
We may some yet unified sweets extract,
And breathe the past life of what now lies dead.
Thus, haply, when we meet a ruined heart,
Whose bruised leaves disclose the spoiler's touch,
May we not deem it worth some trifling care
To search for lingering perfume in the wreck,
Nor wholly crush it by unthinking tread?

DESPATCH.

Affected despatch is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be; it is like that which the physicians call predigestion, or hasty digestion; which is sure to fill the body full of crudities, and secret seeds of disease; therefore, measure not despatch by time of sitting, but by the advancement of the business; and as, in races, it is not the large stride, or high lift, that makes the speed; so, in business, the keeping close to the matter, and not taking of it too much at once, procureth despatch. It is the care of some only to come off speedily for the time, or to contrive some false periods of business, because they may seem men of despatch; but it is one thing to abbreviate by contracting, another by cutting off; and business so handled at several sittings or meetings, groweth commonly backward and forward in an unsteady manner. I knew a wise man that had for a by-word, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion—"Stay a little, that we may end the sooner."—*Bacon*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

VOICE OF ONE DESERTED.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Though storms fade white my hair, my unbent soul
Shall yet oppose itself to blackest woe—
The wind that sweeps the ashes from the coal
Kindles the fire unto a redder glow;
The heart may petrify in tears, nor break
With the sharp whetting of the vulture's beak.

Is't not the serpent, from whose bruised head
The cold blood oozes down its trough of dust,
From which the traveller needs the most to dread
The sudden springing and the deadly thrust?
Is't not the lonely bones that fill
With her wild howls the woods? the darkest hills

Which at the last bequeath a brighter dawn
Than may be won in calm and waveless life?
Within the suffering soul is most of power;
The rest of restlessness, the peace of strife,
Are plants that thrive but where love's dew is dry
Not where its clouds of crimsoning kisses lie.

The flowers about me, sunshine and the sea,
The steady planets and the hollow sky,
And winds that syllable sweet poetry
Shall teach me to forget thee, or defy;
And by the upper splendor, henceforth free
From thy unworthiness, my life shall be.

PLEASANT SOCIAL COMPANIONS.

My wife and I were sitting after tea playing at backgammon, and enjoying the cool breeze that came through the open venetians, when suddenly it began to rain. In an instant the room swarmed with insects of all sorts. There was a beautiful, large, green mantis; and as we were watching his almost human motions, a grasshopper and a large brown cricket flew against my face, while a great cockroach, full three inches long, came on my wife's neck, and began humming about her head, and face and dress; the flying ant, which emits a most nauseous effluvia; and the flying bug, black, and about the size of an English one, which, if you crush him, will make your finger smell most dreadfully for many hours; and with these our clothes were covered, and we were obliged to keep brushing them away from our faces, but with very gentle handling; then came two or three hornets, which sent Mrs. Acland to bed, to get under the mosquito curtains, where none of these horrid creatures can get at her. I sat up trying to read, but buzz came a mosquito on the side of my face, up went my hand with a tremendous slap on the cheek to kill the tormentor, and buzz he went on again. Then I felt something big hurrying itself in my hair, and then came buzz on the other side, and then all around. Presently, with a loud and startling hum, a rhinoceros beetle dashed into my face. I now began to take some of the animals out of my hair; and the first I touched was a flying bug; the stench was dreadful. I rushed out of the room, brushing the horrible creatures from my hair with both hands. I nearly fell over a toad, on which I trod, and reached my bed-room to find eighteen or twenty great toads, crouched in different parts of the room, and five large bats whirling round and round the bed. Having washed my hands in Eau de Cologne, I quickly undressed and fell asleep. In the course of the night a troop of jackalls surrounded the house, and by their frightful yells soon drove away all idea of rest; and then at about four o'clock, as we were just dozing off again, comes the roll of the drum, and the loud voice of the trumpet, the tramp of the soldiers, the firing, and all the bustle of the parade; and as soon as this is over, comes the changing guard and the "shoulder har-r-ms," and the "quick mar-r-ch" near our houses, and so we got up.—*Rev. W. Wilson's Life in India.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

INVOCATION.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

Come to my bower, love! the moon shines bright,
And the sky is clear in the noon of night,
And the tiny buds of the Hily-bell
Are folded down by a fairy spell!

The sentry has called the haunted hour,
Bright with the pomp of elfin power;
And on the brow of the fairy queen
Diamonds flash with a starry sheen.

Brownies and kelpies, wandering by,
Shall sun themselves in thy radiant eye;
And the stars shall bend from their golden throne
To smile on thee, in the wildwood lone—

And my very soul shall ebb and flow
To the music-tones of thy voice so low;
Then, come to me while the moon shines bright,
And the sky is clear in the noon of night!

SMALL TALK.

Nobody abuses small talk unless he be a stranger to its conveniences. Small talk is the small change of life; there is no getting on without it. There are times when 't is folly to be wise; when a little nonsense is very palatable, and when gravity and sedateness ought to be kicked down stairs. A philosopher cuts a poor figure in the ball-room, unless he leave his wisdom at home. Metaphysics is intrusive in the midst of agreeable parties, as a death's head on a festal board. We have met with men who were too lofty for small talk. They would never condescend to play with a ribbon, or flirt a fan. They were above such trifling; in other words, they were above making themselves agreeable, above pleasing, and above being pleased. They were all wisdom, all gravity, and all tediousness, which they bestowed upon company with more than Dogberry's generosity. A man who cannot talk has no more business in society than a statue. The world is made up of trifles; and he who can trifle elegantly and gracefully is a valuable acquisition to mankind. He is a Corinthian column in the fabric of society.—*Fairfield County Democrat.*

A FACT.—Man is rich with little, were his judgment true.

COUNT D'ORSAY.

Our readers have here a fine "counterfeit presentment" of the great arbiter elegantiarum "in his habit as he lived," "witching the world with noble horsemanship." The London and Parisian world of fashion have not yet ceased to mourn their idol, who died Aug. 4th, 1852. The dictator of fashion, he voluntarily abdicated the throne in time to avoid the burlesque finale of the lives of so many of his illustrious predecessors. No one of them had reigned with so good a title as himself: Beau Nash and Beau Brummell imposed fashions only on their subjects, while the influence of Count d'Orsay extended to the fine arts. Besides, gentleman as he was in name and arms, the aristocracy of Great Britain claimed him as one of their own, and his character of a great lord shielded that of an eccentric dandy. Hence we are not to consider him, as many represent him, a living advertisement of tailors and gentlemen's furnishers. His fortune having always been very moderate, it is easier to prove the generosity of his feelings than the liberality of his humor. He patronized a crowd of philanthropic institutions, like a true moneyless Montyon, and at London his fellow-countrymen, the French, were always sure of his support. He established in their behalf a relief society, which was generously nurtured by British guineas. As an artist, all kinds of talent have been attributed to him, when perhaps he only had an aptitude for art. He spoke four or five languages, and we are indebted to him for several statues, which he executed alone or assisted. At last, during his long association with Lady Blessington, he was thought to have aided in the compositions of that queen of blue stockings. From the following letter which was addressed to him by Lord Byron, and of which the national library possesses the autograph, it will appear that Count d'Orsay had composed, and must have left behind him memoirs upon English society:

"My dear Count d'Orsay," wrote the illustrious poet, "you ought to be satisfied with writing our maternal language as well as Grammont, and succeeding in London as nobody has done since the time of Charles II., without falling into our barbarous tongue, which, however, you write much better than it deserves. My approbation was very sincere, but perhaps not very important; for, though I cherish my country, I do not love my countrymen; and, independently of the seduction of talent which shines in your book, I fear it also presents to me, the attraction of vengeance. I have seen and experienced much of what you describe so well. I have known the persons and the circles (for the most part) of which you speak, and the portraits are so striking that I can no less admire the painter than his productions. But I am sorry for you, so well initiated in life at your age, when I think what may happen when the illusion shall be dissipated. No matter! Forward! live while you can enjoy completely the many advantages of youth, talent and figure, which you possess. Such is the wish of an Englishman (I suppose), for my mother was Scotch, my name and family are Norman. I am of no country, and as for my 'works,' which you are pleased to mention, let them go to the devil, whence they came, if I can believe a number of persons."—No character has been more variously interpreted than the count's.

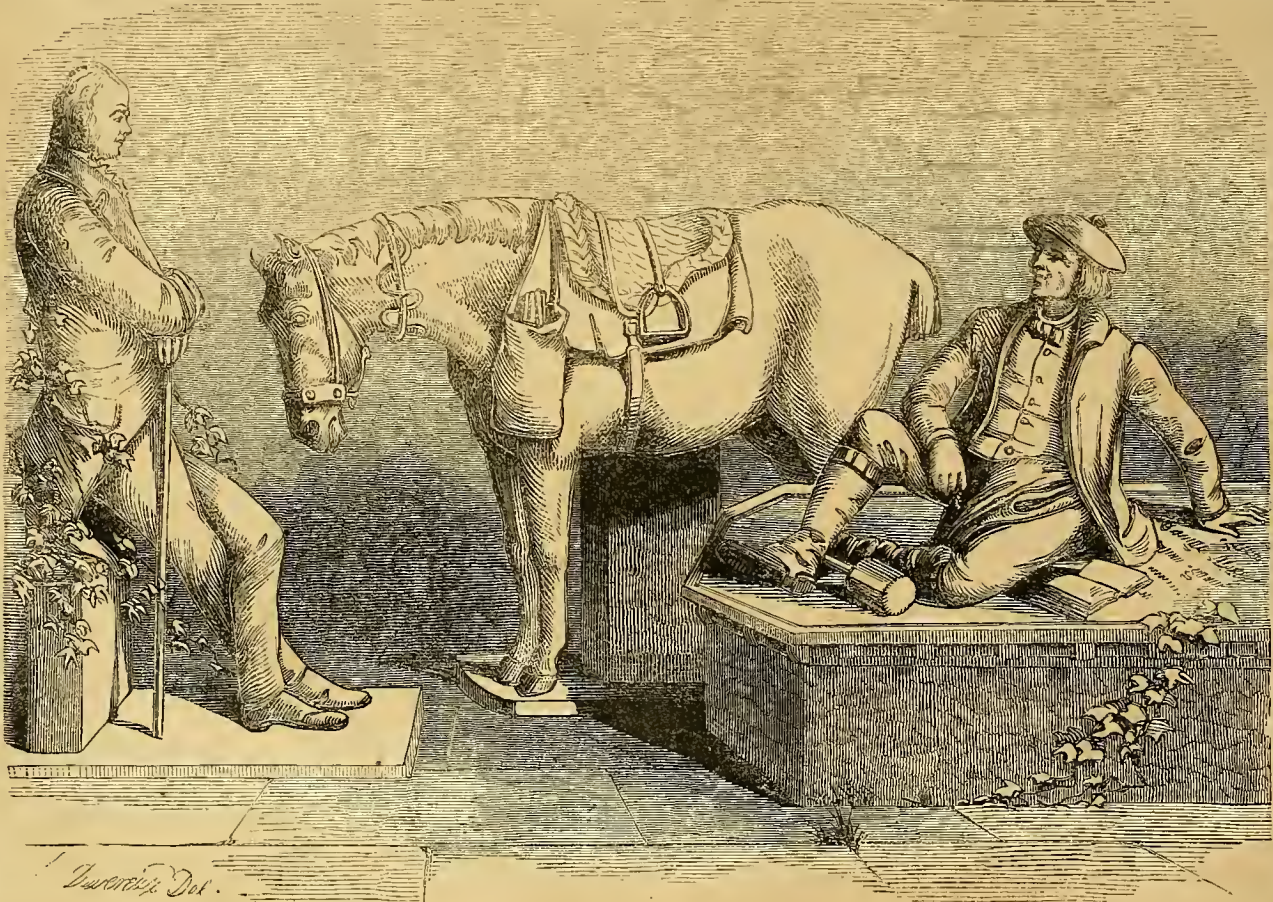


EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF COUNT D'ORSAY.

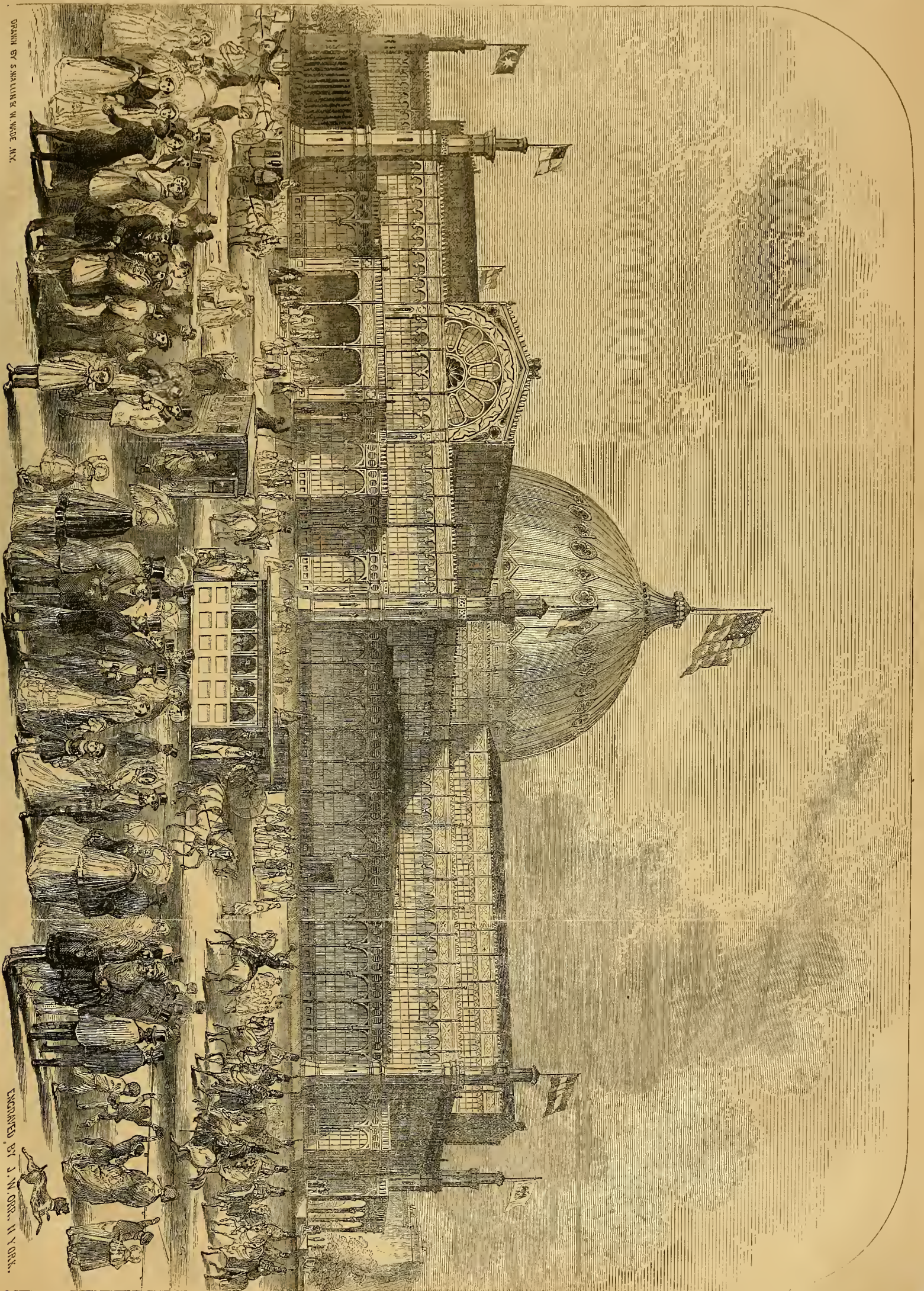
OLD MORTALITY.

The figure of Old Mortality was cut by Mr. Thom, in Scotland, and with its accompanying Pony, and a plaster cast of Sir Walter Scott, was exhibited to admiring crowds in Edinburgh, London, and elsewhere. Mr. Thom brought them to this country, where he has fixed his residence, and placed them in a room in New York; here a limited number of citizens and strangers enjoy a view of the group. In removing them to Newark, the Pony

was broken to fragments, and the sculptor despaired of ever turning his remaining figures to account; but having purchased a quarry in New Jersey, the stone of which was admirably adapted to his chisel, he offered to complete the entire group for Laurel Hill Cemetery, a place which he deemed admirably adapted to their location, and to dispose of his right to the whole. The cemetery company acceded to his wishes. The Pony and Sir Walter are therefore the products of Mr. Thom's chisel, from American stone, and are alike creditable to his genius and skill. How faithfully the sculptor has embodied the description of the author, may best be seen by reference to the introductory chapter of the tale of Old Mortality. The figure of Sir Walter is one of the two full-length statues of the great author extant in stone, and is pronounced by competent judges an excellent likeness; the head is after the bust of Chantry, and the remainder of the figure is taken partly from the best points, and partly from Mr. Thom's own personal recollections. The managers of the cemetery, in placing these figures on the grounds, had in view the possibility of embodying the idea that Laurel Hill is to be permanent; as Old Mortality loved to repair defaced tombstones, so the originators of the plan of the cemetery hope it may be the study of their successors to keep the place in perpetual repair, and to transmit it undefaced to a distant date. The following extract from the National Gazette, by Mr. Walsh, is happily worded: "The Laurel Hill Cemetery has lately been adorned by two very significant statues—one of Sir Walter Scott, represented sitting on a tombstone talking to Old Mortality, who is engaged in his pious and patriotic occupation of bringing into fresh relief the decayed and dubious inscription on a grave of a Covenantanter, happily emblematic of the care bestowed on the enclosures and vaults; his little pony is also represented. These statues are from the chisel of that exquisite genius, the Burns of sculpture, Thom. There sits Sir Walter, in his ordinary dress, with his stout, spiral walking-cane in his hand. The representation is superbly fine; life, soul, genius—all are embodied. The coat, vest and neck-cloth are as natural as if they were from the hands of an Edinburgh tailor, and Souter Johnnie could not have made a more natural pair of heavy boots. This is the only statue extant representing Sir Walter in modern costume. Old Mortality has a face of magically real and rich expression; his position, general appearance, and dress are of correspondent perfection with those of the author himself.—The faithful animal, except that the sculptor has made him sleek, according to the tasteful license of the art, would pass for the original portrait.—All the details of his primitive gear are represented with rare fidelity.—Let such tokens of taste and appreciation of art be multiplied with us, and let every appropriate spot be thus gracefully and elegantly decorated. Such emblems have a refining influence, silent and imperceptible, but most potent and commendable. In Europe, the wealthy, fully realizing these things, indulge themselves, by liberal outlay, in encouraging the development of art, especially in painting and sculpture; and happy are we to bear witness to the fact that such a taste is thriving and increasing in America. The fact of the large circulation of our paper is an evidence of this.



REPRESENTATION OF "OLD MORTALITY"—THOM'S SCULPTURE.



A BEAUTIFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE NEW YEAR'S CAROL.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

A tear! a tear for the parting year,
Whose race is nearly run!
A cheer! a cheer for the coming year,
Whose race is not begun!
For death and birth on the page of earth
Together must written be;
And weep as we do for '52,
We must shout for '53.

Toll, toll the bell with a parting knell,
And roll the muffled drum,
As the mourners sweep in column deep,
With a low and stifled hum.
But a jolly peal, till the steeples reel,
Must fling out its music free;
We were gay when '52 was born,
We'll be gay with '53.

With heavy tread the mighty dead
We'll follow to his grave;
There let him rest in slumber blest
Where the churchyard grasses wave.
But a spirit of mirth o'er the gladsome earth
Must revel and not free—
Good-by, good-by, old '52!
Hurrah, young '53!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE YOUNG WIFE:

—OR—

SPENDING AND EARNING.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"O, ONE thing more, Mrs. Ralston; allow me to detain you just an instant," and the polite shopman arrested the elegantly dressed woman just leaving the store.

"I hope you have something pretty to show me; you know I am always delighted to see anything beautiful."

"Step this way, if you please; sorry to give you so much trouble; but we do not care to display our newest goods so openly. We keep them for ladies we are sure will appreciate the style."

Mrs. Ralston bowed her superb head in acknowledgement of the compliment to her good taste. That was unimpeachable, as any one might have seen from her present costume. It was a carriage dress, heavy motting brocade, of a delicate undecided shade, yet sufficiently dark for its present adaptation. It displayed at the throat a chemisette of costly embroidery, and flowing undersleeves to correspond shaded her fair round arms, but did not conceal the heavy bracelets on either wrist. A cashmere shawl, of the most oriental crimson, relieved the pure white bonnet and plumes. Mrs. Ralston was the bride of the season, which had just commenced. Her own family had always been celebrated for its beautiful women, tall, stately, yet withal round and exquisitely proportioned figures, that as the milliners say "could bear any amount of dress."

It was hinted that the Longtons had been straitened in their means since the disastrous crash of the United States Bank, where, it was well known, much of Mrs. Longton's property was invested. But she was a woman of admirable tact and management, and no trace of change appeared in her small but elegant establishment, and Hesse, the somewhat remarkable family name of her only daughter, had been educated at the most expensive schools. The past winter she had come out, and a few weeks seemed to make her conspicuous as a belle. Her regular features and rich complexion were lighted with all the vivacity of quick impetuous feeling, which her mother's worldly-wise lessons labored to repress. In the end the mother was satisfied, for she made the match of all others she could have chosen for her. Mr. Ralston, who, strange to relate, was agreeable, accomplished and unmarried, with all his wealth and luxurious tastes at thirty-five, was captivated by the very vivacity of manner which Mrs. Longton dreaded. There seemed to be so much fresh unhackneyed feeling beneath it, a trait he had looked for in vain among those who to please him had even assumed the calm, dignified manner he was so eminently distinguished for.

Man of the world, as he was, he had kept his heart young, and when he saw that Hesse Longton turned from polking Young America, with their overwhelming ties and tenderly fostered moustaches for a quiet talk with him, his interest and admiration gave place to an exquisite tenderness for the young creature, just commencing a life so full of falseness and frivolity. He resolved, if it were possible, he would shield her from all that love and care could avert, and so his bride was won. Who, with the impulsive, affectionate heart that formed the rare anomaly in the young girl's character, educated as she had been, could have resisted the quivering of that fine compressed lip, the almost yearning tenderness of these large calm eyes! He was not deceived; she loved him then for himself, and for the love he had given her, and not for the wealth and position that friends soon flocked to congratulate her upon.

But she was young, untried, and she soon learned to recognize the distinction between Miss Longton and the bride elect of Mr. Ralston. A part of her mother's well-managed capital was sacrificed to procure her a superb outfit, and the dresses, bonnets and lingerie of the bride, were the nine days' wonder of her circle. Even her stately lover acknowledged her supreme importance, and indulged her in every whim and caprice through their brief but happy betrothal. The costliest gifts awaited her acceptance, and

on their bridal day, his mother's diamonds, in their plain old-fashioned setting of silver and blue enamel, became her own. His house was filled with all that could please the most fastidious taste, and her half-timid, half-conscious manner, as she presided over his table, he thought the most beautiful of her many endearing ways. Mrs. Longton was satisfied; the world applauded, envied, and for once paused in its detraction.

There was a certain exquisitely chased gold porte monnaie among the bridal gifts, which Hesse declared must be the purse of Fortunatus; for, whenever it chanced to be left on the dressing-table almost empty, she was sure to find it replenished; plerotic with bills, new and crisp, as if that day issued, or heavy with ringing coin, which seemed far more valuable, for its beauty's sake. But one day this same porte monnaie served as a test for what Hesse called "a sober talk," though meant in all kindness from the lover husband.

It had fallen from her dress as she sprang to receive him, one morning; and, coming open, the tiny gold dollars rolled over the soft carpet, and were almost buried in its long velvety surface. Hesse laughed and clapped her hands as her husband bent down to gather them, and then seating himself beside her on the lounge he pressed his arm about her waist, and counted them in one by one, until fifteen were told.

"Was that all, Hesse?"

"I haven't the least idea. I put them in at Long's, change for my last twenty dollar bill. I did not stop to count them; I supposed it was all right. Let me see—the neck ribbon was three dollars, and the collar two—no, the ribbon was two dollars, and the collar four; I paid for that first in gold. I don't know—I really can't remember how it was. Here they are, though. Did you ever see anything so enchanting as that shade of blue? I don't suppose I need it, but it was so lovely, and the collars were just opened."

"Did you need that?"

"O no, not in the least; you know I had anything in that shape; but it was so new, and one can't have too great a variety."

"I should think such things could go out of fashion often, do they not, Hesse?"

The young wife clapped her hands.

"You of all people asking about collars and ribbons! Why, Mortimer, what has happened to you this morning? Of course they do. Last year they were small as could be, and stood straight up. Now they lie down, and are ever so broad. I gave Clara a whole set, when I was married. Servants always count on those things for perquisites."

"I'm afraid, lady bird, you have very little idea of the value of money."

Mr. Ralston spoke very gravely, or rather earnestly, as he smoothed back the dark bandeau lying on her temples, and kissed that fair white forehead.

Hesse looked up, as if his words had sounded reproachfully.

"You know mamma always shopped for me before, and now I just get whatever I fancy; I'm sure I don't know. Have I been doing anything very wrong?"

"Not wrong, but it might end in my being very foolish, perhaps, and leading you to troubles I have promised myself to guard you from. Suppose I commence by teaching you what gold dollars are worth. You shall have an allowance, and choose how much it shall be yourself. If you cannot tell how much you wish, ask your mother to decide, and that shall be all your own to spend, or to give away, just as you please. My little wife does not think I am miserly, I hope?"

"O no—no indeed! you are only too generous, and I think I shall like it very much. Only think! I shall have a banker of my own, and draw—"

"Every quarter, without any fear of failure."

So both were satisfied; and Hesse, so far from thinking her husband miserly, felt an increased importance when she drew her first quarter's allowance the next week. It seemed an inexhaustible sum, as she counted it over and turned the key of a small jewel casket upon it, taking out two bright eagles, which, we are sorry to say, melted fairly away under the temptation of an opening she was to attend that morning.

Three weeks of the quarter only had passed, when we find her at Bailey's, ostensibly to leave an ornament requiring a slight repair, but really because it was a pleasant place to trifle away an hour or so, where her fine taste was sure to be gratified by the display of some novelty; for the shopman had learned it was well worth while to place them before her.

The set of ornaments now produced were worthy of careful scrutiny. It was not so much the beauty of the design that, in fact, was questionable, but the novelty and the exquisite workmanship. The style—gold, without any settings—had just been introduced, since Hesse's bridal presents indeed, so that she had not even a bracelet so arranged. The set displayed before her shone in the very best light on their cushions of pure white satin; the brooch, the bracelets, or heavy watch chain, and rarer than all, a bandeau for the head, in the form of a serpent, every scale wrought with strange delicacy, and the eyes large and valuable diamonds, set singly, yet flashing brilliantly at the least motion.

The shopman raised the glittering bauble, and twined it carelessly through his hand.

"Just notice the chasing, if you please, Mrs. Ralston; we have no workmanship like that in this country. You can imagine the effect, displayed on rich dark hair like yours; see, it is to encircle the braid at the back of the head. This is the only set we have imported."

There must have been some fascination in those glittering eyes. Mrs. Ralston seemed to feel its effect.

"What is the price, did you say?" she asked, eagerly.

"Only a hundred and fifty dollars. We make nothing at all by

it; but we must have these things for our best customers, rather than lose our reputation for style. Did you remark the peculiar links of the bracelet? We have another in the case, something in that style, but much inferior. We cannot afford to sell it as low as this comes, however, in the whole set. Every one is delighted with the idea of that bandeau, though it has scarcely been seen as yet. Mrs. Butler was looking at it this morning, and I should not be at all surprised if she takes it for her daughter; the wedding comes off next week, I believe; it will make a superb bridal present."

Never since the first temptation, was woman so sorely tried by a serpent's fascination. Mrs. Ralston had ordered her dress only this morning for that very wedding. She had worn every set of ornaments in her possession; the setting of her diamonds was so heavy and ungraceful that even their value could not counterbalance it. She would persuade her husband to have it altered in time, meanwhile. O, the bandeau was so novel; how complete it would make her proposed costume! She had inwardly resolved to possess it before she laid it down; but she would not order it then, for Mr. Ralston had expressly stipulated—the only condition of his allowance—that she was not to contract a debt even for a day, and the remainder of the first quarter was at home in the little blue-lined casket.

The shopman looked disappointed at her apparent indifference, but was, nevertheless, too discreet to betray it, as he saw her with many bows and smiles to her carriage; while the richly dressed ladies, not in *her set*, who thronged the counters, looked after her enviously, and said to each other: "The bride," "Young Mrs. Ralston," "Real India, that shawl," in murmurs that made others look up, as the fine horses spurned the pavement in their quick, impatient movements.

There was, withal, an undefined and secret uneasiness, as Mrs. Ralston reviewed the numerous jewel cases that filled her dressing-table drawer that evening. Surely her taste ought to be gratified among the large variety. The carved coral, which had been her favorites in girlhood, the pure pearls, the aunt whose name she bore had presented; brooches and bracelets innumerable besides; turquois, enamel, garnets, and the Ralston diamonds. Yet the bandeau; and it could not be had without the full set, that she well knew; it would be vain to ask it. The struggle went on silently, for the same undefined feeling kept her from consulting her husband. She instinctively felt what his advice would be. Still, the money was her own; he had told her so—to spend as she chose, or even to give away; so she reasoned, as she counted the remaining bills, and found she had just a hundred and sixty-five dollars. To be sure, fifteen was a very small allowance for two months, and she would not dare apply to Mortimer; but then she would be very, very economical, and she could not think of a single thing she should be obliged to purchase.

Her carriage was again drawn up at Bailey's, and she lingered some minutes at the cases before she would ask for the ornaments; but other ladies came in and examined them, exclaiming as fashionable women will over novelties; and she hesitated no longer.

"Send them to the carriage, if you please," she said, a little impatiently, lest even then she should fail to secure them; and the shopman smiled still more complacently, as if he had already anticipated her decision.

She did not say anything to her husband of the purchase, nor ask his admiration, as she habitually did, if it was only a beautifully fitting glove or garter. Once, as she stood examining the cases herself, she heard his foot upon the stairs, and pushed the drawer to quickly, as if she had been in danger of detection. It was a new feeling for her in his presence, and covered her face with a conscious blush as he entered the room.

The evening for the wedding reception came. It was to be a very brilliant affair, for both parties were fashionable and wealthy, visiting and visited by "everybody" worth knowing. Mrs. Ralston felt more anxiety about her toilet than she had done since her own bridal evening. Her dress of pearl-gray *moire d'antique*, and the rich Honiton veil, a part of her costume then, and now transformed into a scarf, were laid out by Clara before her mistress entered the dressing-room; the pearls were lying near them, and, in truth, would have been the most fitting choice; but she swept them aside, with a "See this, Clara!" and displaying to the eyes of the admiring girl the new set, for the first time taken from the cases.

"There, Clara! did you ever see anything to compare with that bandeau? It will be the wonder of the evening, you may depend. Now dress my hair to perfection, that's a good girl, and you shall have that ribbon you admired so much."

If Mrs. Ralston was guilty of one point of personal vanity above another, it was in favor of her beautiful hair; nor could this be wondered at, for it was a family peculiarity, and every care had been taken in her childhood to preserve it, until the important time of her "coming out." Clara's skill was unquestioned in arranging it, and many a coveted ribbon and collar had been her reward. Now she drew out the combs and pins, letting it fall in its fully and glossy length, over the elegant dressing-gown, with more than usual alacrity, for her quick eye comprehended the effect of the new ornament, and she was as impatient as her mistress to try it. The interior of the dressing-room was a picture in itself; the swinging mirror reflecting the costly carpets and furniture; the fair figure of the young wife reclining in a crimson velvet chair; the fair throat and delicate outline of the features, shaded by the ungathered ripples of her hair, as she sat admiring her purchase; while behind her the trim waiting-maid was plaiting the shining braids.

The last one was finished, and woven with the bandeau, the diamonds flashing as she moved to get the effect, which more than equalled expectation. The dress could not have been improved, save by the soft fall of the lace, which corrected any air of stiffness

in the rich rustling material. But how was it, that though Clara said twenty times Mr. Ralston would be "too pleased," she did not challenge his admiration. It was chilly, she said, so the opera cloak and hood were thrown on before she descended to the drawing-room to meet him.

"What! all ready," he said, "without my assistance? No, here are your carriage boots," and he bent down with all the gallantry of olden times to ease the satin-slipped foot in the warmer covering. "I dare say you are looking quite perfect, notwithstanding you go to yield up the palm of bridehood to Miss Butler. You will be a sister little wife after this."

Yet she turned hurriedly for his playful caressing words, for the first time since their marriage. She had hoped he would not discover the new ornaments until after the reception; but his eye, quick to note her loveliness, caught the flashing of the bandeau when he met her at the dressing-room door.

"That is something I have not seen before, is it not?" he said, as they passed down the long staircase. "One of your numerous bridal gifts, I suppose."

She did not correct him; she said to herself that they were too near the door to enter into any explanations; but when they had given their congratulations, and mingled with the gay throng, she felt that she had been guilty of an implied falsehood, and it sunk like a weight upon her spirits. She knew that her beauty, and taste, and good fortune, were remarked upon, as she moved from room to room; but she was far from happy, and even fancied that there was a constraint in her husband's manner towards her, as they drove home almost the first of the party.

"Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all."

The jewel boxes were placed as far out of sight as possible, and Mrs. Ralston tried to forget her purchase. But this was impossible; her lady friends begged to see the wondrous novelty in their morning calls, and she was obliged to listen to comments and exclamations that would have given her the greatest pleasure, had it indeed been a bridal gift. Clara, too, would beg that the bandeau might be worn; pleased with her own skill at displaying it, and more than that, an empty *porte-monnaie* obliged her to remember the extravagant outlay most disagreeably. She had never tried living without money before; she had no idea there were so many imperceptible drains upon one's purse. A trifling milliner's bill, for a head dress she had already wearied of, and given to Clara; gloves that were absolutely necessary, slippers that were worn so fast in the scottische and polkas, of which she was so fond; one month for quarter day; she was absolutely penniless—the worst and most self-degrading of all poverty, for her own recklessness had brought it upon her, and she dared not confess her fault. It was such a constant humiliation; indebted to Clara for the very hair pins she used; obliged to send away an unpaid bill for the fluting of her laces; another for a set of breakfast caps, when she knew the poor woman needed the money. O, it was very hard to bear, without daring to confess even to her own mother the strait in which she was placed.

Mr. Ralston could but see that she was unhappy, but forbore to ask the cause. More than once he surprised her in tears, and sometimes it seemed to throw such a cloud over his enjoyment, that Hesse was almost ready to confess all, and ask his forgiveness.

"You are not well, do not let us go out," he said, one evening, as she came down ready for a party.

"O, no—you are mistaken; I am quite well—never better in my life!" she answered, hurriedly; for now she dreaded more than anything else an evening alone with him, lest he should inquire into the restlessness he must have noticed.

"Are you sure, Hesse? Then I will ask you to pay a call with me on our way; I had intended to before."

"A call? Why, it's quite ten o'clock. Who or where? and I am dressed for dancing, you know."

"It does not matter. We shall be sure to find the lady waiting—some one I am greatly interested in; is not that sufficient? She will excuse your evening dress, I am sure."

Mrs. Ralston leaned back in the carriage, and did not speak again until it turned into an unfrequented part of the town. It was a bright moonlight evening, and she could see the small shops and mean dwellings clustered together; the street was so narrow that the carriage could scarcely pass.

"Where is James going, Mortimer? surely he has missed the way. None of your friends can live here. Do stop him; we shall be too late; the carriage could not turn here."

"He is quite right, Hesse; we are almost there. This side, James—near that grocery store. I hope you have on boots; draw your cloak around you, for the air will be very chill."

He still spoke so gravely and so sincerely, that she did not dare to question him, but followed silently, as he handed her across the broken pavement, and up a narrow, winding staircase, without a gleam of light, save a faint glimmer from beneath some door, as they passed the different landings. She clung closer to her husband as he still went onward, for the atmosphere was close and sickly, and loud and crying voices, shouts, and even blasphemy, were distinctly heard.

"Gather up your dress, Hesse; the stairs will not improve it—a little further—one more flight—do not tremble so, my child; you will not see any of those people." And so at last they stood within a room, so low, so mean, so miserable, that Hesse had never imagined human life could exist in such surroundings. The bare, unpainted rafters of the attic were faintly illumined by the moonlight streaming through a dormer window, and the hazy glow of a tallow candle, by which a woman was seated at her work. The single chair which she occupied, the small pine table on which her materials were spread, was the principal furniture of the room. Fire, there was none; but the dull, white ashes in the rusty grate showed that it had been suffered to die out after the

last meal. But the woman herself, so gaunt, so worn, so trembling with cold and fatigue, as she stopped to warm her benumbed fingers by rolling them in the folds of her faded apron, and looked up as she heard their steps, with a dull, hopeless gaze! It was a strange contrast to the young wife, in all her elegance and beauty, her round, white arms protected by the ermine lined cloak, which had slipped from her shoulders, revealing the cloudlike folds of gauze that composed her dress, and the jewels that sparkled on her throat and wrist.

"Do not let us disturb you, Mrs. Allen," Mr. Ralston said, as he saw the look of amazement and disquiet with which she rose to receive them. "Mrs. Ralston has only called to pay you that little bill, sent in three weeks ago. She thought you would excuse a late visit, knowing how much you needed the money." And then he laid the amount before her from his own purse, without even a look at Hesse, who could not have spoken for her life.

"O, sir, I hope I have not been troublesome!" the poor creature said; "but, indeed, I did not think you were the lady's husband, or I would not have said one word. But I could not get any money from any one, and my rent was due, and they told me you were always good and kind to the poor. Being the same name, was what made me mention it, I suppose; but, indeed, I did not think you were her husband! Please excuse me, ma'am," and she turned to Hesse with a look so humble, so beseeching, that she could not bear it, but hurried out of the room, regardless of the darkness, or the narrow, winding stairs.

"Hesse—James!" Mr. Ralston said to the coachman; for he heard the bitter, convulsive sobbing from the corner of the carriage in which his wife had thrown herself, and knew that home was the best shelter for her newly awakened self-reproach. And then he raised her in his arms, and asked her forgiveness for the harsh lesson, so tenderly, while he explained what seemed an *espionage* upon her conduct, but was in reality only the revelation of accident. He overheard the purchase of the ornaments the very first evening she had worn them, coupled with remarks upon her extravagance, from the ladies who had admired them at Bailey's, and he knew only too well the difficulties in which she would involve herself. He had watched the progress of her unhappiness, hoping that she would apply to him; but accident again threw Mrs. Allen, the cap-maker, in his way, and he had planned, in kindness to herself, the visit to the room, thinking her desolate poverty would be the best reproof.

"Do not think me cruel, my dear child. It was I who placed the temptation in your path; you know so little of the world that I cannot blame you. But extravagance I dreaded more than anything for you. It is the first of a series of faults—vices, indeed—to which every woman in fashionable life is exposed. I have seen so much mischief result from it—you cannot dream how far some of them have been carried by just such a commencement. I meant it all in kindness; do not think I suffered one selfish motive to intrude! You know my wealth is yours; but I wished to show you, darling, how many better uses it may be put to than mere personal adornment."

"O, forgive me—forgive me!" was the only response of the now thoroughly humbled girl. "Indeed, they gave me no pleasure. I have been miserable all the while—"

"I knew it, Hesse; and sometimes I longed to end it all, by telling you what I thought. But you have been taught the value of money by a hard lesson, and now you shall be my little almoner, and help me to be a bountiful steward. Will you not?" and he kissed her tenderly, as a seal of forgiveness and reconciliation.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

RETROSPECTION.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

How rapidly time is passing!
The winter will soon be here;
And thought is backward glancing
O'er the scenes of the closing year.

While memory busily bringeth
From amid the bygone hours,
Full many a fond hope faded,
Like the last of autumn flowers:

And many a cherished treasure
Hath been swept from earth away;
And the finger of death has warned us
That all earthly will decay.

Joy and woe alternate glance
O'er the chequered path of life;
And hopes we deem the fairest,
With blight are oftener rife.

Yet teaching a useful lesson—
To prepare for a home above,
Where sin and sorrow ne'er shall come,
But all is peace and love.

THE HANDS.

One of the most common signs of want of breeding, is a sort of uncomfortable consciousness of the hands, an obvious ignorance of what to do with them, and a painful awkwardness in their adjustment. The hands of a gentleman seem perfectly at home without being occupied; they are habituated to the *dolce for niente*, or if they spontaneously move, it is attractively. Some of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers made playing with their sword-hilt an accomplishment, and the most efficient weapon of the Spanish coquette is her fan. Strength in the fingers is a sure token of mental aptitude. When Matius burnt his hand off before the eyes of his captor, he gave the most indubitable proof we can imagine of fortitude; and it was natural that amid the ferocious bravery of feudal times, a bloody hand in the centre of an escutcheon should become the badge of a baronet of England.—*Tuelarman.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

IDENTITY.

BY NEALE BERNARD.

'Tis strange, the truth, in earth's unnumbered being,
Of mind, and form, and heart,
Man never saw, nor shall be blessed in seeing
Precise his counterpart.

Unlike and varied are earth's countless faces,
Unlike each hidden mind;
But in each act and feature few resembling traces
Are closely intertwined.

In forms and features, howsoever repulsive,
Some pleasant traits are seen;
Often in thoughtless deeds and actions all impulsive,
Some good the ill redeem!

Often, at first, the means some good to render,
Perverted seem to be;
Yet, after all, but prove a stern defender,
To task our charity!

Each book of nature, as you scan its pages,
Most glorious scenes reveal;
Yet who can call the earth in bygone ages
More beautifully real?

For faithful nature holds her self-same being,
Beginning unto end;
While with supremest wisdom the All-Seeing,
His gorgeous beauties blend.

Alas! that truth to treacherous dissemblance
Should sometimes bow the knee;
And double shame, that right and wrong's resemblance
Oft beareth such identity!

THOMAS HOOD'S GRAVE.

Thomas Hood—the gay, the gentle, the bright-eyed, and large-hearted Thomas Hood—is at last to have raised over his mouldering dust some token of the popular gratitude. Nero, monster as he was, had flowers scattered over his grave by some unknown hand as the sign of affectionate remembrance. Why, therefore, should not Hood, the poet of humanity—why should not Hood have his monument? Happily, that question has lately been asked by one whose voice has not pleaded in vain. The goodly work has been projected by a woman, and a kindred spirit; and perhaps, among the list of living poets, none could have more zealously and gracefully effected it than Eliza Cook. A short time since a few simple and graphic verses from the pen of this lady, written from the heart, told us that not even the commonest memento—a slab or a head-stone—marked the spot where Hood is reposing at length in deep and everlasting tranquillity; scarcely a fortnight has passed by since a committee was organized to redeem the admirers of genius from that lamentable charge of negligence—and already nearly £200 have been collected to defray the expense of erecting some tardy tribute of recollection. We may now look forward with confidence to the successful completion of the enterprise upon which a few earnest admirers of Thomas Hood have recently adventured—that of raising over his honored dust some appropriate evidence that he is borne in the national recollection. Already nearly half of the sum proposed to be collected to this end has been subscribed with the most gratifying promptitude; inasmuch, that we rest assured the remaining amount must be very speedily forthcoming.—*London Sun.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

She stood before the mirror, and a smile lit up her eye,
As the images of former days went gaily flitting by;
She raised the tissue covering that hid them from her sight,
And let memory revel once again in scenes so pure and bright.

She trod again the festive halls amid the brilliant throng,
And her youthful heart responded to the music and the song;
And she gazed with pride and pleasure on the dark and glossy curls
That were straying from the bandage of oriental pearls.

Again she sees that radiant face before the altar bow,
But she scarcely heeds the orange-wreath that rests upon her brow;
For spirit-bound, she hears again the sweet low words then spoken,
And her heart beats high with rapture, for the tie is still unbroken.

Then one by one a little group of fairy faces come,
The brightest ornaments that grace that proud ancestral home;
The mother's softened beauty, and the father's manly grace
Are bleeded with the lineaments of every form and face.

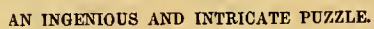
And now, though time has added much with every passing year,
And taken nothing in his flight her happiness held dear;
Yet blame her not, if when she sees her first gray hair, she starts,
And before one glistening tear-drop her glowing dream departs.

A few more years, and she will gaze upon a sadder scene,
When memory from departed joys removes a heavier screen;
And when the golden hopes of life are fading from her sight,
She'll little heed the silvery threads that mark time's onward flight.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Thousands of men breathe, move and live; pass off the stage of life and are beard of no more. Why? They did not part a particle of good in the world; and none were blest by them, none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name, by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year. And you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as bright on the earth as the stars of heaven.—*Chalmers.*

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it.—*Chapman.*





GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

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MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The New Year's Stockings," a seasonable story, by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, will be given.
"Waifs from Washington," No. II, by our correspondent, BEN: PERLEY POORE.
"The Lady's Vow," an interesting story, by HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.
"Key to LIEUT. KING'S PUZZLE," being a description of the large puzzle on the opposite page.
"Gods and Goddesses," No. II, by T. BULFINCH, referring to Prometheus and Pandora.
"A Lost Picture," poem, by T. BUCHANAN READ.
"Tears," verses, by OWEN G. WARREN.
"A Rustic Dream," verses, by ALICE CAREY.
"The Lighthouse," poem, by LIEUT. E. CURTIS HINE.
"Dedication to an Album," by B. J. HOWE.
"Josephine," poem, by CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

In the coming number, among our usual variety of illustrations, we shall present a fine series of views of the city of Providence. We shall not hereafter announce the illustrations for our forthcoming numbers, as occurrences frequently take place that we wish to depict, after the paper goes to press; and then, of course, we must alter the programme of the coming number. Our next number will be richly illumined with superior engravings.

THIRD VOLUME BOUND.

We are happy to announce that we have the third volume of the Pictorial now bound and for sale, in our usual style; with gilt edges, gilt back, and illumined sides, with a new and original title page and index, for \$3 each. It forms a most elegant book for the centre-table, and comprises an immense fund of entertaining and instructive matter, with nearly one thousand fine engravings. The Pictorial is too well known to require an elaborate reference in this connection. For sale at all the periodical depots. A more appropriate present than this volume makes, as a New Year's gift, could hardly be found, so intrinsically valuable as well as ornamental.

A CURIOUS PICTURE.

On the opposite page we give our readers the puzzle which we promised them, in our last paper. It will require hours of study and patience to understand all its hidden meanings. Any one who will send us a key to the puzzle, shall receive a year's subscription to the Pictorial, in return. Scarcely can the eye rest on the engraving, even for a moment, without discovering some new feature. This is not to be wondered at, since it contains some five hundred different objects, formed by viewing the picture in different ways. Look out for the key, in our next number.

SPLINTERS.

.... Madame Anna Thillon and Mr. Hudson are at New York, winning fresh laurels of fame.

.... Mazzini and Kossuth are still residing, near together, in London, quietly biding their time.

.... It has been ascertained that there are ten miles of railroad laid down every day in this country.

.... We are to have Mr. J. E. Murdoch, the universal favorite, to perform in Boston, ere long.

.... There are two thousand three hundred and eighty-six nurseries now flourishing in the domains of Spain.

.... There are 1500 dwelling-houses now in course of construction in the upper wards of New York city.

.... Miss Hosmer, the very remarkable young American sculptress, has gone with her father to Rome.

.... Up-town residents in New York city are having papier-mache ceilings put up in their houses.

.... Jasmin, the barber poet of France, we see by the foreign papers, has obtained another prize, lately.

.... The demolition of the "Old Brewery," Five Points, New York, is one step towards purifying that section of the city.

.... Stewart, of New York, sells \$8,000,000 worth of dry goods annually, at his marble palace, Broadway.

.... Jullien, the famous leader of the Jullien Concerts, in London, we learn, is about coming to America.

.... The Marchioness of Sligo is dead. She was only twenty-eight years of age, and a very beautiful woman.

.... Light for Bangor.—Our Eastern friends in this city are to have plenty of light. Gas has been introduced.

.... The death of the only daughter of the late Lord Byron is announced, Lady Ada Augusta King, Countess of Lovelace.

TO ONE AND ALL.

Are you already as happy and cheerful at your home fireside as you would wish to be? Are there not some few moments during these lengthened evenings when you say, "Ah me! I wish I had something to read,—something to amuse and occupy me until bedtime!" Would you not like to travel all over the world, beholding all that is noble, and grand, and beautiful; and yet possess the same comfort and security that reign at your own peaceful hearth? Would you not be pleased to read accounts of all the famous men and women of the times, and, at the same moment, behold truthful and perfect likenesses of these noted characters, while you read? Would you not be pleased to make the cheerful parlor, where your household gods are stored, and which holds such a tender place in your heart, still more sunny, and make it radiate still more agreeable memories and associations? Then make the "Pictorial" one of its constant and regular visitors. Let its bright, clear countenance shine, with all its illumined beauty and intelligence, in the faces of your domestic circle. Let its superb illustrations instruct and delight your children; peruse its records of travels, its biographical treatises, its historical records, its highly moral and instructive tales, and sketches of real life.

Gleason's Pictorial now numbers among its contributors some of the most eminent professional men, and some of the most popular prose and poetical writers in the country; besides, giving regular employment to the best artists in the illustrated department in America. Every event of note and general interest is at once seized upon, and the same paper that carries the news of passing events of a startling or uncommon character, also takes to the readers of the Pictorial a life-like and accurate representation of the scene itself, by an artist's pencil, and thus conveying the facts to distant readers as accurately and perfectly as though they had themselves been eye-witnesses. No words need be used to convince any intelligent mind of the immense advantage that such a paper must be in its weekly visits to the young; imparting to them taste, judgment and useful knowledge more certainly than months of schooling could do. In its moral influence, the Pictorial is most valuable; no vulgarisms, no obscenity, no immoral allusions, are ever permitted to sully its clear and beautiful columns. All is carefully pruned of every objectionable quality, and all is truthful, refined and suitable for the domestic circles where purity and self-respect are at all times cherished.

Let us call your attention to these reflections, and also to the prospectus of our widely circulated and popular journal. Having read which, we shall be most happy to have you enclose your subscription, and permit us to register your name upon our list of subscribers; thus making our paper a welcome and weekly visitant to your home circle. Especially would we recommend the forming of clubs in every town, so that larger circles may enjoy the Pictorial, and at a less cost.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

In the number now in the hands of the reader, we make to them our bow at the commencement of Volume Fourth. Arduous has been our duty, and large the necessary expenditure to bring our Pictorial to its present perfect state; but full success has greeted us, in our immense subscription list; and this ready response on the part of the public shall be met by us with a corresponding liberality and enterprise. We trust that our readers will carefully examine our paper, observe the character of its contents, its brilliant host of contributors, the perfectness of its engravings, and the excellence of its typographical appearance. Our aim is to make the Pictorial as nearly perfect as possible, and to this end, regardless of expense, are our constant endeavors.

BINDING THE PICTORIAL.—We are now prepared to bind the volume of the Pictorial just completed, in our beautiful style, gilt edges, gilt back, and illumined covers, adding a new and very beautiful title-page and index, all for the low price of one dollar each. We can supply any and all back numbers that may be wanted to complete sets, at six cents each. Those who wish to preserve the past volume in perfect style, have now an opportunity to do so, by applying at our office.

"TURKEY AND THE TURKS; OR, Travels in Turkey," written for us by Dr. Jerome V. C. Smith, and which has just been completed in the Pictorial, is now published in book form, and is finely illustrated. It is for sale at all the periodical depots.

"MARION'S BRIGADE: OR, The Light Dragoons."—This fine story, just finished in the Flag of our Union, and written for us by Dr. J. H. Robinson, is now published in book form, and may be found at all the periodical depots.

A LADY PROFESSOR.—Miss Pennell, niece of Hon. Horace Mann, has been appointed professor of the Latin language and literature in Antioch College, Ohio, of which Mr. Mann is elected president. *Vive la American ladies!*

THEATRICAL.—Mr. Clapp, of the Saturday Evening Gazette, continues to give his exceedingly interesting series of papers on the history of the Boston stage. The Gazette is deservedly a favorite paper with the public.

MR. THACKERAY.—This gentleman's lectures, as a matter of course, have drawn together select and refined audiences, and have proved a rich literary treat.

SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS ADAIN.—The spirit of Joan of Arc, the celebrated Maid of Orleans, has rapped out a message from the spirit world that "France is soon to be redeemed again."

MARRIAGES

In this city, Mr. P. M. Blake, of Dorchester, to Miss Rosalie Hall, daughter of the late Joseph Hall, Esq.
By Rev. Mr. Kirk, Mr. George L. Dale to Miss Harriet, daughter of Eben Bartlett, Esq.
Mr. Wm. B. Haines, of Stratham, N. H., to Miss Mary E. Dennison, of Rockport, Mass.
At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Alger, Mr. A. D. Williams, Jr., to Miss Susan B., daughter of the late P. I. Furumham, Esq.
At Charlestown, Mr. Thomas Converse, of Montreal, L. C., to Miss Ann Louisa Hall, of Concord, N. H.
At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Eaton, Mr. James M. Blake, of Boston, to Miss Mary Henderson, of Salem.
At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Abbot, Mr. William Morgan, Jr., to Miss Eliza Ann Kemblom.
At Wenham, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Ivory Edgcomb, of Alfred, Me., to Miss Elizabeth E. Merrill.
At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Alpheus Boies, of Methuen, to Miss Mary Ann Peabody, of Pelham, N. H.
At Providence, R. I., by Rev. Francis Smith, Mr. George Sherman, of Smithfield, to Miss Laura A. Eaton, of Providence.
At Stockton, by Rev. Mr. Benson, Mr. Thomas Randall, Jr., of Boston, to Miss Rhoda Stackpole, of Thomaston, Me.

DEATHS

In this city, Mary Bowditch Beal, oldest daughter of Mr. Levi Beal, Jr., 21; Mr. Willard Clough, 68; Mrs. Pamela, wife of Mr. Adolphus Converse, 62.
At Charlestown, Capt. Frederick Morse, 42.
At Chelsea, Mr. David N. York, 21.
At Brookline, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Thayer, 70.
At Medford, Mrs. Lucy, widow of the late Hon. Timothy Bigelow, 82.
At Reading, Mrs. Sarah A., wife of Mr. Thomas S. Symonds, 21.
At Salem, Mrs. Caroline Huntington, 70.
At Stoughton, Elijah Atherton, Esq., 72.
At Manchester, Mr. William Woodbury, 53.
At Gloucester, Mrs. Bathsheba Roberts, 75.
At Palmer, Mr. Elijah Strickland, 66.
At Granville, Mrs. Caroline T., wife of Rev. Simon Barrows, 34.
At Groton, Mrs. Mary P. Gragg, 65.
At Plymouth, Augusta L., wife of Mr. Wm. Spooner, of Boston, 23.
At Holyoke, Mr. James Valentine, 20.
At Wilmington, Mrs. Lavinia, wife of Mr. John H. Cooper, 27.
At New York, Capt. Robert P. Gay, 41.
At Detroit, George Sumner, Esq., a native of Southbridge, Mass., 34.
At Benicia, Cal., Miss Emma B. Hiddell, formerly of Nantucket, 18.
At Sacramento, Mr. Charles H. Brigham, of Boston, 22.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HYMN OF THE HOPEFUL.

BY PHEDRA CASEY.

Bringing pleasant hopes and visions,
Comes to us another year;
And our hearts, with happy promise,
Are too full for any fear.

We will strive with each day's closing,
With each morning's glad return,
Better still to learn our duty,
And to practise what we learn.

We will view mankind as brothers,
Follow-pilgrims on the road
To the great eternal city,
And their common father, God.

And when walking on together,
We will lend the weak a hand—
Let them lean upon our bosoms,
Till their feet have learned to stand.

We will shrink not from the sinful,
Fearing that their touch may taint;
We will bear each other's burdens
If at noontide any faint.

And we will, by each example
Of the past which we recall,
And by all we would accomplish,
Live hereafter each for all.

So we may, when He shall call us
To the Father, good and just,
Answer: "As our brother's keeper,
We are faithful to our trust."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STORIES OF GODS AND GODDESSES.

No. I.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

BY T. RULFINCH.

WE seem to hear our readers say—"Why attempt to revive those old-world stories? They are but lies, every one of them, and the persons they profess to tell about never lived. Heathenism has had its day, and we Christians are too wise to take any interest in Jupiter and Jano, and their tribe of licentious, passionate, and frivolous sons and daughters." To this expostulation we reply, "The gods and goddesses of antiquity yet live in polite literature; allusions to them are constantly made, and every one is expected to know something about them. If a sculptor or a painter chooses a subject, it is likely to be Orpheus or Ariadne; * if a planet is discovered, it is named after Neptune or some other of the tribe; if a ship sails for California, she is said to go in quest of the golden fleece; and prudent elders caution the adventurous youths to beware of the fate of Midas, and not, in their thirst for gold, to sacrifice more than all that gold can buy."

For this reason we mean to attempt to give our readers a few of the stories of ancient mythology, that is, "fable-learning," not denying that they are fables, yet asserting that they are, some of them, very beautiful, and better worth knowing than many of the so-called facts of history. They are the polite literature of the Augustan age, which two thousand years ago amused the fashionable circles of the capital of the world, and which has ever since been the delight of scholars, and become so interwoven with modern language that many of our most common expressions when traced to their source, are found to originate in them. We talk of Halcyon days; a musical young lady is called a Syren; a young poet courts the Muse; and a young soldier is a son of Mars.

We mean to execute our task in such a way as to avoid the objections which have with good reason been made against this branch of literature; and believe there is enough to be found in the wide range of the classical poets, not merely innocent but really edifying, and yielding a good moral; while at the same time it acquaints us with the names and attributes of the fabled deities and heroes of antiquity, and teaches us those legends which every one is expected to know, but which no one is ever taught, unless incidentally, in the course of his studies in the languages of Greece and Rome.

We take for granted that all our readers know that Jupiter and Juno were the king and queen of the gods; that they dwelt on the top of Mount Olympus; that Neptune ruled the ocean and Pluto the world beneath,—the regions of the dead; that Minerva was the goddess of wisdom, and Venus of beauty; that Apollo, the sun, and Diana, the moon, were brother and sister; that Mercury was the messenger of Jupiter; and Iris, the rainbow, the attendant of Juno. Such being the principal characters of the drama, we will leave the subordinate ones to make their acquaintance with our readers as they may be introduced on the scene. Our first story shall be that of

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

In very ancient times there lived in Thessaly, a king and queen, named Athamas and Nephele. They had two children, a boy and a girl. After a time Athamas grew indifferent to his wife, and put her away, and took another. Nephele suspected danger to her children from the influence of the step-mother, and took measures to send them out of her reach. Mercury assisted her, and gave her a ram, with a golden fleece, on which she set the two children, trusting that the ram would convey them to a place of safety. The ram vaulted into the air with the children on his back, taking his course to the East, till when crossing the strait

that divides Enrope and Asia, the girl, whose name was Helle, fell from his back into the sea, which from her was called the Hellespont—now called the Dardanelles. The ram continued his career till he reached the kingdom of Colchis, on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, where he safely landed the boy Phryxus, who was hospitably received by Eetes, the king of the country. Phryxus sacrificed the ram to Jupiter, and gave the golden fleece to Eetes, who placed it in a consecrated grove, under the care of a sleepless dragon.

Meanwhile in Thessaly, in a neighboring kingdom to that of Athamas, and ruled over by a relative of his, the king Eson, being tired of the cares of government, surrendered his crown to his brother Pelias, on condition that he should hold it only during the minority of Jason, the son of Eson. When Jason was grown up and came to demand the crown from his uncle, Pelias pretended to be willing to yield it, but at the same time suggested to the young man the glorious adventure of going in quest of the golden fleece, which it was well known was in the kingdom of Colchis, and was, as Pelias pretended, the rightful property of their family. Jason was pleased with the thought, and forthwith made preparations for the expedition. At that time, the only species of navigation known to the Greeks was small boats or canoes hollowed out from trunks of trees. So that when Jason employed Argus to build him a vessel capable of containing fifty men, it was considered a gigantic undertaking. It was accomplished, however, and the vessel named Argo, from the name of the builder. Jason sent his invitation to all the adventurous young men of Greece, and soon found himself at the head of a band of bold youths, many of whom afterwards were renowned among the heroes and demigods of Greece. Hercules, Theseus, Orpheus and Nestor were among them.

The vessel, propelled by masts, for masts and sails were not yet invented, left the shores of Thessaly and first made land at the island of Lemnos, thence crossed to Mysia and thence to Thrace. Here they found the sage Phineus, and from him received instruction as to their future course. It seems the entrance of the Euxine Sea was impeded by two small rocky islands, which floated on the surface, and in their tossings and heavings occasionally came together, crushing and grinding to atoms any object that might be caught between them. They were called the Symplegades, or Clashing Islands. Phineus instructed the Argonauts how to pass this dangerous strait. When they reached the islands, they let go a dove, which took her way between the rocks, and passed in safety, only losing some feathers of her tail. Jason and his men seized a favorable moment, plied their oars with vigor, and passed safe through, though the islands closed behind them, and actually grazed their stern. They now rowed along the shore till they arrived at the eastern end of the sea, and landed at the kingdom of Colchis.

Jason made known his message to the Colchian king, Eetes, who consented to give up the golden fleece if Jason would yoke to the plough two fire-breathing bulls with brazen feet, and sow the teeth of the dragon, which Cadmus had slain, and from which it was well known that a crop of armed men would spring up, who would turn their weapons against their producer. Jason accepted the conditions, and a time was set for making the experiment. Previously, however, he found means to plead his cause to Medea, daughter of the king, and by her aid, for she was a potent sorceress, he was furnished with a charm, by which he could encounter safely the breath of the fire-breathing bulls and the weapons of the armed men.

At the time appointed, the people assembled at the grove of Mars, and the king assumed his royal seat, while the multitude covered the hill sides. The brazen-footed bulls rushed in, breathing fire from their nostrils, that burned up the herbage as they passed. The sound was like the roar of a furnace, and the smoke like that of water upon quick-lime. Jason advanced boldly to meet them. His friends, the chosen heroes of Greece, trembled to behold him. Regardless of the burning breath, he soothed their rage with his voice, patted their necks with fearless hand, and adroitly slipped over them the yoke, and compelled them to drag the plough. The Colchians were amazed; the Greeks shouted for joy. Jason next proceeded to sow the dragon's teeth and plough them in. And soon the crop of armed men sprang up, and wonderful to relate, no sooner had they reached the surface than they began to brandish their weapons and rush upon Jason. The Greeks trembled for their hero, and even she who had provided him a way of safety and taught him how to use it, Medea herself, grew pale with fear. Jason for a time kept his assailants at bay with his sword and shield, till finding their numbers overwhelming, he resorted to the charm which Medea had taught him. Seizing a stone he threw it in the midst of his foes. They immediately turned their arms against one another, and soon there was not one of the dragon's brood left alive. The Greeks embraced their hero, and Medea, the poet tells us, if she dared, would have embraced him, too.

It remained to hulk to sleep the dragon, and this was done by scattering over him a few drops of a preparation, which Medea had supplied, and which operated like chloroform or sulphuric ether. He snorted once or twice, then shut those great round eyes, that had never been known to shut before, and turned over on his side, fast asleep. Jason seized the fleece, and with his friends and Medea accompanying, hastened to their vessel, before Eetes the king, could arrest their departure, and made the best of their way back to Thessaly, where they arrived safe, and Jason delivered the fleece to Pelias, and dedicated the Argo to Neptune. What became of the fleece afterwards, we do not know, but perhaps it was found after all, like many other golden prizes, not worth the trouble it had cost to procure it.

This is one of those mythological tales, says a late writer, in

which there is reason to believe that a substratum of truth exists, though overlaid by a mass of fiction. It probably was the first important maritime expedition, and like the first attempts of the kind of all nations, as we know from history, was probably of a half-piratical character. If rich spoils were the result, it was enough to give rise to the idea of the golden fleece.

Another suggestion of a learned mythologist, Bryant, is that it is a corrupt tradition of the story of Noah and the ark. The name Argo seems to countenance this, and the incident of the dove is another confirmation.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A FLAWED STATUE.

BY T. RUCANAN RAB.

There rides the stately maid, her hair
Blown backward from her forehead fair;
Her eyes in beauty's rare excess
Shine darkling, as the wandering tree
That on her cheek delights to dance,
And love-light fingers where they glance.
When you behold her pride, you saw
It was her spirit's only flaw—
A fault? Nay, rather say it shone
A gleam, heightening what was best—
So stands some matchless form of stone,
Some goddess in her marble vest
Of spotless splendor, save alone
One birth-mark on her Parian breast.
So discord steals among the tune,
And lends to it a lovelier grace;
And that faint shadow in the moon
Makes half the beauty of her face!

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

Bulwer Lytton's great effort is to unite in himself the gentleman of fashion and high breeding, with the author of first-rate literary reputation; and, like most other extravagant attempts, it would appear ridiculous were his literary triumphs less complete. Upon the wit, poet, writer of plays and novels, and orator, he would inculcate the owner of Knebworth Park, dispensing country hospitalities, and the man of fashion in London, receiving only wits at his table. He has striven through life to effect this combination, and in a great measure he has succeeded. The sumptuous fellow-commoner of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, contrived to make driving his own horse, and similar eccentricities, compatible with winning the University prize for the best English poem. The gentry of Herefordshire were not long ago invited to one Maccenas's country seat, and the entertainment included a theatrical representation of his own play, just as it was also acted by his amateur literary friends before the Queen at Devonshire House.

Feeling a sincere sympathy for the trials of artistic life, he would express it like a feudal chieftain, and so he appropriates from his domain a site for an hospital for decayed men of letters and art. When he has a few friends to dine with him in London, the party might consist of Talfourd, Macready, Dickens, D'Orsay (but that he is dead), and perhaps a young American author, who had been introduced, and is there on trial. As he is essentially refined and fastidious, you will probably find that he has furnished the rooms of his house in accordance with the taste of the Tudors, the Louis Quatorze, and other historical eras; and, being fully indulgent to his imagination in the effort of composition, he has been said to write in appropriate costume, and even through the fumes of an opiate. In the country houses of his acquaintance you may possibly be shown some sacred apartment, in which the confession of "Aubrey," in "Devereux," was written at midnight in a cowl, with a skull on the table; or the black-bugled bed curtains, within which the author of "Richelieu" rested his inspired brow. In estimating both the intellectual character and writings of Bulwer Lytton, it is impossible to avoid a comparison betwixt him and Byron.

Even the circumstances of their private lives are strikingly similar. Their aristocratic lineage; their great dependence in early years upon a mother; their unfortunate matrimonial connection; their attachment to a daughter in both cases, though from different causes frustrated; their personal vanity, warm temper and egotism; even their nonentity in Parliament; also sundry high and generous qualities and feelings, which have undoubtedly distinguished them both. And these peculiarities of life and disposition have figured the prose of the one and the poetry of the other. Each has shown a morbid desire to put on a dress, and be the hero of a poem or tale. "Childe Harold," "The Corsair," etc., were vehicles for the personal confessions of their author: "Pelham," "The Student," etc., are self-likenesses of their artist. This habit is incompatible with attaining the last highest step which genius is entitled to reach. It is attributable, no doubt, in these two cases, to that self-exaggeration which the hereditary privileges of wealth and station are apt to engender, and which only experience and self-examination can allay. Byron was cut off before he became wise; but, as Johnson had said of Goldsmith, with reference to a different subject, we predict that Bulwer Lytton is "coming right." The later productions of his pen have been more free from the pedantry inseparable from drawing inspiration too much from within.—*The Age*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

RECIPROCITY.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

"Bear one another's burdens," the Scriptures say,
"And ever do as ye would be done unto;
Return good for evil," and in this way,
Pass life with all its pains and troubles through;
Temptations rise to lead our minds astray,
And sorrows sleep distinctly plain in view—
This is the prelude to that shadowless eline
Which lies beyond the Alpine steps of time.

ALARM SIGNAL.—This is a recent invention, says the Buffalo Republic, by J. F. Wilkinson, of Syracuse, for railways. In case of accident, these signals, which can be placed on the track, explode as the wheels pass over them, making a noise equal to the explosion of a four pounder. An alarm is thus given to the train approaching the one detained by accident or otherwise. In the night time, they are of essential service, as in a few minutes they may be placed on the track a sufficient distance in advance to prevent any collision.

* These subjects were chosen by our countrymen, Crawford and Vanderlye.

THE POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.

The population of the globe is supposed to be less than one thousand millions—337,000,000. If all mankind were collected in one place, every four individuals occupying a square metre, the whole might be contained in a field ten miles square. Thus, generally speaking, the population of a country might be packed, without squeezing, in its capital. But the mean idea this gives us of the number of the human race, is counterbalanced by its capability of extension. The new world is said to contain of productive land, 4,000,000 square miles of middling quality, each capable of supporting two hundred inhabitants; and 6,000,000 of a better quality, capable of supporting five hundred persons. According to this calculation, the population of the new world, as peace and civilization advance, may attain to the extension of 4,000,000,000. If we suppose the surface of the old world to be double that of America (and, notwithstanding the comparative poverty of the land, this calculation may be accepted, if we say nothing of Australia and the various Archipelagoes), it would support 8,000,000,000; and thus the aggregate population of the entire globe might amount to 12,000,000,000, or to twelve times the present number.

THE AMERICAN FLAG ABROAD.

It is a common practice in Europe to make a parade in their cathedrals, churches and public institutions of divers kinds, of such flags of other nations as have been captured in war. The scanty number of flags bearing the stripes and stars, to be seen abroad, is particularly gratifying to Americans. Among the gorgeous banners of France, Spain, Germany, etc., which hang from the lofty ceilings of the public buildings of England, possibly there may be some six by nine Yankee marker's flag, or the ensign of a Cape Cod smack—the only trophy of their success they can command. One of a larger kind, however, is hung conspicuously among a multitude of foreign banners in Chelsea Hospital, the comfortable retreat which the English government has provided for disabled veterans in her military service. The following note to the editor of the London Daily News hints at the disgraceful way that flag was obtained:

"Mr. Editor:—Can it be possible that the flag of the United States, which is to be seen in the trophy ornamenting the entrance hall of Chelsea Hospital, is the one which was captured when the British army burnt the public buildings at Washington? If so, is it not questionable taste to remind the visitors there of an act which the Duke of Wellington always characterized as unjustifiable vandalism?"

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

A London correspondent of the Boston Journal describes a recent visit to Kossuth, at his residence in the outskirts of that city. Kossuth was found "in a room apparently used for a library and reception room, containing a considerable quantity of books, nearly all of them American ones." His appearance was that "of a man greatly disappointed—who has seen much care and trouble, but means to persevere in the course he has marked out for himself." The house, which was found with difficulty, was situated "in a most undesirable neighborhood, was small and plain; the furniture was also plain and not over abundant."—The same writer says he has "good reasons for knowing, that in spite of the constant watchfulness of Austrian spies, from which he is not free even here, he has succeeded in getting from Hungary the remnant of his property, which, though not large, still amounts to something, and it is doubtless from this that he is living, at least in part."

SCARCITY OF SILVER CHANGE.—It is the duty of Congress to furnish the people with current coin, but it miserably fails to do it. Gold is abundant enough, thanks to California, and there is no scarcity of paper money, thanks to the bogus banks. But silver change is growing so scarce that, with a dollar bill in your pocket, it is a difficult matter to get a shilling's worth of oysters. The retail merchants and eating-house people say they have to buy change every morning to enable them to carry on their daily business. How silver is to be made more abundant, we cannot exactly see; but as it is the business of Congress to supply us with change, we hope they will attend to it.

TUNNELLING THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.—One of the tunnels on the Pennsylvania Railroad, now constructing, is to be 3570 feet in length. Its area, at the widest place within the lines of the masonry, will be about twenty-four feet, and the spring of the arch will begin sixteen feet from the crown of the arch. About 400 men are employed upon it.

DISCOVERY EXTRAORDINARY.—At the upturning and rebuilding of a dry bridge in South Dedham, a few days since, four bank note plates were found of Wiscasset and other old banks in Maine, which are supposed to have been there some thirty to forty years. They were probably placed there by bank robbers or counterfeiters.

QUIET.—In the town of Falmouth, with a population of 2500, there is no fire company, no military, nor a grog-shop or any place where liquor can be obtained.

TO EPICURES.—English game brought by the steamers, is quite common in New York market. English pheasants sell at five dollars a pair, and hares at two dollars and fifty cents each.

OYSTER TRADE.—A single establishment in the oyster trade in Richmond, Va., forwards to the West, during the season, by railroad, eight tons of oysters in cans!

RICH VEIN OF COPPER.—The Ulster copper mine, at Lake Superior, has opened a vein in which there is said to be in sight from fifty to one hundred tons of metal.

Wayside Gatherings.

The cost of raising corn in Illinois is only from four to six cents a bushel.

A woman named Winn, died at St. Louis, on the 2d ult., from an application of chloroform.

The annual value of porcelain imported into this country, exceeds the enormous sum of \$3,000,000.

A returned Californian has recently been swindled out of \$2000 by some mock auctioneers in New York.

Bonaparte said once—"Clergymen consider this world as only a diligence, in which they can travel to another."

The yearly redemption of money by the Suffolk Bank, Boston, is \$220,000,000 or an average of about \$5,000,000 per week.

The enterprising express house of Adams & Co. have organized an Express route to Australia. Where next, gentlemen?

The Pennsylvania Inquirer states that the entire removal of Windmill Island, opposite Philadelphia, is now seriously talked of. The project meets with much favor.

The better animals are fed, and the more comfortable they can be kept, the more profitable they are, and all farmers work for profit.

Horace Greeley has just realized a profit of \$100,000 on the resale of one half of a parcel of real estate purchased by him on Chambers street, opposite to the Park.

Joseph Quin, aged twelve years, was picked up in Albany, one day lately, stuporously drunk. What should be the punishment of the wretch who furnished the child with liquor?

One of the extensive morocco manufacturers of Lynn presented 50 turkeys to the hands in his employ for their Thanksgiving dinner. That man will succeed prosperously in business.

An officer near Lawrenceburg, Ia., found, a few days since, a small bundle by the roadside, and on opening it, discovered eight thousand dollars in \$2 bills on the Indiana Bank, all counterfeit.

Mrs. Sargeant, of Northampton, Mass., was tried before Justice Hodges on Tuesday the 21st ult., for cruelly beating her own son, found guilty, and ordered to give \$50 bonds to keep the peace for three months.

The Grand Jury of the United States Circuit Court of New Orleans, have indicted Oliver Routz, the second engineer of the steamer St. James, which blew up on the 15th of July, killing Judge Preston and others, for manslaughter.

An intemperate man died recently in Worcester from the bleeding of ulcerated sores on his legs. No medical aid availed him, and the professional verdict was that his death was caused by spontaneous bleeding superinduced by rum.

We learn that the Cincinnati, Delhi and Clevelands Plankroad Company, being composed of conscientious men, refuse to take toll at any of the gates of their road on the Sabbath. Persons who pass on the road that day, do so free of cost.

The present fashionable way of robbing is to walk into a hotel, register a fictitious name, take a room, and request to have sent to it one of the finest looking trunks from the baggage in the hall, when if the trick is not detected, the trunk is soon rifled.

Capt. Perry, one of the Arctic Sea Explorers, says twelve American sailors deserted a whale ship in Davis's Sound, and lived on whales—having taken eight in one winter—nearly a year, and hence Sir John Franklin never could have starved.

Foreign Items.

Phillips' Fire Annihilator manufactory, near London, has *burned down*! All the Annihilators in it couldn't save it.

Telegraphic despatches, in anticipation of the mail, announced the capture of the city of Prome from the Burmese.

The Turkish campaign against the insurgents in Central Syria had wholly failed and operations were suspended till the spring.

A treaty of Alliance between Great Britain and the Sandwich Islands, dated May 10th, has been published.

There has been much loss among the shipping on the east coast of Scotland from a continuance of violent gales.

The customs receipt in France in the ten months ending 1st Nov., 1852, exceed by 17,171,812fr. the receipts of the corresponding period of the previous year.

In two years from last October, a direct line of railroad communication between St. Petersburg and Marseilles will be completed.

The Protestant population of France is only one million and a half, while the Catholic population is thirty-five or thirty-six millions.

In England, they bring a man before the Police Court who attempts to get upon a railway train while it is in motion, and impose upon him a fine and costs.

Disastrous floods have again occurred in various parts of England, especially along the coast of the Thames, Medway, Trent, and their tributaries.

During the week ending Nov. 27, the imports of specie and bullion into England amounted to £305,000, chiefly from Australia. Exports £283,000, chiefly to Australia.

The correspondent of the Daily News states that preparations are making just now at Hamburg for the emigration of several hundred persons to Salt Lake city.

The Emancipation publishes a confirmation of the report that Henry insists on issuing a new manifesto, addressed to all the princes of Europe, against the usurpation of the Bonapartes.

Accounts from Paris say that negotiations between France and England are so far advanced that a modification of the tariffs of the two countries will be made public within a few weeks.

The municipal council of Strasburg has voted unanimously to present in gift to the emperor, the castle of that city as an imperial residence. The castle in like manner was bestowed on Napoleon I.

In view of the extraordinary activity that prevails in the French navy yards, the government has resolved to call upon parliament to vote the necessary supplies for an addition of 5000 men to the British navy.

The pope has resolved to send an apostolic delegate to the Haytien government. The pope has received a letter from the king of Siam, promising that during his reign there shall be no persecution of the Christians within his dominions.

The Russian Government has sent over to London two spies, with the intention to get initiated by this means into the plans of Kossuth and Mazzini, but before they had reached London, their object was discovered, and they got no access to the revolutionary leaders.

Sands of Gold.

.... The lamp may be made of diamonds, yet die without oil. He declares himself guilty, who endeavors to justify himself before accusation.

.... In going about the house, step lightly and quickly. Never walk with a heavy, dragging step.

.... God hath given to mankind a common library—his works; and every man a proper book—himself.

.... There are two things that modest men should never undertake—to borrow money or study law.

.... If you would cease to worry about "hard luck," get the pleurisy. Nothing shows the emptiness of wealth like pain.

.... Give the devil his due. Certainly, says a cotemporary; but it is better to have no dealings with the devil, and then there will be nothing due him.

.... "The proudest man on earth is but a pauper." We don't know who first said that, but it is a truth as undeniable as the existence of a great first cause.

.... Women are only told that they look like angels when they are young and beautiful; consequently it is their persons, not their virtues, that procure them this homage.

.... Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.

.... Nothing is more nauseous than apparent self-sufficiency. For it shows the company two things which are extremely disagreeable: that you have, comparatively, a mean opinion of them.

Joker's Budget.

A man behind the time should be fed on *ketch-up*.

The scholar who pronounced the Euphrates short instead of long, was wittily said to have "abridged the river."

A friend in the country writes us that he is "breaking colts." All we have to say to him is—save the pieces!

"No pains will be spared," as the quack said, when sawing off a poor fellow's leg to cure him of the rheumatism.

A clergyman who had been accused of preaching long sermons, excused himself on the ground that the church was a large one.

"John Van Buren has made a journey to Concord since the election." This is a mistake. Mr. Van Buren, for the sake of harmony, kept clear of Concord.

"Nonchalant" means the peculiarly indifferent look which is put on by men "who never pay when dunned for money." It should be written *non shell out*.

Last week a man fell a little in his own estimation, but soon recovered. This circumstance should caution others against entertaining very high opinions of themselves.

When a witty English government defaulter, after his recall, was asked, on his arrival home, if he left India on account of his health, he said: "They say there's something wrong in the chest."

The New England Farmer inquires, "what cows should farmers keep?" Fubbs suggests that they should keep their own, as serious inconvenience often arises from a propensity to keep those belonging to other folks.

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F. GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

JANUARY.

Sire of the Year! First actor on the stage,
Whereon Time plays his year-long pantomime,
Thy beard is worthy of most brilliant rhyme,
Thy "frothy pow" is glorious in its age;
For thou, bluff January, hast been sage
In thy libations, when the old town's chime
Announced thee to the world—staunch war to
wage—

Peace against Feud and Charity 'gainst
Crime!

Welcome, brave month, with icicles on beard,
No icicles, I trow, cling to thy heart;
Therefrom the voice of Christian love is heard;
Therefrom the tears of Christian love will
start,

Welcome, hoar father of the nascent year,
And joyous be thy brief sojourning here!

Yet to thy blazon one sad stain will cling,
The latest day beheld a harrowing scene,
When this fair land, with Brutus-like demean,
Looked on the scaffold dressed for her lost king:
O! Mercy, hide the memory with thy wing;
Teach us to be like thee—the blessed serene;
The "doubly blessed" and may the Future
bring

Blessings to crown the country and the queen!
Forward! bluff January! The ball's begun,
With the fantastic and the maledict;
Saint Stephen's chapel soon will see rare fun,
Alas! Commingled with far greater woe.
Joy to thee! Merry month! Time's hoary
pinion
Will wait thee speedily from his dominion.

MILITARY INSTITUTE.

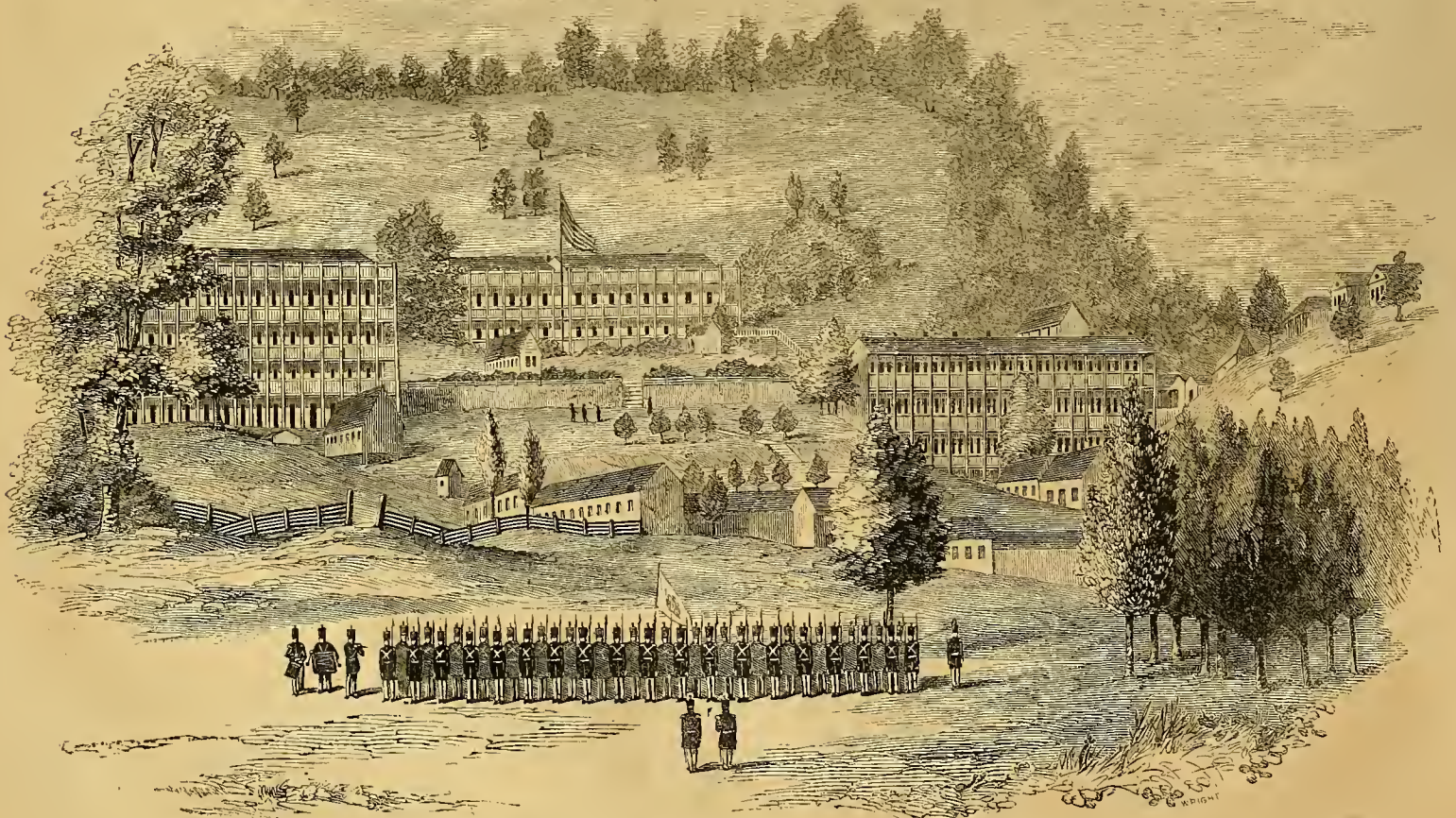
We present to our readers below a very capital engraving of the excellent Military Institute situated at Drennon Springs, Kentucky. The following description of the place and the objects of the Institute is from the pen of the popular commandant, Colonel Richard Owen:—"Most colleges devote their whole attention to the cultivation of the intellect, and both health and morals suffer sometimes grievously, unless the habits of the student have previously been formed on a sound basis. Experience has fully established the fact, that to enable young men to attain the greatest amount of utility and happiness, of which they are susceptible, their physical, moral, and intellectual faculties should be equally cultivated. For this purpose the manual labor system has been attempted, in some places, but usually without a successful result. The military system has been proved effective, both in developing the physical energies, in inducing habits of order and obedience, and in placing the student always under the supervision of those who represent his natural guardians. At the same time, it does not preclude, but is much aided by, a due admixture of the parental with the military control. In other words, although the rules and regulations are very strict, every pains should be taken to convince the cadet of the necessity and propriety of these rules, and to prove that they are administered impartially, kindly, and for his benefit, as they would be by a judicious parent towards his son. The students are encouraged

to view their professors as their friends, and to consult them freely on all occasions. In addition to the above advantages, we secure for the cadet, during the three or four years of his college life, a thorough acquaintance with tactics and military discipline, sufficient to make him, at any time, a good citizen-soldier, when his country requires his services. The system here laid down, we find

erons sentiments throughout our vast and ever-to-be-cherished republic, is the ardent wish and steady aim of the Faculty and Professors of the Western Military Institute."—The Institution strikes us as being one calculated to exert an excellent influence upon those intrusted to the management of its officers, and the rules and regulations of the same.



ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF JANUARY.



WESTERN MILITARY INSTITUTE, DRENNON SPRINGS, KENTUCKY.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1853.

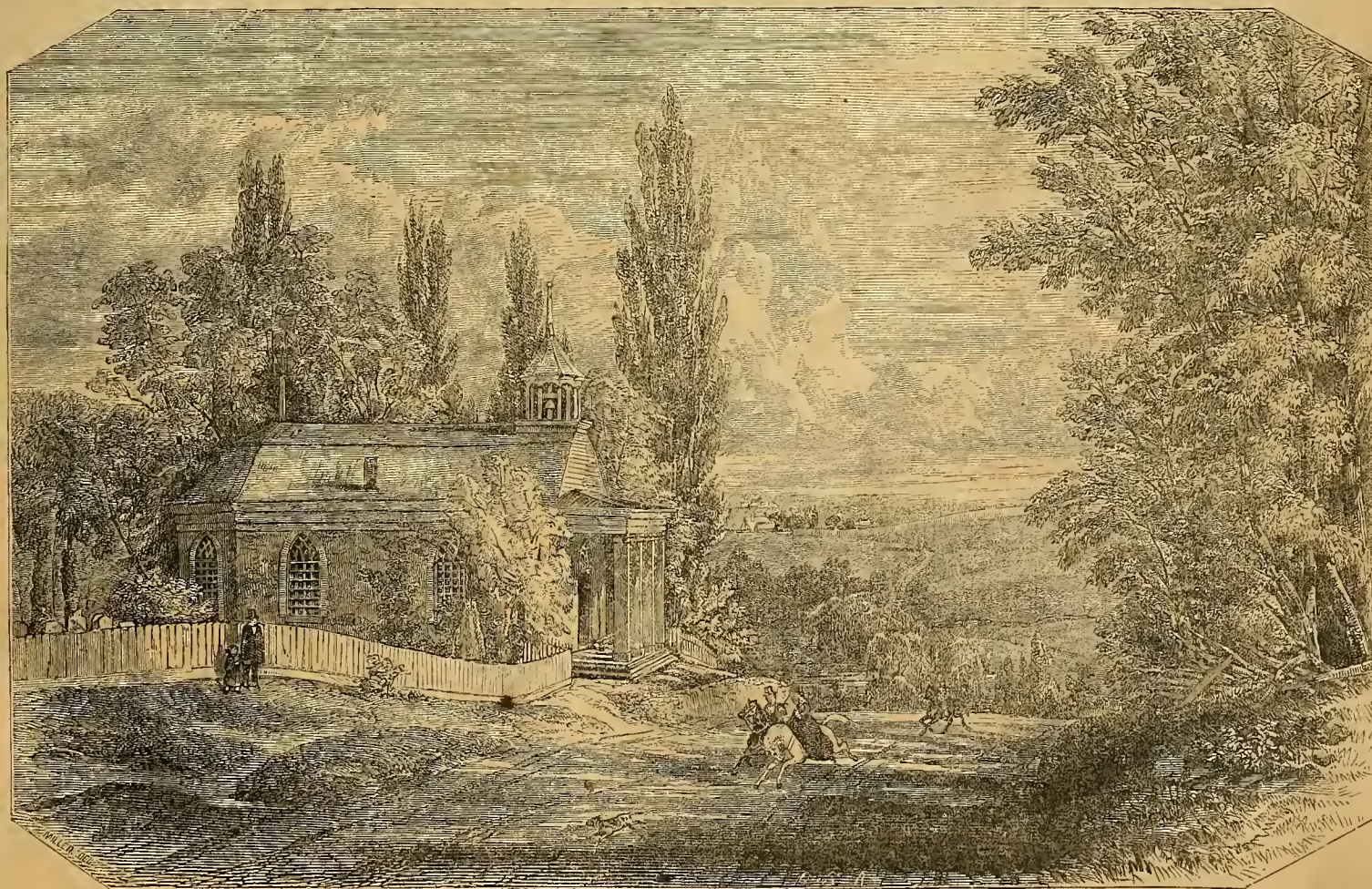
53 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 2.—WHOLE No. 80.
6 CTS. SINGLE.

THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH OF "SLEEPY HOLLOW."

Who has not read Irving's Legend of Sleepy Hollow? If there be such a one, we congratulate him upon having in store one of the richest treats which the literature of modern times has offered to the general reader. Rendered classic ground by the thrilling pen of one of America's proudest names, Sleepy Hollow will ever present, alike to the artist and the poet, the greatest possible attractions, embracing as it does some of the most charming and beautiful scenery on this continent. In the Legend, it is related that Ichabod Crane, the Yankee schoolmaster, returning from a prolonged interview with the lovely Katrina Van Tassel, on his steed Gunpowder, was waylaid by the "Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow," and chased from the Andre tree to the bridge. "He saw the walls of the church dimly gleaming under the trees beyond. He recollected where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor disappeared. 'If I can but reach that bridge,' thought Ichabod, 'I am safe.' Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing just behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he

reached the opposite side, and now Ichabod cast a look behind, to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a blaze of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late; it encountered his cranium with a terrible crash; he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed and the goblin rider passed like a whirlwind." The villagers found, next day, on the road a shattered pumpkin; but no tidings were ever received of Ichabod Crane. Brom Bones, his rival, was shrewdly suspected of knowing more of the adventure than he thought proper to divulge. However that might be, he soon after led the blooming Katrina to the hymeneal altar. The good people of the neighborhood stoutly maintained that Ichabod was spirited away by the headless horseman, who was represented as the ghost of a Hessian soldier whose body was buried in the neighboring churchyard. The old Dutch Church, which stands in the immediate vicinity of the scene of Ichabod's unfortunate ride, and of which we present below a most beautiful drawing by Miller, is an object of interest as being the oldest church in existence in the

State of New York. It was erected, as we are told by an inscription on its time-honored front, by Vredryck Flypsen (Frederick Phillips) and Catherine his wife, in 1699. The old vane, with the initials of its founder cut out of it, yet turns upon its steeple, and in the tower hangs the old bell, bearing this inscription: *SI. D.V.S. PRO. NOBIS. QVIS. CONTRA. NOS. 1685.* The ancient communion-table, imported from Holland, still graces the interior. "The sequestered situation of the church," says Irving, in his Legend, "seems always to have made it the favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends to it from a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught of the blue hills of the Hudson." There is a fine view of Castle Phillips, as the ancient manor-house of Frederic Phillips was called, from the circumstance of its being originally fortified against the Indians. It is the original of the Van Tassel mansion described in the Legend. We may take occasion, at some future period, to further illustrate this charming locality.



VIEW OF THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH AT SLEEPY HOLLOW, NEW YORK.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE OF WESTERN LIFE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

ROSALTHE:

—OR—

THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.

A Story of Western Life.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

The forester replied that it was; the negro opened the door, and the parties entered the enclosure. Allan glanced at Andrew while he was closing the gate, and perceived that he was considerably advanced in life, his woolly hair being gray with age, though his figure was not bowed down by the weight of years.

"A faithful, but rather eccentric fellow is Andrew," observed Capt. Boone. He then lifted the rude latch and ushered the young hunter into his cabin. A respectable-looking female met him on the threshold, whom he introduced to Allan as Mrs. Boone. A young woman of eighteen or twenty he presented as his daughter Elizabeth. Norwood had entertained a hope that the maiden whom he had seen in the morning, might prove to be the daughter of the famous pioneer; but when his gaze rested upon Elizabeth Boone, although she was fair, he could not so far master his feelings as to realize no disappointment at the discovery. A lad of about fifteen years was engaged in cleaning the tube of a rifle, and was the forester's son.

Captain Boone informed his family that his guest, who was from the State of Ohio, had come to examine the country, and hoped he would receive such hospitality as their poor dwelling could afford; to which Mrs. Boone responded in an appropriate and kindly manner, and set about making preparations for dinner.

While the meal was being prepared, Allan proceeded to relate the particulars of the morning's adventure, to which his host listened with earnest attention.

"Did you hear any portion of the conversation that passed between the young woman and the Frenchman?" he asked.

"I am quite certain that I heard the latter refer to some danger of an imminent and pressing kind that menaced this settlement, or the neighboring one, and I am confident that it had relation to the former."

"And you say, moreover, that he wished to extort a promise of some kind from her?" continued Boone.

"It was that which caused me to interfere in her behalf; and the promise of secrecy I doubt not had reference to the danger which threatened you and yours," rejoined Allan.

"This matter may be of the deepest importance to us, Mr. Norwood. Were there any names mentioned, that you can remember?" resumed the forester.

"Let me recall the scene more vividly, if I can," said Allan, pressing his hand to his forehead. "Yes, a name was mentioned which I now recollect. Du Quesne, I think it was."

Daniel Boone sprang from his seat with a sudden and angry impulse, when Allan pronounced the name of Du Quesne.

"Du Quesne, did you say, sir?" he exclaimed. "Then there is indeed danger, for he is an instrument to do us harm. The Indians will rally around him to crush us, and sweep us from among the living. I have heard his name; he acts under the authority of the British posts, and has been active in distributing arms and ammunition among the savage tribes."

"Allow me to inquire who this Le Bland is who came so near sending a bullet through my body?" rejoined Allan.

"That question is not easily answered, young man; I confess myself unable to reply to it with

certainty, for the simple reason that I need information on the subject myself. The person to whom your inquiry refers, came among us about four weeks ago, and received the friendly treatment that we always make it a rule to extend to all who visit us. His ostensible object was to examine the lands in this part of the country, with a view to making a final settlement, if he was pleased with the result of his explorations. He was not very popular among our people at first, on account of being a Frenchman; but the suavity of his manners overcame that objection in a great measure, with the majority, though many still look upon him with distrust. Sometimes he has been the guest of Mr. Alston, and he has also spent some time with me. He is now the guest of Mr. Fleming, who occupies the third cabin from this, on the right as you enter. He has managed to make himself peculiarly agreeable to Esquire Alston, and that he loves his handsome daughter Rosalthe, is no secret among us. But his tender sentiments are not blessed with a return; and it's my firm conviction that the girl fears him—yes, actually fears him. What the secret of his influence is, I have not been able to discover."

"Does Mr. Alston favor the pretensions of the Frenchman?" asked Allan, earnestly.

"Most decidedly; for Le Bland has the art of appearing very agreeable where he wishes to make a favorable impression; and you may be assured, sir, that for such a rare prize as Rosalthe, he will put forth all his powers. Esquire Alston was formerly a man of wealth, and could and did indulge in the luxuries of refined life. He also has indubitable claims to a noble ancestry. He married into a distinguished family, and his daughter received an education far superior to that which usually falls to the lot of young ladies. Having lost most of his wealth by an unfortunate investment, he no longer felt a desire to remain where he could not find means to support his accustomed manner of living; consequently he turned his attention to this new country, and had the courage to dare the dangers of a pioneer's life."

"This explains why this excellent family is at Boonesborough, and the occupant of an humble cabin a few doors from this. If 'Esquire Alston (we call him 'Squire) has any weak point, it is that his sweet daughter should marry a gentleman, and this Le Bland sustains the reputation (in his estimation) of being one."

"But I have no sympathy for him," added the pioneer, after a pause. "I mistrust his motives, and, to be brief, dislike him."

"Well, did n't I tell ye so in de fust place?" exclaimed Andrew, who had been gradually working himself towards the parties, during the conversation.

"Go away, darkey," said Boone, good naturedly.

"I never seed sich a feller sence I's a nigger. He am sly as a fox, and I'm seen him wink his eye at Missy Lizzy," added Andrew.

"We must get Andrew some spectacles, so he can see better," said Elizabeth, with a smile.

"What fur I want specs, when I can see now jest as well 's I used to could ten year ago?" returned Andrew, somewhat offended at the allusion to his visual organs.

"Andrew is a regular genius," observed Captain Boone, looking pleasantly at the African's shining face. "He is a poet, an improvisatore, a musician, and a singer; he knows a little of everything, and is, in fact, a clever sort of a blockhead,

who will do very well while he is watched, and just as he has a mind to when he is not. You can trust him as far as you can see him, and sometimes farther."

"Dat am berry great praise, but one ting you fo'git; I's very familiar wid de state ob de politics ob Kentucky, an' de cire'lar motion ob de hebenly luminaries," said Andrew.

The conversation was interrupted at that moment by the entrance of Simon Kenton, a man whose name is honorably mentioned in the annals of Kentucky history.

Although considerably embrowned by exposure to the sun, his face had a frank and honest expression which served as an immediate passport to the good opinion of Allan. The brief ceremony of introduction had scarcely been finished, before another individual, who will figure somewhat in our story, made his appearance in the cabin of the pioneer. The character referred to, was no less a personage than Joel Logston, a man of extraordinary muscular power, and of whose wonderful exploits tradition is yet eloquent. He was followed by one of the largest and ugliest-looking dogs that ever aspired to the friendship of a human being.

On account of the explosive and fiery nature of his disposition, his master had bestowed upon him the name of *Vesuvius*. *Vesuvius*, was, we are sorry to say, a snappish and fractious cur, given to sudden, violent, and dangerous eruptions of the lava of wrath, when it became imperatively necessary for all within a certain area to withdraw themselves speedily, to escape instant torment with tooth and nail. This ungente mastiff always walked about six inches behind Joel Logston, except when engaged in his favorite pursuit of hunting; for on those occasions he was invariably in advance of every thing in the shape of quadruped or biped.

Vesuvius seldom if ever erected his large, shaggy ears, and obstinately persisted in carrying his caudal extremity in that drooping manner in which penitent dogs sometimes do, when convicted of some high offence.

Joel Logston was quite as celebrated for his marvellous narrations and extravagant style, as for his physical strength. No man at the three settlements could tell, with such incomparable self-possession and coolness, such stories as he did, which no person living could be expected to believe. With this strong proclivity to exaggeration, was combined a rough drollery and good nature that made him at all times a very agreeable companion. If Joel had any malice in his heart, it manifested itself whenever occasion offered, in putting Andrew in mortal fear, by causing *Vesuvius* to show his teeth, and make various hostile demonstrations towards him. In this innocent pastime Logston took great delight. Nor was Andrew the only subject of these curish persecutions; Mr. Alston's colored man, *Exquisite Ebony*, was another martyr to Joel and his mastiff.

We shall only remark in this place concerning *Exquisite Ebony*, that he was the most pompous and self-conceited of any gentleman that ever inherited a dark skin; and had, moreover, such a strong propensity for fine clothes, that he had in many instances been known to don his master's best coat, by stealth, in order to appear to good advantage, for an evening, or an hour, in the eyes of Miss Aurora Lemons, a fair mulatto girl, in the service of Mr. Fleming.

While Allan was partaking of the substantial hospitality of the pioneer, in the form of excellent venison and other wholesome and palatable viands, Logston amused all parties by relating one of his recent adventures, in which he asserted with much modesty of manner, that he had no doubt slain fourteen Indians with his own hand, besides doing to death a litter of bears of six months, with their sire and dam. For the truth of this reasonable statement he appealed to *Vesuvius*, who answered by a short, sharp and expressive yelp, and then fixed his fiery eyes upon Andrew in such a threatening manner that the latter feeling sure that an immediate attack was meditated, retreated to the farthest corner of the room, rolling his eyes about in great alarm.

Simon Kenton, though a braver man in the hour of danger never held a rifle, sat silent and reserved as a young maiden; but Allan observed that his eyes sought the neat figure of Lizzie Boone, as she moved lightly about the dwelling. Our hero flattered himself that he was shrewd enough to perceive how matters stood with Kenton in regard to the pioneer's fair daughter.

While these parties are discussing subjects of vital importance to the well-being of the new settlements, we will turn to other scenes.

CHAPTER IV.

STAR-LIGHT AND WHITE-CLOUD.

ROSALTHE returned to the fort much perplexed and agitated by the singular conduct of Le Bland. Notwithstanding the high place which he occupied in the estimation of her father, she had never valued him as an acquaintance, or sought his friendship; on the contrary, she had never felt at ease in his society, and rejoiced when he was no longer an inmate of their humble dwelling. The cause of her aversion to the insinuating Frenchman, she could not herself understand fully; but it was not the less genuine for that reason. Encouraged by her father's good opinion, he had made declarations at various times, the nature and tendency of which she could not affect to be ignorant, or misapprehend. Rosalthe, on all such occasions, had given no words of hope, and with a careful regard to his feelings, endeavored to make known her sentiments without wounding his pride.

But it displeased and annoyed her excessively to perceive that he steadily persisted in affecting not to comprehend her meaning. In addressing her, and especially in the hearing of Mr. and Mrs. Alston, he always assumed an easy and confidential manner, which implied that matters were all understood between them, and there need be no attempt to conceal what must eventually be well known.

This deceit and assurance on the part of the Frenchman had succeeded in misleading the minds of the parties alluded to, and it was a piece of presumption that Rosalthe felt she could not overlook or pardon. Her silence and embarrassment were construed to mean exactly what they did not signify, and as sufficient evidence that her affections were engaged.

She had resolved more than once to speak with her parents on the vexatious subject, but somehow her courage always failed when the moment to test it arrived; so the unpleasant theme was postponed from day to day, in hopes that something in her favor would soon transpire, or that delay would strengthen her determination.

Being thus situated, it will be readily understood that her dislike rapidly increased, and ripened into positive repugnance. The conduct and character of Le Bland were, to our heroine, deeply mysterious, sinister, and dangerous, and she feared him as much as she disliked him; for her own nature was frank, open, and above dissimulation.

Rosalthe was of that susceptible and sensitive mould, that she seemed to acquire knowledge of a person's character by being brought in contact with him, or her—a species of intuition quite common with her sex, and which rarely, if ever, misleads. As a consequence of the annoyances and suspicions to which she was daily subjected, she became less cheerful, and far less happy.

The conversation which had transpired on the bank of the river, as already related, appeared abundantly confirmatory of her fears and untold suspicions. To the young stranger who had so opportunely appeared to assist her, she truly felt grateful; but the reflection that she had possibly involved him in a quarrel with a dangerous man, added much to the anxiety of her mind.

She had noticed, as she glided by, the dark and malignant expression that the hunter's warning words had called instantly to his face, despite the smile of contempt that curled his lips, as if to mock at what all other men held sacred and dear.

The information which he had given in relation to the movements of the Indians against Boonesborough, did not surprise her so much as it would have surprised many others who had studied him less, and confided in him more unservedly. It revived all the strange misgivings which she had long felt in regard to him. The secret was one of the deepest importance, and yet she had promised not to betray it to those whom it most intimately concerned. She was on the point of making known the state of her feelings to her father, in respect to Le Bland, when he commenced speaking highly in his praise, dwelling particularly upon his gentlemanly manners, and the frankness which characterized him in every act of life.

"I esteem him," added Mr. Alston, "for his numerous good qualities—for the kindness of his heart, for the deep sincerity of his nature, for the dignity and refinement of his manners, and for all those noble traits which constitute true manhood."

Rosalthe felt her blood mounting tumultuously to her cheeks, and tears of regret filling her eyes. She was much pained that a man of her father's

discrimination should be so egregiously deceived in the Frenchman's character and pretensions. But she was misapprehended; for Mr. Alston, observing her confusion, attributed it wholly to another cause, and remarked, with a meaning smile, that "she need not be confused about the matter, for he fully appreciated her feelings, and should not reproach her for anything that might have passed between Mr. Le Bland and herself, of whose honorable intentions he was entirely persuaded."

And to make Rosalthe's position more mortifying, Mrs. Alston observed in relation to the subject of her husband's eulogy:

"That he was a very pleasant gentleman, and she hoped her daughter would be so fortunate as never to form any acquaintances less respectable; and she should not object to her preferences when they were so judiciously made as in the present instance."

Mr. Alston then hinted that he was a man of wealth, and was about to make large purchases of land lying on the opposite bank of the Kentucky River. He stated that the idea was a good one, and would prove exceedingly profitable, inasmuch as it would doubtless quadruple in a few years the capital invested. The scheme was such a noble one, and the prospect of realizing an immense fortune so promising, he should himself embark in the enterprise, so far as his reduced circumstances would admit. Monsieur Le Bland had capital enough, so far as that was concerned, and he was not one to refuse a friend a favor, but always the first to offer it.

Much more Mr. Alston said to this effect, and was in excellent spirits, while his mind was obviously teeming with visions of untold wealth. Rosalthe perceived at once that her father's mind was filled with a splendid bubble, which would burst sooner or later, and end in cruel disappointment, or at least the subject presented itself to her in that light. Whether her fears magnified the danger and trial in reserve for him and herself, time only could prove; but it was painfully apparent to her that the wily Frenchman exercised almost unbounded influence over her father's movements.

It appeared to her that the time had come to speak boldly, and reveal all that her promise did not oblige her to look within her own bosom. But the question instantly forced itself upon her mind, "what had she to reveal, save that which she had promised not to divulge for twenty-four hours?" She could assure her father that he had completely mistaken her sentiments in respect to Le Bland, and that she disliked him with more real intensity than she was supposed to love him; but so far as any absolute proof of his dissimulation was concerned, she saw that she had nothing tangible to offer.

While thoughts of this nature were passing rapidly through her mind, the door was opened by Ebony, the colored servant, and the subject of her thoughts entered the cabin. He glanced quickly from one to the other, greeting them with his accustomed suavity. He took a seat near Mr. Alston, and conversed with him in that peculiarly agreeable, easy, and confidential manner which had so won upon his esteem.

Rosalthe could overhear but little of what was said, but she often caught such words as "land, loans, investments," etc., which induced her to believe that the land speculation was the subject under discussion.

Le Bland finally arose and approached our heroine, and said to her in a low voice:

"Pardon my earnestness this morning. My desire to save you from what appeared a pressing danger, made me, I fear, somewhat rude. I am happy to say now that I was not correctly informed in regard to Captain Duquesne, and his intentions. You may sleep in safety, fair Rosalthe, and rest assured that there is one who will shield you from Indian cruelty. I grant that it was ill-timed, and almost reprehensible, to offer to snatch you alone from the general ruin which I then believed to be so near. I should have known that your fond heart would cling tenaciously to the dear friends that surround you; but my reason was rendered less clear by the overwhelming thought that you were in deadly peril. Believe me, Mademoiselle Alston, I speak the truth, without dissimulation."

"Then you free me from my promise?" returned Rosalthe.

"No, gentle Rosalthe," he answered, with a smile, and in his most engaging tones, which well-nigh had the power of making one change his opinion who had already determined that he was a villain. "I cannot yet absolve you from

your promise; for speaking of the subject might produce unnecessary alarm. Moreover, I design to make farther investigation of the matter, and learn the real extent of the danger, if any exists, when your father shall be duly and properly informed of everything; for he and I are on such confidential footing that there can be no secrets between us. Take your accustomed walks as though nothing had transpired, being careful not to go too far from the fort, and I promise not to interrupt you, or speak in relation to my subject not agreeable to you. Deal with me fairly and truly, and you shall not have occasion to regret it, I assure you."

The Frenchman did not pause for a reply, but giving Rosalthe one of his warning glances, which never failed to terrify her, immediately left the cabin.

On the following morning Miss Alston left the fort as she had been in the habit of doing for some time, previously taking the precaution, however, to have Ebony accompany her. This procedure was not the result of thoughtlessness, on the contrary, of much reflection; for she wished to test the sincerity of Le Bland's promise, and give him another opportunity to make farther disclosures, that she might, if possible, gain a deeper insight into his character and intentions, and afterwards be governed according to circumstances.

The step cost her considerable self-denial, and it was not without many misgivings that she walked towards her favorite retreat. She gave Ebony his instructions as she proceeded.

"You may go yonder," she said, pointing towards a hazel thicket, not far distant, "and remain there until I am ready to return."

"Yes, missus," said Ebony.

"And, do you hear, Ebony? do not on any account, go farther; and be sure to come when I call," added Rosalthe.

"Dis child will be dar afore soon," returned Ebony.

"Very well; do not forget your instructions."

"I nebber fo'git; I'll be sure to disremember eb'ryt'ing," said the negro, confidently.

"Do as I bid you, and I will reward you suitably," added Rosalthe.

Exquisite Ebony renewed his protestations of faithfulness, and with a greater sense of security than she had expected to feel, Miss Alston entered the glade, and seated herself upon the river's bank. That she felt somewhat nervous at first, and had vague apprehensions of hearing the footsteps of Le Bland, was quite natural; but soon the dreamy murmurings of the waters, the gentle sighing of the winds amid the trees, lulled her spirit into tranquillity and forgetfulness of danger.

In that quiet seclusion from disturbing causes, she reflected with calmness, and clearness of judgment, upon the circumstances of her position, and endeavored to mark out a course of action dictated by prudence and duty.

While occupied in this manner, a soft touch upon the arm changed the current of her meditations, and caused her to rise to her feet quickly, and turn an alarmed look towards the intruder.

The object that met her gaze is worthy of some description. An Indian maiden, in the summer of womanhood, with a figure queenly in its proportions and bearing, stood before her. Her features were of marvellous regularity and beauty, but so proud and lofty in their expression, that Rosalthe, though startled at her abrupt appearance, could not repress an exclamation of admiration. Her eyes, which were dark and lustrous, were flashing with excitement. Her style of dress was by no means contemptible, but both picturesque and graceful, being ornamented in its different parts according to the arts of her people.

The two maidens stood *vis-a-vis*, the one defiant and haughty, the other wondering and alarmed. The steady gaze of the Cherokee girl was imperious, angry, and yet curious, and she moved not a muscle, nor relaxed a fibre of her sternness, while she studied every line of Rosalthe's fair face.

When she had subjected our heroine to this ordeal, which made her tremble, she spoke with impassioned earnestness:

"The daughter of the pale-face is fair, but she is weak; she has won that which she cannot keep, and which belongs to another."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Rosalthe, recoiling before the threatening glances of the Indian maid.

"What do I mean?" cried the latter, energetically. "How dare the pale-face be so bold, and

look so innocent, when I know how black her heart is?"

"I am still dark—I understand you not," said Rosalthe.

"Wabuna! (attend thou), hear the words which I shall utter, and let the just *Monedo* judge between us. A white man came to the lodges of my people; his eyes rested upon the face of *Wassahauza* (an Indian term signifying *star-light*), and it pleased him. The pale-skin was wise, and knew how to speak softly, and say pleasant things. *Star-Light* listened, and her foolish heart was taken captive by his smooth words; she spurned the love of *Otter-Lifter*, the noble young chief, and all her eye-light shone upon the deceitful child of *Machinito*."

The Indian girl paused, and struggled with her emotions.

"Wabuna! daughter of the white man, listen while I speak the wrongs of *Wassahauza*, of the red race of the bold Cherokee. The sun arose and set on her love, and the moon smiled upon the happy maiden. But the heavens grew black—a storm was in the skies, the heart of *Shoiska* (*Smooth-Tongue*) was bad and full of lies. He went up to the big wigwam of the pale-faces, and whispered the same fair words to *Wahbetnokwot* (the *White-Cloud*) that he had spoken to *Star-Light*. The *White-Cloud* listened to the soft speeches of *Smooth-Tongue*, and her heart beat with the same wild hopes that had filled the Cherokee maiden with joy. They met here on this spot, where the sun shines warm and bright, and the waters murmur with a pleasant sound—the cunning fox and the simple bird. Foolish tremble, what do you say to this strange tale?"

Star-Light ceased, and looked disdainfully at Rosalthe, whose cheeks were pale, and whose whole form was agitated.

"My red sister is speaking of Le Bland, the wily Frenchman!" she said, when she had recovered sufficient composure to speak intelligently. The Cherokee girl laughed sardonically.

"You are deceived—you wrong me!" exclaimed Rosalthe, earnestly.

"*Minno Monedo!* Do I not know it? Have I not come to brush away the cloud that has obscured my sun?" cried *Wassahauza*, indignantly.

"Be silent and hear me," returned Rosalthe, with all the firmness she could summon to her aid. "The *White-Cloud* does not love this *Smooth-Tongue*; she fears him, she shuns him. There is no sweetness in his tones for the daughter of the pale-face. She has no eye-light for the man whose heart is bad, and whose speech is full of guile."

"One pale-face has filled my ears with falsehoods, and I'll have no more; I believe they are all alike. No, no! your fair words, and fair skin, and fair looks cannot deceive me!" retorted *Star-Light*.

"I will make solemn oath to what I say. I will call upon the sacred name of the good *Monedo!*" cried Rosalthe, with touching earnestness, laying her hand upon the maiden's arm.

"*Shoiska* swore by the good *Monedo*, and yet he was false—false as the evil *Machinito* himself," added *Star-Light*.

"What can I do, then, to convince you? I despair of doing so," said Rosalthe, much moved.

"The *White-Cloud* must go with me," replied the Cherokee, sternly.

"Go with you? O no, I cannot!" cried Rosalthe, more alarmed than ever.

"*Baimwawa!* 'tis a passing sound—you can and must glide down the waters and walk the wide forests with *Wassahauza*."

The Indian girl took Rosalthe's arm, and pointed significantly down the river.

"You are one of my sex—you are a woman, though your skin differs from mine in color; then in Heaven's name, show a woman's pity!"

"Who talks of pity? It is idle talk. Come with me, where the *Smooth-Tongue* shall behold you no more; I have stayed too long already," was the unyielding response.

"Nay, if you insist, I will call for assistance, and some evil may befall you," said Rosalthe.

"Speak but a single word above your natural voice, and this blade shall stop the heart's music forever," added *Star-Light*, drawing from beneath her Indian vestments a knife, and placing its polished point to Rosalthe's heaving breast.

"And can it be that one so fair, and one who can speak so wisely, has a nature so cruel? If I must fall a victim to your jealous fury, strike, and let me perish here near those who love me!" she cried, presenting her breast boldly to the gleaming steel.

The threatening features of *Wassahauza* relaxed something of their sternness.

"Cease to fear—I will not harm you. The *White-Cloud* shall float back again in safety; come away," she said, in a milder tone.

"Now you are fairer and gentler; relent still more, and let me go in peace," entreated Rosalthe, with clasped hands and beseeching look.

"Hush, silly maiden; no more words; you have my promise. Do not resist me a moment longer, or I may change my mind," replied *Star-Light*; and passing her arm within Rosalthe's, led her away down to the bank of the river. A light birch canoe was drawn up among the reeds.

"Get in," said *Star-Light*.

Rosalthe looked once more imploringly towards *Wassahauza*, and then obeyed; the latter quickly pushed off the frail vessel, and then took a seat in the stern, and using the paddle adroitly, urged it rapidly and silently down the stream.

When Rosalthe cast one long and lingering look backward, and realized that she was being borne from home and its dear associations, her heart was overwhelmed with inexpressible anguish. Of what agonizing fears would her friends become the victims when she should be missed and sought for in vain? Who would solace a father's grief, or check a mother's anxious tears? What conjectures would they form—what clue would guide the daring companions of Boone upon her tracks? What sign had she left to direct pursuit? What fate was probably in reserve for her, and what reliance could be placed upon the Indian girl's promise?

While thoughts of this nature whirled through her brain, she wondered whether the hunter who had interfered in her behalf on the previous day would feel any regret when he heard that she had suddenly disappeared, and could not be found among the living or dead. At that moment it was no more than natural that such an idea should occur, and mingle with other reflections that crowded upon her. No sympathy appeared upon the countenance of *Star-Light*, as she plied the polished paddle; she sat proudly taciturn, and gave no indications of the strong emotions which had so recently shaken her queenly figure.

The parties swept along so near the southern bank that the tall oak and chestnut stretched their green boughs over their heads, while their giant forms were reflected in the waters beneath the voyagers.

Rosalthe struggled to regain her firmness, and partially succeeded. She changed her position in the canoe in a manner that would enable her to see her strange companion, and study her appearance more particularly than her fears had yet permitted her to do. She was endeavoring to imitate the stoicism of *Star-Light*, when the latter suddenly changed the direction of the canoe, putting it farther into the stream.

"Lie down in the canoe!" she exclaimed, waving her hand imperiously; "lie down, if you wish gentle usage and a safe return."

Rosalthe mechanically obeyed, and *Star-Light* instantly threw a blanket over her, that laid at her feet.

"Now keep quiet, for I see one yonder who must not look upon the face of *White-Cloud*. It is *Otter-Lifter*, the brave young chief of the Cherokees," added *Star-Light*, in low tones, dropping the paddle more softly.

Half suffocated with contending emotions, and yet striving to bear her fate with heroism, Rosalthe lay motionless in the birchen vessel, and felt it leaping to the dextrous strokes of *Star-Light*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SELF-MADE MEN.

You may take the whole population of Maryland, and select from it the fifty men who are most distinguished for talents, or any description of public usefulness, and I will answer for it, they are all, every one of them, men who began the world without a dollar. Look into the public councils of the nation, and who are they that take the lead there? They are men who made their own fortunes—self-made men, who began with nothing. The rule is universal. It pervades our courts, State and Federal, from the highest to the lowest. It is true of all the professions. It is so now; it has been so at any time since I have known the public men of this State or the nation; and it will be so while our present institutions continue. You must throw a man upon his own resources to bring him out. The struggle which is to result in eminence is too arduous, and must be continued too long, to be encountered and maintained voluntarily, or unless as a matter of life and death. He who has fortune to fall back upon will slacken from his efforts, and finally retire from the competition. With me it is a question whether it is desirable that a parent should be able to leave his son any property at all. You will have a large fortune, and I am sorry for it, as it will be the spoiling of a good lawyer.—*Clement Falconer*.

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.

A man of genius ended his career a few days since in the death of Junius Brutus Booth, the well-known tragedian, who expired on board a steamer on the way from New Orleans to Cincinnati. Mr. Booth was born in London, May 1, 1796; and in 1814, acted in opposition to Kean, till he was driven from the stage by a riot. He made his first appearance in this country, at Petersburg, Va., in 1821, as Richard III, and the next year came out at the Park Theatre, in New York, in the same character. His success there was great, and since then, with varying fortune, he has kept possession of the American stage. Small in stature, not well formed, and with bad points in his manner, he had many personal disadvantages to contend with in his profession, but such was the electric quality of his mind that he overcame them all. He lost himself in the part he was performing, to such a degree, that it became a sort of insanity, which was sometimes dangerous to his antagonists in the play. Thus his acting had a stamp of enthusiastic reality which remained even after misfortune and irregularities of life had broken him down. No one who ever saw the man in his great character of Richard, will be likely to forget his peculiar impersonation of the part. Many stories are told of his extraordinary freaks and eccentricities. It is said that he once played Orinoko, with bare feet, insisting that it was absurd to put shoes on a slave. On another occasion, he actually made his appearance, in Philadelphia, performing the part of Richard, on horseback! While supporting Forrest, on a certain evening, at the theatre in Pittsburg, instead of going on to the stage at the proper time, he walked out and took the cars dressed and made up for the character of an Indian chief. One night while performing Sir Edward Mortimer, in the "Iron Chest," at Philadelphia, the manager perceiving his unfortunate condition, advised him to "finish as quickly as possible." Booth quietly walked forward, and observed: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have been directed by the manager to finish this as quickly as possible, and so I'll finish it at once. Here, Wilford, catch me," saying which, and throwing himself into his arms, he "did the dying scene," and the curtain was rung down, amid roars of laughter. Junius Brutus Booth was, in his palmy days, *par excellence*, the greatest delineator of the tragic muse the American stage ever knew. In after days the "fiend fiend" betrayed him to his fate, when the soul and the physique that had entranced mortals with magic spell, lost its mystic power, and the wand of the great enchanter fell to the dust. We see an anecdote going the rounds of the papers just now which was true, and which we give as being very characteristic of the man. It was the cause of an actual riot. After being successful in London, where his professional life commenced, he made an engagement with a Manchester manager. Manchester then, as now, a manufacturing town, was devoted largely to the production of buttons. Booth appeared before his new audience, determined to make a hit. We have forgotten the name of the play in which he appeared—enough that he threw himself into it with his whole soul. But, alas! the house would not "come down." His choicest efforts were thrown away, and self-distrust began to steal over him. At last, there came in the play a personal set-to, into which Booth went with such a hearty zest that the cheers and shouts thus far repressed, broke out into a perfect storm. Booth caught the secret, and, forthwith, so belabored his fellow-actor that he fairly yelled



PORTRAIT OF THE LATE JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH, THE TRAGEDIAN.

with pain. He then sat down in his chair, and stretching his neck toward his audience, with a face on which was depicted the most bitter contempt and disgust, exclaimed in a way all his own: "What do you think of that, you low-lived button-makers?" He was obliged to leave the stage as well as the city, with a mob of the button-makers on his track. There are but few readers of the Pictorial who have not seen and admired the genius of Booth. The fine likeness which we give above, represents Mr. Booth as Richard III, his favorite character. Booth was his own worst enemy, and his love for strong drink was his ruin of body and of mind. The last performance in which our citizens saw him was at the Boston Museum; and we should not fail to mention our indebtedness to Mr. Kimball, the liberal manager of this establishment, for a loan of the original picture, from which our artist has drawn the likeness we herewith present.

OFF TO THE DIGGINS.

The picture which we present below is a characteristic one of the newly-discovered El Dorado, Australia. The group seen in the foreground are preparing for a start inland, and others are crossing the river, close at hand, to join their friends. A letter writer describing the scene says: "What a motley group we have here—men, women and children, bullock drays and omnibuses, masters and their former servants, some on horseback, others trudging along under the weight of their necessary tools and implements, and the overpowering effects of an almost tropical sun; but now they rest awhile and enjoy their roadside repast, and when the evening sets in, and the forest tracks are no longer visible, fires are lighted, and heartily are the bush luxuries of tea and damper—and I must not forget the pipe—enjoyed. Horses and bullocks are tethered and turned into the bush; saddles become substitutes for downy pillows, and a roll up in a blanket, or, which is still better, an opossum rug, leaves the comfort of a feather bed unwished for; the rising sun arouses them from their golden dreams, and, after another tea and damper entertainment, they pushed onwards to the spot in which all their hopes and expectations are centered." We have before given, in these pages, many interesting pictures of Australian scenes, and the constant emigration of our countrymen to this land, renders all relating to it of much interest. In England a perfect furore exists concerning Australia, which bids fair to half empty the United Kingdom of Great Britain. Dioramas, panoramas and lectures upon the subject absorb the attention of the people, and fuel is thus added to the flame, already blazing from the lochs of Scotland to the moors of Ireland. The California fever which raged here bears no sort of comparison to that which now exercises John Bull, and all classes seem affected by it. Every vessel which sails from London or Liverpool goes out crowded with emigrants and implements of labor; while those returning from Australia, bring back gold enough still to fire the spirit of adventure and love of gain. We sometimes feel inclined to pause and ask, when will all this end? Gold must lose its relative value; this, the humblest capacity will discover. But this is only one of the results to be anticipated by the great influx of the precious metal, and the distribution of it in coin among all classes. Already has silver, as compared to gold, become greatly enhanced in value; and silver mines, long since abandoned, are again resorted to for profit. Our picture, so intimately connected with these reflections, will much interest our readers. To fully realize how extensively our own countrymen are emigrating to Australia, one has only to glance at the shipping lists of any of our principal American seaports. There it will be seen that clipper ships are constantly up for that region, and the passenger lists daily published show that these emigrants are from the better classes of our mechanics generally, and not made up of broken-down adventurers and forlorn individuals, who have neither a habitation nor a name. The stories that might be written out—truthful stories—of poor but deserving young men, who have gone to California or Australia, and after enduring the severest deprivations, and often severe sickness, have ultimately returned enriched with a fortune, and to relieve the wants of a needy family, or some such result, equally romantic, might fill a good-sized volume. But, alas! a volume quite as large might be filled with the simple names of those who have laid their bones beneath the soil of the gold regions!



OFF TO THE DIGGINS—SCENE ILLUSTRATING THE GOLD FIELDS OF AUSTRALIA.

THE DENTAL ART.

We present to the readers of the Pictorial a series of cuts herewith, of a highly interesting and instructive character. They are designed to illustrate the interior economy of a dentist's laboratory, of which little is generally known by the public. Our article has been kindly furnished, with the necessary conveniences for making these sketches, by Dr. Hitchcock, the well-known and popular dentist of this city. Dr. Hitchcock possesses undoubtedly the most complete mechanical arrangement of any dentist in the country, and his business is well known to exceed that of any other establishment in New England. Few persons are aware of the chemical knowledge and mechanical skill required for



with the impression in the wax, or plaster of Paris, of the upper jaw. From this impression another is speedily produced. From each of these moulds casts are now made in hard metal. A piece of pure gold plate, cut of the proper size, is placed between these two metallic castings, and beaten till the plate assumes the precise form of the original impression of the gum, or of the mouth itself. The above engraving represents the two metallic castings placed on the end of a large log of wood, with the gold placed between them, and the operator standing by, with a hammer raised, in the act of striking on the upper die or casting. During this operation the gold plate is frequently examined, to see that the blows are well directed, and that the plate is acquiring



the production of a good set of artificial teeth; and a brief description of the various means employed to attain that end, we are confident will prove as acceptable to the public as it will be instructive and interesting. The first step necessary is, to obtain an impression, in some plastic substance, of the exact form of the mouth, or gums, that the plate supporting the artificial teeth may fit those parts on which the plate presses, with the greatest possible exactitude. To get a good impression of the gums, a small oval plate, or cup, covered on one side with soft wax, or plaster of Paris, is inserted into the mouth, and an exact copy of the gum is obtained. The above engraving shows the "mouth cup" after being taken from the mouth,



the proper shape. When completed, and thoroughly cleaned, the plate is ready to receive the block of teeth. The above engraving represents the dentist at work upon a block of teeth; carving and shaping them with the aid of many curious and delicate-

ly-formed tools, to give them the expression and appearance of nature's own and best handiwork. This process requires much skill, patience and taste. The accomplished dentist here has an opportunity to display the best initiative powers of a sculptor, combined with the delicate manipulations of the engraver; for on the exercise of these rare qualities depend the beauty and perfection of his "counterfeit presentment." As soon as the block of teeth has received its last finishing touch from the carving tools, it is placed in the intensest heat of not a red-hot, but a white-hot furnace, to be baked or fused into a solid mass. The furnace in which they are now placed, and which is represented in the engraving below, is built in the most substantial man-



ner, of the most refractory or thoroughly fire-proof materials. The teeth are laid upon a plate of platinum metal, and then introduced into a small oven, which rests near the centre, and in the very hottest part of the furnace. Constant attention is necessary at the furnace during the process of baking. The degree of heat to which the furnace is raised may be best conceived by stating that iron, or any other metal except platinum, would melt and run like water long before the teeth are fused. The coloring matter for the gums and teeth is put on before the teeth are placed in the furnace; and these colors are obtained by mixing various metallic oxides with the paste of ground quartz and feldspar, etc.

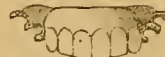


The engraving above represents the dentist in the act of soldering the block of teeth to the gold plate. After the teeth are taken from the furnace, they are carefully inspected, to see that they have not warped or cracked. If they are rejected. But if they come out perfect, the next thing to be done is to fasten them to the gold plate. This is done by first securing them in their place on the plate, by means of plaster and sand, and a small iron band. They are then placed in a small pan, as seen in the engraving, in the hands of the operator. A flame from a large wick in a can of alcohol is made to play upon the points, to be soldered, by means of a blowpipe held in the operator's mouth, as represented in the engraving. When the sol-



dering is completed, the teeth are all thoroughly cleaned and the gold plate polished; they are then ready for the wearer. We have introduced an engraving taken from a whole and very beautiful set of artificial teeth. They are so much like the productions of

nature, that, when in the mouth, no one would ever suspect them to be the product of the dentist's workshop and laboratory. They are absolutely perfect, in all respects—in color, form, size, expression, durability and usefulness. In the very brief space here allotted to us, it could not be expected we should be able to give an elaborate and minute description of the whole art of dentistry as it is now practised, but a general outline is all we had hoped to accomplish; and this we believe we have done. It sometimes happens that only three or four, or five or six teeth, are wanted. When a few teeth only are to be affixed to a gold plate, the same course is generally pursued as for a whole set. At the sides of the plate are fashioned



two bands, of gold, intended to embrace two of the natural teeth, for the purpose of holding the gold plate in its proper position. Above is a representation of a plate containing only six teeth, being the front ones of the upper jaw. The bands, above alluded to, may be seen on either side. When well made, and properly secured and adjusted in their place, these partial sets of teeth are found to be of great service to the wearer. They enable those who have them to speak clearly and distinctly, add much to the expression of the face by keeping the lips out in their natural position, and perform all the functions of natural teeth in masticating food, while their beauty and comeliness are acknowledged by every one.

THE ANTHONY PRIZES.

We present below a drawing of the lately awarded Anthony prizes, in New York city, for the best daguerreotypes. The first prize for the best 4-4 daguerreotype taken with a 4-4 instrument is a massive silver pitcher, twenty inches in height and of hexagon shape, with grape vine in full leaf, and rich clusters of grape entwined its neck, illustrative of the rich receptacle of their delicious juice. On the back of the pitcher are two tablets representing a landscape, with a cottage by a stream of water, a bridge and woods in the distance. On one side is the sun rising over a beautiful landscape, with a daguerrian apparatus, seemingly ready to catch the most interesting feature of the picture, as it throws its golden rays over the scene. On the other side is represented a chemical laboratory—showing that to chemistry the art is chiefly indebted; and on the two front tablets are portraits of those two illustrious artists—Daguerre and Niepce. On the handle we have again the vine, on which is a lizard in the act of creeping to the mouth of the pitcher, the whole finished with a most exquisitely-chased base. The second prize awarded for the best 1-2 size daguerreotype taken by a 1-2 size instrument consists of a pair of goblets—faithfully represented in the engraving—equally beautiful in workmanship, and tasteful in design. These prizes, when judiciously offered and justly awarded, doubtless exert a very beneficial influence upon art, or whatever field of industry they apply to. The art of daguerreotype picturing, whether of likenesses, of landscapes, or of architecture, is manifestly of vast importance, and has been brought to a very great stage of perfection within a very brief period of time. It is in consideration of the importance of the art, that we are gratified to chronicle Mr. Anthony's liberality in offering these prizes for the best results by experiment in the art.



THE ANTHONY PRIZES FOR THE BEST DAGUERREOTYPES.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

JOSEPHINE.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

She sat within the silent room, and her breath was low and husied,
For another might not witness how every hope was crushed;
While the coronation haubt that bound her queenly brow,
Her trembling hand has cast away—it were but mockery now.

O, hollow, hollow as the gleam the diamond's ray shot forth,
Seemed now the highest pinnacle of happiness on earth;
Had not her cup of bliss been full? yet from the very brim,
Was not her next draught misery? and proffered, too, by him:—

By him, O God! what right had he, though conqueror of a world,
And glorying in the strength by which destruction's shaft was hurled;
Though he might tread upon the necks of millions in his path,
Yet might he not, by this one act, fill up the cup of wrath?

The meanest serf would scarcely dare to break the sacred tie
That bound her to his side—yet he would cast her lightly by;
And, lighted by ambition's torch, would climb the steep of fame,
And think, by tramping on her rights, to leave a prouder name.

Alas! he only sees the illusive gleam of future years,
But she can see far, far beyond, e'en through her blinding tears;
For well she knows that destiny through her has given him all,
And that when her own bright star shall fade, how quickly he shall fall.

Napoleon, thou shalt bear away from Austria his pride,
And she may reign triumphantly a gay and happy bride!
Yet, in thy heart of hearts, I know one spot shall ever be
So sacred it will yield to nought but memories of me.

Then think not that I heed the glittering bauble at my feet,
Or care how soon it binds the brow of one I may not meet;
I would forget the empress in the broken-hearted wife,
And learn how best my severed fate may guard thy future life.

For the little time thy glory lasts, go, lean thy burning brow
Against the jewelled breast of one who claims thy homage now;
And when another comes to share the glory of thy name,
I will forgive thee, though no thought of me thy memory claim.

When the full fruition of thy hopes has given life new zest,
The sadness of this parting hour will vanish from thy breast:
Why should a single cloud obscure a horizon like thine?
Or the grief of one crushed heart be brought to dim ambition's shrine?

But when thy star has set—when the tempest gathers low,
And the iron hand of fate has dealt her last avenging blow:
Then in thy deathlike agony, thine inmost soul shall blend,
And thy spirit hold communion with its truest earthly friend.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE LADY'S VOW.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

It was a bright and genial morning of October in the fair land of France. The abrupt peaks of the distant volcanic mountains, which formed the horizon of the view—for the scene lay in that most romantic region, the province of Auvergne—were veiled by a thin purplish haze, through which the half-shrouded sunbeams shone softly, mellowed into a lustrous golden glory. The woods, on the lower slopes of the hills, were painted with the many-colored tints of what is known in France as "the little summer of St. Martin," that brief delicious season intermediate between the first early frosts of autumn, and the snows and icicles of winter, which we call Indian summer.

On the higher ridges, next below the riven and fire-seathed summits of bald rock, the deep pine forests waved unchangeable in their dark verdure; the scattered olives on the uplands turned up the silvery lining of their rich green leaves, as the fresh wind ruffled them; and a few willows, by the side of a broad shallow-rippling trout stream which wandered along parallel with the winding horse-road through the valley, flourished as freshly with their untouched leaves as when they burst their buds in the showery April mornings. All else throughout the fair and fertile land, stubble field, pasture ground and vineyard, were wearing away into the sere and yellow tints prophetic of decay.

Yet still the sentiment of the scene was of hope and promise, and subdued gentle pleasure, if not of merriment and glee, rather than of sadness or depression.

Along the winding horse-track I have mentioned, which led across the undulating country, at the base of the lower spurs of the Monts d'Or, from St. Fleur to Riom, now traversing broad and beautiful champaigns, now diving into dark and bosky glens, now running through umbrageous woodlands, well stocked with fallow-deer, and roebucks, and great harts of grease, there rode, on that pleasant autumn morning, a gay and gallant company of horse.

The foremost of the party rode some hundred paces or so in advance of the main body—a dozen light-armed lances, wearing steel bascinets only on their heads, without crests or avantails, and habergeons, or shirts of light chain mail on their bodies, which, although a very sufficient protection against the missiles of Genoese cross-bowmen, and suitable enough for French skirmishing, would prove of small avail against the cloth-yard shafts of English archery, or at close quarters with the two-handed swords and battle-axes of the men-at-arms.

They made a gallant show, however; their brightly-polished accoutrements beaming like silver in the soft sunlight, and the steel heads of their long lances twinkling like fiery stars above their well-ordered lines.

These were succeeded by a stronger party, of some fifty men-at-arms, completely armed, reining their barbed war-horses along at a sharp trot, under a swallow-tailed pennon emblazoned with a pale gules upon a field of argent. At their head were three young

men, whose blazoned surcoats, worn above their armor, no less than the ancestral burgonets upon their casques, and the gilded spurs on their heels, showed them to be of gentle birth, and stricken knights, moreover; their followers being for the most part esquires of gentle lineage.

They were returning—so one who heard might gather from their converse, as they whiled the weary march with interchange of gay and serious thought,—from a successful expedition against one of the bands of English Free Companions, which, at that period, held many parts of France in great disquietude, levying contribution generally on the country and its unguarded towns and hamlets, and often gathering powers sufficient to storm castles and fortresses; possessing themselves of large booty, and not unfrequently maintaining themselves in their conquests against all the efforts—and to the great detriment—of the lawful owners.

Yet, although they were evidently victorians—a fact sufficiently shown by the presence of several prisoners, a few noble led-horses, and a train of mules laden with plate and treasures, in the rear of the principal persons of the party,—there was an expression of discontent on the features of the young knights who led the advanced guard, and from the words which fell from their lips, it could not be doubted that something had occurred which accorded ill with some of their high chivalric notions.

"I would that it comported with the views of our good cousin," said one, whom his companions had just addressed as Walter de Passac, "to move somewhat less leisurely, not to say lazily. I for one would fain see the gates of Riom well barred between our fair cousin Iolande, and those who, I judge, are in our rear ere this."

"I marvel they are not on us even now," replied Tristan de St. Pay, looking back, as he spoke, from the brow of an eminence which they had just ascended, commanding a long view over the country they traversed; "but they come not as yet. I would we were well out of it, notwithstanding; for I like not the threatenings of that English fellow, whom Helion caused drown in the castle well after half-hanging him. There was much method in his menaces, and we shall hear more of them, if I err not, before we see the walls of Riom."

"I like not such sights, anyhow," replied de Passac, "nor deem them either wise or over knightly. It is one thing to knock a varlet's brains out with your battle-axe in *chaude melee*, and another to choke him till his eyes start from their sockets, and then drown him like a dog. Besides, he said he was an esquire! I like not such dealings."

"I like not any of it," said the oldest of the party, a tall and very finely-made man, somewhat older than the others, with dark-chestnut hair, and bold aquiline Norman features; "and if I did join my men with Sir Helion de Passac's company to rescue his bright cousin Iolande de Belleville from the free lances, I neither ride beneath his banners nor owe him any service. Wherefore, I tell you, gentlemen, so soon as this our present excursion shall be ended, I have a word to say with Sir Helion; for I know not any reason why a demoiselle, if she were of royal lineage, should be misused, even if she have given her heart to a brave esquire; much less why a gentleman of blood, though he wear not as yet the spurs of knighthood, should be disgraced with fetters or dealt with as a traitor, if he have chosen for his lady one to whom he must raise his eyes and his heart, not lower them."

"Helion is wilful ever," replied Walter de Passac, (in after days a knight of great renown); "and one day, I fear, will have his wilfulness to rue. But now he is worse than ever, so that at times I think him half distraught. I more than half believe that he himself loves Iolande."

"A poor way to win her, I should think, to fail so much of gentle courtesy toward her," said Tristan de St. Pay; "and a worse reason for mistreating thus so good a man-at-arms as Raymonet de Bonnelance."

"This," said Sir Garsis du Chatel, the knight under whose pennon they were riding, in rather a solemn mood,— "This is a sacred and inherent privilege of chivalry, of which no power on earth can rob the poorest gentleman of arms, that he may choose his lady where he lists, even of the loftiest; and she must hold herself exalted by his love, if it be worthy, and honored in his honor. This is our right, of all of us. And in that wrong is done, in this, to the lowest of us all, the loftiest is not uninjured. This is the true law of love and honor; and, at a fitting time, with my voice and my hand will I maintain it."

"Most true, good knight," replied Sir Walter de Passac. "But God gainsay that there be need of it! When we halt at noon, I will take Helion to counsel."

For a short distance farther, they rode on in silence, until, as they surmounted another eminence, they gained a view of the fair level country in advance, with a large open hamlet embosomed in vineyards and olive plantations, at about three miles distance in the plain.

"That is the village of St. Forget," said Sir Walter, pointing forward to the hamlet; "I know it of old, for I held out there in yonder strong stone house, with a handful of men, against the Earl of Pembroke and Sir John Chandos for three days, until we were relieved. It is there Helion spoke of halting for noon; I will ride back and speak to him."

"Tell him, then," said Sir Garsis du Chatel, who had been gazing backward as earnestly as the rest had been looking forward, the hill on which they stood commanding a far wider prospect than the last on which they had paused,— "Tell him, then, that it will be very well if we have not again to hold out in the strong stone house for three days, until we be relieved; and whence, in God's name, relief is to come to us, I know not."

"St. Mary! what mean you, Sir Garsis?" cried St. Pay, while Walter de Passac, who had already touched his horse with the spur, in order to gallop back to the centre, reined up abruptly.

"See you not yonder moving clond of dust beyond the river, some six miles hence, how rapidly it comes down to us? If that dust be not raised by galloping horse, and a large body of them, too, I think I never saw a cavalcade."

"Good sooth! it does resemble it much; yet I see no flash of steel, nor any banners."

"It is too far as yet," replied Sir Garsis, "to distinguish steel in so dense a dust cloud, and with such a haze, too, in the valley. But there are horse yonder; I'll gage my burgonet against a *bona roba's couvreehes*. I will ride forward and seure the stone house you spoke of, with my men; and do you, Sir Walter, hurry up your fair cousin, if you can rouse him from his sullen fit."

And therewith the knights parted—Sir Garsis du Chatel, followed by Tristan de St. Pay and the men-at-arms under his own pennon, dashing down the declivity toward the village; and Sir Walter hastening back to his cousin, who was moving tediously, and, as it would seem, sullenly, along the valley, nearly a mile behind the advance.

Sir Helion de Passac, a young man of some eight-and-twenty years, with features which would have been handsome but for the heavy, half-sullen, half-suspicious scowl, which lowered over them like a continual thunder cloud over a fine landscape, was riding at a foot's pace on a richly-caparisoned palfrey, clad in full armor, except his head, which was covered by a velvet cap with a drooping feather, beside as beautiful a girl as ever sat a Spanish jennet. Behind him a page, carrying his shield and helmet, bestrode a powerful war-horse, accoutred, like the knight, in plate armor of Milan steel; and, at the page's left, behind the lady, a sturdy gray-haired veteran displayed a square banner, azure, a saltire argent, charged with six mullets of the field; beneath which were arrayed a second fifty of stout men-at-arms, well equipped and mounted, who constituted, with the advance of Sir Garsis, all the real strength of the band. Since of a hundred other riders, who brought up the rear disorderly enough, having the prisoners and baggage mules in charge, half were mounted cross-bowmen, and the others light lancers, of the class usually known as "hobblers," from the small hackneys which they rode, on whom no reliance could be placed at close quarters, or in the shock of battle.

The whole scene presented a striking and animated picture; the polished armor, the rich scurfs and housings, the waving garments, and rich southern loveliness of the beautiful *Provencale* lady, the fine horses and gallant-looking riders, the fluttering plumes, and rustling pennoncles. But, amid all the romance and show, there was something that revolted the senses and jarred painfully on the nerves of the beholder; and de Passac, as he joined his cousin, felt the unpleasant influence.

The beautiful luxuriant girl, in the full pride and bloom of perfect womanhood, rode along, fixed, cold, abstracted, as if every drop of her warm heart-blood had been congealed by some shock of anguish or horror indescribable. Her hands, rigidly clasped together, lay in her lap impassive, while her jennet took its own way unheeded. Her large dark eyes, dilated and clear, were fixed full before her, as if gazing, without any speculation of things present, into immeasurable space. Her face, her very lips, were as white as ashes; and the latter were retorted into a smile of ghastly pain, showing the pearl-white teeth between them clenched with indomitable resolution. Nor was this all; for in the centre of the men-at-arms, with his arms pinioned with cords behind his back, rode a tall, powerful young man, armed all but his head, with a fine frank face singularly fearless and open, and a profusion of light curly hair, which, on one side, was dotted with gore, that still continued to ooze slowly from an imperfectly bandaged wound across his temple. His armor was dented in more places than one, broken and bloody, as if he had been recently engaged in some fierce and desperate affray.

He was a prisoner evidently, even a dishonored prisoner; and yet one might see at a glance that he was conscious of no dishonor, conscious of no fear. Even the men who guarded him, did so, it seemed, unwillingly and with regret.

Helion de Passac, with a brow of more than wonted gloom, was pouring forth, into the heedless and abstracted ears of Iolande, words of fierce menace and denunciation, couched in a cold sardonic style, and a low hissing voice, as Walter drew up his panting charger at his side; and the words "low-born traitor," "degenerate minion," and "life-long conorator," grated harshly on the ears of the young knight, and set his blood in a flame, before he had begun his errand.

"For shame, Helion!" he said, sternly. "For shame! These be no words, at any time, from you to Iolande; from you concerning Raymonet de Bonnelance; and of any time, least of all now. St. Forget lies beyond that hill, and if you mind to reach it, you were best spur; for, from the summit of yonder ridge, you may see a cloud of dust travelling with the speed of horse over the country. Sir Garsis holds it like to cover four or five hundred spears; and we doubt not Olim Barbe and Ernanton de Batefol are upon our traces. He has driven on to make preparation for defence. Will it please you hurry?"

"No," answered Helion, sullenly. "It will not. I believe not one word of it."

"Then stay and perish!" cried Walter, much excited. "But first, I have a duty to fulfil. We will not suffer that Raymonet de Bonnelance be thus dealt with. Fall out, all you who follow Walter de Passac, from beneath that banner."

And, as he spoke, twenty of the stoutest and best mounted of the men-at-arms wheeled out to the left of the road; while Walter, spurring his horse sharply through the crowd, drew him up by the side of de Bonnelance; and cutting his bonds asunder with his dagger, put his own two-handed sword into his grasp, and led him to the lances who had gathered around his own old esquire, telling him that he was as free as himself, and as noble.

The whole was done so quickly that Helion had not time to give counter-orders before the deed was accomplished and the captive free. And when, bursting into a fit of furious frenzy, he drew his sword and ordered his men to advance and retake the traitor, it was clear even to him that the high spirit of the French men-at-arms was awakened, and that he could not reckon on their service.

While he was still raving and storming, a movement was discovered among the rear guard, which was spread over a long straggling hill nearly two miles behind them; and a horseman was seen to detach himself from the crowd, and to spur furiously forward.

"It is the English!" shouted the men-at-arms, with one voice. "Retreat, retreat, before they are upon us!"

Still Helion de Passac wavered; his despicable temper was still mad within him. But in another moment the spears and pennons of the pursuers were seen overflowing the hill-top, and pouring down upon the rear guard, whom they cut to pieces in an instant, recovering all the plate, money and plunder, which had been hurried off, and pressing rapidly down, among or over the fugitives, shouting their war cries with their long lances in rest.

Then Walter de Passac was himself.

"Ha, Raoul!" he shouted to his own favorite esquire, "take Robinet de Tours, and Clement, and Pierrot de St. Phagon, and Mennault de Novailles, and guard the lady Iolande with your lives, into the hamlet of St. Forget, where place her in charge of the good knight Sir Garsis. Nay, Helion! not a word; we are too strong for you. Ha, Raoul! cut down any one who lets you. You, Raymonet, good man-at-arms, go with him. Give him a helmet, some of you, and lance and broadsword; I must reclaim my own. Change horses with him, Paul of Armenton. So so—well done! ride for it now—ride for the lady's sake. Ride—ride! Ha, Helion de Passac! we must charge these dogs, or all is lost. Advance our banners; down with your lances, gentlemen. Our lady for de Passac—*laissez aller!*"

And, with their handful of men-at-arms, as the discomfited relics of the rear guard drove past them in mad flight, they charged home furiously, Sir Helion now diverted from his furious folly by the imminence of peril.

Their compact and hurried charge bore back the scattered force of the Free Companions half a mile along the road; and then in turn they drew off and retreated. But so closely were they chased, and pressed so hardly, that they were compelled to charge no less than eight times, leaving several of their number dead at each onslaught, in order to cover the retreat of Iolande, before they reached the hamlet. And when Garsis du Chatel and Tristan de St. Puy sallied out from the stone house, which they had barricaded as best they might to meet the emergency, in order to bring them off, they numbered but three-and-twenty men-at-arms out of fifty, and scarce two score of light-armed varlets of a hundred. Scarce had they closed the gates, ere the enemy were upon them, and the weak walls and extempore palisades were desperately assaulted. As desperate was the defence; and the assailants gained nothing, for their terrible archery, following on foot, had not yet come up, and at sunset they drew off and encamped on every side, leaving the garrison weary and much dispirited, and, indeed, almost hopeless.

So soon as it was dark, three scouts were lowered by ropes from the windows to speed right and left in search of aid and succor; and in some doubtful hope those of the garrison who were not on duty waked or slept through a miserable night to a more miserable morning. For at dawn, on three gibbets, just without the moat, hung the three messengers; and as the sun rose, a flight of cloth-yard arrows came sailing over the walls, and the exulting cheer, "St. George for Merry England!" announced the arrival of the dread island archery.

There was but one tolerable apartment in the building, and therein were collected in council the leaders of the party, and several of the boldest men-at-arms, and these pale as death; but brave with the hereditary valor of her noble race, sat Iolande de Belleville, a firm but earnest listener.

Many wild schemes were broached, many impracticable counsels. The enemy refused all quarter—all conditions, maddened by Helion's butchery of their comrade on the preceding day. It seemed that nothing remained but death to the men, and dishonor, worse than death, to the fair and gentle lady.

When on a sudden she arose, and detaching a large pearl chaplet from her fine black hair, she spoke in a calm, clear voice:

"Gentlemen, champions, hear! I, Iolande de Belleville, swear on this blessed relic which I wear," and she laid her hand on the rosary at her bosom, "that whoso shall bear this chaplet on his casque through those marauders, and fetch us aid from my brother at Mont Ferrand, to him will I grant whatever boon he shall ask of me, which true maid may grant to man, were it even my heart and my hand in wedlock. Have I said well, good knight, Sir Garsis du Chatel, and is this my vow just and valid to all chivalry and honor?"

"Well hast thou said," replied that proud but gentle knight. "Well hast thou said, noble lady; and as thou hast said, it shall be. Just is thy vow, valid and faithful, to all chivalry and honor, and faithfully I guaranty it with my hand, my honor, and my sword, before God, St. Michael and the ladies!"

He paused for a moment, and then in spite of Sir Helion de Passac's angry frown, he laid his hand on the shoulder of Raymonet de Bonclance, who was present, and led him forward to the blushing lady.

"For those bright eyes and that sweet hand," he said, "beautiful Iolande, I had myself taken this emprise; but that I judge another champion were more acceptable. Kneel, Raymonet de Bonclance,—kneel and receive your lady's chaplet fairly, and

redeem it fortunately. My own good Andalusian charger shalt thou bestride; my own good Bourdean blade shalt thou belt, and by my faith, if thou do thy devoir, as I doubt not thou wilt, the dauphin of Auvergne, I trow, will not refuse the boon to Garsis du Chatel, to strike thee banneret; and I myself will buckle on thy spurs of gold."

Then was seen one of those stirring incidents,—one of those wondrous feats of chivalry which kindle the duldest breasts, even of the hard, insensible utilitarian.

He was armed by knightly hands; the chaplet and the glove were bound upon his crest by lovely and beloved fingers; a chaste kiss of honor was breathed upon his brow; and he mounted, and rode forth alone, devoted to his errand, unto death.

So armed and so devoted, men were in those days invincible. And so, it seemed, was Raymonet de Bonclance. It is true that the garrison sallied furiously, in all their force, from the opposite gate, with a page in their centre disguised in a lady's weeds, as if they would have cut their way through the besiegers, so to distract them from their envoy. But he was yet discovered; and it was by dint of desperate valor only, riding down in succession three men-at-arms with one unbroken lance, and hewing his road through a knot of sturdy archers, that he made way, and bore his chaplet scathless through the lines of the besiegers.

All day the garrison strove hardily, with iron hearts, and fortunately; but before the sun went down, the cry "Our lady for Iolande! our lady for Mont Ferrand!" mixed with the clang of harness and the tramp of horse, scattered the baffled English in precipitate retreat, and claimed the fair redemption of the sweet lady's vow!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE PUZZLE IN OUR LAST PAPER.

Designed and Drawn for the Pictorial by Lieutenant C. W. King.

THE engraving which we presented on page 12 of our last issue, has proved exceedingly popular and entertaining to our readers generally. Various have been the attempts to analyze its meanings, and numerous the "keys" that have been sent to us; but none of them would unlock it. Commencing at the top centre of the picture, let the reader turn to our last number, and follow the descriptive key of the whole. First, we have, plainly enough, an elephant, whose trunk forms a snake, and also the nose of a man's face, the lower jaws of the animal forming a human eye; an arrow, on the wing, makes the lips, which also is a pipe, most appropriately in place. The elephant's hind-legs form the nose of a comic profile, with a moustache formed of a plume, which signifies vanity. A music-book, just beneath the elephant, makes a comic dicky.

By turning the elephant's head downwards, it will form the nose of another face, with a flower for an eye, and its branch for an eyebrow. The lips are a simple leaf. The dicky to this face forms a gravestone, with three words, which read backwards and forwards the same. The gravestone forms part of a foreplane. Turning the picture once more upright, it will be seen that the elephant forms the top of a balloon. Turn the picture upside down, and the points over the music-book are a camp marquee; the ear of the balloon forms a jockey-cap, and the cords form a checker-board. Turning the engraving again right side up, we have just beneath the ear of the balloon, a large cross, which also forms an anchor; one side of the anchor-stock, the picture held with the side down, makes a brick chimney. One end of the stock forms a die; the stock and shanks form a vessel's masts, with three dead-eyes; one of which forms a carriage-wheel, the second forming the stone of a finger-ring, and the third making part of a dumb-bell.

From the top of the dumb-bell commences a part of Cupid's bow, which in turn forms the top of an ancient harp. Turning the picture upside down, we find one side of the harp formed by a ladder, which also makes a railroad, on which a train of cars is seen moving, the locomotive, reversed, forming a butter-churn. Within the harp is a flute, and turning the picture once more right side up, we see an arched bridge in the strings of the harp. At the right of the elephant, top of the page, is a "horn of plenty," in itself a single object, but formed by the placing together of many different ones. First, we find a rattlesnake's rattles, made, however, in their turn, of bags of corn and meal. The heads, or ties of these bags, are little butterflies; while the whole, held with these ties down, forms a sort of caterpillar, and the butterflies now become feet.

On the left of the picture, on a line with the checker-board, is seen a kite, made of the various newspapers; the back bone of the kite is formed by a gun-barrel; the tassels are formed on one side by a paint-brush, and on the other by a broom. Turning the page on its side, so as to bring the kite near the bottom, near the kite we have a house, the front projection of which forms a chest, one side of which makes a coffin. The railing on top of the house is formed by half of a rule; the upper part of the rule, in turn, makes part of the brick work, on which stands a stove. A coffee-pot, forming a miniature lighthouse, is near the fire to keep hot. Again turning the picture upright, above the stove we have a Bible, which forms the lower part of a bird-cage, the cage itself forming a dish, or cake-cover; the handle being a pocket-pistol. Above the pistol is a square monumental tablet, one side of which forms a parallel rule, and the whole a window-frame. Just to the right of this, and beneath the elephant, is the entire alphabet, joined most curiously, and occupying the smallest possible space.

At the bottom of the picture is an enigmatical line. Commencing in the left-hand corner, is a pot, followed by eight O's; then comes a can, then a knot, followed by two bees, and the letters *o-u-g-h-t*, the *g* being made by introducing a pair of spectacles; a figure 4 follows, and a 0—which, interpreted, signifies, Potatoes

cannot be bought for nothing. The pot and O's form a bracelet and clasp. Turning the picture again upside down, under this pot will be seen a grasshopper, which forms the cap for a man's head, the head itself being composed of bugs; the dicky, a rounded-edged one, is formed by a bee's wings, whose body is the checkered neck-cloth; the devil's darning-needle makes his quene; with a snake for one arm, and a caterpillar for the other; a tortoise and a turtle form the feet. By turning the picture right side up again, the whole of this figure forms part of another face, with an eye formed of half a water-melon; the snake's head forming the lips. In all these faces, there are likenesses to some one intended, only one of which we may name; that with the pipe in the lips strongly resembles the profile of Henry Clay.

Turning the picture upon its side, with the elephant's head down, you have in the left-hand corner a dog. Turned one quarter round this forms another dog; another quarter, and you have still another dog; and so on—in fact, presenting four animals, with but two tails and heads among them all. On the right of the dogs will be seen two gentlemen, the toe of a foot, some waves of the sea, an awl, the word *must*, an ear of corn, the letters *con-sult the*, and a key—giving a line, when interpreted, signifying, Gentlemen, to see all, must consult the key. Over these men, and at the right of the dogs, may be seen a bluebell, forming also a church-bell; turn it upside down, the elephant being at the top, and it forms an old lady's dress. Turning the picture again up side down, and it will be seen that this lady's dress forms the outlines of two profiles. That on the side nearest the men, has a nose partly formed of the arm of the old dame; the chin being composed of a farmer's hat. At the left of the dress is a drum, representing a hat-box, which, turned up on its end, discovers still another profile.

Turning the page again upright, we find in the upper right hand corner a guide-board, which forms a watchman's rattle; also a monument, and hotel sign; this, in turn, makes a book, and part of a tailor's goose. Under these is a line of maritime flags, one of which, as it distends its point to the breeze, resembles a bee-hive. In the lower right-hand corner is the globe, which represents part of a pin-cushion, an orange, etc. The globe also forms part of a saddle, with saddle-cloth, holsters, etc. The whole forms very nearly a pair of bellows. Above is part of a hat, or a spittoon, and the top forms a draw-shave, which, with the cleaver, makes a pompon, or short military feather; the handle of the shave, or knife, makes on one side a dice-box, on the other the handle of a pruning-knife. On the right of the elephant is a bird's wing, with an hour-glass, which represents time on the wing. Under the wing is a stock and dicky, representing music. Not far below this, and between the harp and checker-board, is a horse-shoe, making also a magnet, a spur, and a circular saw.

One of the balloon points, to the left of the horse-shoe, forms a part of a boat-hook, tomahawk, and flag-staff. One of the flags at the right of the picture forms an envelope, which also represents two comic faces. Beside it is a looking-glass, with a meaning picture on its surface, of "Gay's Head" at *son-rise*. The looking-glass forms part of a grindstone frame, the grindstone itself being a button, beside of which is a quiver of arrows. At the right of the anchor-stock is a bedstead, one leg of which forms a stilt; the sides of the bed represent a garden fence. Above the kite, and at the right of the awl, is a pump, whose spout forms a crane, used in old-fashioned fireplaces, with pot attached, by way of illustration. The base of the pump forms a mug, or a firkin. The pump itself is part of a watch-key, representing a target; and the pipe of the key forms a regular caulker's mallet. At the left of the anchor is a fence formed of *d's*, which means *defence*, or, with the feet, *defeat*. One side of the kite, already partially described, forms a sail with a yard, near which is a yoke. Near the bottom of the balloon car is a wreath, which forms ten faces. At the left of the cross, the picture being reversed, you will see a fort, with ditch, etc.; the fort represents a variety of comic faces on either side.

Beside the anchor, on the right, when the engraving is right side up, will be found a piece of rude stone formation, from the forests of Maine, which forms various faces, and most strangely so. The whole of this picture forms a study, or puzzle, that cannot fail to amuse.

A HANDEFUL OF FOREIGN MONEY.

France has recorded a strange eventful history upon her recent coins. A writer describes the various pieces of money which he received a short time ago, in a cafe in Paris, in change for a ten-franc piece. Here is the list:—A two-franc piece, bearing the effigy and superscription of Louis Philippe, "Roi des Français, 1835;" a one-franc piece, having on one side, "Napoléon Empereur," and on the other "République Française, 1806;" a half-franc piece, bearing the inscription, "Napoléon, Empereur et Roi," and on the obverse, "Empire Français, 1812;" a smaller coin of Louis the XVIII., King of France and Navarre; another of Louis Charles X., also King of France and Navarre; another of Louis XV., the "well-beloved;" another of Louis XVI., King of France by the grace of God, in 1779; another of the same monarch, when he was "King of the French," by the sufferance of the people, in "the third year of liberty," commonly called 1782; another of the same poor Louis, set off with the republican fashions and the motto "La Foi, la Loi, le Roi, 1793;" a two-sous piece of the republic, one and indivisible, stamped with the head of a brazen woman, with dishevelled hair and a red night-cap; a twenty-centime piece adorned with an image of an imperfectly attired female, and bearing the words, "Liberte, Egalite, 1848, Fraternite;" and last of all, a new bright five-franc piece, stamped with an aquiline nose, a pendant jaw, a thick moustache, a ditto imperial, and "Louis Napoléon Bonaparte, 1852." Master Louis will probably "suppress" the seditious, incendiary republican coin as soon as he finds leisure. Certainly the coin of France needs expurgating as much as Tacitus and Cicero, and more, for the coin is known and read of all men.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

The friends then hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.—Shakespeare.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF PROVIDENCE, R. I., FROM SMITH'S HILL.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

Our modest, unassuming sister city of Providence is well deserving a notice at our hands, and our artist has endeavored, in the accompanying series of illustrations, to give some idea of the most interesting objects of the many to be found within her limits. The first illustration represents the city, or the principal business portion of it, as it appears from "Smith's Hill," looking south over a sheet of water called "the Cove." Providence is the semi-capital of Rhode Island, and it is the second city in New England in point of population and trade. It is situated at the head of Providence River—which is an extension of Narragansett Bay—and it is in 41 deg. 49 min. 22 sec. north latitude, and 71 deg. 24 min. 48 sec. west longitude. It is 42 miles south-south-west from Boston, 173 east from New York, 30 north from Newport, and 45 south-east from Worcester. The city is built on both sides of the river, and is connected by substantial bridges. On the east side there are three principal streets running parallel with the river, namely, Water, Main, and Benefit streets. On Main street, which is rather a narrow one, stand a number of public buildings, and many elegant brick edifices. On this side the river the land rises abruptly, and the cross streets have a steep ascent. Benefit street, one of the handsomest in Providence, has an elevated situation, affording charming views of the city, and east of it the city is laid out with much regularity, the streets generally running in an east and west direction, crossed by others nearly at right angles. This is probably the handsomest part of the city, and here many of its wealthiest men have erected their elegant mansions, which give an air of distinction to this quarter. On this hill, overlooking the city, is Brown University, a Baptist institution, established A. D. 1770. From this place there is a delightful view of the city, with a great extent of the surrounding country. There are many charming drives out from this part of the city; one of the most pleasing being to Swan Point Cemetery, about four miles north-east from Providence. This cemetery, although of recent construction, is already occupied to a considerable extent. For wild and sublime grandeur it will vie with many of its older competitors.

Among the public buildings of Providence are a State House, City Hall, Hospital, Jail, State Prison, Custom House, Athenaeum, the buildings of Brown University, the Museum, or Theatre, and a number of churches. The citizens of Providence have long been celebrated for their commercial spirit, and their large investments of capital in foreign commerce; but of late years, much of it has been directed to the pursuit of domestic manufactures. The amount of capital invested in manufacturing establishments, within as well as without the city, is very great. The manufactures consist chiefly of cotton goods, steam-engines, machinery, and copper, brass, iron, and tin wares. Lines of packets ply regularly to New York, Albany, Philadelphia, Baltimore, etc.—The view which we give above, represents the principal part of the city, taken from Smith's Hill, on the north side of the Cove. The long building, in the centre of the picture, is the new Railroad Depot, the erection of which, and the consequent improvement of the grounds

around, has benefited the city to an immense extent. The ground on which it stands, and indeed all that is seen entirely around the Cove, has been made, and redeemed from that body of water. A sea-wall was erected in a circular form, dirt was then filled in, upon which the depot was erected, between that and the water; and entirely around the Cove the grounds were laid out, trees were planted, and other improvements made, which have furnished the citizens with a most delightful promenade, where, a year or two since, extended an unsightly sheet of water. Round the circle, on the left, are seen the freight depots, and in the foreground, on that side, are some of the railroad workshops.—The view below of Market Square, is taken from Washington Buildings, on the west side of the bridge. The "What Cheer" Building—decidedly the handsomest structure in Providence—was erected within the past two or three years by an association of banks and insurance offices, who have their offices in the first story, while the other stories are let for offices, etc. In the rear is another building, in the basement of which is the post-office. The "What Cheer" Building stands on part of the site occupied by an old tavern still standing on its own ground, which has been intimately connected with all the early historical reminiscences of Providence. From the balcony of this tavern the proclamation announcing the accession of George the Third to the throne of England, was read to the populace in Market Square, in 1760. Subsequently the announcements of the passage and repeal of the Stamp Act, and finally, the adoption of the glorious Declaration of Independence were read at its time-honored balcony. That tavern is now the "What Cheer House," adjoining the "What Cheer" Building on the left. On the right of this picture is seen the Old Market, a venerable-looking building. On the opposite page we give a view of the Arcade,—one of the finest buildings of its kind in the country. It is on the west side of the river, and fronts on two streets, running through from Westminster street to Weybosset, or Broad street, having a Doric portico on each. It is 225 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 72 feet high, divided into three stories, containing upwards of 80 stores in each, the whole lighted by a glass roof. It is built of granite,



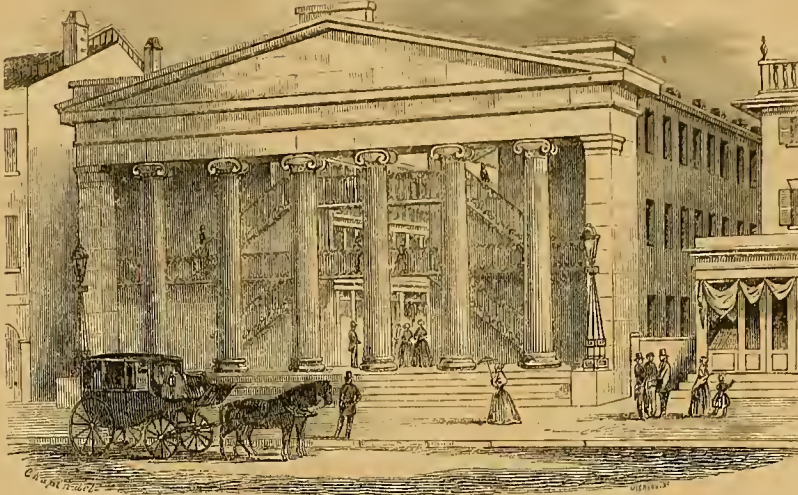
MARKET SQUARE AND "WHAT CHEER" BUILDING, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

and was completed in 1828, costing \$130,000. The Railroad Depot, a view of which is represented below, is located within a few rods of the centre of the city. It was erected in 1848, by the Providence and Worcester, and the Providence and Boston railroad companies. The Stonington Railroad also has its terminus here. It was designed by Mr. T. A. Telft, a talented young architect of Providence, and erected under the superintendence of Mr. James C. Bucklin. This, and the adjoining freight depot, were the first specimens of ornamental brick work in this country, and hence the adoption of the Lombardic style of architecture, of which this mode of construction is so characteristic. The octagonal buildings on the ends of the wings are devoted to offices; the passenger rooms are in the front of the first story of the main building, while the second story is appropriated to a large hall for exhibitional purposes.

Providence was first settled in 1636 by Roger Williams, who was banished from Massachusetts on account of his religious opposition, and who adopted in his new establishment the principles of universal toleration. It was incorporated as a town in 1649. It suffered considerably in the Indian war of 1675. In September 23d, 1815, a southeasterly storm drove an unusual tide into the harbor, raising the water 12 feet higher than the usual spring tides, spreading devastation and ruin along the wharves, destroying the bridge, demolishing one church, overturning houses and stores, and doing immense damage to the shipping. The total loss was estimated at over a million of dollars.

The buildings of Brown University, as before mentioned, occupy a commanding situation on Prospect street, at the head of College street, on the east side of the river. They are four in number, University Hall, Hope College, Manning Hall, and Rhode Island Hall. Manning Hall has a Doric portico in front, and is occupied by the chapel and library. This institution, which derived its name in 1804, from Nicholas Brown, Esq., its principal benefactor, was originally founded in Warren in 1766, and removed to Providence in 1770. The president and a majority of the trustees are required to be Baptists. It has a president and eight professors, and a very large and valuable library. The commencement is on the first Wednesday in September. It has an extensive philosophical and chemical apparatus; and the cabinets of mineralogy and natural history are very complete, and occupy Rhode Island Hall, which has also a number of spacious lecture rooms. A university grammar school is connected with the institution. The Athenaeum is a handsome Grecian Doric edifice of 40 feet front and 74 feet deep, and is occupied in the basement by the Franklin and Historical societies, the first of which has an extensive collection of models, philosophical instruments and curiosities; and the latter, a valuable collection of books, papers, and records. The upper story is occupied by the Athenaeum Society, with its valuable library, reading room, librarian's office and committee room. The cost of the building and its furniture was about \$20,000, and the library \$20,000.—The Friends' Boarding School, belonging to this denomination in New England, is a flourishing high school, situated three quarters of a mile from the university, has a spacious edifice of stone and brick, in a commanding situation, and some 200 pupils.

Providence possesses great commercial facilities, which have been well improved. The harbor, at the head of Narragansett Bay, 33 miles from the ocean, is spacious, and has a sufficient depth of water for the largest class of vessels. Formerly the East India trade was extensive, but is now less considerable than formerly. The trade is principally with ports of Europe, with the West Indies, particularly the island of Cuba, and with the Southern States. The extensive cotton manufactories in the vicinity require a large supply of cotton, and furnish a great amount of cotton goods to be sent abroad.



VIEW OF THE ARCADE, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

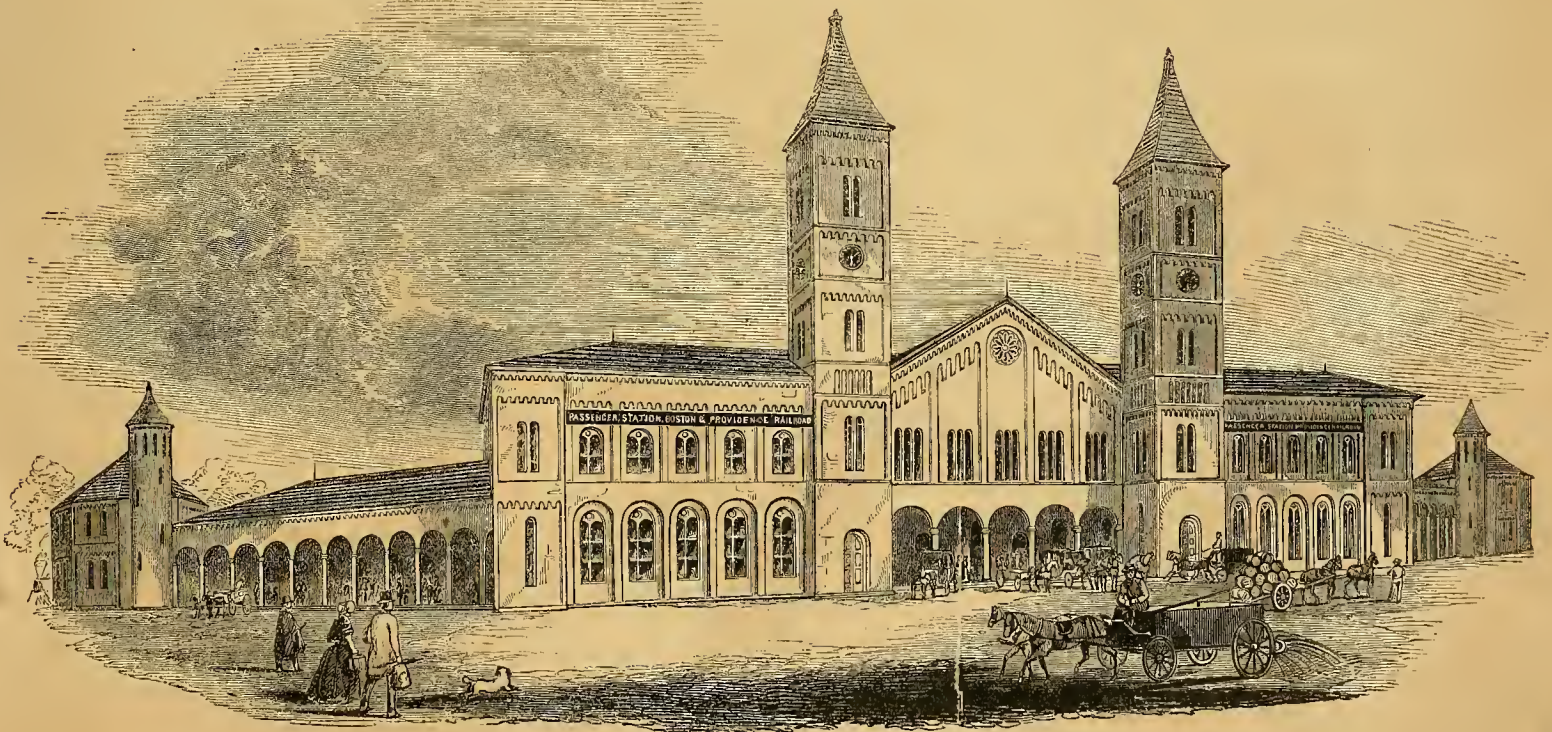
THE AUSTRIANS IN ITALY.

So ground down are they (the Milanese) by military and police, that the intensity of their hate has failed to lend them courage; but there it is, burning still with a dull, lurid glow, consuming themselves rather than the objects of it. Take an instance of its effects. The other day an exhibition of paintings was opened at the Brera. Among the works exposed was a portrait of an Austrian general officer in full uniform, with all his orders and decorations on his breast. It had not been up many hours when it was discovered that some person had, with a sharp penknife, slashed the portrait right down, from forehead to chin, and across from ear to ear! The stranger is now astonished to find this picture guarded by two sentries; but the seamed canvass tells its tale too well. At the same exhibition there was another incident which may throw some light on the real nature of the feelings which animate those two friendly nations, France and Austria, so far as the latter is concerned. In a conspicuous part of the room, the spectator pauses for a moment before a large canvass, not very remarkable as a work of art, though it seems to attract a considerable number of gazers, the military portion of whom, in particular, seem highly delighted with the subject, and smile and joke significantly. This subject is sufficiently simple. It represents a huge eagle perched on a rock, and screaming with triumph as it tears in pieces with its talons a dunghill cock, which seems to be cackling in vain for mercy through the storm of its flying feathers. The meaning of the picture is explained by the background, whereon may be fully discerned a group of Austrian Jagers, who seem to be putting to flight, shooting and bayoneting a detachment of French infantry. It is the Austrian eagle tearing the Gallie cock. But it had not been long on the walls before it was marked along its length and breadth in great letters of chalk with the pithy commentary, "Austerlitz! Marengo!" Of course, the chalk letters soon disappeared, but they have left some traces on the canvass yet—a keen reminder of the former subjugation of Austria.—*Milan Letter, October 1.*

GUANO.

With the nature and uses of this substance every one is familiar. But where and how it is obtained, and other facts connected with the sources of supply, are not so well known—and as guano has been productive of considerable public excitement of late, a chapter upon the subject may not be devoid of interest. It is a common impression that the discovery of the fertilizing properties of guano has been quite recently made, and that it is only within a few years that it has come into use. This is by no means the case. It has been used by the Peruvians ever since the discovery of America, having been imported by them from the islands of the coast. Humboldt was one of the first who carried it to Europe and brought it into notice on that continent. This must have been at least thirty years since. It was first introduced into this country in 1825, but was not used to any extent, and was soon forgotten. It was not until it was extensively employed in England, that it was again imported into this country. Even now very little, comparatively, is used here, as will be seen by the following statement of the imports for three years: In 1849, 21,243 tons; 1850, 11,740 do.; 1851, 23,153 do. The importation of this article into England amounts at the present time to not far from 200,000 tons per year. Guano is found upon barren islands on the coast of Peru, Bolivia, Chili, and Patagonia. It is sometimes met with on the headlands of the coast. That from the coast of Peru and Bolivia is by far the best, for the reason that rain seldom visits those latitudes. That derived from islands farther south, being frequently saturated with moisture, is partially decomposed, and has much of its fertilizing properties washed away. Guano consists of the excrement of sea birds, intermixed with the bones of fishes, the fleshy parts

of which have served them for food, the shells of eggs, and the remains of the birds themselves—all of which are partially decomposed and mixed together. It accumulates rapidly, first, because the swarms of birds of which it is the product are numberless, and secondly, because it is very rarely washed by rains. The quantity of the deposits on some of the islands is almost incredible. It is stated by Mr. Wilson, formerly British consul at Peru, that on the Chincha islands—notwithstanding more than three hundred tons a year have been taken away for use in Peru for centuries, and of late years many thousands of tons—it is estimated that there is still remaining the enormous quantity of 17,000,000 tons. An official survey of several islands claimed by Peru was made in 1847, from which it was ascertained that there were on them over 23,000,000 tons—enough at the present rate of consumption to supply the world one hundred and seventy years. In some places on the Chincha islands the guano is two hundred feet thick, and it varies from that thickness down to three or four feet. It occurs in successive horizontal strata, each of which is from three to ten inches thick. The lower strata is of a dark brown color, growing lighter towards the surface. No earthy matter is found in these vast deposits. At the time of the first introduction of guano to the world, it was generally supposed to exist only on the coast of Peru and the adjacent islands. But its value stimulated search, and deposits of a similar character were found on the coast of Patagonia, and on portions of the coast of Africa. Near the latter the island of Ichaboe was discovered to be covered with this valuable fertilizer, from which large quantities were procured. But the island being accessible to the whole world without restriction, there was quite a scramble for the article, and the guano was soon removed. It has been stated that there were at one time over two hundred vessels loading at Ichaboe. The manner of loading guano is usually to haul the vessel under a cliff, if practicable, or if not, the ship's boat, and fill up by means of a chute, or long canvass bag open at both ends, and leading from the cliff to the hold of the vessel or into the boat.—*Boston Journal.*



VIEW OF THE RAILROAD DEPOT, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A RUSTIC DREAM.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Is it not the snowing, Harry,
That I hear against the pane?
Lay the faded embers closer,
Till the cabin glow again;
And while the frozen hill-tops
Grow smooth, and high, and white,
I'll tell you of a vision—
'Twas the middle of the night,
For I had heard the crowing
Of the cock upon the bough—
(I do not hear the snowing
At the window, plainer now)
Ere I fell into a slumber
That was very calm and deep;
So, Harry, darling Harry,
You may know I was asleep.

I thought that I was gleaming
In the noontide summer heat—
I could hear the pleasant rushing
Of the sickles in the wheat;
And I said, in such a sunshine,
The hay itself will make:
Let us rest us with the redbirds
That are whistling in the brake;
For the winds were creeping snakelike
O'er the meadow, hot and steep,
And I saw that you were weary—
Harry, this was all in sleep.

June was dallying with her lover
Of the humming "lilless eye,"
And the redness of the roses
Was her deeply-blushed reply.
All the birds were gathered softly
To their boughs of love, and we—
We were not thinking, Harry,
Of the harvest work to be.
And I said, for I was dreaming,
And I knew not it was wrong—
"O, your voice is sweetest music,
Sing me any simple song,
So that love be in the poem!"
And while singing for my sake,
Twice or thrice I kissed your forehead—
But I never will, awake.
Then your voice grew low and trembled,
Though you sought to make it rough;
And you said you must be sleeping,
You had rested long enough;
But you kept your arm about me
Till the even-shadow deep,
And I wish—shall I confess it—
That it had not been in sleep.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON.

No. II.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

TRIM'S "Christmas week" commenced on the 18th of December, and ended on the 8th of January—so the farce hath it—and the same computation of holiday time is used by our legislative Solons "in congress assembled." Indeed, the only thing done in either house up to the present date, is homage paid to the memory of Mr. Webster. In the Senate, Commodore Stockton's remarks were truly eloquent, as they evidently came—unvarnished and sincerely—from the gallant sailor's heart. Gen. Cass won high honor by his generous tribute of praise to his long-time opponent, and Judge Butler was never more happy in his glowing imagery, clothed with ardent eloquence. Mr. Appleton, of Maine, carried off the palm among the eulogists in the House—his enunciation is musical, and his remarks, well worded and free from cant, were delivered with easy grace.

The President's Message is already printed, and its typography reflects credit upon the "Union office," where it was executed. Our national documents, for some years past, have been issued in a disgraceful style, and it is a treat to see a creditable reform commenced. Of the mass of interesting matter embraced in these executive volumes, I shall not pretend to speak, but I can but hope that Gen. Scott's suggestions will not be lost, particularly those respecting the militia.

Another interesting document is the "estimate" for the fiscal year commencing in June next, and a goodly array of figures it presents, amounting to upwards of *thirty millions of dollars!* Poor Uncle Sam! As his family increases his expenses increase also, and the surplus in his treasury offers fearful temptations. I expect every day to see the gallant Fisher here, with a "claim" for his losses as aid to the gallant Stebbins, at the Duckborough sham-fight. It would not be much more unreasonable than some of the "claims" pertinaciously urged.

One of the new schemes is the erection of mansions for the Vice President and the different cabinet officers, making eight in all, which, when furnished, are only to cost \$300,000. The idea originated with W. W. Corcoran, Esq., the prominent banker here, whose liberality and hospitality render him dear to his fellow-citizens. He has just established and laid out a fine rural cemetery, in Georgetown, of which I shall speak in a subsequent number, as also of the fine hotel recently established in that twin city of the metropolis.

Another new idea, and an excellent one, is a proposition made by Mr. Martin, the celebrated marine artist of Philadelphia, to paint two large naval pictures for the rotunda of the capitol. The

achievements of the army are represented there, on the admired canvas of Trumbull, and it seems right that the gallant deeds of the other arm of the service should be portrayed. One of Mr. Martin's proposed subjects is the "Constitution and the Guerriere," where Hull, on the ocean, wiped away the reverses of his namesake on the land; the other is the night combat between the "Bon Homme Richard and the Scorpion," where Paul Jones so gallantly upheld the stars and stripes. This is much admired—the Alliance is hardly visible, being wreathed in the drapery of smoke from the combat, while the two other vessels stand prominent in the blended light of the moon and the glare of a tremendous cannonade. Let us have these pictures. Our naval service is to be re-organized and revived under the new administration, and its ambition should be stimulated by graphic transcripts of past victories.

Among other artists who reside in the District, is Charles Lanman, Esq., who is also favorably known to the public as an author. Mr. Lanman is especially happy in his forest landscapes, and some of them adorn the drawing-rooms of the best judges. Major Eastman is also deservedly complimented for his Indian portraits, and his landscapes in which are introduced the sons of the forest, pursuing their sports or warfare.

Whitehurst's Daguerrean Gallery has been honored with a distinguished party of sitters within a few days past—Mr. J. Vannerson having been taking portraits of all the Senators. These form quite a gallery of art, numbering about sixty, and embracing the magnates of the land. Mr. C. H. Brainard, whilom of Boston, is preparing a series of biographical sketches to illustrate them, and, when engraved in a finished style, they will greet the readers of the Pictorial. This unrivalled attempt to render every American familiar with the lineaments of those who make the laws which govern him, is deservedly complimented here, and is another proof of the liberal manner in which the Pictorial newspaper of this continent is conducted.

Mr. Everett is cleaning out the over-crammed pigeon-holes in the State Department, with a diligence that has imparted new life to the staid and decorous clerks who keep the nation's diplomatic secrets. The library, and every other branch of the department, will be in apple-pie order by the time the new incumbent is ready to enter upon his duties.

And who will he be? Could any spiritual rapper have a genuine list of the in-coming cabinet, money could be made by exhibiting it, but it is thought by those best informed, that General Peirce will keep his own secrets. All parties appear to have high confidence in his integrity and good faith, and the advance guard of office-seekers already falters, and begins to waver.

But here I am back to politics again—indeed, there is no other gossip afloat, and it would never do, in these holiday times, to commence sight-seeing. Next week I hope to send a budget more worthy of the exquisite typographical garb in which the Pictorial is now arrayed. May it live a thousand years—and may the fortune of its enterprising proprietor never be less!

EASTERN DISCOVERIES.

An abstract from a letter from Persia is given in the Boston Chronicle, describing recent antiquarian discoveries, made by a commission that have been recently employed in running a boundary line between Persia and Turkey. According to the account they have come upon the remains of the palace of Shusan, mentioned in the sacred books of Esther and Daniel; together with the tomb of Daniel the Prophet. The locality answers to the received tradition of its position and the internal evidence, arising from its correspondence with the description of the palace recorded in the sacred history, amounts almost to demonstration. The reader can turn to Esther 1: 6; there he will read of a "pavement of red, blue, and white, and black" marble in that palace. *That pavement still exists, and as described by Col. Williams, corresponds to the description given thus in the sacred history.* And in the marble column of dilapidated ruins, the sculpture and the remaining marks of greatness and glory that are scattered around, the commissioners read the exact truth of the history of the sacred penman. Not far from the place stands a man bound hand and foot, with a huge lion in the net of springing on him. No history could speak more graphically the story of Daniel in the Lion's Den. The commissioners have with them an able corps of engineers and scientific men, and most interesting discoveries may be expected. The Persian arrowheads are found upon the palace and the tomb. Glass bottles, elegant as those placed upon the toilet-stands of the ladies of our day have been discovered—with other indications of art and refinement, which bear out the statements of the Bible. Thus, twenty-five hundred years after the historians of Esther and Daniel made their records, their histories are verified by the peaceful movements of the nations of our day.—*Boston Transcript.*

TRUTH IN CONVERSATION.

The love of truth is the stimulus to all noble conversation. This is the root of all the charities. The tree which springs from it may have a thousand branches, but they will all bear a golden and generous fruitage. It is the loftiest impulse to inquire—willing to communicate and more willing to receive—contemptions of petty curiosity, but passionate for glorious knowledge. Speech without it is but a babble. Rhetoric is more noisy but less useful than the timm's trade. When the love of truth fires up the passions, puts its lightning in the brain, then men may know that a prophet is among them. This is the spring of all heroism, and clothes the martyr with a flame that outshines the flame that kills him. Compared with this, the emulations of argument—the pungenies of sarcasm—the pride of logic—the pomp of declamation—are as the sounds of an anatomist to the voice of a man.—*Dewey.*

REPOSE OF MANNER.—Gentleness in the gait is what simplicity is in the dress. Violent gesture or quick movement inspires involuntary disrespect. One looks for a moment at a cascade, but one sits for hours, lost in thought and gazing upon the still water of a lake. A deliberate gait, gentle manners, and gracious tone of voice—all of which may be acquired, give a mediocre man an immense advantage over those vastly superior to him. To be boldly tranquil, to speak little, and to digest without effort are absolutely necessary to grandeur of mind or of presence, or proper development of genius.—*Bulzac.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

DEDICATION FOR AN ALBUM.

BY B. J. ROWE.

"Here shall young Genius wing his eagle flight,
Rich dewdrops shaking from his plumes of light."

Far richer jewels, and more valued gems
Than ever graced imperial diadems—
The choicest treasures of the human mind,
Within this casket oft a place shall find.

Here, fairer, lovelier, and more fragrant flowers
Than ever bloomed beneath Arcadian bowers—
The flowers of fancy, which all hearts engage,
Shall deck each spotless and unsullied page.

Full many a cherished and familiar name,
More dear to friendship even than to fame,
Around which memory will her garlands twine,
Shall have a place within this sacred shrine.

Here shall the purest thoughts and feelings flow,
Here shall the heart's sincere affection glow;
Here virtue's precepts shall the store increase,
Here shall true wisdom point to paths of peace;
While lovely friendship, with her inducement wide,
Shall o'er them all in harmony preside.

And when long, circling years have rolled away,
And friends departed who are here to-day—
When those whose names this treasured book contains,
Are widely scattered o'er earth's distant plains,
Then shall my mind each former scene unfold,
And with those friends a sweet communion hold!

Then, still each offering shall its power possess,
The rough and rugged path of life to bless;
Still shall each thought be gentle or sublime,
And live as lasting and as long as time.

A ROYAL BOTANIST.

There is one king in Europe who is a good practical botanist, and who must look back upon the hours spent in the arrangement of his fine herbarium with far more pleasure than upon those wasted in a vain and retrograde course of politics. The monarch in question is his majesty of Saxony, who, in his scientific career at least, has gained honor and respect. Many are the stories told by his subjects of their ruler's adventures when following his favorite and harmless hobby; how, more than once, astray from his yawning courtiers, he had wandered in search of some vegetable rarity across the frontier of his legitimate dominions, and on attempting to return was locked up by his own guards as a spy or a smuggler, since he could produce no passport nor give any more probable account of himself than the preposterous assertion that he was their king. Fifteen years ago he made a famous excursion to the stony and piratical little republic of Montenegro. It was literally a voyage of botanical discovery, and the potentate sailed down the Adriatic in a steamer fitted out with all the appliances of scientific investigation. On its deck he might be seen busily engaged in laying out his plants, ably and zealously assisted by his equerries and aides-de-camp, and guided by the advice of eminent botanists, who accompanied him as members of his suite. Surely such a kingly progress had never been seen before unless Alexander the Great may have relieved the monotony of conquering by making occasional natural-history excursions with his quondam tutor Aristotle. The Montenegrins, on ordinary occasions very troublesome, and by no means trustworthy people—folks who still keep many of the worst habits of the old Scottish Highlanders—were mystified into tranquility by the peculiar proceedings of their royal visitor and his noble attendants. Resolved, however, to render due honor to so distinguished and unusual a guest, they furnished a guard of state to accompany him in all his peregrinations; and, whenever his botanical majesty stooped to gather a new or rare specimen, the soldiers halted, and with much ceremony presented arms.—*Westminster Review.*

SOUTH AFRICAN REPTILES.

I was going to bed one evening, wearied by a long day's hunting, when close to my feet, and by my bedside, some glittering substance caught my eye. I stooped to pick it up, but ere my hand reached it, the truth flashed across me—it was a snake. Had I followed my first natural impulse, I should have sprung away; but not being able to see clearly in what position the reptile was lying, or which way his head was pointed, I controlled myself, and remained rooted breathless to the spot. Straining my eyes, but moving not an inch, I at length clearly distinguished a huge puff-adder—his head was from me—so much the worse; for this snake, unlike any other, always rises and strikes back. He did not move—he was asleep. Not daring to shuffle my feet, lest he should awake and spring at me, I took a jump backwards that would have done honor to a gymnastic master, and thus darted outside the door of the room. With a thick stick I then returned and settled his worship. Some parts of South Africa swarm with snakes; none are free from them. I have known three men killed by them in one harvest on a farm in Oliphant's Hook. There is an immense variety of them, the deadliest being the puff-adder, a thick and comparatively short snake. Its bite will kill occasionally within an hour. One of my friends lost a favorite and valuable horse by its bite, in less than two hours after the attack. It is a sluggish reptile, and, therefore, more dangerous; for, instead of rushing away, like its fellows, at the sound of approaching footsteps, it half raises its head and hisses.—"The Cape," by A. W. Cole.

BOYHOOD.

Boys—when they are boys—are queer enough. How many ridiculous notions they have, and what singular desires, which in after life change and shape themselves into characteristics! Who remembers when he would have sold his birth-right for a rocking-horse, and his new suit of clothes for a monkey? Who forgets the sweet-faced girl, older than himself, against whose golden hair he leaned and wept his griefs away? Who recalls when the thought of being a circus-rider appeared greater than to be President; and how jealously he watched the little fellows that wore spangled jackets and turned somersets, and prayed to become like them? If memory preserve not these caprices, or something similar, the boy is lost in the man. Happy visions! they come but once and go quickly, leaving us ever to sigh for a return of what can never be again.—*Winchester Republican.*

Of all wild beasts, preserve me from a tyrant;
And of all tame—a flatterer.—*Ben Jonson.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A LOST PICTURE.

BY T. RUOHANAN READ.

Time was, when with the unreluctant
Of an enamored soul and hand,
In lieu of these cold words that faint
And waver like a willow wand
Before the vision I would paint,
I might have seized the ready brush,
And with the limner's better art,
Poured out the softer lines that flush
And flow within the painter's heart.
I would have shown you where she stood,
Or brightly passed through sun and shade;
Her stately form, her air subdued,
Her dark eye mellowing to the mood
That round her limner's spirit played.
I would have wrought the daylight through
To give what yet before me beams,
And ceased at eve but to renew
The impassioned labor in my dreams.
But this is past—life takes and gives,
And o'er the dust of hopes long gone,
The vision brightens as it lives,
And mocks the hand that would have drawn!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE NEW YEAR'S STOCKINGS.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIYAGE.

"NEVER crosses his t's, nor dots his i's, and his n's and v's and r's are all alike!" said, almost despairingly, Mr. Simon Quillpen, the painstaking clerk of old Lawyer Latitat, as he sat late at night, on the last day of the year, digging away at the copy of a legal document his liberal patron and employer had placed in his hands in the early part of the evening. "Thank Heaven!" he added, laying down his pen, and consulting a huge silver bull's eye which he pulled from a threadbare fob, "I shall soon get through this job, and then, hey for roast potatoes and the charming society of Mrs. Q.!" And with this consolatory reflection, he resumed his work with redoubled energy.

Mr. Quillpen was a little man; not so very little as to pass for a phenomenon, but certainly too small to be noticed by a recruiting grenadier sergeant. His nose was quite sharp and gave his wild, thin countenance, particularly as he carried his head a little on one side, a very bird-like air. He trod, too, gingerly and lightly, very like a sparrow or a tom-tit; and, to complete the analogy, his head being almost always surmounted by a pen, he had a sort of crested, blue-jayish aspect, that was rather comical. Quillpen had a very little wife and three very little children, Bob, Chiffy and the baby; the last the ultimate specimen of the *diminuendo*. It was well for them that they were so small, for Quillpen obtained his *starvelinghood* by driving the quill for Mr. Latitat at four hundred dollars a year, to which Mrs. Quillpen added from time to time, certain little sums derived from making shirts and overalls at the rate of about ten cents the million stitches.

Whether Mr. Latitat was able to pay more was a question that never entered the minute brain of Simon Quillpen; for he had so humble an opinion of his own merits, and was always so contented and cheerful, that he regarded his salary as enormous, and was wont playfully to sign little confidential notes Croesus Quillpen and Girard Quillpen, and on rare convivial occasions would sometimes style himself Baron Rothschild. But this last title was very rarely indulged in because it once sent his particular crony, a chuckle-headed clerk in the post-office, into a cachinnatory fit which was "rather in the apoplectic line."

"To return to our muttens," Simon dug away at his copying with an occasional reverential glance at a certain low oaken door, opening into the *penetralia* of this abode of law and righteousness, behind which oaken door, at that very moment, sat Mr. Lucius Latitat, either deeply engaged in the solution of some vast legal problem, or calculating the interest on an outstanding note, or consulting with chuckling delight a list of mortgages to be foreclosed.

Well—Quillpen finished his document, wiped his pen on a thick velvet butterfly, laid it in the rack above the ink, pushed back his chair from the table, withdrew the cambric sleeve from his right arm, and smoothed down his wristbands, having first put on his India-rubber overshoes. The fact is, he was very anxious to get home, and he could not go without first seeing Mr. Latitat. The idea of knocking at Mr. Latitat's door on business of his own, never once occurred to him. He would do that for a client, but not for himself. So he ventured on a series of low coughs, and finding no notice was taken of them, he dropped the poker into the coalhod, the most daring act he had ever perpetrated. The slight noise thus produced crashed on his guilty ears like thunder, or rather with the roar of a universal earthquake. Slight, however, as it was, it brought out Mr. Latitat from his interior.

"What the deuce are you making such a racket for?" he exclaimed in tones that thrilled to the heart of his employee; then, without waiting for an answer, he slightly glanced at the table, and asked, "have you got through that job?"

"Yes'm—I mean, yes'r," replied the quivering Simon.

"Well, then, you can go. I'm going myself. You blow out the lights and lock the room. And mind and be here early to-morrow morning. Nothing like beginning the New Year well. Good night."

"Mr. Latitat, sir!" cried Quillpen, with desperate resolution, as he saw the great man about to disappear—"please, sir—could you let me have a little money to-night?"

"Why! what do you want of money?" retorted the lawyer.

"O! I 'spose you have a host of unpaid bills."

"No sir; no sir, that's not it,"—Simon listened to say. "I haint got narry bill standing. I pay as I go. Cash takes the lot!"

"None of your coarse, vulgar slang to me!" said Latitat. "Reserve it for your loose companions. If not to pay bills, what for?"

"Please, sir,—we, that is Mrs. Q. and myself, want to put something in the children's stockings, sir."

"Then put the children's legs in 'em!" said the lawyer with a grin. "I make no payments to be used for any such ridiculous purposes. Good night. Yet, stay—take this letter—there's money in it—a large amount—put it in the post-office with your own hands as you go home."

"And you can't let me have a trifle?" gasped Simon.

"Not a cent!" snarled the lawyer; and he slammed the door behind him, and went heavily down the stairs.

"I wonder how it feels to punch a man's head," said Simon, as he stood rooted to the spot where Mr. Latitat left him. "It's illegal—it's actionable, there are fines and penalties provided by the statute; but it seems as if there were cases that might justify the operation—morally. But then, again—what good would it do to punch his head? Punching his head wouldn't get me money—and if I was to try it on, finding that the licks didn't bring out the cash, I might be tempted to help myself to the cash and that would be highway robbery; and when the panchee ventured to suggest that, the pancher might be tempted to silence him. O, Lord! that's the way these murders in the first degree happen; and I think that I was almost on the point of taking the first step. I really think I look a little like Babe, the pirate," added the poor man, glancing at his mild but disturbed features in the glass; "or like Captain Kidd, or leastways like Country McClusky—a regular bruiser!"

Sitting down before the grate and stirring it feebly with the poker, he tried to devise some feasible plan for supplying the vacuum in his treasury. He might borrow, but then all his friends were very poor and particularly hard up—at this particular season of the year. The bull's-eye watch might have been "spouted," if he had foreseen this contingency; but every avuncular relative was now at this hour of the night, snug abed to a dead certainty. Purchasing on credit was not to be thought of, and the only toy-shop which kept open late enough for his purchases, was kept by a man to whom he was totally unknown. Time galloped on, meanwhile, and the half-hour struck.

"I'll slip that letter in the post-office and then go home," said Simon sorrowfully, rising as he spoke, and grasping his inseparable umbrella.

"Hallo! shipmate! where-away?" cried a hoarse voice. And Mr. Quillpen became aware of the presence of an "ancient mariner," enveloped in a very rough dread-nought, and finished off with a large amount of whiskers and tarpaulin.

"I was going home, sir," replied Simon, with the deferential air of a very little to a very big man.

"Ay—going to clap on hatches and deadlights. Well, tell me one thing—where-away may one find one Mr. Latitat—a shore-going cove, a regular land-shark, d'ye see?"

"This is Mr. Latitat's office, sir," said Simon.

"Ay—and is he within hail?"

"No, sir, he has gone home."

"Slipped his cable—hey? just my luck! Well, one might snooze comfortably on this here table—mightn't he? You can clear out, and I'll take care of the shop till morning."

"That would be perfectly inadmissible, sir," said Simon, "the idea of a stranger's sleeping here?"

"A stranger!" cried the sailor. "Why, shipmate, do you happen to know who I am? Look at me! Don't you find somewhat of a family likeness to Lucius in my old weather-beaten mug? Why, man-alive, I'm his brother,—his own blood brother! You must a heard him speak of me. Been cruising round the world in chase of Fortune, but could never overhaul her. Been sick, shipwrecked, and now come back as poor as I went. But Lucius has got enough for both of us. How glad he'll be to see me to-morrow, hey, old Ink-and-tape?"

Simon had his doubts about that matter, but told the sailor to come in the morning, and see.

"That I will," said the tar, "and start him up with a rousing Happy New Year! But I say, shipmate, I don't want to sleep in the watch-house. Have you never a shilling about your trowsers?"

Simon answered that he hadn't a cent.

"Why! don't that brother of mine give you good wages?"

"Enormous!" said Simon.

"What becomes of it all?"

"I spend it all—I'm very extravagant," said Simon, shaking his head. "And then, I'm sorry to say, your brother isn't always punctual in his payments. To-night, for instance, I couldn't get a cent from him."

"Then I tell you what I'd do, shipmate," said the sailor confidentially. "I'd overhaul some of his letters. Steam will loosen a wafer, and a hot knife-blade wax. I'd overhaul his money-letters and pay myself. Ha! ha! do you take? Now, that letter you've got in your fin, my boy, looks wondrous like a dokiment clock full of shipplasters. What do you say to making prize of 'em? wouldn't it be a jolly go?"

"Stand off!" said Simon, assuming a heavy round ruler, and a commanding attitude. "Don't you come anigh me, or there'll be a case of justifiable homicide here. How dare you counsel me to commit a robbery on your own brother? I wonder you ain't ashamed to look me in the face."

"A elap as has cruised as many years as I have in the low latitudes ain't afraid to look anybody in the face," answered the "ancient mariner" grimly. "I made you a fair offer, shipmate, and you rejected it like a long-shore jackass as you are. Good night to ye."

Much to his relief, the sailor took himself off, and Simon, after locking and double locking his door, went to the post-office and deposited the letter with which he had been entrusted. As he lived a grent way up on the Neck, he did not reach home until after all the clocks of the city had struck twelve, so that he was able to surprise his little wife, who was sitting up for him, with a "Happy New Year!"

He cast a rueful eye at the line of stockings hung along the mantel-piece in the sitting-room, and then sorrowfully announced to his wife his failure to obtain money of Mr. Latitat.

"Here'll be nothing for the stockings, Meg," said he, "unless what the poor children put in ours."

"I am very sorry," said his wife, who bore the announcement much better than he anticipated; "but we'll have a happy New Year for all that."

Simon's roasted potatoes were completely charred, he had been detained so late; but there was a little meal in the centre of each, and charcoal is not at all unhealthy. He went to bed, and in spite of his cares, slept the sleep of the just.

A confused babbling awoke him at daylight. Master Bobby was standing on his stomach, Miss Chiffy was seated nearly on his head, and baby was crowing in its cradle. Happy New Years and kisses were exchanged. "O, dear papa and mamma!" cried Bobby, "what a beautiful horse I found in my stocking!"

"And what a beautiful wax doll with eyes that move in mine," said Chiffy,—"and such a splendid rattle and coral in baby's. Go, do go down and see what there is in yours."

"This is some of your work, little woman," whispered Simon to his wife. But the little woman denied it emphatically. Much mystified, he hurried down to the breakfast-room. The children had made the usual offering of very hard and highly-colored sugar-plums; but in each of the two large stockings, stowed away at the bottom was a roll of bank notes, five hundred dollars in each.

"Somebody wants to ruin us!" cried Simon, bursting into tears. "This is stolen money, and they want to lay it on to us."

"All I know about it," said Mrs. Quillpen, "is that last night, just before you came home, a sailor-man came here with all these things, and said they were for us, and made me promise to put them in the stockings, as he directed, and say nothing about his visit to you."

"A sailor!" cried Simon,—"I have it! I think I know who it is. Good-by—I'll be back to breakfast directly."

Simon ran to the office, and found, as he anticipated, Mr. Latitat there before him.

"A happy New Year to you, sir," said he. "Have you seen your brother?"

"I have not," replied Mr. Latitat.

Simon then told him all that happened on the preceding night; the apparition of the sailor,—the temptation—the money found in the stockings, in proof of which he showed the thousand dollars, and stating his fears that they had been stolen, offered to deposit the sum in his employer's hands.

"Keep 'em, shipmate, they were meant for you!" exclaimed Mr. Latitat, suddenly and queerly, assuming the very voice and look of the nautical brother of the preceding evening.

While Simon stared his eyes out of his head, Mr. Latitat informed him that he had no brother,—that he had disguised himself for the purpose of putting his clerk's long-tried fidelity to a final test, and that sustained triumphantly, had rewarded him in the manner we have seen. He told how, disgusted in early life by the treachery and ingratitude of friends and relations who had combined to ruin him, he had become a misanthrope and miser; how the spectacle of Simon's disinterested fidelity, rigid sense of honor, self-denial and cheerfulness, had won back his better nature, and he wound off, as he shook Quillpen warmly by the hand, by announcing that he had raised his salary to twelve hundred dollars per annum.

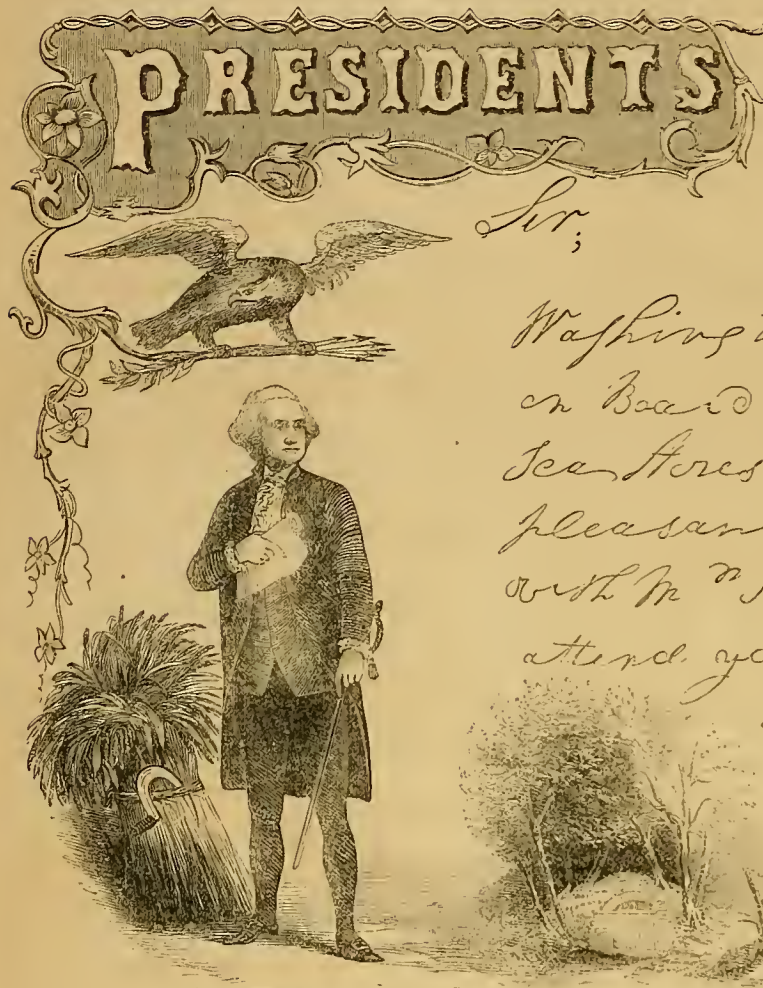
The good news almost killed Simon. "Please your honor," said he, endeavoring to frame an appropriate reply,—"no—that ain't—please your excellency—you've gone and done it,—you've gone and done it! I was Baron Rothschild before, and now—no—I can't tell what I am,—it isn't in no biographical dictionary, and I don't believe it's in the 'Wealth of Nations!'"

"Well, never mind," said Latitat, laughing, "go home and tell Mrs. Q. the office wont be open till to-morrow, and that I shall depend on dining with you all to-day."

A MEXICAN FUNERAL.

A recent letter from Acapulco thus describes the funeral of two sisters—beautiful girls of eighteen and twenty years. They were carried to the grave in the evening, side by side, in an open funeral car, in elegant dresses, which they had made with their own hands for the Spanish hall which was to have taken place on the evening of their burial. The car in which the corpses lay was splendidly decorated—rising above the head of each a beautifully gilded crown, and at their feet gilded ornamental work, representing three half moons. In their hands, which were locked together in the attitude of prayer, they had bouquets of flowers, and their brows were encircled with wreaths of roses. The faces of the young girls were uncovered; but partly concealing their magnificent dresses, was thrown over them a richly-worked lace veil covered almost completely with offerings of flowers, while their tiny feet, encased in plum-colored silk stockings and satin-laced shoes, were slightly exposed to view. The car was borne on the shoulders of negroes; following them, six others, with the top of the burial case; and following the latter still, six others, with a table, upon which the car was set down in the street at intervals. A band of music, playing a lively tune, preceded the cortege, and almost the whole city saw them placed in the tomb, and chanted over them the burial service of the Catholic church.—*Even Gazette.*

Types of Mind: or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.



Monrovia 5th July 1797.

Sir;

*As you pass by, Mr. Land
Washington will put a sheep or two
on Board your vessel in aid of your
Sea Stores — My best wishes for a
pleasant voyage & happy meeting
with Mr. Rumsey & your friends
attend you*

I am with esteem

Sir

Y^r most Obed^t Serv^t

G. Washington

GEORGE WASHINGTON.—A glance at the excellent fac-simile of his autograph, which forms the chief ornament of this page, must bring a glow of reverential gratitude to the heart of every true American. We are fortunate in having numerous specimens of his regular, open, decided hand-writing, and could have given dispatches written when he served under Braddock—or when he was marshalling the peasant recruits into veteran conquerors—or when the sentry walks of his destitute soldiers were stained with the blood of their naked feet, cut by the frozen ground—or when he humbled the British Lion at Yorktown—or when he occupied

the Presidential chair. But we have preferred to select a friendly note, written after his retirement from office, and showing the kind heart of the brightest name inscribed upon the incomparable list of American Farmers—and, with a portrait of the "Father of his Country," is a faithful representation of the simple tomb, shaded by trees, in which his mortal remains were first laid, and where they were visited, years afterward, by Lafayette. How many scenes of national interest does the graver here recall! What deeds of patriotism and of virtue—what a life-record of republican majesty—comes forth from the page upon which the hand that

refused a sceptre traced the workings of the master-mind of our nation! The rising sun of our independence gilded his chaplet of fame; and when that national orb, now at the zenith of renown, shall sink behind the horizon of empire, it will linger to play around that ruined sepulchre—the rightful receptacle of Washington's ashes—

"But, spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee,
For, like thine own eagle, that soars to the sun,
Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind thee
A name which, before thee, no mortal had won."

*Very respectfully, Sir
your most obedient
John Adams.*

Your very humble and obed^t Serv^t

John Quincy Adams

W. H. Harrison

*I have the honor to be
Dear Sir your Obed^t Serv^t*

Th. Jefferson

Andrew Jackson

Hermitage

John Tyler

*A true Copy of an
Authentic Document*

James M. Adams

J. H. Lake

Millard Fillmore

*your friend
Jas Monroe*

Wm. B. Brown

Wm. B. Brown

J. Taylor

JOHN ADAMS, the second President, wrote a conservative, easy hand, and the signature, larger than the text, shows he was aware of his social position, his wealth, and his attainments.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who was elected sixth President during the life of his father, inherited, with his name and fortune, a small, clear autograph, superior in neat tameness to that of any American statesman, and, towards the close of his useful life, somewhat crabbed. There is nothing mistakeable about it, however, and it was evidently his constant determination, as his industrious pen covered thousands of pages, not to write a "line that dying, he would wish to blot."

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, ninth President, was a worthy citizen and a war-worn soldier, when dragged from his humble home to the White House. There the simplicity and frankness so clearly indicated by his autograph, could not stand against the wily arts of politicians, or the ravenous assaults of political cormorants, and he soon breathed his last.

JOHN TYLER, who was called to the Presidential chair by the death of General Harrison, is yet amongst us, and therefore it may be impertinent to analyze his bold, dashing, hap-hazard autograph. One thing can be said, however, and that is, that honesty can be traced on every line, and is embodied in the formation of every letter.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, the third President, was one of those statesmen who are not made great by office, but upon whom office is conferred because they are great. His autograph, in which the Declaration of Independence was first enshrined, is nervously bold, and at one time was almost majestic in its proportions. In the later years of his life, when laboring in the cause of letters at Monticello, his hand-writing bore the quiet, even traces of a simple life and consciousness of public esteem.

JAMES MADISON, fourth President, wrote an irresolute hand, lacking in firmness, yet possessing many evidences of a highly cultivated intellect.

ANDREW JACKSON, who was the seventh chief magistrate of the nation's choice, was a man of resolute will, high integrity, and determination to carry out the views of his iron mind. His autograph shows this, and there is not in our national archives a more genuine specimen of American chirography, than are those pages which were written by the gallant "Hero of New Orleans."

JAMES K. POLK, the tenth President of the people's choice, wrote a fluent, handsome and ornamental hand, characteristic of that extraordinary energy which history chronicles as the prominent traits of his mind.

JAMES MONROE, the fifth President, was a profound statesman, whose sagacity, discretion, and ability are portrayed in the

many pages of his autograph which he has left behind. His election was a popular triumph, and his unassuming patriotism made him one of the most popular incumbents of the chair of state.

MARTIN VAN BUREN's hand-writing is clear, passionless, and non-committal. Every word of the eighth President's chirography appears to have been first weighed, and then written with apparent haste. Every line bears autographic evidence of profound thought, logical power, and careful preparation, if not of transcendent abilities or brilliant genius.

ZACHARY TAYLOR, of whom his soldiers used to say that he wrote orders with a pistol ramrod, has a good name among those who have filled the Presidential chair, for his pure integrity and tried patriotism inspired universal confidence. But his true glory is that of the camp, where his simplicity of manners and gallant services won him a reputation which filled the hearts of his countrymen, and led them to add a civic crown to the laurel wreath of him who "never surrendered."

MILLARD FILLMORE, who succeeded General Taylor, writes a full, elaborate, careful hand, which smacks somewhat of the Comptroller's office, yet is decided and open. His patriotism, integrity and good services have endeared him to his countrymen; and by his judgment and his wisdom he has gained universal respect; his administration has been singularly prosperous.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATHURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

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LIEUT. E. CURTIS HINE,
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OWEN G. WARREN,
HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

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"Waltz from Washington," No. III., by BEN PERLEY POORE.
"The Rue St. Honore: a Story for Rich and Poor," by AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.
"Gods and Goddesses," relating to Midas, Baucis and Philemon, No. III., by T. BULFINCH.
"Arehle," a poem, by ALICE CAREY.
"The Heart's Devotion," lines, by WM. T. HILSE.
"Fading," verses, by LIEUT. E. CURTIS HINE.
"Lines to a Friend," by CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.
"The Snowdrop and the Rose," poem, by JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

THE STEREOSCOPE.

Messrs. Southworth & Hawes, 51-2 Tremont Row, have so vastly improved upon Professor Wheaton's stereoscope principle and discovery, as to have perfected an invention which may be said to have made the whole discovery their own. There were formerly insurmountable difficulties attached to the application of this principle to daguerreotypes, which the above scientific operators have entirely overcome, and as the principle is illustrated and improved by them, it forms an entirely new and most perfect department of art. This invention has been the result of months of pains-taking and experiment, as it regarded overcoming the great difficulties experienced in the stereoscope, heretofore; and the above-named gentlemen have now produced the first perfect stereoscope picture ever exhibited. The whole, as witnessed in the instrument, also of their own construction, is a great curiosity. Let us add, also, in this connection, a bit of advice to our friends, who propose to obtain the "counterfeit presentment" of themselves, or others. Messrs. Southworth & Hawes are known as being among the best daguerreotype artists, not alone in this city, but in comparison with famous European establishments.

LITERARY.—In a late number of the London Athenæum, we find forty-nine American books advertised, one extensively reviewed, and four favorably "noticed." A far greater number of volumes of American literature have been sold in England, during the year 1852, than of English literature in America!

BINDING.—Few persons will fail to preserve the Pictorial for binding, now that it is so perfect and beautiful a work. We are still binding up Volumes I., II., and III., at a dollar each, and can supply all back numbers from the commencement at six cents each.

SPLINTERS.

.... Art has lost one of her most favored and envied sons in the late death of Mr. Greenough.

.... It is said, on very good authority, that Santa Anna is again about to return to Mexico.

.... High-heeled boots and shoes, made of satin, kid and velvet, are now all the rage in Paris.

.... Mr. Thrasher's "Beacon of Cuba," published at New Orleans, is doing the Cuban cause good service.

.... The traveller can go from Boston to Liverpool in a first class steamer for one hundred and twenty dollars.

.... We learn from the Savannah Courier that Columbus, Ga., is to be lighted with gas.

.... Sir Edward Bulwer is investigating the subject of the spiritual rappings, in London.

.... The mayor of New York vetoed the railroad bill. A good deal is said upon the subject in the papers.

.... Alboni and Sontag are to appear in opera, in New York, at rival houses, soon. *Vive la Musica.*

.... Cereto is positively coming to this country some time next fall or summer—so the foreign letter-writers say.

.... Dickens is forty years old. Mr. Thackeray, now in this country lecturing, is forty-one.

.... Locomotives have been run in France at the wonderful speed of seventy-five miles an hour.

.... This city is growing in the number of the population faster than ever before—so statistics show us.

.... Mr. Kimball, of the Boston Museum, has a magnificent drama preparing for the public.

.... Mr. Thackeray, drew together brilliant and discriminating audiences in his lecture course in Boston.

.... He who is unhappy, and can find no comfort at home, is unhappy indeed.

DRAWING.

There is no art, with perhaps the exception of music, that begins to be cultivated so extensively among us, as the art of drawing; already it is introduced into all the higher public schools in the country, and is considered indispensable in all private schools of any pretension. To say nothing of its positive utility, its moral influences are unquestionably powerful. Rightly pursued, it leads to an accurate study of nature, a love of her varied phenomena, and, consequently, to a love of science. Every year a large number of amateurs graduate, whose performances would not discredit professional artists. Thus a taste for art is diffused throughout the country, and tends to produce that degree of refinement, a deficiency of which has hitherto been much deplored.

This taste is becoming imperative, and demands sumptuous illustrations, on which the eye can feast, and the hand improve by copying. Representations of places, people, events, are of immense value to young students, in drawing, when the pictures are well done, and by acknowledged artists. Such an agent, and such a medium is the Pictorial, and to the rising generation, as a means of creating a proper taste in drawing, as well as general information of all that is refined and excellent, this paper is a most invaluable acquisition. We have seen the advertisements of self-styled drawing masters, promising to teach the art "in twelve easy lessons," but all pupils who have been gulled by their promises, have discovered that there is no railroad to the outskirts of the great domain of art. Patience and hard study only succeed.

To draw well is to write in all languages, so as to be understood by all people. The language of the eyes is the only universal language. If you would learn to draw, you must begin by studying the elements of geometry, for all the forms you will have to represent by drawing, from the simplest to the most complex, are geometrical forms. The master of Apelles, two thousand years ago, said:—"The young man who wishes to draw or paint, must begin by studying the laws of geometry and perspective." The principal requisite to success is to learn to see correctly, and students cannot be too strongly urged to study nature.

Method and order can alone command success in this, as in every other art. The perfect is as difficult of attainment in a simple as a complex thing. The way to success is to attempt often, to work hard, and to do over again most carefully whatever is faulty, and this is the course that the greatest masters have pursued. Nice finish is not drawing, as many boarding-school misses' "specimen" performances prove. When the hand is thoroughly skilled in catching forms exactly, appropriate schooling will suggest itself, and dexterity comes only by practice. Pupils who desire to gain a practical knowledge, should copy from nature; they should learn to copy inanimate objects, busts, furniture, familiar household articles, then simple out-door subjects, trees and the like, then living animals, and afterwards the copy of engravings.

To our mind the art of drawing is as necessary a part of a school education as the art of writing is, and we do not despair one day to see it almost as generally taught and appreciated.

OURSELVES.

The great reduction we have made in the price of the Pictorial has operated as we anticipated, and the increase in our circulation has been in a ratio, and to an amount, almost incredible. We now claim the largest circulation of any paper, magazine, or serial in the world! This is saying much, but it is none the less true. Our friends have left nothing for us to desire; they have worked bravely for us, sending clubs of fifties and hundreds from all parts of the country. At the present unprecedented low price of the Pictorial, who will be without it? By referring to our club terms, it will be seen how low it may be procured; and the postage is but half a cent, under the new law, to any part of the United States. Subscribe early, and secure the numbers complete.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—As a literary weekly journal and Drawing-Room Companion, Gleason's carries off the palm. With it commenced a new era in newspaperdom; and, distancing all competition, it stands alone—acknowledged by all to be decidedly the best and most beautiful hebdomadal published in the United States. It is printed on fine surface paper, presenting as chaste and elegant an appearance in its mechanical execution as its literary and pictorial merits are brilliant and refreshing. Each paper contains sixteen octavo pages, any one of which is a rich treat to the lovers of the beautiful.—*Bridgton Chronicle.*

RATHER SINGULAR.—The Venezuela papers state that the Bishop of Conception has just died of a surfeit, contracted at a banquet given at the commencement of a railroad from the coast to the interior.

A VERY PRETTY THOUGHT.—Longfellow, in his prose tale of "Kavanah," calls Sunday the "golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week."

AN ARBITRARY LAW.—A resident of St. Petersburg, who intends to leave the country, must advertise his intention for three successive weeks, in the official journal.

IS THERE NO LAW AGAINST IT?—Brigham Young, the Mormon, has married his twenty-fourth wife.

PERSONAL.—Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, U. S. A., is among the late arrivals at the Irving House, New York.

FINE ARTS.—The recent sale of the Art-Union Pictures amounted to about thirty-six thousand dollars.

ANCIENT CUSTOM.—At Sandwich, England, the curfew has been tolled every evening for seven hundred years.

NAVY-TIME.—19 ships are at Savannah, loading for England.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, of Charlestown, Mr. Caleb T. Curtis to Miss Rachel M. Stoddard, both of Boston.
By Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. George A. Mosey to Miss Eliza S. Kimball, both of Boston.
By Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. David Hallett to Miss Grace Simmons, both of Boston.
At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Frothingham, Mr. George Z. Shabee to Miss Elizabeth S., daughter of the late Nathaniel Saltmatt, Esq.
At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. Henry G. Buchanan, printer, to Miss Elizabeth Frothingham, both of Scotland.
At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Holyen, Mr. Charles E. Hall, of New Bedford, to Miss Eliza A. S. Morton, of East Middleboro'.
At Framingham, by Rev. Mr. Tarbox, Mr. D. S. Francis, of New York, to Miss Della Harris, of New Gloucester, Me.
At Northampton, by the Right Rev. Horatio Southgate, D.D., Rev. Henry N. Hudson, of New York, to Miss Emily Sarah Bright.
At Bangor, Me., Col. Charles W. Adams, of Galveston, Texas, to Miss Frances E., daughter of Eben French.
At East Corinth, Vt., by Rev. Mr. Martin, Isaac Fenno, Esq., of Boston, to Miss Almira T. Blake.
At San Francisco, Cal., Mr. Joseph Warren Osborn to Miss Lucretia Aone, daughter of Mr. Jacob Bailey Moore.

DEATHS

In this city, Mr. John F. Plummer, 29; Mr. Joseph B. Edwards, 53; Mr. Lewis Bonocore, 71; Mr. William Nash, 65; Mrs. Amelia Clark, 25; Mrs. Ursula Bertoly, 85; Mrs. Cynthia C. Dutton, 24.
At Charlestown, Mr. Augustus H. Carter, 41.
At Chelsea, Mrs. Eunice F. Jones, 26.
At Lynn, Mr. Joseph G. Chapman, 44.
At South Reading, Mr. Thomas J. Burditt, 20.
At Andover, Mr. Henry B. Chickering, 23.
At North Danvers, Mr. John W. Carr, 43.
At Beverly, Mrs. Harriet Uron, 67.
At Marblehead, Mrs. Sally, widow of the late Burrill Witham, 53.
At Middleborough, Mr. Ebenezer Gammans, 73.
At Bridgewater, Mrs. Mary P. Nelson, 48.
At Sherburne, Mrs. Susan G. W. Perry, wife of Wm. H. Perry.
At Newbury, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Little, 25.
At Newburyport, Mr. Nathaniel M. Gurney, 71.
At Bradford, Mrs. Hannah Gage, 77.
At Easton, Mrs. Hannah L. B. Wheaton, 90.
At Swansey, Miss Mary Russell, daughter of Mr. Wm. Pearce, 29.
At New Bedford, Mr. John Dixon, 54.
At Little Compton, R. I., Mrs. Deborah Barney, of Providence, 23.
At Roscawen, N. H., Mr. Henry P. Greenough, 21.
At Newbury, Vt., Mr. Nehemiah Sargent, 56, formerly of Amesbury, Mass.

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The object of this paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary mélange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the

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with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design, in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. It is printed on fine satin-surface paper, from a font of new and beautiful type, manufactured expressly for it, presenting in its mechanical execution an elegant specimen of art. It contains fifteen hundred and sixty-four square inches, giving a great amount of reading matter and illustrations—a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages. It forms

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inasmuch as its aim is constantly, in connection with the fund of amusement it affords, and the rich array of original miscellany it presents, to inculcate the strictest and highest tone of morality, and to encourage virtue by holding up to view all that is good and pure, and avoiding all that is evil in its tendency. In short, the object is to make the paper loved, respected, and sought after, for its combined excellences.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

BY LIEUT. E. CURTIS HINE.

Throw thy light upon the waters,
Beacon by the deep blue sea;
Fair as earth's resplendent daughters
Are thy glimmering rays to me.
Home returning, fondly gazing
On the dim and shadowy shore,
I, thy welcome glance am praising—
Praise thee will I evermore.

When the storm with sable pinion,
Hovers round thy burning brow,
Thou dost gaze on his dominion,
Calm, unquenched and bright as now.
When the foundering bark is reeling
Mid the ocean's mountain waves,
Grief sincere perchance thou'rt feeling
For the lost in ocean's caves!

Star of hope to the benighted,
First to greet the wanderer's eye—
Joy to hearts hath oft been lighted,
When thy beams shone on the sky!
Harbinger that bliss is coming,
Glimmer by the dark blue sea!
Aid upon the ocean roaming,
I will sing to praise of thee!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STORIES OF GODS AND GODDESSES.

No. II.

PROMETHEUS AND PANDORA.

BY T. RULFINCH.

THE creation of the world is a problem naturally fitted to excite the liveliest interest of man, its inhabitant. The ancient pagans not having the information on the subject which we derive from the pages of Scripture, had their own way of telling the story, which is as follows:

Before earth and sea and heaven were created, all things were one aspect, to which we give the name of Chaos; a confused and shapeless mass, nothing but dead weight, in which however, slumbered the seeds of things. Earth, sea and air were all mixed up together, so the earth was not solid, the sea was not fluid, and the air was not transparent. God and Nature at last interposed and put an end to this discord, separating earth from sea, and heaven from both. The fiery part being the lightest, sprang up and formed the skies; the air was next in weight and place. The earth being heavier sunk below; and the water took the lowest place and buoyed up the earth.

Here some god, it is not known which, gave his good offices in arranging and disposing the earth. He appointed rivers and bays their places, raised mountains, scooped out valleys, distributed woods, fountains, fertile fields and stony plains. The air being cleared, the stars began to appear, fishes took possession of the sea, birds of the air, and four-footed beasts of the land.

But a nobler animal was wanted, and Man was made. It is not known whether the Creator made him of divine materials, or whether in the earth, so lately separated from heaven, there lurked still some heavenly seeds. Prometheus took some of this earth and kneading it up with water, made man in the image of the gods. He gave him an upright stature, so that while all other animals turn their faces downward and look to the earth, he raises his to heaven and gazes on the stars.

Prometheus was one of the race of Titans, a gigantic race, who inhabited the earth before the creation of man. They were not numerous, luckily, for they were very wicked. Prometheus seems to have been one of the best of them. To him and his brother Epimetheus was committed the office of making man, and providing him and all other animals with the faculties necessary for their preservation. Epimetheus undertook to do this, and Prometheus was to overlook his work, when it was done. Epimetheus accordingly proceeded to bestow upon the different animals the various gifts of courage, strength, swiftness, sagacity; wings to one, claws to another, a shelly covering to a third, etc. But when man came to be provided for, who was to be superior to all other animals, Epimetheus had been so prodigal of his resources that he had nothing left to bestow upon him. In his perplexity he resorted to his brother Prometheus, who, with the aid of Minerva, went up to heaven and lighted his torch at the chariot of the sun, and brought down fire to man. With this gift, man was more than a match for all other animals. It enabled him to make weapons wherewith to subdue them; tools with which to cultivate the earth; to warm his dwelling, so as to be comparatively independent of climate; and finally to introduce the arts and to coin money, the means of trade and commerce.

Women was not yet made. The story (which can hardly be true) is, that Jupiter made her and sent her to Prometheus and his brother, to punish them for their presumption in stealing fire from heaven; and man, for accepting the gift. The first woman was named Pandora. She was made in heaven, every god contributing something to perfect her. Venus gave her beauty, Mercury skill, Apollo music, etc. Thus equipped, she was conveyed to earth and presented to Epimetheus, who gladly accepted her, though cautioned by his brother to beware of Jupiter and his gifts. Epimetheus had in his house a jar, in which were kept certain noxious articles for which, in fitting man for his new abode, he had had no occasion. Pandora was seized with an eager curiosity to know what this jar contained; and one day she slipped off the cover and looked in.

Forthwith there escaped a multitude of plagues for hapless man, such as gout, rheumatism and colic for his body, and envy, spite and revenge for his mind, and scattered themselves far and wide. Pandora hastened to replace the lid, but, alas! the whole contents of the jar had escaped, one thing only excepted, which lay at the bottom, and that was *hope*. So we see at this day, whatever evils are abroad, hope never entirely leaves us; and while we have that, no amount of other ills can make us completely wretched.

Another story is, that Pandora was sent in good faith, by Jupiter to bless man. That she was furnished with a box, containing her marriage presents, into which every god had put some blessing. She opened the box incautiously and the blessings all escaped, *hope* only excepted. This story seems more probable than the former, for how could *hope*, so precious a jewel as it is, have been kept in a jar full of all manner of evils, as in the former statement?

The world being thus furnished with inhabitants, the first age was an age of innocence and happiness, called the *Golden Age*. Truth and right prevailed though not enforced by law, nor was there any magistrate to threaten or punish. The forest had not yet been robbed of its trees to furnish timbers to vessels, nor had men built fortifications round their towns. There were no such things as swords, spears or helmets. The earth brought forth all things necessary for man, without his labor in plowing or sowing. Perpetual spring reigned, flowers sprang up without seed, the rivers flowed with milk and wine, and yellow honey distilled from the oaks.

Then succeeded the *Silver Age*, inferior to the golden, but better than that of brass. Jupiter shortened the spring, and divided the year into seasons. Then first men had to endure the extremes of heat and cold, and houses became necessary. Caves were the first dwellings, and leafy covers of the woods, and huts woven of twigs. Crops would no longer grow without planting. The farmer was obliged to sow the seed, and the toiling ox to draw the plow.

Next came the *Brass Age*, more savage of temper and readier to the strife of arms, yet not altogether wicked. The hardest and worst was the *Iron Age*. Crime burst in like a flood; modesty, truth and honor fled. In their places came fraud and cunning, violence and the wicked love of gain. Then seamen spread sails to the wind, and the trees were torn from the mountains to serve for keels to ships, and vex the face of ocean. The earth which till now had been cultivated in common, began to be divided off into possessions. Men were not satisfied with what the surface produced, but must dig into its bowels and draw forth from thence the ores of metals. Mischievous *iron* and more mischievous *gold* were produced. War sprang up, using both as weapons. The guest was not safe in his friend's house; and sons-in-law and fathers-in-law, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives could not trust one another. Sons wished their fathers dead that they might come to the inheritance; family love lay prostrate. The earth was wet with slaughter, and the gods abandoned it, one by one, till *Astræa** alone was left, and finally she too took her departure.

Jupiter seeing this state of things burned with anger. He summoned the gods to council. They obeyed the call and took the road to the palace of heaven. The road, which any one may see in a clear night, stretches across the face of the sky, and is called the Milky Way. On either side stand the palaces of the illustrious gods; the common people of the skies live apart, on either side. Jupiter addressed the assembly. He set forth the frightful condition of things on the earth, and closed by announcing his intention to destroy the whole of its inhabitants and provide a new race, unlike the first, who would be more worthy of life and much better worshippers of the gods. So saying he seized a thunderbolt and was about to launch it at the world and destroy it by burning; but recollecting the danger that such a conflagration might set heaven itself on fire, he changed his plan, and resolved to deluge it. The North wind which scatters the clouds was chained up, the South was sent out and soon covered all the face of heaven with a cloak of pitchy darkness. The clouds driven together resound with a crash, torrents of rain fall, the crops are laid low, the year's labor of the husbandman perishes in an hour. Jupiter, not satisfied with his own waters, calls on his brother Neptune to aid him with his. He lets loose the rivers, and pours them over the land. At the same time he heaves the land with an earthquake and brings in the reflux of the ocean over the shores. Flocks, herds, men and houses are swept away, and temples with their sacred enclosures profaned. If any edifice remained standing, it was overwhelmed, and its turrets lay hid beneath the waves. Now all was sea, sea without shore. Here and there an individual remained on a projecting hill-top, and a few in boats pulled the oar where they had lately driven the plow. The fishes swam among the tree-tops, the anchor is let down into a garden. Where the graceful lambs played but now, unwieldy sea-eels gambol. The wolf swims among the sheep, the yellow lions and tigers struggle in the water. The strength of the wild boar serves him not, nor his swiftness the stag. The birds fall with weary wing into the water, having found no land for a resting-place. Those living beings whom the water spared fell a prey to hunger. Parnassus alone of all the mountains overtopped the waves, and there Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha, of the race of Prometheus, found refuge, he a just man, and she a faithful worshipper of the gods. Jupiter when he saw none left alive but this pair, and remembered their harmless lives and pious demeanor, ordered the North winds to drive away the clouds and disclose the skies to earth and earth to the skies. Neptune also ordered Triton to blow on his shell and sound a retreat to the waters. The waters obeyed, and the sea returned to its shores and the rivers to their channels. Then Deucalion thus addressed Pyrrha. "O wife, only surviving woman, joined to me first by

* The goddess of innocence and purity; after leaving earth she was placed among the stars, where she became the constellation Virgo—the Virgin.

the ties of kindred and marriage, and now by a common danger, would that we possessed the power of our ancestor Prometheus and could renew the race as he at first made it! But as we cannot let us seek yonder temple, and enquire of the gods what remains for us to do." They entered the temple, deformed as it was with slime, and approached the altar, where no fire burned. There they fell prostrate on the earth and prayed the goddess to inform them how they might retrieve their miserable affairs. The oracle answered, "Depart from the temple with veiled head and garments unbound, and east behind you the bones of your mother." They heard the words with astonishment. Pyrrha first broke silence. "We cannot obey; we dare not profane the remains of our parents." They sought the thickest shades of the wood and revolved the oracle in their minds. At length Deucalion spoke. "Either my sagacity deceives me or the command is one we may obey without impiety. The earth is the great parent of all, the stones are her bones; these we may cast behind us; and I think this is what the oracle meant. At least it will be no harm to try." They veiled their faces, unbound their garments, and picked up stones and cast them behind them. The stones (wonderful to relate) began to grow soft and assume shape. By degrees they put on a rude resemblance to the human form, like a block half finished in the hands of the sculptor. The moisture and slime that was about them became flesh, the stony part became bones, the veins remained veins, retaining their name, only changing their use. Those thrown by the hand of the man became men, and those by the woman became women. It was a hard race and well adapted to labor, as we see ourselves at this day, giving plain indications of our origin.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TEARS.

BY OWEN G. WARREN.

The rod that smote the desert rock
Brought forth the fountain at the shock;
And Israel's fainting thousands sate
Down by the living stream and drank—
The rod but touched the heart of earth,
And pure and healing streams gushed forth.

Withered and parched, in sore dismay,
Israel's countless thousands lay;
Prone on the earth they fell and died,
Till Moses' rod drew forth the tide.
They rose—they drank—the fainting men,
Touched by the water, lived again.

When sadness long has held control,
And darkened o'er the suffering soul—
When, amid suffering, pain and strife,
Man almost wearies of this life,
And, in despair of solace nigh,
Would gladly lay him down and die—

Then, on the heart, affliction's shock
Falls like the rod upon the rock;
Tears flow—they wash away the pain—
The fainting spirit lives again;
Man springs from terror and dismay,
And goes with gladness on his way.

FORTUNE-SEEKING IN WALL STREET.

Some "outsiders" have an idea that all the operations in Wall Street are similar to that by which the boy made a thousand dollars, in exchanging a black dog for a monkey. But there are fortunes made in Wall Street, every day, by stock gambling, and cautious men retire from the Stock Exchange to enjoy in quiet their easily-gained money. Some of them go into the country and turn gentlemen farmers, while others build houses in the Fifth Avenue, and become men of fashion.

We met a gentleman one day last week, who had just made fifty thousand dollars by an operation in stocks, and he seemed to think no more about it than if he had gained ten dollars at six-penny loo.

During the past year the advance in stocks has been enormous; some of them have risen thirty and forty per cent in price, and consequently somebody must have made enormous sums. One man who is building himself a superb house in the Fifth Avenue, it is said, has realized a clear profit of four hundred thousand dollars from the rise in the stock of the Reading Railroad, which the Herald has the past eighteen months been daily announcing was worth nothing at all; and cautioned the public against touching it. Yet with the whole force of the Herald acting against it, the market value of the stock rose steadily from 50 to 100 per cent. During the past few weeks the stock of the Canton Company run up rapidly from eighty dollars a share to one hundred and twenty-six dollars. Somebody, of course, must have made an immense deal of money by this sudden rise in the selling price of stocks. There are millions of dollars' worth of stock daily sold in Wall Street, and many of the brokers are making their thousand dollars a day by their commissions. The spirit of speculation runs high, and there can hardly be a doubt that a greater expansion of prices will take place during the ensuing twelve months than has ever been before realized in this country. There are fortunes to be made by those who have the nerve and knowledge to go in and coin.—*Saturday Courier*.

ENGLISH GAME.

It is no uncommon thing for English game to be sold in the New York market. Some of it is brought out for the use of English steamers, and the surplus sold on their arrival here. We heard of five pairs of English pheasants being sold for five dollars a pair, and English hares at \$1.50 a piece. The pheasants are natives of Asia. They have a beautiful plumage, elegant forms and delicate flesh, and are choice birds with epicures. The English hare is no better than the American rabbit, and to the taste of many not so good. The animals are very much like each other, except that the hare is said to be more sagacious. The rabbit has become a very common American food. As a little incident connected with the purchase of game in this market, we learn that Delmonico, for his two houses alone, pays for this kind of food alone, \$18,000 a year, and game is but a drop in the great ocean of expenditure.—*Journal of Commerce*.

MODEL LODGING HOUSES.

A movement has been made for the purpose of building a class of cheap and comfortable houses in this city, including the modern conveniences of the day. A plan is on foot to erect a brick block, sufficient to accommodate thirty-six families, five stories high, at an estimated cost of forty thousand dollars. The rent will be placed at a rate that shall return about four and a half per cent. on the investment. It is only necessary to mention the names of S. A. Elliot, J. Ingersoll Bowditch, George B. Emerson and John Ware, to show that the enterprise is in the hands of our first citizens. It gives us great pleasure to chronicle these charitable and truly philanthropic movements; moreover it is so becoming of people to let charity commence at home, and to see that the means they employ are judiciously improved, that we cannot but commend this project. We trust that the plan may meet with the ample success that it most certainly deserves.

CUBA AND THE CUBANS.

In a letter from Havana to the "Beacon of Cuba," we gather some facts of interest. It appears that the Crescent City affair is variously viewed by the people. The masses consider it an American triumph; the authorities a Spanish one. Americans in Havana speak of the President as the "imbecile Fillmore;" while the Cubans cry, *Viva la America!* The occupation of a portion of Hayti, or rather the establishing of a French naval depot on that island, is the subject of considerable remark at Havana, and is regarded as quite an important movement. The Cubans cherish a longing for freedom; and manuscript copies of the paper lately suppressed—the *Voz del Pueblo*—are in circulation all over the island. At the bottom are placed the words, "Copy and circulate," and this the Cubans are ready enough to do. The United States man-of-war Cyane was in the harbor of Havana; the Fulton had been there and sailed.

MADAME PFEIFFER.

The last accounts that have been received of Madame Pfeiffer, the celebrated traveller, state that she has visited the wild and independent Dyak tribes, on the banks of Lafur and Batang Lafur rivers, and on the Sekanai Mountains. The river Batang Lafur took her into the small lakes of Bunot and Taomen, from which she reached the magnificent stream, the Kapuas. After visiting Sintag, Sangam, and other places, she reached Portianak. By the interference of the Dutch authorities at Portianak, she visited the diamond mines of Landak, and several of the most interesting Dyak tribes. Everywhere the enterprising traveller was well received, and she describes herself as being conveyed and escorted in "almost triumphant style."

IRELAND.—Several correspondents of American papers, writing from Ireland, give a good account of the condition of the peasantry under the new order of things, and state that the business affairs of the island generally are prosperous. Under the act of Parliament for the sale of encumbered estates, 772 properties have been sold, which have been purchased by 2335 persons; only ten have got more than 20,000 acres. These new proprietors are already, it is said, cultivating the land by laborers taken from the poor-houses.

POETICAL LICENSE.—A Spanish poet addressed a star as, "Burning doulbon of the celestial bank!" Many of the Slavonian bards speak of their ladies' eyebrows as "Black and glossy leeches." Balzac terms woman "The vignette of sentiment." A Bohemian writer tells us that the wit of his friend "sparkled like *slicooivitz*," or plum-brandy; and Giamhattista Basile describes the vanishing of the stars before the light of the sun, as "an impertinent rabble running away from a burly, red-faced constable."

IMPORTANT TO NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS.—The first assistant postmaster general has decided that news depots and other places in the interior, where papers from Boston and elsewhere are sold, are places of publication of said papers, and that these papers, mailed at said places, are chargeable as regular, not transient, papers.

SINGULAR IDEA.—The Catholic Instructor says, with regard to Louis Napoleon: "Fortunate indeed is it for France that she has upon the throne one capable of ruling the empire upon religious principles." A queer idea that editor must have of "religious principles."

GRAY'S POEMS.—A miniature edition of Gray's Poems, including the exquisite "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," which Mr. Webster recalled in his last hours, is announced as in press, by James French, 78 Washington Street.

A WANDERING PEOPLE.—A band of gipsies are encamped on the Virginia side of the Potomac River, opposite Georgetown. They number about twenty-one persons, and present all the peculiarities of the race.

A VERY EXCELLENT PLAN.—Rev. Dr. Duffield, of Detroit, now in Europe, writes weekly letters to his congregation, which are read every Sabbath morning from the pulpit.

A FORTUNATE SOLDIER.—The Duke of Wellington, according to D'Israeli, won fifteen great battles, and captured 3000 guns from his opponents, never losing one of his own.

A STAR OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE.—Any actor in the opinion of himself. Wallack says he has not seen a "second-rate" performer in ten years.

Wayside Gatherings.

Robert Morrison, a notorious counterfeiter, has been arrested at Troy, N. Y.

Good butter is selling at thirty-one cents per pound at Richmond, Va.

It is announced that Lieut. Davenport is to resume the command of the Crescent City.

The sloop-of-war Portsmouth has sailed from San Francisco for the coast of Africa.

Eight vessels of war are fitting out at the Brooklyn Navy Yard with the utmost despatch.

The State's Attorney of Ohio has decided that railroads in that State may be taxed for school purposes.

The salary of the Chief of Police of New York has been raised from \$1600 to \$2500.

The population of Havana, the principal city of Cuba, is stated by a correspondent of the New York Herald, to be 200,000.

Five young girls in Willimantic, Conn., were fined \$2 67 each, recently, for disturbing a Methodist meeting.

A German theatrical company has been formed in St. Louis. They are to play once a week at the Varieties during the season.

The North Carolina House of Commons, by a large majority, has passed resolutions in favor of a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands.

Elephants live for two hundred, three hundred, and even four hundred years. A healthy, full-grown elephant consumes thirty pounds of grain per day.

The steamship City of Pittsburgh, which sailed some weeks since, for California, was burned to the water's edge at Valparaiso, on the 20th of October.

Italy has often been compared to a boot—which it is said to resemble in shape. But what a thousand pities that such a boot should have the iron heel of Austria upon it!

A new city is being laid out on the Mississippi River, in Hancock County, Ill., immediately opposite Keokuk, in Iowa. It is some five or six miles above Warsaw.

On the Baltimore and Philadelphia Railroad, a stout leather apron is buckled from the platform of one car to that of another, to prevent accident by missteps in going from car to car.

The late Council of the Cherokee Nation passed a law against carrying pistols, bowie knives or shot guns. The law is thought to be a good one, and one which will prevent many fatal affrays.

The farmers in Maine are sending apples to California. Each apple is wrapped in paper, and then placed in the barrels in layers. Between every two layers of apples is placed a layer of powdered charcoal.

Another suspension bridge across the Niagara River is in course of construction at Bellevue, and, when completed, will, it is said, be the longest in the world. Fifteen thousand miles of wire will be required for it, each cable being composed of three thousand three hundred separate wires.

A large quantity of smuggled goods, consisting of about one hundred casks of wine, and two hundred boxes of raisins, have been discovered in Norwich, Conn., and ascertained to be a part of the cargo of a smuggler which entered Long Island Sound some weeks since.

Foreign Items.

A bronze colossal statue of Christopher Columbus is to be erected in Madrid.

The literary works of Napoleon the First are to be published in thirty-five volumes folio.

Banvard's famous Panorama of the Mississippi is now on its return voyage from Europe.

The Portuguese government has taken offence at the Brazilian minister, and resolved to suspend all official relations with him.

It is said that the protecting powers have signed a protocol, regulating the succession of the Greek throne.

Earl Derby has announced formally in Parliament the determination of the government to adhere to the principles of free trade.

The French government has been buying up supplies of grain in all parts of Europe, and has thus influenced the prices.

Crawford, the American sculptor at Rome, has been employed by a citizen of Boston to prepare a bust of Beethoven for the new Music Hall in this city.

The cotton manufacturers of Manchester, England, are turning their attention to every quarter of the world for cotton, so that they may no longer depend upon America for supply.

A private soldier, quartered in the Isle of Wight, has been delivering lectures on the "Immortality of the Soul" to large audiences at Ryde.

The French President's new bank, des Raffonts, has become a fixed fact; its establishment having been resolved upon, despite the opposition of the Rothschilds and other capitalists.

A farmer at Thornhill, Wiltshire, England, in removing a rick of beams, recently, built a fence around it, and with a single dog (the celebrated "Billy") succeeded in killing seven hundred rats!

The four steamers built in England for the Spanish government are about to leave for the Island of Cuba with troops, which will make an increase in the army at Cuba of four thousand men.

The eldest son of Queen Victoria, it is said, begins to exhibit military talent, and has at once received an appointment as general or major-general, and an addition of some half a million dollars attached to his salaries.

From Berlin we learn that Jenny Lind is about to perform in that city a series of concerts, to be given on behalf of the Society of Gustavus Adolphus, which was formed for relieving poor Protestant communities in Sweden and in the north of Germany.

Accounts from Tripoli report a severe storm as having taken place on the 20th November, in which twenty-eight ships were driven ashore. No American vessels are mentioned as being among them.

Mr. Hind, the distinguished astronomer at Regent's Park, London, on the 16th November discovered another planet, the seventh first seen by him, and the twenty-first now known to exist between Mars and Jupiter.

A terrible storm, such as has not been seen at Athens within the memory of man, or perhaps for thousands of years, occurred on the 26th October. The violence of it may be judged from the single fact that one of the columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, which, every traveller has admired, near the Adrian Gate, was overthrown, together with several dwellings, etc.

Sands of Gold.

.... The softest pillow is a good conscience.

.... He who sows brambles must not go bare-foot.

.... Accustom yourself to have some employment for every hour you can prudently snatch from business.

.... A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

.... The folly of one man is the fortune of another; and no man prospers so suddenly as by the errors of others.

.... You must be of a sagacious spirit; for sagacity is an oracle in doubts, and a golden thread in a labyrinth.

.... Asking a favor by letter, or giving a person time to think of it, is only giving him an opportunity of getting off handsomely.

.... If ever you were dangerously ill, what fault or folly lay heaviest upon your mind? Take care to root it out, without delay, and without mercy.

.... It is easy to live well among good people. But show me the man who can preserve his temper, his wisdom, and his virtues, in spite of strong temptation and universal example.

.... There is more true greatness in generously owning a fault, and making proper reparation for it, than in obstinately defending a wrong conduct. But, quitting your purpose, retreat rather like a lion than a cur.

.... What man in his right senses, that has wherewithal to live free, would make himself a slave for superfluities? What does that man want, who has enough? Or what is he the better for abundance, that can never be satisfied?

Joker's Budget.

Why are dogs like surgeons? Because they are bone setters.

Ole Bull says that the bridge that has carried him safely across the Atlantic was the bridge of his violin.

"Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor the other day.

"Right over there," said the boy; "taint nowhere else."

Ladies who are fond of knitting, when at sea, need never be in want of material for work, for any sailor will always be ready to spin them a yarn.

Mrs. Playmind says that one of the greatest pedestrians she ever heard of was that man mentioned in the papers who walked one thousand miles in two hundred consequential hours.

A Philadelphia judge and punster observed to another judge on the bench that one of the witnesses had a vegetable head. "How so?" was the inquiry. "He has carrotty hair, reddish cheeks, a turn up nose, and a sage look."

The Boston Post retorts upon some "smart" fellow in the following manner: "The person who sent us a copy of the Boston Post with *Jackass* written upon the margin, is requested to inform us at what stable he can be found."

An attorney, about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as he could." "Ah!" replied the attorney, "that's what you may say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

When Lord Erskine was chancellor, being asked by the secretary of the treasury whether he would attend the grand ministerial fish dinner at the end of the session, he answered, "To be sure I will: what would your fish dinner be without the *Great Seal*?"

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F. GLEASON,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

MONUMENT TO HENRY CLAY.

The monument, which is represented below, was designed by Frank Hewson, Esq., of Pottsville, Pennsylvania. The statue is to be furnished from the celebrated iron works of Robert Wood of Philadelphia. The model is being prepared by Mr. Wood's principal artist and sculptor, H. Wesche, Esq., a pupil of the distinguished Schachtler and Cornelius, whose reputation obtained to a high degree of excellence in Europe prior to his engagement with Mr. Wood, to whom he was introduced some three years since by the highly celebrated Von Siebold, St. Martin, near Boppard on the Rhein, who, in his flattering letter of introduction, congratulated the new world that Mr. Wesche designed to devote his talents and active life to the promotion of the arts in this country. The statue is to be a correct likeness of the great

statesman, and made of cast iron, fifteen feet in height, and will stand upon a Grecian Doric column, also of cast iron, starting from a base of conglomerate rock. The whole height of column on base, sixty-three and a quarter feet (above the neat lines), being one hundred and thirty-three feet above the sidewalk on Centre Street, with the following inscription on the face of the monument:—"IN HONOR OF HENRY CLAY, America's great Orator, Statesman and Patriot. This monument was erected by the Citizens of Schuylkill County, and bequeathed to their children, as a record of their gratitude for his illustrious services, which brought peace, prosperity and glory to his country. A tribute of affection for his virtues which adorned his useful life, and won for his imperishable name the respect and affection of mankind." The monument is to be erected by subscription; and so eager are the citizens of the county to assist in the enterprise, that the merchants and workmen are vying with each other in making the largest contribution from their respective mines and workshops. A correspondent of the Philadelphia North American, speaking of this enterprise, says: "In a late visit to Pottsville, I was much gratified to witness the public spirit and noble patriotism evinced by the citizens of that place and surrounding country in erecting a beautiful cast iron monument to the memory of Henry Clay, which is now being reared on a beautiful and commanding eminence, near the centre of the borough. How gratifying such a spectacle is to the patriot, to see the workmen of a community anxious to proclaim, by their united efforts in the erection of such monuments, their gratitude and affection for one who has done so much to promote their own and the universal interest of mankind.—And, let me ask, where will you find more of this noble trait of character in the whole Commonwealth of Pennsylvania than among the citizens of Schuylkill County? So far as I have observed, others talk, while they act. If I am not mistaken, there has been no movement of the kind anywhere else in Pennsylvania; and yet the services rendered by that illustrious patriot and statesman to make Pennsylvania what she now is, and what she is destined to be, are sufficient to erect monuments to his memory in every county in the State. I was also shown a beautiful drawing of the ground and plan of the monument, which is intended to be lithographed and distributed among the contributors to this noble work, which will make a beautiful picture, alike worthy of the architect who planned the design, and the artist that sketched the view. In conclusion, permit me to say, in the example here set by the enterprising people of Pottsville, it will be gratifying to see other towns and villages following, until every county in the State shall point to her monument, erected to the memory of Henry Clay, America's brightest ornament and most honored son." In this connection, a synopsis of the life of Henry Clay will not be inappropriate. He was born in Hanover County, Virginia, April 12, 1777. He was eminently a self-made man, and rose to fame and position unaided by any of the accessories of fortune. After obtaining admission to the bar, he removed to Lexington, Kentucky, in 1797. His parents had preceded him in

emigration to that State. The following brief review of his boyhood is extracted from a speech made by him in 1842, when he met some of his old friends at an entertainment, upon his retirement, as he supposed, from public life. "In looking back upon my origin and progress through life, I have great reason to be thankful. My father died in 1781, leaving me an infant of too tender years to retain any recollection of his smiles or endearments. My surviving parent removed to this State in 1792, leaving me, a boy of fifteen years of age, in the office of the High Court of Chancery, in the city of Richmond, without guardian, without pecuniary support, to steer my course as I might or could. A neglected education was improved by my own irregular exertions, without the benefit of systematic instruction. I studied law principally in the office of a lamented friend—the late Governor Brooke—then

again elected to the Legislature of Kentucky. He was again elected, in 1809, to fill another senatorial vacancy, that was created by the resignation of the Hon. Buckner Thurston. During this session of Congress, he took occasion to bring forward an amendment embodying his views of the protection of domestic industry. Ashland, the residence of Mr. Clay, comprising the house, gardens and park, is situated a mile and a half south-east from the court-house in Lexington. The whole estate consists of between five and six hundred acres of the best land in Kentucky, which, for agricultural purposes, is one of the richest States in the Union. Ashland proper was projected for an elegant country-seat. The house is a spacious brick mansion, without much pretension in architecture, surrounded by lawns and pleasure-grounds, interspersed with walks and groves, planted with almost every variety

of American shrubbery and forest trees, executed under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Clay. Mr. Clay appears to have delighted in gathering around him the plants and trees of his own country, there being among them few exotics. As the domicile of the great American statesman, Ashland is one of the household words of the American people. Having been deeply lodged in their affections, so long as the memory of the great proprietor is cherished, it cannot fail to have a place in history. We have seen Mr. Clay twice a member of the Congress of the United States as senator, filling the unexpired terms of others. In 1811, he received the higher popular honor of an election to the House of Representatives. He appeared in his place on Monday, November 4th, and was at once elected Speaker of the House. Subsequently, Mr. Clay was several times re-elected Speaker of the National House of Representatives, and the Senate appointed him to the Peace Congress, to settle the difficulties between England and America; was candidate several times for President; was Secretary of State under John Quincy Adams. At the commencement of the session of 1851 and '52, Mr. Clay went to Washington with the intention to resume his seat in the Senate. But the condition of his health was such, that he was unable to take any part in the public business. The recess had been calmly passed at Ashland; and if Mr. Clay had been governed by motives of selfish prudence, he would not have ventured upon the journey to Washington. He died on the morning of the 29th June, 1852, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. His death was occasioned by a decay of his physical powers, precipitated by his intense labors during the passage of the third great compromise. The life of Henry Clay—says his biographer—is a striking example of the abiding fame which surely awaits the direct and candid statesman. The entire absence of equivocation or disguise in all his acts, was the master-key to the popular heart; for while the people will forgive the errors of a bold and open nature, he sins past forgiveness who deliberately deceives them. Hence Mr. Clay, though often defeated in his



REPRESENTATION OF THE MONUMENT TO HENRY CLAY, ERECTED AT POTTSVILLE, PENN.

Attorney-General of Virginia, and also under the auspices of the venerable and lamented Chancellor Wythe, for whom I had acted as amanuensis. I obtained a license to practise the profession from the judges of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, and established myself in Lexington, in 1797, without patrons, without the favor or countenance of the great or opulent, without the means of paying my weekly board, and in the midst of a bar distinguished by eminent members. I remember how comfortable I thought I should be, if I could make one hundred pounds, Virginia money, per year, and with what delight I received the first fifteen shillings fee. My hopes were more than realized—I immediately rushed into a successful and lucrative practice." In 1803, Mr. Clay was elected to the Legislature of his adopted State. Matters of local interest caused him to be selected, but the election was a high compliment to his talents and legal learning. His appointment to Congress, in 1806, was but for a single session of the Senate. Even in that brief period, he gave earnest of his future fame and influence. In 1807, his congressional term having expired, he was

measures of policy, always secured the respect of his opponents, without losing the confidence of his friends. He never paltered in a double sense. The country never was in doubt as to his opinions and his purposes. In all the contests of his time, his position in great public questions was as clear as the sun in a cloudless sky. Standing by the grave of this great man, and considering these things, how contemptible appears the mere legerdemain of politics! What a reproach is his life on that false policy, which would trifle with a great and upright people! If I were to write his epitaph, I would inscribe, as the highest eulogy, on the stone which shall mark his resting place: "Here lies a man who was in the public service fifty years, and never attempted to deceive his countrymen." We have thus given a brief synopsis of the principal events of Mr. Clay's life, more as data to guide the reader's mind in his memoirs, than as a biographical sketch. As to the erection of this monument, it is timely and most honorable, and we delight to give it the prominence we do in our pages, from respect to its noble subject, as well as to depict so handsome a structure.

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F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
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THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

The admirable picture, which we present below, represents the closing scene in the drama of the "Corsican Brothers." To every one who has seen this deeply absorbing and interesting play, little more need be said. At the present time, when the public mind is agitated upon the subject of spiritual manifestations, mysterious rappings, mental psychology, etc., the piece cannot fail to attract great attention; for it was evidently written to illustrate the wonderful demonstrations which have taken place, so difficult to comprehend and account for. The illustration is in the supposed sympathy existing between two twin brothers, Louis and Fabien dei Franchi, who, at their birth, were connected like the Siamese Twins, and though separated by the scalpel, are still mentally connected, and thus even when hundreds of miles apart, whatever

affects the one, never fails to produce a similar sensation on the other. Louis and Fabien dei Franchi are Corsicans, and they bear so extraordinary a likeness to each other in form and features, that it is impossible to distinguish them. They are both represented by Mr. Brooke, who seems to be endowed with ubiquitous powers, and to be in two places at the same time. The two brothers fall in love with the same lady, Emilie de Lesparre, while she is on a visit at her father's chateau in Corsica; and when she returns to Paris, both brothers are anxious to follow her, each secretly knowing the feelings and desires of the other. Fabien, however, prefers to remain among his native mountains, and Louis departs for France. While he is at Paris, he is impressed by a presentiment that evil has befallen Fabien at Corsica. He shortly after finds Emilie married to an old friend of her father; she is

surrounded by gallants, and falls a prey to the arts of a rone. A scene ensues, resulting in a challenge, and Louis falls. At the instant Louis is killed, Fabien feels as if he had received a wound; his fears are aroused, and he writes to Louis. As he is folding the letter, the spectre of Louis appears at his side; the circumstances of his death are revealed in a tableau. Fabien recognizes the person engaged in the duel. He sets out for France to avenge his brother's death; is successful; returns home, but soon after dies. As soon as the spirit of Fabien departs from the body, the re-union of the twin brothers is seen, and as the spirits disappear, a picture of a Corsican funeral is discovered, and the family vault is about to receive the earthly remains of the Corsican Brothers. The tableaux are replete with mystic arrangements, leaving the audience deeply impressed with their extraordinary effects.



LAST SCENE FROM THE POPULAR PLAY OF THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE OF WESTERN LIFE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

ROSALTHE:

THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.

A Story of Western Life.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

THE DISCOVERY.

"You dar, Ebony?" said Andrew, in a loud voice, looking in every direction where the individual might be supposed to be.

"You dar, I say, yon collud feller?"

Exquisite Ebony, who had been sleeping very soundly for the last hour and a half beneath a hazel bush, aroused by the cries of Andrew, rubbed his eyes lazily, and answered with a yawn: "Am I whar?"

"Am you anywhar—dat's what I mean," replied Andrew.

"Oh course I is. Go way, common nigger," returned Ebony.

"Don't go fur to guv yerself airs, but ax me de question I'm gwine fur to tell ye. Whar's yer young missus?"

"Don't be too familiar wid de higher classes. Dat question am not reverential to dar case," responded Ebony, loftily.

"I hab de honor, you ig'nant ducky, of representin' at dis time Missy Alston, and she am berry worried about de young missis," added Andrew.

"Dat young lady am under my 'special 'tection," replied Ebony, with great dignity of manner.

"Dat am berry likely, when I doesn't see her no whar, an' you hab been locked in de arms of Morfis like de seven sleepers," retorted Andrew.

"Speak, and tell me where Rosalthe is, without delay, if you know," said Elizabeth Boone, who had accompanied Andrew from the fort, where the protracted absence of Miss Alston had occasioned some alarm.

"She went down dar," said Ebony, pointing with his finger, "and 'quested dis child to stay here till she call me."

"How long ago was that?" asked Miss Boone, anxiously.

"My watch am run up, and I habn't whid him down yet," rejoined Ebony.

Without waiting to interrogate Ebony farther, Elizabeth ran to the spot indicated, but the object of her search was not there. She then called her name in a loud voice, but echo alone answered.

Matilda Fleming and several others now joined Miss Boone, and Rosalthe's name was repeated again and again; but her familiar voice gave back no response; the voices of the anxious maidens died away unanswered in the forest. Misgivings became certainties, and fears, confirmed realities; some misfortune had indeed befallen Rosalthe.

Ebony, finding that his mistress was really missing, and smarting under the reproaches of Andrew, and of conscience, stood stupefied with terror and remorse; for it were unjust not to say that he was truly attached to his mistress. The enormity of his crime, in going to sleep, and allowing her to be carried away by savages, or to be lost in the woods, as the case might be, now appeared to overwhelm him with guilt, and it is very possible that some well-defined fears of the consequences of his neglect of duty had something to do with his apprehensions. Miss Aurora, moreover, hinted that his conduct was shameful, that he was an unfaithful servant, and stood high as a candidate for various unenviable flagellations. Poor Ebony felt this to be the "unkindest cut of all," and the white portion of his optics grew fearfully large, and his whole expression most unhappy.

While all the parties stood gazing at each other in sorrowful silence, Allan Norwood approached and inquired the cause of so much evident consternation, when he was immediately put in possession of all the facts known to them. The young hunter heard the news of Rosalthe's disappearance with a feeling of sadness not easily described. His footsteps had turned in that direction, encouraged by a vague hope that he might perhaps have the good fortune to see once more the fair object of his thoughts since the previous day. The pleasant fabric which his active fancy had reared, fell to the earth a mass of ruins. The sweet enchantress, whose wand had reared temples of bliss, had disappeared, and doubtless he should see her no more. Her face might never again diffuse happiness and sunshine among her friends, and her fate might remain forever a mystery.

Mr. and Mrs. Alston, Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, and Joel Logston, now hastened to the spot, the first feeling all the anxiety of fond parents.

"It's of no use to stand here, looking at each other," said Boone. "The girl has gone, and it is an easy thing to tell what has happened to her."

"I reckon you're right about that, captain," returned Joel Logston. "The red-skins have spirited her away, and that's the long and short of it. It wont do no good to mince the matter; the truth might as well come out first as last."

"Fly to save my child! Why do you linger here?" exclaimed Mrs. Alston, in tones of anguish.

"There isn't a man here but will do his best. Vesuvius, look round and see if you can tell which way the gal's gone," said Logston.

Vesuvius perpetrated a sound between a growl and a bark, made a furious pass at Andrew, which caused him to retreat so suddenly that he fell over a heap of brushwood, and then putting his nose to the ground, made, apparently, a thorough exploration of the spot, emitting, from time to time, explosive and dissatisfied yelps.

"The dog is at fault," said Allan.

"He never was at fault in his life!" retorted Logston, gruffly.

"He seems to be puzzled now," observed Simon Kenton.

"That cretur knows more nor all of ye about sich things. He'll find an Injun trail where the rest on ye wouldn't mistrust that a sparrow had passed along. He goes by the scent; it's instinct, and instinct does what the biggest education can't, you see," replied Joel, and then added, by way of encouragement to the animal: "Go it, Vesuvius!" which so incited his hostility to the human species, that he instantly made another furious sally at Andrew, which caused that gifted personage to aver that he (Vesuvius) was a disgrace to the whole canine race, and the bane of his own (Andrew's) existence.

"You shall smart for this, my lad!" said Mr. Alston, looking angrily at Ebony.

"I think he was not much to blame," observed Miss Boone, touched with the mental distress of the black.

"Here comes Monsieur Le Bland," added Alston. "Let us hear what his opinion is."

Every eye was now turned upon the Frenchman as he approached, and not one of the parties, save the Alstons, seemed to hail his advent with pleasure. Allan watched his countenance and demeanor closely, to see how the news affect-

ed him; he observed, also, that Captain Boone, Simon Kenton, and Joel Logston regarded him with keen and observant glances.

"My dear Alston, what means this sudden grief and consternation!" exclaimed Le Bland, grasping Mr. Alston's hand warmly.

"Rosalthe," said the father, with choking emotions, "Rosalthe—my darling—has disappeared—gone!"

"Mon Dieu!" cried the Frenchman. "What do you mean?"

"The fact is," said Logston, "the young gal has been carried away by the Ingins."

Le Bland looked hurriedly from one to the other, and Allan perceived that his face grew deadly pale.

"If he's acting a premeditated and studied part, it is very good acting," thought our hero.

"How long since this happened?" asked Le Bland.

"It is about two hours since she left the cabin," said Mrs. Alston.

"She must be pursued and overtaken," added the Frenchman, quickly.

"Yes, my dear Le Bland, let us pursue her!" exclaimed Mr. Alston.

"Believe me, Mr. Alston, I shall take immediate steps for the recovery of your daughter," said Daniel Boone, with a contemptuous glance at the Frenchman.

"Leave this matter wholly to me," resumed Le Bland, eagerly. "I understand the ways of the Indians, and perhaps I have some influence among them."

"I can't see how you can know any more about the ways of the Ingins than that man there," said Logston, pointing at Captain Boone. "He trod the sile of Kentucky afore a Frenchman heered there was sich a place: and as for 'influence,' I don't see how it can be that you have any among the aboriginal reptyles of this country."

"Will you leave this matter wholly to me, I ask again?" continued Le Bland.

Mr. Alston looked hesitatingly from one to another, and saw the scowling brows of his neighbors with alarm.

"No!" thundered Daniel Boone, striking the butt of his long rifle upon the ground. "No; this affair shall be trusted to those to whom it rightfully belongs; it concerns me and my faithful friends, and it shall pass into no other hands, while I have any authority here. This is your answer, sir. You are at liberty, of course, and so is any other man, to look after the young woman, and do all in your power to recover her; but you have not the right to prevent others equally interested from doing the same."

The Frenchman bit his lips with vexation.

"You see how it is, my dear friend; I would gladly oblige you in this, as in all other things; but I can do nothing," said Alston, somewhat displeased at the evident coldness manifested towards Le Bland.

"Every man feels it his duty to assist youth and beauty in distress, and in this case, there is not a man at one of the three settlements who will not risk his life freely and willingly," added Boone, emphatically.

"We have no reason to distrust either your zeal, or your ability to direct it to a successful termination," said Mrs. Alston, earnestly; "and I trust there will be no discussions among us to prevent a speedy and unanimous action."

"Forgive me, if my anxiety for Rosalthe's safety has carried me too far," said Le Bland, taking Mr. Alston's hand.

"I hope there aint no deceit about that cretur, but sometimes they as hides can find," muttered Logston. "If I was certain o't, I'd make Vesuvius worry him to death."

"Come, friends—all—let us return to the fort, and make instant preparation to pursue the savage captors and wrest from them their fair captive," said Captain Boone.

During the latter part of this conversation Allan Norwood had moved silently away from the parties, and walked along the bank of the river. As he was proceeding slowly, looking for some indications of an Indian trail, Vesuvius ran by him with his nose to the ground, and did not stop until he had gone quite down to the water's edge; he then seemed at fault, smelt among the reeds, swam into the water and barked.

Attracted by his conduct, Allan carefully approached the spot. Upon making a critical examination of the reeds and shrubbery, he perceived that they had been bent down and trodden upon, and immediately concluded that a light boat, or a canoe had been drawn up there, and launched again. The young man, quick in his

decisions, and deeply in earnest in whatever enterprise he engaged, spoke kindly and encouragingly to the dog, and proceeded down the river at a more rapid pace. Vesuvius looked after him a moment, as if doubtful in which direction his duty lay, and then followed, keeping close to the water's edge.

The singular request of Le Bland to have the whole affair of the pursuit of the Indians, and the recovery of Rosalthe, committed exclusively to his hands, had not been without its influence upon Alston. It had aroused all his energies, and caused him to feel justly indignant that the Frenchman's assurance should extend so far; in consequence of this feeling, and the impression which Miss Alston's beauty had made upon him, together with some other reasons which it is not necessary to mention, he resolved to make every effort in his power to unravel the mystery that now hung over the fate of the maiden.

Had he paused to reflect more deliberately upon the subject, it is very probable he would have been less hasty, and waited to act in concert with Daniel Boone and his friends, but youth is ever impatient of delay, and our hero pressed forward, full of sanguine hopes and daring projects. The image of Rosalthe seemed more deeply impressed upon his heart; her voice yet lingered like remembered music in his ears; her dark eyes and sweet expression were recalled, and came at his bidding to enchain him more completely.

He moved on like one in a dream. Rosalthe was in danger, it was true; but had not fortune so ordered it that he should be her deliverer? Had he not read of such things an hundred times in books? Did not every person living know that truth is stranger than fiction? The matter (in his mind) was settled. He was young, strong, and daring; he would find the Indian trail (if the Indians were indeed concerned), follow it with the cunning of a veteran woodsman, discover her, at last, in a position of great danger, and save her, after achieving unheard-of exploits.

Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, or Joel Logston, would have reasoned rather differently, and seen things in another light, unquestionably; but they could not have drawn more vivid pictures than did Allan.

When the mind is occupied with great and hopeful subjects, time flies quickly; and an hour with Allan was such a mere fragment, that it passed unnoticed; although during that period he had walked several miles through a portion of country so delightful that it called up the idea of another Eden, planted upon Kentucky River. Allan stopped, and leaning upon his rifle, contemplated the beauty of the scene. A low, warning growl from Vesuvius caused him to turn his eyes in another direction. An Indian was standing beneath the spreading branches of a patriarchal oak. Allan's first impulse was to cock his rifle; but the Indian calmly pointed to his own, which was reclining against the tree within his reach; and the young man felt assured that his intentions were not hostile.

The red man was the first to speak.

"Son of the pale-face, fear not; had Otter-Lifter intended you harm, you would have ceased to live already; for his eye has been on you for a long time," said the Indian, in very good English.

"I feel that the words of the red-man are true," replied Allan, adopting the style of speaking characteristic of the Indian races.

"Wa-wa; whence came you, and where do you go?" asked Otter-Lifter.

"I am from Boonesborough," said Allan, at a loss how to answer the other question.

"Very great man is Boone," returned the Indian.

Allan replied that he was.

"My white friend has not told me where he is going?" added Otter-Lifter.

"One of our young maidens has disappeared from the fort," said Norwood.

"Ugh! The pale-face is hunting for her?"

"Yes."

"And you suppose that some of my people have stolen her away?"

"That was my thought," replied Allan.

Otter-Lifter looked searchingly at the young hunter, and replied:

"Men who have red skins can tell the truth as well as those who have white. If one of your maidens has been carried away by any of our people, it is something unknown to me."

Allan could not help being struck with the noble bearing of the Cherokee. He had heard him spoken of by Captain Boone as one who contemned and despised the cruelties of his race,

and he felt that he had good reason to congratulate himself that he had fallen in with a chief so celebrated for his love of justice and humanity."

"You are in danger here," added Otter-Lifter. "Return to the big wigwam, or you will perish by the hands of my warriors. Go, pale-face, go in peace, and tell your people that there is one among the red nations that loves mercy."

"You speak like a great chief," said Allan; "but how can I go back without the maiden? Her friends are sad; all hearts are heavy at the great fort."

"Wa-wa! Otter-Lifter has spoken. He knows nothing of the pale-face maiden; is it not enough?" replied the Cherokee, with dignity.

"We know that she has disappeared," answered Allan, "and Boone, the man with the big heart, is preparing to seek her. He is cunning as a fox when he follows the trail of his enemies, and strong as a lion when he raises his hand to smite them."

"What has that to do with me?" retorted Otter-Lifter, somewhat impatiently.

"It is possible that some of your warriors have carried her away without your knowledge," returned Allan.

"Ugh! then they shall carry her back," said the Cherokee, firmly. "I would fain live in peace with the pale-faces, although they are driving us from our lands, and destroying our glorious hunting grounds."

"There is," returned Allan, after a pause, "a Frenchman at the big wigwam, who talks, it is said, of making large purchases of lands. Do you know him?"

The Cherokee frowned, and again looked searchingly at Norwood.

"My white brother is inquisitive; he speaks of that which does not concern him. What cares Otter-Lifter about the Frenchman's schemes? If he is treating for lands, is the chief of the Cherokees a woman, that he should tell all he knows to every one that asks him?"

"I meant no offence," said Allan. "It was only yesterday that the Frenchman had a talk with the missing maiden, and he used language that I liked not."

"He is called among my people Shoiska, which means *Smooth-Tongue*, in our language," replied the Indian, with a disdainful smile.

"Why do you not live at peace with the white settlers?" asked Allan, who perceived that nothing could be learned of the chief in relation to the subject nearest his heart.

"Cast your eyes over this beautiful country," replied the Cherokee; "it belongs to the red men, and they love it as they love the blood in their own veins; but the white men come and say, 'this is our country; you must go away and let us possess it in peace.' And this is why the Indians fight; they struggle for their own, which the God of nature gave them. But what will their resistance avail? Nothing—nothing! The graves of their kindred will be trampled upon by the foot of the white stranger; their great forests will fall, and the homes of the red race will be found nowhere—nowhere on the face of the wide earth; the pale-faces and their fire-water will sweep the Indians from among the living nations."

Otter-Lifter sighed, and without another word walked swiftly away.

Norwood gazed after him a moment, and then turned to retrace his steps to the fort. He had accomplished about two-thirds of the distance, when feeling somewhat fatigued, he sat down to rest a moment, and the dog crouched on the ground beside him.

Suddenly Vesuvius started up and snuffed the air, and at the same time Allan caught a glimpse of a human figure moving hurriedly among the trees. He immediately concealed himself behind a log as well as he could, and putting his hand on the neck of his canine companion, by dint of threatening looks and gestures, kept him still.

The figure approached, and proved to be that of a white man. Allan was about to rise from his place of concealment, when another party appeared, and caused him to forego his purpose. The second comer was an Indian, who instantly joined the first, and the two advanced to within a few paces of our hero.

"Where is Smooth-Tongue?" asked the Indian, rather indifferently.

"Otter-Lifter was a remarkable man. He had raised himself to renown as a warrior, without ever having killed women, or children, or prisoners. His friend, his word, and his rifle were all he cared for. He said the Great Spirit, when he made all the rest of the animals, created man to kill and eat them, let them should consume all the grass; that to keep men from being proud he suffered them to die also, or to kill one another and make food for worms; that life and death were two warriors always fighting; with which the Great Spirit amused himself.—*History of Kentucky.*

"Hasn't come; I've been waiting a long time," replied the white man.

The Indian made no reply, lighted his pipe, and began to smoke; but his white companion seemed by no means so patient.

We cannot do better, in this place, than to give the names of the two men, without farther preface. The white man was Silas Girty, an individual well known to the settlers of Kentucky. He was a faithless, treacherous fellow, celebrated for nothing save being friendly to the Indians, and inciting them to acts of aggression and cruelty. He led many of the attacks that were made upon Boonesborough and Harrodsburg. His companion was a chief of the Miamis, called Little-Turtle; a character also mentioned in the annals of frontier warfare. The relation existing between Little-Turtle and Girty will become evident as we proceed.

"Are the Miamis ready to make an attack?" asked Girty.

"The bold Miamis are ready; they are always ready when the war-whoop sounds along the border," said Little-Turtle.

"I have seen the Wyandots; they are ready, also; why should there be any more delay about the matter? For my part, I don't see no use in it; every hour that goes by without being improved, is an hour lost. People will say that we make war like women, and not like men."

"The chief of the Miamis is ready to lead his warriors to battle; let the Wyandots come on, and we will level the big wigwam with the dust."

"You talk well; you are a wise chief; but the Frenchman comes not according to his appointment."

Girty and Little-Turtle waited a short time longer, and then walked from the spot. Allan arose hastily from his place of concealment, and returned to the fort without loss of time.

CHAPTER VI.

STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS AT THE FORT.

WHEN Norwood reached the fort, he found Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton and Joel Logston ready to go in search of the missing maiden. Le Bland stood near, with brow overcast and sullen. He gave Allan one of his peculiar looks, as he joined them, and honored him also with his characteristic smile, which to Norwood was particularly offensive.

"Imprudent young man! why did you leave us?" exclaimed Boone.

"I would see you alone, sir," said Allan. "This way, then," replied the pioneer. "Now I will hear you."

Allan without further delay proceeded to relate circumstantially all that he had heard.

"A white man and an Indian," repeated Boone, thoughtfully. "I have it," he added; "the first was Silas Girty; a man, to use a scriptural phrase, 'full of subtlety and mischief.'"

"The Indian was of small stature, and chief of the Miamis," said Allan.

"He is called Little-Turtle, and is a dangerous fellow. They spoke of an attack, did they?"

Norwood replied in the affirmative, stating as much of the conversation as he could possibly remember.

"The Frenchman referred to, was no doubt our amiable friend yonder," continued the pioneer, looking towards Le Bland. "I have long suspected him of playing a double game like this. Leave him to me; say nothing of this matter, and we will see what can be done. He had an appointment with Girty and the Miami chief, no doubt, but did not think it prudent to go. I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Norwood; you have rendered an important service to me, and to all the settlers. You have commenced nobly the life of a pioneer."

"But what do you think of Otter-Lifter? can his word be relied on?" asked Allan.

"It is my opinion that it can. If he has assured you that he knows nothing of Miss Alston, I am for one inclined to believe him," said Boone.

"What, then, can be accomplished? in what direction shall we look for the young lady?" continued Allan, earnestly.

"Those are difficult questions; they perplex me."

"And something must be done immediately," resumed Allan.

"I know it; but our position is critical. If a number of us leave the fort in search of Rosalthe, that very movement will probably be the signal for an attack by our enemies," replied Boone.

"Girty himself may have had something to do with this affair," added Allan.

"The Miami chief, also," said Boone.

"Nor would it be strange if yonder Frenchman knew something of this outrage," returned Norwood, in a suppressed voice.

"I have had such suspicions," returned the pioneer; "but I don't know—time will set us right."

Boone then made a gesture for Kenton and Logston to approach, Le Bland being at that moment busily engaged with Mr. Alston.

The information which Allan had brought, was briefly stated, and for a short space not a word was spoken by either of the party, each striving by some mental process to find out what was best to be done.

"It's my opinion," said Joel Logston, at length, "that the Frenchman had better be done for."

"What do you mean?" asked Captain Boone.

"Make an end on 'im at once; that's what I mean," replied Logston.

"What do you think, Kenton?" asked the captain.

"Watch him, and shoot him down on the first appearance of treachery," replied Kenton.

"And what is your opinion?" continued Boone, turning to Allan.

"I concur with Mr. Kenton. Although the evidences of his treachery are strong, they would not seem to warrant the summary measures proposed by our friend Logston, to whose judgment I feel inclined to pay due deference."

"You are wrong, all of you!" exclaimed Logston. "Why not stop the mischief while there's an opportunity to do it. What satisfaction can you get when he's brought the Wyandots, and the Miamis, and a lot of his own kind down upon us in sufficient numbers to eat us all at two bites. How can you help yourselves, then? What on earth will he care for your watching after he's done just what he wants to do? Why not put a stop to it now? Thrust him into one of the block-houses and keep him there."

"There is much reason and good sense in what you say, Joel," returned Captain Boone, thoughtfully. "You are about right, I believe, all things considered. What say you to shutting him up, Kenton?"

"That will suit me just as well, and a little better, captain; so shut him up, by all means."

Norwood felt convinced that the plan suggested would be the most judicious, and expressed himself accordingly.

"I'm sorry that anything of this kind should have happened among us; but I can see no way to avoid it now," said Boone. "Mr. Alston will feel deeply aggrieved, and discredit the whole story of his treachery. But what's the use to falter, when duty points the way, and the lives of all are depending on promptness of action? Kenton, you and Logston may cage Le Bland as soon as you please. Put him into the block-house, and leave him to his pleasant reflections."

"It'll be the best job I've done for a twelvemonth," said Joel.

The Frenchman and Mr. Alston were conversing earnestly when the parties approached.

"There has been too much delay about this business!" exclaimed Le Bland, turning towards them.

"That's just what I think," replied Joel, drily, laying his great hand on the Frenchman's shoulder. "Come with us, my lad."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Le Bland, the blood suddenly forsaking his face.

"This way," added Joel, tightening his grasp.

"This way, my gentleman."

Mr. Alston looked at Captain Boone, then at Allan, and then at Kenton, every feature expressing supreme astonishment.

"I see that you are surprised, Mr. Alston, but it is necessary that this person's liberty should be curtailed, at least, for the present," said Boone, calmly.

"And he may thank his stars that it's no worse than that," added Logston, dragging the Frenchman away.

"I am not only surprised, but indignant!" replied Alston.

"I am sorry that you feel so about it; but I am doing only what my conscience approves," returned Boone.

"Tell me, my crime! What base villain has slandered me?" cried Le Bland, struggling vainly in the hands of Logston.

"Treachery is your crime," returned Boone.

"'Tis false! you can prove nothing!" retorted Le Bland. "That young fellow has a personal

spite against me because I chastised his impertinence to Miss Alston no longer ago than yesterday. 'I dare say you can find the truth of my assertion written upon his shoulders in good, round characters.'"

Allan's cheeks grew red with rage, but he disdained to contradict such a falsehood.

"You are too hasty, Captain Boone; you are doing foul injustice to Monsieur Le Bland. He is my personal friend; I know him well. This young man has wronged him, for he is doubtless smarting under my friend's severe discipline," said Alston, with much earnestness of manner.

"Mr. Norwood don't look like a man who would receive the kind of discipline you speak of very patiently," observed Boone, surveying with a smile Allan's stalwart proportions.

"It is not bone and muscle that makes men strong, sir; it is the right—the right, sir, makes the weakest arm strong," returned Alston. Then turning sharply upon our hero, he said, sternly: "Confess, young man; confess your error!"

"What shall I confess, sir?" asked Allan, calmly.

"That, actuated by jealousy and malice, you have shamefully maligned this brave gentleman," replied Alston, in the same severe manner.

"Sir, I cannot understand you," said Allan, proudly.

"Who knows this young man? who can vouch for his truthfulness?" resumed Alston.

"Those who came with me to Kentucky, and would willingly vouch for my veracity and honor, are now at Harrodsburg," said Allan, who perceived that all were looking to him for an answer to the questions proposed.

"He is a worthless adventurer!" exclaimed Le Bland, "and I trust I shall again have the pleasure of chastising his arrogance."

"Don't be too free!" said Logston, giving his prisoner a hearty shake.

"I have already heard something in relation to this person," added Alston, pointing to Norwood. "My friend has spoken of him in a way that leaves little doubt on my mind in regard to his character and intentions."

"Take him away," said Boone, motioning to Logston and Kenton.

"I will confer with you privately on this matter, and give you such reasons for my conduct as will, I think, induce you to absolve me from blame, and change your opinion," added the captain, while the two foresters led Le Bland to one of the block-houses.

"This is unadvised—this is injudicious," continued Alston, still unreconciled.

"You do not know this man, my dear friend," replied Boone, soothingly.

"Who knows him better than I? Am I not deeply in his confidence? Is there not an amicable relationship existing between him and my family?" retorted Alston.

"I know all that you know, and much more. Le Bland is a false-hearted knave, as you will learn to your cost; and as for your daughter, she never liked him; but, sir, she feared him," said the pioneer, firmly.

"Strange infatuation!" exclaimed Alston.

"Andrew!" said Boone.

"Yes, massa," replied the negro, presenting himself.

"You are to keep watch of Monsieur Le Bland, and see that he does not escape from the block-house. Take your gun and keep guard at the door."

"Shall I shoot him, massa?" asked Andrew.

"Not unless he tries to escape," was the reply.

"I'll do dat ar," said Andrew.

"See that you do, if you value your skin; for look you, ducky, our lives are all depending on it," added the captain.

"Lor, massa, how you does talk; I ken do it jest like miffin. You ken trust dis chile fur as you can see him."

"And not much farther," said Boone to himself. Turning to Mr. Alston, he resumed, in a serious voice: "Trust my judgment for this time, and do not imagine that I am actuated by unworthy motives. If I am doing any person the least injustice in acting as I am, I will be the first to confess my error when it becomes fully apparent. I never took pleasure in wronging any human being, and I am getting too old to learn many new tricks now. This Le Bland I know is a personal friend of yours; but he is no true man; he is a spy—a wolf in sheep's clothing, and all the time he has been with us, he has been in correspondence with our enemies. Hark! let me assure you that Rosalthe can tell you more of him than you would like to hear."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



VIEW OF THE TOWN OF SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

VIEWS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

New South Wales forms the eastern part of New Holland. It is impossible to assign the precise epoch of the discovery of the vast continent, so long known by this name, and which the English have latterly called Australia. We know only that at the beginning of the 17th century the Dutch made a survey of the northern and southern shores; that in 1642, Tasman explored all the shore of the south, and that Captain Cook, in 1770, visited all the north-east, and so satisfied himself that New Holland was not, as was then supposed, a prolongation of New Guinea. Finally, in 1773, Captain Fournaux completed by his researches the perimeter of the island. At the time of the expedition of Cook, England, warned by the complaints of her North American colonies, of the danger there would be in indefinitely emptying her prisons into her transatlantic possessions, was busy with the project of creating in the Pacific Ocean a place for the transportation of her criminals. With this view, Cook received orders to take possession of the eastern shores of New Holland in the name of Great Britain. Eighteen years afterwards, Captain Phillips founded the penal colony of Botany Bay, whose name for a long time evoked the least seductive pictures, and was an object of terror. Half a century was hardly long enough for the complete transformation of this country, which had to be wrested foot by foot from the wildest nature. Nothing better displays the superiority of the English system of colonization, the activity and prodigious resources of this people, than the condition of grandeur and prosperity to which it has in so short a time carried the distant colony of Australia. Splendid and populous towns are built on the principal bays; the soil has been fertilized; industry and commerce have seized upon natural wealth, and, under the influence of these combined elements, the fortune of the new colony has taken a wide and rapid range. The precious advantages which New South Wales, the most favored province of Australia, derives from its climate, its fertility, and the enterprising spirit of its inhabitants, have made this country the centre of the different neighboring archipelagoes, and assure it in future an incontestable preponderance in the Australian hemisphere. We should be deceived, however, if we attribute exclusively to the causes we have just indicated, the secret of the immense development of the Australian colonies. This development is owing principally to the calculating efforts of the British government, which employs the freest expedients, and the most energetic means to direct to its Australian possessions the wave of English emigration, the natural course of which is towards North America. This result, which interests British power in two distinct points of view, its supremacy in the Pacific ocean, and the delay of the full development of American nationality, England has assisted thus far, by the low price of land, gratuitous transportation, and liberal inducements; she aids it powerfully at this moment by the easy lure placed at her disposal by the recent discovery of the gold mines. It will be remembered with what a feeling of incredulity the English people, even the press, received the news of a discovery which so opportunely favored the views and interests of the British government. The confirmation of the news at once produced a vast rush of emi-



MONUMENT OF LA PEYROUSE, AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

gration to the new El Dorado. We hasten to describe some of the principal points of interest in this favored country, as illustrated by our engravings. Built on an arm of the sea, to which the name of Port Jackson has been given, and which forms, as it were, a magnificent roadstead, Sydney rises in steps on the periphery of one of the numerous creeks which border the southern shores of this little gulf. The site is extremely picturesque. From the heights of Woolloovoolloo, which form the aristocratic quarter of the city, you see, on looking in the direction of the mouth of Port Jackson, to the left, a long tongue of land covered with cottages, parks and gardens; to the right, the shore rises to a peak, and presents all along the gulf an elevated rampart. From the north-east to the south-west runs a chain of mountains, whose ridges, stepping one above another, in their odd confusion appear to the imagination, excited by these natural beauties, like an immense troop of mastodons marching across the plain. Above the city the arm of the sea meets the waters of Paramatta, which bears to Sydney the various products of the agricultural districts comprised between its course and the Blue Mountains. The harbor and port of Sydney are covered with vessels and steam-packet boats, testifying to the activity of its commerce. You find in the environs that ease and neatness which seem to flow directly from the propriety of English manners. With the exception of a portion to the south of Sydney, the country offers smiling prospects, and attests the rapid progress of horticulture in this country. The portion which extends to the south, on the contrary, has retained a harsh and savage character, which contrasts with the fresh aspect of the adjacent valleys: this is the road which leads to the "French Camp." This name designates the table-land situated at the north point of Botany Bay, a few miles from Sydney. The expedition of the unfortunate La Peyrouse made a halt here in 1788, and here were the last traces of the celebrated navigator. You see still on the surface of the ground a square stone, under which was interred Father le Receveur, as the Latin epitaph, which we here translate, states: "Here reposes le Receveur, a priest of the order of Minimi of France, physician of the expedition of circumnavigation, under the orders of La Peyrouse. Deceased Feb. 17, 1788." In 1825, Bouguinville, in harbor at Port Jackson, visited the French camp, and obtained permission from the colonial government to erect a monument there to the memory of the illustrious mariner. A simple column, surmounted by a sphere, and resting on a square base enclosed in a quadrangular grating, bears the following inscription in French and English: "TO THE MEMORY OF LA PEYROUSE. This land, which he visited in 1788, is the last where any intelligence of him was received. Erected in the name of France, under the charge of Messrs. Bouguinville, and Ducaupier, commanding the frigate Thetis, and the corvette Esperance, in harbor at Port Jackson, in 1825. Note. The foundations were laid in 1825, and the column erected in 1828." The Blue Mountains are bold, and full of picturesque beauties. Our annexed engraving represents one of the wild passes through these mountains, in which the difficulties of travelling, and the unsurpassed luxuriance of the vegetation will be particularly noted by the reader.

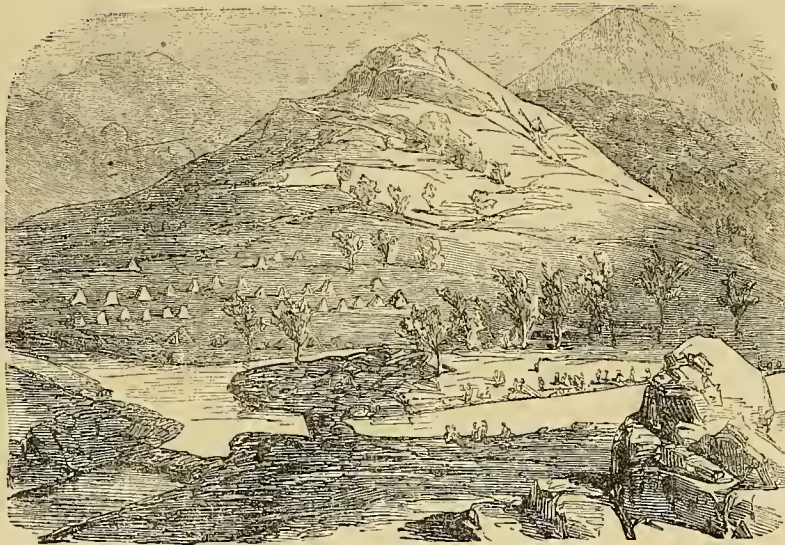


REPRESENTATION OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

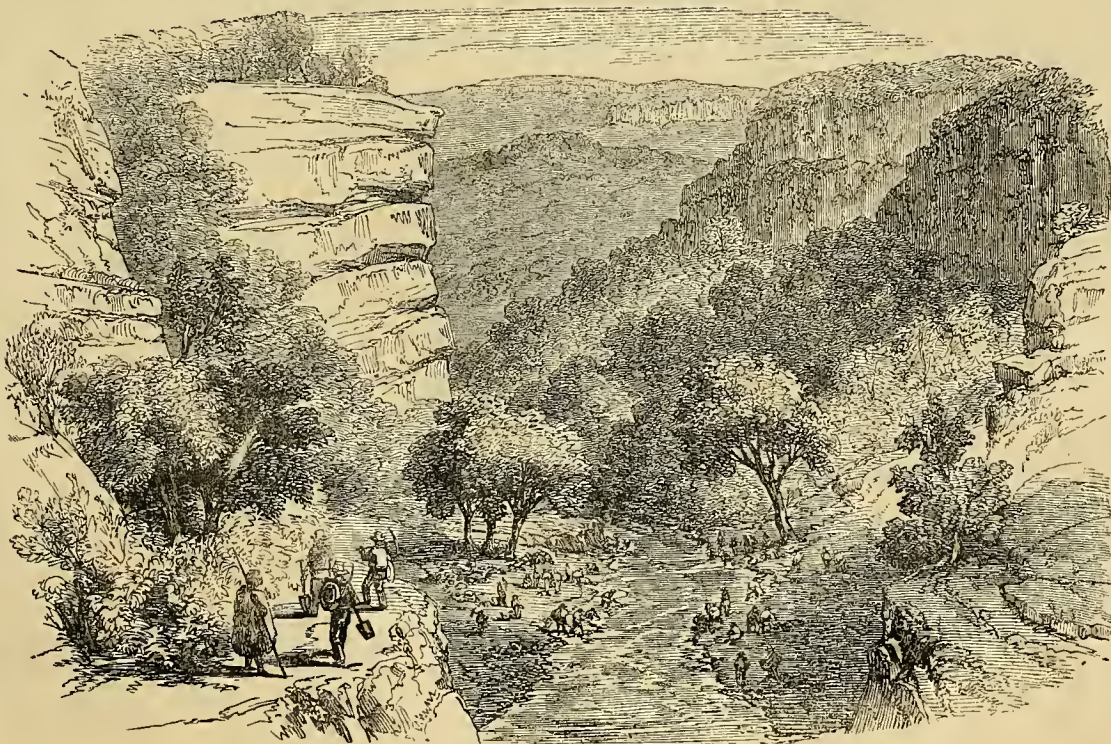


VIEW OF BATHURST, NEW SOUTH WALES.

The district of Bathurst, a view of which we give in our engraving above, is exceedingly rich. The rearing of flocks, favored by the rich pasturage valley, which is of great extent, is a productive source of industry on this side of the Blue Mountains. The length of the plain is twelve miles by eight broad. The soil is composed of slightly undulating downs; its general level is at two thousand feet above the level of the sea. At the bottom of this district are about nine thousand souls—six thousand being at Bathurst. The distance from this town to the auriferous region is about thirty miles, through a country partially sterile, without roads of communication, continually intersected by water courses or inaccessible mountains, which must be tunneled. The geological formation of this country resembles that of California. Summer Hill, where gold was first found, belongs to the chain which borders Wellington Valley. Bell's River (Campbell's) waters this district. The diggings, first concentrated on Summer Hill, have rapidly spread in the neighborhood. Numerous groups are formed about the principal centres of operation. Such is that which has taken the denomination of Ophir, a view of which is herewith given, and which is composed of more than two hundred tents. Gold is found in different states, but generally in grains and in scales, in alluvial ground, and in the bed of rivers and ravines. It sometimes presents itself in the form of scales at the surface of quartz, rarely penetrating the interior. This gold is quite pure. It is difficult to get at the quantity extracted, as the miners are not very communicative on this head, and have an interest in concealing facts. In a few instances gold has been found in considerable masses. Surveys made in a wide circuit, lead to the supposition that mineral wealth is developed in a superficies of three hundred miles. This is not all: if discoveries made simultaneously at the most distant points are confirmed, the whole of New South Wales must be a vast auriferous basin. Van Diemen's Island, separated by Bass's Strait from New Holland, and which has the same physical characteristics, would equally share in the mineral riches, if we are to credit reports which do not rest on any positive proofs. Finally, it is affirmed that in certain crystallized earth, some spinelli rubies have been found, of a fine fire tint, whence it is inferred that this aluminate must be very abundant, and it is hoped to find them in granitic earths, to which they are more particularly natural. But such conjectures carry us into the regions of the marvellous. If a great accumulation of gold and silver constituted the fundamental wealth of a country, the discovery of gold mines in Australia would be a stroke of fortune for this colony. Reason and example show that this is not the case. We may consider these heaps of riches as reservoirs opened to European cupidity. It is enough to refer to the period of the



A VIEW OF OPHIR, NEW SOUTH WALES.



VALLEY OF OPHIR, NEW SOUTH WALES.

greatest yield of precious metals in the New World to convince ourselves that these immense treasures have profited Europe only. Who does not feel to what a height of power and grandeur the colonies of South America might not have risen, so admirably favored as they were by nature, but for the short-sighted policy of the Spaniards and Portuguese, who preferred the possession of immediate riches, which were so soon to escape from their hands, to the progressive development of the whole vital strength of these fortunate countries? In this connection we may introduce a few statistics of this continent, which has suddenly assumed so much importance, and bids fair to exert so great an influence in the commerce of the world. Those portions of Australia which have been settled by emigrants from Great Britain are comprised in three principal colonies. The statistics given are from the census of March, 1851, the last which has been taken. The total population at that time, it may be said, amounted to 322,000. The discovery of gold has given a great impulse to emigration, so that the population at present probably numbers 450,000. The colonies are: I. *New South Wales*, situated upon the eastern shore. Founded in 1787, as a penal settlement. Population, 187,000; sheep, 7,026,000; cattle, 1,460,000; horses, 111,200; exports, £1,890,900; imports, £1,670,300. Sydney, the capital, has 60,000 inhabitants.—II. *Victoria*, situated at the southeastern angle of the island. First settled in 1835; cut off from New South Wales and erected into a separate colony in 1841. Population, 78,000; sheep, 6,033,000; cattle, 346,500; horses, 16,743; exports, £1,041,796; imports, £744,295. The capital is Melbourne, having a population of 25,000. This has been by far the most flourishing of the Australian colonies; and the richest deposits of gold have also been discovered here.—III. *South Australia*, lying on the southern shore of the island, immediately west of Victoria. Founded in 1835. Population, 67,000; sheep, 1,200,000; cattle, 100,000; horses, 6000; exports, £571,000; imports, £887,000. Adelaide, the capital, contains about 14,000 inhabitants. This is less a pastoral colony than either of the others, the principal article of export being copper. It has suffered very severely from speculations in copper mines, and, on the whole, has not been successful. The discoveries of gold in the neighboring colony of Victoria, have likewise proved injurious to South Australia, drawing away a considerable share of its population. It is not known that any gold has been discovered in this colony.—In addition to these colonies, an attempt was made in 1829 to found the colony of Western Australia or Swan River, on the western shore. It is said that there are some ten thousand inhabitants in this unfortunate district. The name of Northern Australia has been vaguely bestowed upon the whole of the central and northern parts of the island.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SNOWDROP AND THE ROSE.

BY JOSEPH D. BUTLER.

A rose peeped out in the changing spring,
In a fond and sad mistake;
She looked in vain for the butterfly's wing,
For the sleepers were not awake!

She blushed for her folly, but could not retreat;
So she gazed the garden round—
Some early flowers were opening sweet
From the snowflake on the ground.

At her feet hung the snowdrop's graceful bell,
In its coronal of green;
The yellow crocus was there as well,
By the side of the lovely queen!

"You little drop," said the hangy flower,
"Hold up your shy, pale face;
I thought you had died in the summer hour,
And that spring had run her race!"

"How dare you open your silly eye,
When my stately form is near?
I hate such lowly creatures by—
I am queen, remember, here!"

The snowdrop raised its drooping head
From its bosom of sable green;
Around its fragrant petals spread,
And addressed the stately queen:

"Softly, proud flower! be gentle, I pray;
For I reign by nature's right—
Remember, your beauty will pass away
In the frost-wind's coming blight."

"Despise not my unpretending form,
Nor scorn my innocent face;
For I cheer man's heart in the gloomy hour,
In the humblest garden place."

"An emblem am I of the purity
That should be a maiden's pride;
And the spirit of man when he shall die,
As me, must be purified!"

"I grant you are gay in your crimson line—
But beauty is passing fleet;
And I think I am quite as welcome as you,
Though low at your queenly feet!"

"Despise not humble worth, gay flower—
For we dwell in shadows here;
I may flourish sweet in the wintry hour,
When you dare no more appear!"

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE RUE ST. HONORE.

A STORY FOR RICH AND POOR.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

CHAPTER I.

On a dull autumnal morning, near the close of Louis XV.'s reign, a crowd of citizens had gathered across the pavement of a narrow Parisian street, called the Rue St. Honore, one of those which still remain in the French capital, conveying to its present inhabitants an idea of the gloomy, prison-like localities in which their ancestors were accustomed to dwell. The march of innovation and improvement, which has since resulted in the laying out of the faubourgs St. Germain and St. Honore, which has completed the elegant Chaussee d'Antin, and skirted the boulevards with beautiful edifices, had then made but little advance; and Paris was confined to smaller and more gothic limits than would be compatible with modern notions of civilized existence. The assemblage in the Rue St. Honore presented the usual characteristics of a French mob disposed to block up a thoroughfare; there were sharp-eyed shopkeepers, with aprons tucked one side in a professional twist; spruce fellows in livery; smart soubrettes, and dark-featured artisans with brows corrugated in a fixed and discontented scowl. Nevertheless, a common interest in something then transpiring was more or less depicted in the countenances of all save three; and these three were evidently in no peculiar favor. One of them, a cadaverous individual, was, by his black gown, an advocate, and the other two were officers of the law,—a class of citizens never in high esteem among the populace. Opposite to the advocate was an aged priest, who apparently expostulated with the legal gentleman in favor of the persons composing another group a few paces off. These were a young and delicate woman, who held an infant to her bosom; while two children—a boy and girl—clung shivering to her garments; for the day was a raw one, and the poor people were thickly clad. A little way off, in the grasp of the two officials, was a young tradesman, who struggled to approach the woman and children, but was withheld by the legal functionaries. A pile of household goods was huddled together on the walk, and around, as before said, a crowd of gazers had collected, all with pity marked upon their faces, but apparently powerless to interpose material aid.

In truth, the sight was too common in Paris, and the story it revealed a too familiar one, to excite much more than idle sympathy; for the social complaints which afterwards found expression in the terrible scenes of the French Revolution, were then only dumb because the d'Alemberts, and Mirabeaus, and Rousseaus, had not then evoked their meaning from the shadows of the future. The young man struggling with the officers of the law was simply a ruined tradesman, prevented by misfortunes from

paying a creditor, who thereupon had seized his goods; his unhappy wife and children had been turned into the street; and to crown all, he was himself to be thrown into prison, to linger out a wretched existence, with the knowledge that his family were houseless wanderers. Only one friend—the venerable clergyman—interposed in his behalf, attempting to mollify the hard creditor; but alas! the intercession of the good man was powerless against the due course of law.

Such was the aspect of affairs in the Rue St. Honore, when the rattle of carriage wheels was heard, and an aristocratic equipage, blazoned with armorial bearings, turned a corner, and dashed towards the motley crowd. In this carriage reclined a young nobleman, well known among the fashionables of that epoch, called the Marquis St. Ange, one of the gayest and wealthiest lords of the brilliant court of Louis XV., and noted alike for his reckless dissipations and for the nonchalant whimsicality with which he lavished money on any object that attracted his varying fancy. He was at this hour in the morning returning from some *carrousel* of the previous night; his limbs wearied and eyes heavy from want of sleep; and so it was with no small chagrin that he found his homeward course impeded by the crowd. Hastily calling to his coachman, he bade him drive through; but the stolid indifference of the grim artisans to the summons of the man in livery, and a muttered oath or two from their lips, gave warning that it would be better to temporize with such people; so the young marquis languidly lifted his perfumed head from the cushions on which it rested, and inquired the cause of the detention.

"Please, monsieur," began the coachman; but was anticipated by the old priest, who, pressing forward to the chariot, said:

"It is an honest tradesman, my son, who suffers a great wrong."

The advocate, in his black suit, here interposed with:

"It becomes a priest to attend matters concerning the church, and not to meddle with the law."

"Well, let us hear about it," said the Marquis St. Ange.

"What is the trouble?"

"This poor man," answered the priest, taking no notice of the lawyer's remark, but directing the noble's attention to the young tradesman,—"this poor man, having given credit to too many persons who have neglected to pay him, is himself about to be dragged to prison, though his creditor has already seized all he is worth."

"That is a hard case, surely," said the Marquis St. Ange, "if your reverence speaks the truth."

"Will monsieur look and satisfy himself?" replied the priest.

"Yonder is the poor man's family, from whom he is to be separated; here is the advocate, and there is the debtor, who is, I assert, as honest a tradesman as any in Paris."

"Ah! say you so, good father!" responded the marquis, drawing out his words with a listless air. Then looking toward the lawyer, "thou," he said, "come hither."

The advocate approached the carriage.

"My good fellow," said the nobleman, to the man of law, "I cannot submit to have my carriage stopped, because I am very sleepy, and must get to bed. So I order thee to let that poor man go free, and bid these people disperse."

"The law must take its course," replied the advocate, in a surly tone. "My authority is legal, and no one can prevent me from acting on it."

"What is that, Monsieur l'Avocat?" cried the marquis. "I will let thee know, sirrah, I shall prevent such action effectually."

"Will you?" exclaimed the lawyer, insolently. "We shall see, Monsieur l'Marquis." Then as the young nobleman made a motion to rise, "No violence, or I will inform against you."

"I don't believe it, Mr. Advocate. Nevertheless, as I am in a hurry, this business must be finished. So away with those officers, and let the man go free."

"Monsieur jokes, I fancy," sneered the advocate.

"No, I am in earnest, I assure thee. Give me my tablets, Antoine."

"For what purpose?" asked the advocate.

"That we shall see presently," answered the marquis, as Antoine handed him his tablets. Then resting upon the side of his chariot, he signed a draft upon his steward, and handing it to the astonished lawyer, bade him fill it up with the amount of the young tradesman's indebtedness.

The rescued debtor, who had witnessed all this, could scarcely believe his senses, until the poor woman—his wife—with her children, sprang forward, and throwing her arms about his neck, fainted upon his bosom. The venerable priest clasped his hands together, while the tears stood in his eyes; and the crowd around set up a shout which made the high-mettled horses that drew the nobleman's carriage prick up their ears and snort, as if a trumpet had sounded. But the Marquis St. Ange, sinking back upon his cushions, and waving his hand listlessly, said:

"Drive on, Antoine; I am sleepy, and must get to bed."

And so, while the crowd shouted "Vive!" at the top of their lungs, and the advocate and his satellites slipped quietly away, the coachman Antoine whipped his horses, and hurried his drowsy master out of the Rue St. Honore.

But it was destined that the Marquis St. Ange should not get to his hotel, nor enjoy a snug nap so soon on that morning as he anticipated; for he had not been driven many squares further, before another obstacle intervened in his progress. This was the sudden appearance of a half-naked urchin, who rushed out of a dilapidated hovel, in a street still narrower than the Rue St. Honore, and flung himself almost under the horses' hoofs, at the same time setting up a discordant cry, which made the animals rear backwards upon the chariot.

"What is the matter now, Antoine?" asked the Marquis St. Ange, opening his eyes.

"Truly, Monsieur le Marquis," answered the coachman, "everything seems to conspire against us to-day. Yonder lies a fellow, either dead or drunk, in the very middle of the street, and the young urch, who must be his son, is frightening the horses with his antics."

Saying this, Antoine reined up the startled beasts, and his master, looking over the panels, saw a miserable object, in the shape of a human being, stretched at full length across the pavement, and at his head a small boy, wringing his hands and crying dolefully.

"Parbleu! what is that man doing there, Antoine?" asked the Marquis St. Ange.

"He is drunk, Monsieur le Marquis."

"Eh! well, we must get him out of the way, or, *monbleu!* I shall have no sleep to-day."

With these words, the nobleman raised himself from the cushions, and, opening the door of his chariot, alighted on the pavement. Antoine followed his master's example by descending from his box, and then bidding the crying urchin hold his horses' heads, stooped down, and by main strength lifted up the prostrate man, and dragged him to the door of the hovel.

"Who is he?" asked the marquis, addressing the boy.

"My father," sobbed the child.

"And is it thy father's custom to get drunk, and to lie down in the middle of the street?" inquired the marquis.

"No indeed!" cried the boy, briskly. "My father is drunk to-day for a reason."

"For a reason!" exclaimed the noble. "And pray, what may be thy father's reason?"

The lad's face became suddenly clouded, and he remained silent.

"Come, come!" continued St. Ange, kindly; "explain thyself."

"Alas!" said the urchin, "I have a little brother just born to-day, and my father gets drunk because we are so poor that no one will be godfather to the child."

The marquis could not help laughing at the *naivete* with which the boy gave so odd a reason for his father's intemperance. Nevertheless he said feelingly:

"Well, little man, they must be very poor indeed, not to be able to afford a Christian name to thy brother. Where is thy mama?"

The urchin resigned his hold of the reins to Antoine, and ran quickly to the hovel, stepping lightly over his drunken father, who lay upon the threshold. The young nobleman, obeying a sudden impulse, followed him, and stooping under the low beam, entered the wretched abode. The interior presented a spectacle of squalid poverty, such as the fashionable young man never before witnessed.

A woman was lying on a miserable bed in one corner, surrounded by several little children, looking pale and half-famished. She held to her breast a new-born babe, wrapped in rags; while a withered old crone—her mother—hobbled about in feeble attendance. A general cry of surprise greeted the entrance of the elegantly apparelled nobleman; but he advanced directly to the bedside, and pointing to the infant, said to the old attendant:

"Come, good mother, take the little one and go with me. We will give it a name." Then taking from his purse twenty-five louis, he gave them into the hand of the wondering invalid, and said: "That is for a birthday present to my godson. Let the child now go with its grandam, that it may be christened and have a name."

The poor mother, astonished to see such a fine gentleman, and hear him talk so familiarly, gave the infant into the dame's hands, and in a moment more the old crone, holding her charge, was seated beside the marquis in his magnificent chariot, and Antoine was driving away at the top of the horses' speed. And before the drunken father, who lay at the door, had recovered sufficiently from his stupor to be aware of what was passing, the child had been baptized and named, the registry signed, and the party returned to the hut; the old grandam supporting with one hand her ragged charge, while in the other she held a rouleau of louis, which the marquis had given her.

"O, what is his name?" cried the poor mother, clasping her infant to her bosom, as the form of the marquis appeared bending from the chariot.

"St. Ange," replied the nobleman, gayly. "And now, Antoine," he continued, languidly, as he resumed his lolling position upon the cushions, "let us get home, for I am very sleepy."

CHAPTER II.

TWENTY years had passed away since that autumnal morning on which the Marquis St. Ange had experienced so much difficulty in reaching his hotel, and had consequently indulged in the singular episode of becoming godfather to an unknown child of one of the people. Twenty years had checkered Parisian life with many incidents; they had witnessed the death of Louis XV., by that terrible scourge, the small pox, and the accession and ominous opening of the reign of his gloomy son. And they had beheld the gay Marquis St. Ange, after a youth spent in frivolous pleasure, settle into a mid-day of happy married life, with a charming wife and two lovely children, whose days seemed destined to pass without a cloud to darken their sunshine. Wedded at thirty to a lady of rank, beauty and virtue, the marquis had, as is tritely termed, "sowed his wild oats," and turning his mind to affairs of state, had become the incumbent of an important post under his royal master, Louis XVI. If he had not long since entirely forgotten the incidents of that morning in which his carriage was stopped in the Rue St. Honore, he recalled them, with other youthful freaks, only to smile at the thoughtlessness that prompted them.

But the calmest day may have its evening tempest; and many

events at this period portended violent changes in the political aspects of France. The philosophers were exulting in the spread of their teachings concerning human equality, and the huge heart of the masses began to quiver with tumultuous responses. Already had jacobinism assumed a shape and purpose, and nothing was wanting to give it vital activity but the pressure of some great physical calamity upon the people, such as might rouse them to brute resistance against brute oppression. And that calamity soon came.

The awful hurricane of hail in July, 1788, by which thousands of miles of harvesting, just ready for the sickle, were suddenly destroyed, and the disturbances which followed through the rising of a pillaging banditti in the ruined districts, were the first monitors of the coming revolution which was to eradicate the landmarks of seven centuries. The turning of the people by the government, as a means of defence against internal outrages, was the next step; since through this arose that immense popular army—the national guard, whose fraternization with the masses has in later times so often decided the fate of a government. And, at last, came the great uprising—the destruction of the Bastille, the attack on the Tuileries, and the Reign of Terror.

That terrible epoch found the Marquis St. Ange no longer the gay noble,—no longer the courted favorite of a powerful monarch; but stripped of his wealth, deprived of his dignities, and stigmatized by the law and the popular voice as a traitor and aristocrat worthy of death. The spirit of his order, and his personal gratitude, had made St. Ange a friend of the royal family. He had defended them at the Tuileries, shared their imprisonments, and witnessed their condemnation; and, at length, when all their misfortunes had been accomplished, found himself in a gloomy cell of the Conciergerie, doomed to perish, with a score or two of other aristocrats, by the next day's guillotine in the Place de Greve. Of his wife and children, from whom he had been separated in the commencement of the civil troubles, he knew nothing, save that they had been included in the list of dangerous persons, or *malignants*, as they were termed in the slang of the times; and the fate of so many other innocents left him only the sad conclusion that they had preceded him in the path of martyrdom.

But the Marquis St. Ange was a brave man, and resigned himself to his fate with the heroism that almost universally marked the doomed nobility. Nevertheless, it may be fancied that his reflections were not of the most pleasant nature, as he paced his cell the night preceding the day appointed for his execution, and that he was somewhat agitated when he heard his jailer's voice saying:

"Citizen St. Ange, you are ordered to die at four o'clock in the morning,—that is, just six hours from this time!"

"I shall be ready," answered the marquis, without turning his head toward the speaker.

"You will not be ready, and you will not die, at that hour, citizen St. Ange," resumed the jailer.

"What dost thou mean?" asked the prisoner, stopping short in his walk, and looking at the rough-featured officer.

"I mean what I say," answered the jailer. "Listen to me, citizen, while I recall something to your memory. It is now more than a score of years since your carriage, in passing through a narrow street in this city, nearly crushed a drunken man lying insensible in the gutter."

"Nay," said St. Ange, endeavoring to recollect the circumstance. "The man was removed by—"

"I know what you would say, citizen," interrupted the jailer; "for that drunken man was *myself*! You had me removed to my miserable hovel; you discovered my wife starving; you gave her money; you took her new-born infant to the priest, became its godfather, gave it your own name, and—"

The man stopped, apparently overcome by his feelings. But he shortly proceeded:

"Citizen, since that morning, I have never tasted intoxicating drink. Your goodness not only rescued my family from destitution, but saved me from a drunkard's grave. My poor wife is long since dead; but her son—your godson—survives to repay the debt he owes you. He is the soldier on guard to-night at the gate of this prison-ward, of which I am keeper. I will lead you to his post, and he shall conduct you to a place of safety."

The jailer paused, and the Marquis St. Ange, who, during this recital, had been strongly affected, now grasped his hand.

"Can such gratitude be possible?" exclaimed the noble. "Is that boyish freak of mine thus remembered?"

"Heaven never suffers a good act to be forgotten," said the jacobin, solemnly. "But hasten, citizen; follow me!"

"But you endanger your own life, perhaps, in thus aiding an aristocrat."

"I risk nothing. Follow me, and say not a word."

Thus speaking, the jacobin led the way, and the noble followed. Leaving the gloomy cell, the door of which the jailer locked behind them, they passed through a narrow corridor, until they reached an arched gateway, at which a sentinel was stationed. The jailer made a sign as he advanced, and the soldier noiselessly brought his musket to a rest.

"Son St. Ange," whispered the old man, "here is thy godfather. It remains for thee to perform thy duty to him and me."

The young soldier bowed his head in reply, and the marquis was proceeding to renew his thanks; but the old jacobin pressed his hand against the noble's lips.

"Say nothing," he whispered, "but follow this boy, your godson, while I remain at his post."

With these words, he relieved the sentinel of his musket, and turning away, began to pace the corridor. The soldier then placed his arm within the noble's, and together the two emerged into the streets of Paris.

About the same hour of the night in which the preceding incidents were occurring, a family party were seated in the little back parlor of a thriving merchant's shop in a business street of Paris. The group was composed of the merchant himself—a good-humored, portly man; his wife—a handsome-featured lady, not far advanced in forty, and their daughter—a young maiden of graceful appearance, who, though apparently intent upon a book, was evidently expecting some visitor; and by frequent glances at the mantel time-piece, and just perceptible starts at every noise in the street, gave token of that peculiar state of nervous agitation in which young ladies await the coming of the one in whom they are most interested.

The apartment in which these persons sat exhibited every mark of comfort and prosperity, and showed that the political troubles of the times had not affected the good merchant in purse, as they evidently had not in health or contentment.

"It is getting late," said the matron, after a silence, during which the daughter had often glanced anxiously from her book to the time-piece.

"I trust that nought will interfere," returned the merchant. "Surely, Lucette, he told thee there was no risk in the attempt."

The daughter was about to reply, when a low knock was heard near the mantel, apparently from within the wall.

"It is madame!" said the merchant's wife, in a whisper; and rising quickly, she advanced to the wainscoting, and tapped with her finger nails.

Immediately a portion of the panelling slipped noiselessly aside, and a richly-dressed lady stepped from the aperture into the parlor. She was very pale, and traces of weeping were upon her cheeks; but the expression of her countenance was, at the same time, hopeful. She held in her hand a small Testament, clasped with gold. The merchant's family rose respectfully as this lady appeared.

"Is there no news?" asked the new comer.

"Not yet," replied the merchant. "But courage, madame. It is not yet eleven, and it is at that hour we are to expect them."

"I have sought courage here," responded the lady, pressing the sacred volume which she carried to her lips; "and I will not murmur, whatsoever may be the decree of Heaven! But ah, this is the most painful suspense!"

"Hush!" involuntarily interrupted the daughter Lucette, raising her finger with a movement of attention. "It strikes!" And at this moment the first stroke of eleven o'clock sounded from a neighboring church tower. But hardly had the chime ceased, when a low knock was heard outside of the window. "It is he!" exclaimed the maiden; and flying to the door, opened it cautiously, and admitted two persons. They were the Marquis St. Ange, and the young soldier, his godson.

It needs not to dwell upon the joyful meeting of the marquis with his lady, whom, doubtless, the reader has already divined to be his wife; nor upon his redoubled happiness, when, conducted through the sliding wainscot to the secret portion of the dwelling, he beheld his two beloved children sleeping quietly in each other's arms. But words cannot convey the nobleman's surprise, when the portly merchant, smiling good-humoredly, inquired of him:

"Does monsieur recognize me?"

"Indeed I do not," answered St. Ange.

"I am the poor tradesman whom your generosity relieved from a cruel creditor twenty years ago, in the Rue St. Honore. Never has my wife nor myself forgotten the Marquis St. Ange; and now, thank God! we have an opportunity of testifying our gratitude."

The marquis remained silent with emotion, but he grasped the good merchant's hand. Presently tears relieved his almost choking feelings; and then, with his recovered wife by his side, he sat down and listened to his host's recital; how, assisted by the jacobin father of the young soldier, he had been enabled to give refuge and concealment to the marchioness and her children, and how they had, at length, arranged the rescue of the marquis himself. And the nobleman, as he heard the story, silently acknowledged the graciousness of that Providence which had ordained that his thoughtless whim of generosity, twenty years before, should be the means of now saving his own existence and the lives of those most dear to him.

It remains but to add, that the jacobin jailer escaped suspicion in respect to the part he had taken; for in those days of hurried and indiscriminate execution, it was often difficult to determine who suffered and who did not. And that the Marquis St. Ange passed safely through all after perils, and lived to enjoy the security of later days, beholding his godson wedded to the merchant's daughter, and ever cherishing in his memory the events of that morning when his carriage was stopped in the Rue St. Honore.

And when his children, and those of his friends, gathered about him in after years, he was wont to quote the words of the jacobin jailer at the prison-gate:—"HEAVEN NEVER SUFFERS A GOOD ACT TO BE FORGOTTEN!"

THE WIFE.

It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart. The absence of content, the mutterings of spleen, the untidy dress and cheerless home, the forbidding scowl and deserted hearth—these, and other nameless neglects, without a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick, the heart's core of many a man, and planted there, beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair. O, may woman, before that sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth, and cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, awaken and keep alive the promise she so kindly gave. And though she may be the injured, not the injuring one—the forgotten, and not the forgetting wife—a happy allusion to the hour of peaceful love—a kindly welcome to a comfortable home—a smile of love to banish hostile words—a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of selfish man, will soften to her charms, and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years of matchless bliss, loved, loving and content—the source of comfort and the spring of joy.—*Chambers' Journal.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON.

No. III.

BY BENJ. PERLEY POORE.

THE traveller who visits Rome, feels sadly disappointed as he ascends the Capitoline Hill. Glorious traditions of the past retain their influence upon his mind, but so utter and so confounding is the chaos of desolation, that it is difficult to identify the surrounding localities. The Forum is choked up by the shapeless masses of modern erection—an occasional weather-worn column above, denotes the site of once noble temples—orchards flourish over the surrounding landscape amongst broken walls, and there is nothing to recall the parent of nations, save the air and the sky—the one as fresh, and the other as intensely blue, as they were when the fragments of the Titanic skeleton were in their pride of life, forming an imperial metropolis.

How different the Capitoline Hill at Washington! Here everything is vigorous and in perfect repair, while the busy swarms of workmen are engaged in enlarging the Capitol, which has to keep pace with the bounds of the republic. When General Washington and his brother freemasons laid the corner stone in 1793, with "plumb, square and level," an edifice of respectable size was large enough for the transaction of public business, but now the area covered is four and one third acres. And what a labyrinth of stone, brick and mortar! What spacious, vaulted halls, and what narrow passages—broad and narrow staircases—intricate and spacious vestibules! There is no deny here, and from the summit of the dome—a long, long way up—there is a panorama of prosperity spread out into the very horizon. The city itself, in which the public edifices loom up, as if to guard the public welfare—the navy yard, where the stars and stripes flutter proudly over our floating bulwarks—the Smithsonian Institute, so luxuriantly beautiful in its varied proportions—Georgetown, with its busy wharves, and the Potomac, called by the Indians, "the river of swans," but now dotted with white sails—all, all have a prosperous, healthy look, that contrasts strangely with what one may have seen on the banks of the Italian Tiber. Long may it be ere the American Capitol is so ruined that its shape will be undefinable, and that antiquarians will be puzzled to decide which portion of the ruins once echoed with the eloquence of Webster and of Clay!

The library used to be my favorite resort at the Capitol, and its destruction by fire has sadly interrupted the studies, investigations and flirtations over which Mr. Librarian Mehan used so graciously to preside. Many a speech which electrified "my district," was cunningly wrought out and dove-tailed by the congressional Ciceros, at those small desks—many a tender declaration was made whilst turning over Audubon's regal work—many a happy hour was passed by the bookworm in those secluded alcoves. But now, instead of fair women and black-coated men, one sees a small host of busy mechanics, filing, and screwing, and painting the incorruptible iron, of which the fittings-up of the new library will be exclusively composed. Would that they could re-construct Mr. Jefferson's invaluable collection of books, or rejuvenate the happy groups who used to make the library a trysting-place!

The gallery of the house is now the rendezvous of the helles, each one of whom is surrounded by her attendant train, who care much more for her dainty nods than for the oratory of the honorable politicians in the area below. Occasionally, as at a Spanish amphitheatre, the fury of the combat attracts their attention, but they soon return to the chat of the day. Mr. Corcoran's new mansion, the prospect of a hall at the French embassy, or the dangers of a crush at the White House, are more fully discussed in the House (galleries) than the interests of the nation.

In the olden time, there used to be a famous resort down, down in the cavernous basement of the Capitol, where those who loved spirits "did congregate." Mr. Speaker Winthrop, by virtue of his prerogative, applied the restrictions of the "Maine law," and thenceforth all members who wished to "practise at the bar," were forced to cross the grounds to an adjacent refectory. But the Senators, more chary of their dignity, have retained a private lunch-room, and many are the good stories told of friendly dialogues after warm debates, enlivened by "ham and sham." As the philosopher remarks, this is a "chequered life." Far be it from me to reiterate the pleasanties about charges for "hack-hire" made by committees who never ride, and for "stationery" that is supplied in demijohns. Who can legislate when starving, or why should committees not be supplied with the comforts of life?

As to personal sketches of the honorable "frankers," I shall delay them until their features shall have been made familiar to my readers in the Pictorial, when an anecdote or an adventure will be better relished. This is a brief epistle, but the gossip drains out in holiday times with the foaming bowls of egg-nog; and as for the news, doth not it go by telegraph? So, with many promises, *Vale!*

DEAFNESS OF THE AGED.

Nothing is more common than to hear old people utter querulous complaints with regard to their increasing deafness; but those who do so are not perhaps aware that this infirmity is the result of an express and wise arrangement of Providence in constructing the human body. The gradual loss of hearing is effected for the best purpose, it being intended to give ease and quietude to the decline of life, when any noise or sounds from without would but discompose the enfeebled mind, and prevent peaceful meditation. Indeed, the gradual withdrawal of all the senses and the decay of the frame, in old age, have been wisely ordained, in order to wean the human mind from the concerns and pleasures of the world, and to induce a longing for a perfect state of existence.—*Edinburgh Journal.*

J. H. CLIFFORD, LL. D.

John H. Clifford, the present governor of Massachusetts, was born in Providence, R. I., on the 16th of January, 1809. His father, a highly-respected merchant, was engaged in foreign commerce, and, during many years, conducted a prosperous and successful business. His mother—for, in describing a man's career, the greatest of all earthly agencies for good must not be omitted—was a woman whose singular sweetness and disinterestedness of nature, and whose cheerful piety, made her home a place of sunshine, and a centre of benignant influences for the large family of children who grew up around her. The subject of this notice not only had the advantage of her wise and affectionate training, but she lived long enough to witness his success, and to rejoice in his affections, when, in later years, altered circumstances and the trials of life enabled the child, in some degree, to return the care of the parent. At the age of thirteen, having from his earliest childhood exhibited an unusual aptitude for learning his school-boy tasks, he was prepared to enter college, but, being thought too young to commence his collegiate course, he was taken from school and placed in his father's counting-room. He continued here a year, and acquired a certain familiarity with the methods of transacting business, which no mere study could have given, and to which may doubtless be ascribed, in some degree, the facility and readiness which he has evinced in the conduct of commercial cases in the courts of law. When fourteen years of age, he entered the Freshman Class of Brown University. During his senior year he had the advantage of being under the presidency of Dr. Francis Wayland, who had just been placed at the head of the institution. His class has always retained a most friendly connection with the president, not only because it was the first class which was graduated under his administration, but because its manly and generous co-operation made it comparatively easy for him to introduce his many needed reforms into the discipline and management of the college. Young Clifford left the university at

eighteen; and with so high a reputation as a scholar, that three years afterwards, on taking his Master's degree, he was one of the two selected by the faculty, from his class, to pronounce the Master's orations. At the commencement of 1849, nineteen years later, his Alma Mater testified her continued interest in his career

Committee of Revision, and was also appointed a member of the Committee on the Judiciary. The labors of these two committees were all in the direction of his professional studies, and he took little part in any other Legislative proceedings. The Committee of Revision was directed to sit during the recess. [See page 43.]

by conferring on him the honorary degree of doctor of laws. Upon leaving college, he immediately commenced the study of law. He was, for a short period, with the Hon. William Hunter, of Rhode Island, and afterwards in the office of T. G. Coffin, Esq., at New Bedford. His preparatory term was completed with Hon. Theron Metcalf, of Dedham, afterwards the reporter, and now one of the justices of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. In September, 1830, at the age of twenty-one, he was admitted to the bar in Bristol County, Mass., and immediately entered upon the practice of his profession at New Bedford. The community in which he settled was a purely commercial one, and his practice was principally confined to commercial cases. He formed a professional connection at this time with T. G. Coffin, Esq., a leading practitioner and advocate in that county, which continued until 1834. But what was a still more fortunate connection, not long after he was established in business, he was married to Miss Sarah Parker Allen, a daughter of William H. Allen, Esq., grand-daughter of the Hon. John Avery Parker, an eminent merchant of the same place, and a lineal descendant of Miles Standish, the brave old military leader of the Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock. In 1834, Mr. Clifford was nominated as a candidate for representative to the Legislature; and although the political party with which he was associated had been for several preceding years in a minority in New Bedford, he was elected. Under ordinary circumstances this would have been to a young practitioner a decided misfortune. But the legislative year 1835 was memorable for the revision of the whole body of the statute law of the Commonwealth. Although the youngest member of the House, he was placed upon the



HON. JOHN H. CLIFFORD, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.



REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD BREWERY, AT THE FIVE POINTS, NEW YORK.

(For description, see page 43.)

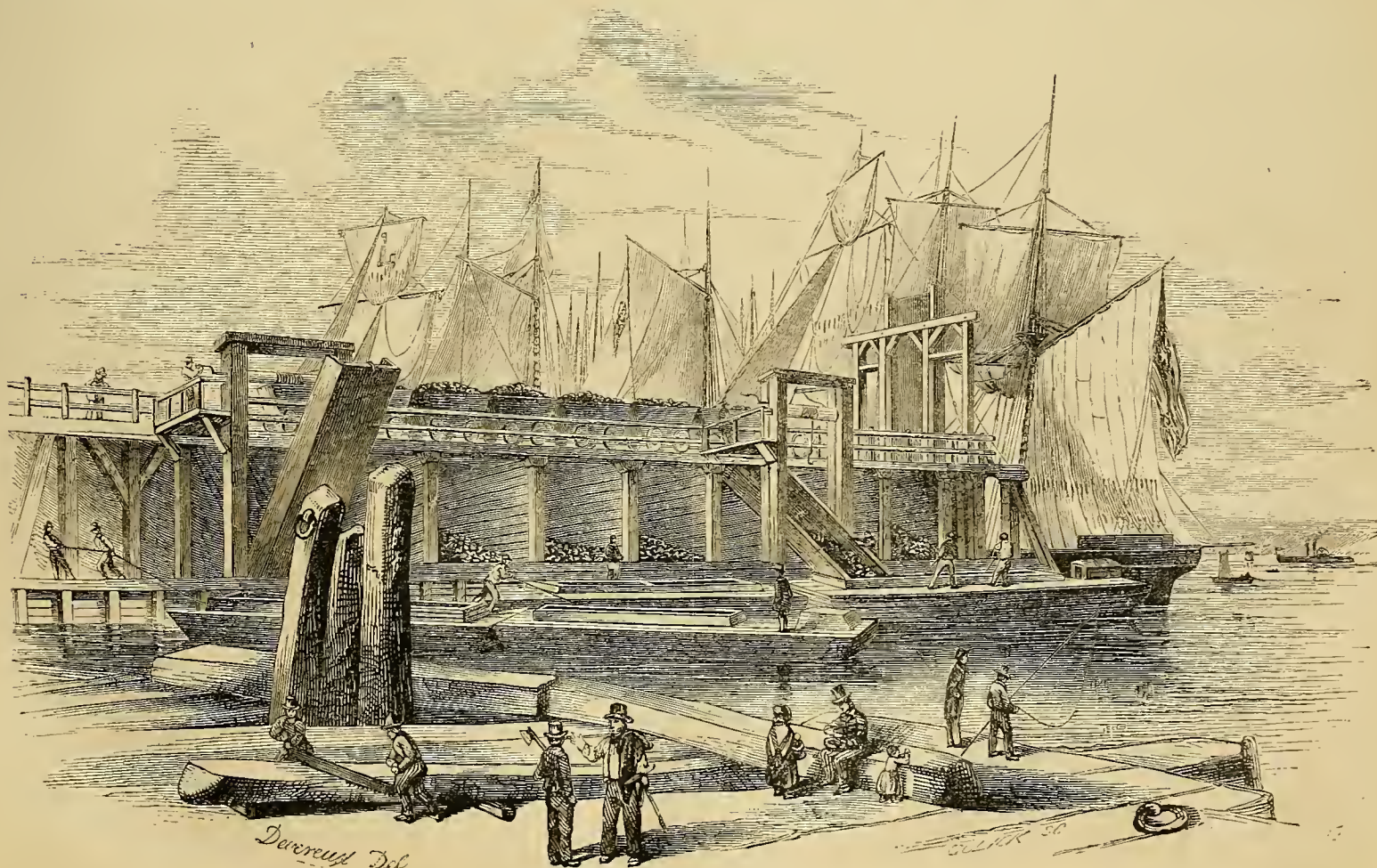


RICHMOND COAL DEPOT.

The fine picture which we present above, drawn for us by Devereux, is a correct view of Port Richmond, the great coal depot of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company. Some years since Port Richmond was considered three and a half miles from the city of Philadelphia, but may now be spoken of as a part of the city, for houses are built and streets paved all the way out to it. The number and extent of wharves and docks, erected for the accommodation of the immense business done at this depot, suggests an outlay of moneys that we cannot pretend to compute. The town presents an animated bustle of business, whilst the docks

and wharves show a forest of masts and an activity of labor, which has no parallel that we can call to mind. Trains of cars (sometimes one hundred to an engine) daily descend from the regions of Pottsville, and empty their contents into the vessels (mostly schooners) that await them at the depot. These schooners carry their freight to New York, Boston, and every commercial port of Down East. From January 1st, to December 1st, 1852, 1,650,912 tons of coal were unloaded at Richmond, sold, and sent off. The affairs of the company have always been judiciously managed, and capitalists consider its stock as a safe investment.

The truthful scene given below, by the same artist, shows the manner in which vessels of freight are expeditiously loaded with coal at Port Richmond. The cars being run to an elevated platform, each one is stopped immediately over an opening contrived for this especial purpose. The bottom of the car is there unbolted, and the coal slides out, as here represented, and descends to the hold of the schooner alongside. The two engravings taken together will give our readers a very perfect idea of the business they are designed to represent, and are pictures illustrative of the internal wealth and resources of our country.



METHOD OF LOADING VESSELS AT THE COAL DEPOT, AT PORT RICHMOND.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ARCHIE.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

O, to be back in the beautiful shadow
Of that old maple-tree down in the meadow,
Watching the smiles that grew dearer and dearer,
Listening to lips that grew nearer and nearer;
O, to be back in the crimson-topped clover,
Sitting again with my Archie, my lover.

O, for the time when I felt his caresses
Smoothing away from my forehead my tresses,
When up from my heart to my cheek went the blushes,
As he said that my voice was as sweet as the thrush's;
When he said that my eyes were bewitchingly jetty,
And I told him 'twas only my love made them pretty.

Talk not of maiden reserve and of duty,
Or hide from my vision such wonderful beauty;
Pulses above may beat calmly and even—
We have been fashioned for earth, and not heaven;
Angels are perfect—I am but a woman;
Faints are passionless—Archie is human.

Talk not of heavenly, down-dropping blisses—
Can they fall on the brow like the rain of soft kisses?
Preach not the promise of priests and evangelists,
Love-crowned, I ask not the crown of the angels;
All that the wall of pure jasper encloses,
Makes not less lovely the white bridal robes.

Tell me, that when all this life shall be over,
I shall still love him, and he me my lover—
That in meadows far sweeter than clover or heather,
My Archie and I shall sit always together;
Loving eternally, wed ne'er to sever—
Then you may tell me of heaven forever!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A WALK ON A WINTER'S DAY.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

"INDEED, I do not think I *could* live in a city," said a country cousin, who was receiving a return for her summer courtesy, by a few weeks' entertainment in one of our large cities. "Indeed, I could not."

"Now, coz," expostulated one of her friends, "pardon me if I pronounce you decidedly ungrateful. I have pronounced, sorely against my will, through all the places of amusement; I have taken you to see all the lions; and you expressed yourself grateful and pleased. I thought you were both."

"Pardon me, Henry, if I point out a leak in your logic. Pleased and grateful I certainly was, and am, and you confess that you were annoyed. If I, the guest, then, was gratified, *you*, the habitue, acknowledge that you were wearied. I could not look, if I became a resident, for a perpetual sacrifice to my convenience, on the part of friends; and even if I received such attention, it would be but, like yourself, to come at last to Solomon's conclusion, 'all is vanity.'"

"Cousin Clara has decidedly the best of the argument, Henry," interrupted his sister. "Suppose that, to-morrow, I turn over a leaf of my life for her inspection?"

"Nay, no more movements, 'sorely against the will,' for me."

"Piqued, upon my word," said Henry, smiling. "A thousand times I beg your pardon, cousin, for my lack of gallantry. The ennui of seeing old sights was so much relieved by your pleasant society, that the round was truly a pleasure. I spoke of the things upon their own merits, apart from the pleasant association which redeemed them. And you must allow us citizens the privilege of some fondness for our homes, and the right to defend our firesides and amusements, when you more fortunate country folk, who rejoice evermore in green fields, except when the snow is on, and in delightful walks, except when the mud is deep, and in balmy breezes, except when Boreas rages, and in pleasant society, except when you are weather-bound, and no neighbor within a mile, and—"

"Mercy on us, Cousin Henry," said Clara, "what an oration!"

"Tremble, and respect the orator, then! You must permit us to defend the city, when you attack it as uninhabitable, because you enjoy the delightful winter advantages which I have recapitulated but in part."

"Forgetting," said Clara, "the disadvantages of blazing wood-fires, sleigh rides, and other adventurous amusements, and the creature comforts with which the well-stocked farm house abounds."

"All of which, as much as we desire, we can have, for a consideration—and a little trouble—less than you take for the same things. Every covetable in the country, citizens can have for the money. But you cannot have a Concert Hall on Barren Hill, nor Kimball's Museum in Swamp Hollow."

"Nor you Wenham Pond on the Common, nor the glorious sleigh ride to it through Tremont Street!"

"Peace, ye contentious!" said Sister Caroline. "Cease this war of words, and remember, Clara, that to-morrow I am to show you what may be done for a day's amusement in the city."

So, on the morrow, the cousins were early equipped for their walk. Clara could not but acknowledge, within herself, that the air of life, activity and cheerfulness which everything wore, on that sharp winter's morning, was rather an agreeable contrast to the still winter-life of the country. There was nothing of the look of languor which the streets would have presented in the summer time; but, bundled in their furs and woollens, the city ladies made the streets musical with their cheerful voices, and not

unfrequent laughing tones. The men were sedately muffled, and, with the becoming gravity of the lords of creation, smiled only when they bowed to familiar faces. The very porters and laborers looked as comfortable, in their jackets and mittens, as if it became them to show that they were above the weather, and under obligation to support the dignity of manhood. An occasional beggar shivered in rags, and the country cousin would have answered every appeal, but Caroline checked her enthusiasm. She knew that these professed mendicants were dressed for a part, and would not wear comfortable clothing if they had it.

"Here we are," said Caroline, opening a little, half-glass door in a small house. A bell tinkled as they entered, and forthwith emerged from an inner door, a comfortable figure of a woman, and a warm smell of frying sausages. The shop woman was so large and comfortable looking, that you wondered what she could be doing in such a little and comfortless shop,—evidently an entry, converted into a merchandize depot, but of too narrow dimensions, and, perhaps, too limited business, to warrant a stove. It behoved customers, therefore, to be prompt. Caroline bought quite an invoice of mittens, socks and stockings, and other such small wares, and, amid the hearty thanks of the vender, signified rather by her voice and manner than expressed in words, the two ladies took their leave. Into several other such establishments Caroline led her country cousin, for various articles, till both their muffs were filled and their pockets laden.

"Whither now?" said Clara, as Caroline declared she could not find place for another purchase. Caroline smiled mysteriously, and Clara continued, "I must tell you, cousin, that you are a poor hand to 'shop.' Country girl as I am, I know you could have bought these things better, with half the money, in any two large stores, and had them sent home, too."

"Must the small-dealers, therefore, starve,—the poor widows, the ancient maidens with helpless parents, the thrifty women with worthless husbands, and all the other poor people who make shift to keep themselves above starvation by small huckstering? There are plenty of customers for bargains; I buy for something else. But here we stop again."

"There is nothing to sell here, surely," said Clara, as they turned up a poor and not very clean court.

"No, here we dispose of some of our purchases."

The door opened at their knock, and the pale face of a poor lame girl lighted up with smiles, as she welcomed them into a scantily-furnished, but scrupulously-tidy, little room. Caroline took a chair, and beckoned Clara to another, and the cripple sat down, also, pleased, but without words at her command.

"Well, Betty," said Caroline, "have you finished those little shirts?"

Betty produced her work, which Clara could not sufficiently admire. Caroline paid her what seemed to be the price understood between them, and furnished her with more work. "And here," she added, "here are a couple of pairs of warm hose, for yourself, Betty. I bought them to oblige a poor woman, and you should think, while wearing them, that you are doing her good. Sit still, we can find our way out."

The two ladies hurried away, leaving the child in tears—tears of gratitude.

"See," said Caroline, "at how cheap a rate a poor child may be made happy. That girl is the only daughter of a widowed father. She is his good angel, and, in the life of a true faith, makes his home happy, when an irreligious and complaining invalid would force him to dislike, perhaps, and herself to the almshouse."

"I see now," said Clara, "why you never cheapen."

At the next place they visited, the little shirts found wearers, and an aged grandmother produced some fine mittens, knit to order, for which she received her money, and also a new stock of yarn from Caroline's inexhaustible muf. And so they went from house to house, making the industry of one poor person minister both to her own comfort and the relief of another. From some places they took books which had been loaned, to loan them in new places. At some houses they left tickets for coal and groceries; at some, orders for work; at many, only a kind word of encouragement; but from all they carried the blessings of grateful hearts, and the prayers of the poor, whom they relieved, followed their footsteps wherever they went.

"Half-past two o'clock," said Caroline, as they came in sight of that old Boston landmark, the Old South Church, again; "half-past two, and we must hurry home to dinner."

"Have you done, for to-day?" asked Clara.

"Pretty near, but not quite. Our purchases, you see, are all distributed, and all those good people are disposed of for one week. After dinner, I must visit my sick."

The sick-visiting had less of haste and bustle in it, and, except a very few articles purchased at the druggists, this modern Lady Bountiful carried all the little remembrances from home—such as a glass of jelly or other little comfort, which public charities are not expected to supply. The sunshine of her presence was no less potent in the sick chamber than it had been at the other places, in the morning, and our two girls came home at night-fall, fatigued, but satisfied with themselves, and gratified at the good they felt they had effected.

Henry listened to his sister's narrative with ready attention, and then added, "Since you have had all this labor, girls, permit me to bear the expense. What have you disbursed, pray, in all these operations? Will twenty dollars cover it?"

"I will take twenty for my poor purse, with a great deal of pleasure," said Caroline, "but if you wish to be scrupulously exact, four dollars and sixty-two cents will reimburse me!"

"Is it possible?"

"Not only possible, but the absolute fact, as I can prove to you by the items."

"No, no, Cad! No such bill of sundries for my inspection, I beg!" cried Henry. "I will consent to pay the forfeit first; and he handed her the twenty dollars."

"That's just the way with you men, and with half the women," said Caroline, as with the most graceful of taper fingers, she pushed the note into her purse. "You throw away a great deal to little purposes, when a little, judiciously applied, would serve much better. You are niggard of the time, which might do much good, if properly spent, and careless of your money, which does little, when tossed to the poor, like a bone to a wolf. You feed starving men as you would starve off hungry wolves, and then wonder that they are brutish and ungrateful."

"Never mind, Caroline, since I have such a judicious sister, I shall compromise. You find time, and I will furnish money, while you can make the sum that would not pay for one evening's mere amusement furnish relief to twenty poor families. And now, Clara, what do you think of the city, by this time?"

"There are certainly great opportunities to do good here."

"And thence you conclude that there must be a great deal of suffering."

"Yes."

"And that the cities are therefore among the causes of poverty, and have more of it than the country?"

"I have not said that, Cousin Henry, but I never, in all my life together, saw so much poverty as I have witnessed to-day."

"And did you ever, Clara, in one day, walk or ride over so much country as would give as large a population as this city holds? Did you ever, in one day, go into so many houses?"

"Certainly not."

"You may be sure, then, that you are not qualified to decide on the relative advantages and disadvantages of city and country as residences for the poor. Many a one suffers and perishes in the comfortless and isolated cottage, who would be reached by the humane in a town. Many a one, in the inclement season, looks in vain for the opportunity to earn his own living, for whom, in the city, the very inclemencies of the season would furnish employment. Depend upon it, cousin, city and country have each their benefits and advantages if we would consider them, and each their disagreeable and unpropitious circumstances, if we are content to let them be aggravated by neglect."

Clara was silenced, and sat still and passed in review before her mind's eye, all that she had witnessed that day. It was a new leaf in her life, a new page in her experience, and she wondered if her Cousin Caroline was singular in her habits, or whether there were other city ladies who followed the same routine of active charity. She was disturbed in her meditations by the arrival of one, and another, and another lady. The gentlemen who accompanied them withdrew, with Cousin Henry, to the library, to smoke, and Clara found herself present at a committee meeting. The ladies produced accounts, and reports, and vouchers, and transacted business with all the earnestness and precision of merchants exchanging cargoes. Cousin Caroline had the best report to make,—a donation of twenty dollars, and the details of the prospects and condition of all she had seen that day. The others had similar communications to make, and Clara listened with more interest than she could have imagined, to the operations of these four young women, among the poor. Future plans were arranged, advice and suggestions were exchanged, and the evening was spent before any were aware of it. The return of the gentlemen from the smoky room, "stealing and giving odors" redolent of Havana tobacco, advised them of the lateness of the hour. Clara thought that all she had encountered that day, in close rooms and narrow courts, was not half so disagreeable as this heavy fummigation. "How use doth breed a habit in a man."

"What's that you are saying?" cried Henry, who saw the unconscious movement of her lips.

"I don't know that I said anything," said Clara, blushing. "I was thinking of a line of Shakespeare."

"And what line, pray?"

"How use doth breed a habit in a man!" said Clara, trusting that he would not detect the application.

"Now you satirical puss!" cried Henry, laughing; "do you suppose that we do not know that you mean our cigars? What else were we to do, while these ladies were a committee of ways and means?"

"Remain and counsel with them."

"But suppose we have decided, while absent, to aid you? There is a load of anthracite now landing, against which we authorize you to draw."

"Provided, only," interrupted another gentleman, laughing, "provided, only, that you suffer us to draw our whiffs in quiet."

"I don't know," said Clara, "that would be consenting to evil."

"Now then, fair casuist," said Henry, "will you embitter the cases of the poor with your cases of conscience?"

"We'll take the coal," said Caroline, "under protest."

And so they settled it. Weeks passed, and Clara was not yet tired of the city. She had made new discoveries in life, and practically learned that wherever one is useful in her day and generation, she may be contented and happy. The ennui which she felt when unoccupied with any aim but amusement,—amusement which flies while you pursue it, if made the whole business of existence,—she felt no more. Her visit was protracted, in the round of occupations and pursuits into which she had gradually been drawn, until she became alarmed at her own stay, and announced her positive determination to return forthwith.

"To mud and monotony," said Henry.

"To my parents and sisters, Master Henry."

"O, they are not all the world."

"And neither is the city of Boston, Henry."

"But there is one in it, who has become all the world to you."

The subject of this somewhat impertinent allusion just now made his appearance—punctual as the evening lamps—or we cannot say how Clara would have extricated herself from the dilemma into which Harry's repudiate had thrown her, prompt as she usually was at reply and rejoinder. There is a class of subjects on which ladies joke to very poor advantage; and there are personal allusions which they are awkward at putting. No matter what they may say with their tongues, their tell-tale blushes contradict them, and they are completely at the mercy of their assailants. So Clara only looked, beseechingly, "do be still," at her cousin, as his friend and hers took the chair which Henry handed him.

We might multiply many words upon the use, progress and sealing of the "attachment," if this were a love story. But as our aim has been to hint how good may be done in a quiet, efficient and acceptable manner—approved of Heaven and honored among men—we pass by what would certainly embarrass the subject, and complicate the unpretending narrative. The consent of parents was not difficult to obtain, in a case where there was no reasonable objection to its being granted.

The ensuing winter found Clara taking upon herself all the airs of a city lady; and as much *au fait* as her Cousin Caroline to all useful Winter Walks in town. She learned how much may be made of a little, by dispensing that little judiciously, and avoided the evil of making much seem little, by that prodigal air on the part of the donor, which makes the recipient wastefully and thanklessly receive the gift. And she learned, furthermore, that a dollar paid in wages is better than five given in charity, and practised on the motto, "Live and help live."

Of course Henry was a guest at the wedding. "When do you move, permanently, out to the country?" he asked of the newly-made man and wife. They looked as if that was something they had never heard of before. "I merely inquired," Henry rejoined, "because Cousin Clara *never* can live in the city. I have heard her say so."

"You must defend me from that man, now," said Clara, turning to her husband. "I have battled, single-handed, with him long enough."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE HEART'S DEVOTION.

BY WILLIAM T. BURGEE.

If it were mine to wield the poet's lyre,
And dwell upon love's all-arousing theme,
With softest cadence I'd awake each wire,
Until absorbed in rapture's wildest dream—
Ah, ye, sweet girl, of this fair world I sing,
For thee alone I'd chant some touching lay—
A wreath entwined with buds of early spring,
And fragrant flowerets from the lap of May.

But since the Muses fail on me bestow
Their art divine, yet let me here endeavor,
Within thy memory a plant to sow,
A bud that shall bloom bright and fresh forever;
Within the holiest chamber of thy heart,
Where only thoughts of purest mold may enter,
There, on that shrine that's of thy being part,
My fondest wishes for thy bliss shall centre.

CURIOUS FACTS.

I was lately shown a plant which puts out a pretty, modest flower from the lower part of the stem. When its blossom is gone, the stock on which it grew turns down to the ground, the end penetrates the earth, and there grows out and ripens its seed-pod. But for this propensity of the plant, its seeds would probably be destroyed by birds and insects. Some plants flourish in one climate, and others in another, according to the several purposes for which they were designed by a good Providence. Some which are generally useful will bear almost any temperature. This is particularly the case with grass. Nettles, I believe, are never touched by cattle of any description, neither do they trample upon them. What a secure retreat, therefore, do they offer for birds to build their nest amongst, and for hares to deposit their young amidst the shelter they afford! The same remark applies in a great degree to furze, thistles and the common bramble.—*Jessie's Gleanings in Natural History.*

LABOR.

Why, man of idleness, labor has rocked you in the cradle, and nourished your pampered life; without it, the woven silk and wool upon your back would be in the shepherd's fold. For the meanest thing that ministers to human want, save the air of heaven, man is indebted to toil; and even the air, in God's wise ordination, is breathed with labor. It is only the drones who toil not, who infest the hives of the active like masses of corruption and decay. The lords of the earth are working men, who budo or cast down at their will, and who retort the snarl of the "soft-headed" by pointing to their trophies wherever art, science, civilization and humanity are known. Work on, man of toil! thy royalty is yet to be acknowledged, as labor rises onward to the highest throne of power.—*N. E. Cultivator.*

GOING TO BED.

An eminently good man thus wrote on hearing of the death of a child:—"Sweet thing, and is he so quickly laid to sleep? Happy he! Though we shall have no more the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of crying, nor of being sick, nor of dying. Tell my dear sister, that she is now so much more akin to the next world; and this will be quickly passed to us all. John is but gone an hour or two earlier to bed, as children used to do, and we are very soon to follow. And the more we put off the love of this present world, and all things superfluous, beforehand, we shall have the less to do when we lie down."

There oft is found an aversion in grief;
And the wan eye of sorrow loves to gaze
Upon its secret hoard of treasured woes
In pining solitude.—*Mason.*

JOHN H. CLIFFORD, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40.]

The Legislature having adjourned at the end of April, this committee resumed its labors on the first of May. It continued its sessions without intermission until September, when an extra session of the Legislature was held to pass upon its work. This session continued until November, and the result of the year's labors was the consummation of that great work, the *Revised Statutes of Massachusetts*.

He thus devoted almost an entire year to what was practically a thorough study of the statute law of the Commonwealth; and, declining a re-election to the House, he returned to his profession with probably a better knowledge of the statutes than a life-time of ordinary reference to them would have given.

His practice increased so rapidly, that he was induced to form a professional copartnership with Judge Colby, who, at that time, was in the practice of law at Taunton. This connection was continued until the appointment of Mr. Colby to the Bench of the Common Pleas, in 1845; at which time Lincoln F. Brigham, Esq., became associated, as a junior partner, with Mr. Clifford.

During the four years that Edward Everett filled the office of Governor of Massachusetts, Mr. Clifford, with Robert C. Winthrop, was attached to his military staff, as aid-de-camp. In 1839, upon the promotion of Hon. Charles H. Warren to the Bench, Mr. Clifford was appointed by Gov. Everett his successor in the office of district attorney in the southern district. This district comprised the five southern counties of Massachusetts, and gave him an extensive circuit, as well for private practice, as in the discharge of his official duties.

The ease which perhaps most severely tasked and tried his ability in the office of district attorney, and did most to establish his position among the first lawyers of the State, was the prosecution, in 1847, of the cashier of a bank in Nantucket, for embezzling the funds of the institution entrusted to his charge. A variety of circumstances attracted to the case a very deep and universal interest. The father of the accused had been a representative in Congress, and was, to a unusual degree, respected and beloved by the community in which he lived. The accused was still a very young man, but his agreeable manners and intelligence had won for him a general regard. On the death of his father, which occurred two or three years before, all the confidence and affection which the people of Nantucket had given to him, seemed to be transferred to the son. Notwithstanding his youth, an almost unlimited trust was reposed in him. He embarked very largely in the whale fishery. He was not only made cashier of the bank, but all its concerns were left, almost without watch or oversight, in his hands. He had a young and interesting family, and was connected, by kindred or friendship, with all the prominent persons of the place. He had recently been elected a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and at the time when the accusation was first brought against him, was occupying his seat in that body. The district attorney had always been on terms of friendly intercourse with the family of the accused, and when the case came on for trial, he was compelled to encounter, single-handed, a formidable array of legal counsel.—Webster, who was retained and consulted in the defence, but who did not personally appear at the trial, with Choate, Coffin and Banker, by whom the defence was conducted in court. People are apt to judge of the character of a professional effort by its success. In the present case, however, it was not so; for the district attorney, although the prisoner was acquitted, greatly added to his professional reputation.

A case which brought Mr. Clifford prominently before the public, was one which had much to do with the honorable position of his own profession. In one of the counties of his circuit, there was a member of the bar who had left the practice of his profession to pursue practices which were far less honorable, but much more lucrative. He had amassed a large property by shaving notes and taking mortgages. Among his victims was a simple-minded man, who had inherited a valuable patrimony in real estate. A loan of a sum less than one-third of its value, and a mortgage of the estate, with a power to the mortgagee to sell the property if the loan was not repaid at maturity, led him into the boundless sea of litigation. A fraudulent and sham sale of the property to merely nominal purchasers, under the power in the mortgage, had in reality vested the legal title in his adversary, leaving a balance, as was claimed by the latter, still due to him. He drove his debtor from his paternal hearthstone, utterly destitute. Brave, though beggared, he pursued his oppressor, for nearly ten years, in bootless litigation, until he became the well-known, "poor Peter Peabodys" of the circuit. His counsel, wearied out by his pertinacity, had, one after another, fallen away from him, and he appeared from time to time in the courts, *pro se*. Happening to become acquainted with some of the circumstances, and being convinced that a great wrong had been inflicted on this poor victim of an unscrupulous member of his own profession, Mr. Clifford was induced, by the defrauded debtor, to look into and take charge of the case,—one of his former counsel consenting to act as junior. Except for the vindication of the right, it was a case having as few attractions as could well be conceived. It had become so complicated that any fair trial of it, of necessity, involved an immense amount of labor, while, in the event of failure, all this labor must of course be performed without compensation. It was one of those discouraging cases, in the prosecution of which all but persons of resolved purposes, become disheartened. During three years the matter was sharply contested; but at length the counsel for the plaintiff had the satisfaction of seeing their client restored to the old homestead, in full possession of an estate which had been in his family ever since the settlement of the country, and receiving in damages more than enough to balance the original debt with which he had been encumbered.

A person, in the position which Mr. Clifford occupied before the public, gifted with popular manners, with a ready and stirring eloquence, universally known, and as universally respected for his ability, and his unstained integrity and honor, could not fail to be thought of as a political leader. The whole of the tenth congressional district of Massachusetts was embraced within the limits of his judicial district. On the death of Mr. Burnell, the member of Congress in 1843, the Whigs, who had a large and decided majority, designated Mr. Clifford as his successor. Of his election, if he became a candidate, there could have been no doubt. The temptation could hardly have been otherwise than a great one. But, in determining to abide by, and devote himself to his profession, we believe that his decision was wise and judicious.

Mr. Clifford continued to serve in the office of district attorney—retaining at the same time the leading civil practice on the circuit—notwithstanding the change occasioned in the political administration of the government, by the election of Judge Morton, as governor, with a Democratic Council, in 1843.

In 1844, in spite of his refusal to be a candidate, the Whig party nominated him for the senate. The senatorial district had exhibited a Democratic majority for many years, and the Whigs felt that their only chance of success was in having a candidate, who should call out the enthusiastic support of his own party, and whom many of the other party would reluctantly oppose.

The result was as his friends had anticipated. For the first time since 1837, when his predecessor in the office of district attor-

ney, Judge Warren, was elected, the Democratic party sustained a defeat, and Mr. Clifford was chosen. He served his time in the senate, and at its conclusion pre-emptorily declined a re-election.

In 1849, the Legislature established the office of attorney general, which had been abolished in 1843. In prescribing its functions, the act constituted the attorney general the legal adviser of the executive departments of the government, and required him to conduct all cases in the Supreme Judicial Court throughout the Commonwealth, civil and criminal, in which the Commonwealth is a party. The act was passed May 1, 1849, and on the following day Mr. Clifford was nominated by Governor Briggs to the council to fill this important post. The circumstances of this appointment were as honorable to him as any official promotion could have been. From the moment that the creation of the office was spoken of, Mr. Clifford was looked to by the leading and most influential men of his own profession throughout the State, as one specially qualified to hold it. He was thus, by the general sentiment of those best fitted to judge, brought as the prominent candidate before the governor and council, and the appointment was finally made, not only without any solicitation from him or his friends, but when it was also well known that it would have been acceptable to some of the most distinguished lawyers in the Commonwealth. The nomination was unanimously confirmed by the council, and was received by the community with general favor, and was regarded as very fortunate appointment.

Mr. Clifford entered at once upon the duties of the office, and was met, *in limine*, by a more formidable array of capital cases than had ever before appeared upon the criminal calendar of the courts of Massachusetts. Among them, the most prominent was that of Dr. Webster, tried for the murder of Dr. Parkman. Doubtless, there might be many cases which would put one's legal ability to a severer test; but it would be difficult to imagine one which would more thoroughly try the good sense, the right moral feeling, and the general capacity of a prosecuting officer. It is needless to recall the particulars of a trial which has entered into the history of the profession. It is rare that so many of those circumstances are brought together which call for the exercise, not merely of legal ability, but of the highest intellectual and moral qualities, as those in the midst of which Mr. Clifford found himself placed. The court-room held within its walls the elements of as sad and fearful a tragedy, as the annals of justice ever exhibited. The victim and the accused both held a prominent social position, and were allied by blood, or united in friendly relations, with nearly all the leading actors in the scene. Many of the witnesses had been the personal friends of both parties, and there were cases when in giving their testimony, personal feeling almost choked their utterance. The lawyers and the judges belonged to the same general social circle, and the knowledge that two families, with their very extensive relations, were, on one side, bowed down with sorrow, and on the other, crushed with terrible anxieties, gave an additional and most pathetic interest to the proceedings. The trial continued fourteen days, and when at length the case was committed to the jury, the whole city, and we might add, the whole country, waited with an anxious and awful interest for their decision. And when it was afterwards known that the jury, as if impelled by an irresistible instinct, commenced their deliberations with united prayer for the divine guidance, and when, on the Sabbath, they were seen going to the house of God, that there the prayers of others might be blended with their own, it was felt by the whole community, to be in perfect harmony with the circumstances of the trial. There never was a case where, under the most trying circumstances, justice appeared clothed with a more solemn and impartial dignity. It was evident, through the whole proceedings, that the tribunal before which Dr. Webster was tried, was one to which truth and justice might fearlessly appeal. The case was conducted throughout with great ability, and the charge of the judge might be greeted as an example of judicial firmness, impartiality and wisdom. Mr. Clifford, by the arrangement of evidence, and in the general management of the case, added greatly to his legal reputation in the community. Its closing argument gave an exhibition of the highest forensic abilities. It was distinguished, not only for its logic and its eloquence, but equally so for the moral feeling which pervaded it, for its regard to the rights of the prisoner, and for its fidelity to the demands of justice. Among the myriad notices of the trial, at home and abroad, the one that would be, perhaps, most esteemed by the profession, appeared in Blackwood, a journal which is not likely to indulge in any exaggerated estimates of American talent. The author of it was understood to be Samuel Warren, an accomplished English lawyer and a queen's counsel. He says: "The reply of Mr. Clifford for the prosecution, cannot be excelled in close and conclusive reasoning, conveyed in language equally elegant and forcible. As a demonstration of the guilt of the accused, it is fearful."

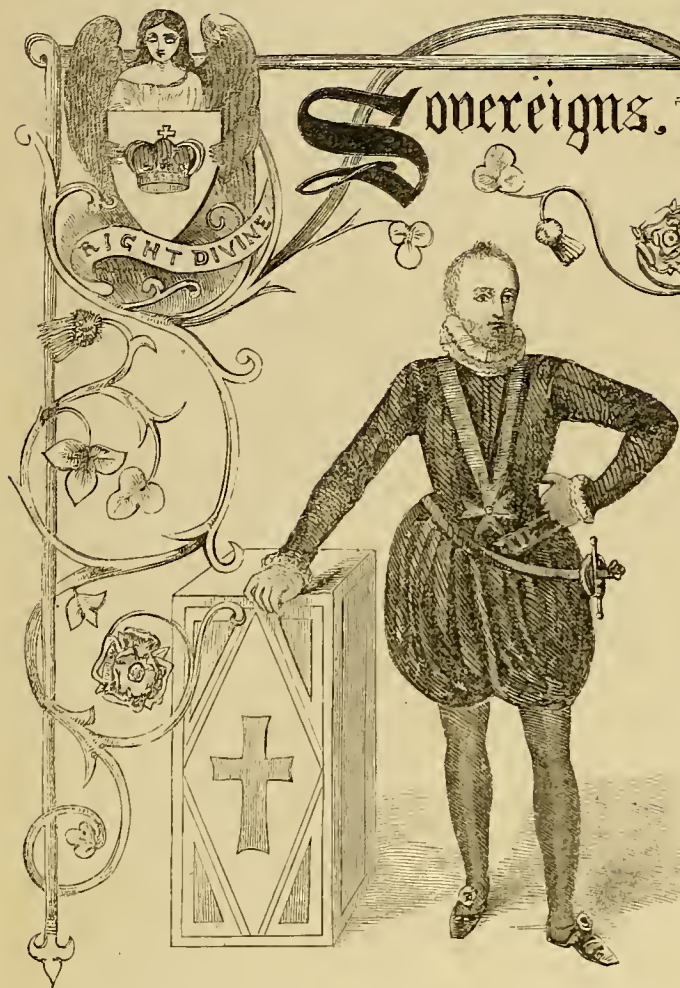
In the restoration, by the Legislature, of the office of attorney general, it was universally felt that the one who first held it should be a man who, both by his legal attainments and his personal character, should give weight and dignity to the position. That Mr. Clifford has more than met the requirements of the place, we suppose would be universally conceded. A striking illustration of the able and acceptable manner in which he has performed its duties, appears in a fact which speaks louder than any terms of eulogy. Since his appointment, the Whigs have lost their ascendancy, and the policy of the new administration of the State government, composed of a coalition of the Democratic and Free Soil parties, has been exhibited in a very general removal from office for opinion's sake. To the honor of the administration, as well as to the great benefit of the commonwealth, Mr. Clifford retained the office up to the time of his election as governor of the Commonwealth.

The many temptations held out to a leading and popular lawyer to enter into political life, leads us to add another word to what we have before said respecting a feature in Mr. Clifford's career, which commends itself, at least, to the consideration of his own profession. We refer to his abstinence in regard to political offices. The lives of many of our ablest men have been comparatively wasted by an ambition to blend together legal and political distinction. And many more, yielding to the urgency of their friends, have endeavored to unite the labors of two different departments, either of which is sufficient to task the best powers of any single man. Mr. Clifford has always been a prominent member of his own party; but he has, in all cases, avoided public offices, where there has not been some special and imperative public reason compelling him, temporarily, to accept them. We have already spoken of his refusing to be a candidate for Congress. Before the last election for governor, his name was very widely suggested as the Whig candidate. But the suggestion was immediately met by his unqualified refusal under any circumstances to allow himself to be nominated.

Through all these temptations, which, implying as they do the wide confidence of the community, a man of ordinary ambition will deeply feel that Mr. Clifford has remained faithful to his profession; he has reaped the reward of his fidelity in the elevated standing which he has gained. For the high office to which Mr. Clifford has been more recently elected, he brings those requisites that qualify him to fulfill its responsible duties in a manner to ensure the hearty approbation of the people over whom he is to preside.

Types of Mind; or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 3., BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.

Sovereigns.



*The bon affectueux et assuré
ami
Henry*

HENRY IV. is honored by the historian as a tolerant monarch, under whose mild reign the star of France emerged from the clouds of blood, treachery, and civil war, which had so long eclipsed her glory. His autography (of which the above is a fair specimen) indicates mental vigor, impulsive decision, and that open frankness which characterized his life. Among the least known yet most interesting of his royal schemes, are his plans for colonizing what has since been known as Nova Scotia and New England. It was under his patronage that Count Champlain explored the untrodden forest from the seacoast beyond the fair lake which now bears his name; whilst

Monsieur De Monts navigated along the coast to the southeast of Cape Mallebarre, now Cape Cod. In 1604 De Monts encamped where the city of Boston now stands, and but a few years later, the first Christian colony within the present limits of the United States was established on the coast of what is now the State of Maine.—HENRY VIII., of England, who changed the faith of his people that he might enjoy a succession of nuptials, wrote a dogmatical, absolute hand, yet at times it was softened, and even ornamental. He, too, was warmly interested in the colonization of America, and aided navigators in their voyages across the ocean, in quest of fish and furs. Some of his love-letters are in the cabinets of European autographiles, and they show that he possessed all the gallantry of chivalrous ages, tempered by an uncontrollable will. Autographs of his minister, Cardinal Wolsey, are exceedingly rare, and we once saw one sold, in Paris, for nine hundred francs.

*your loving master
Henry*

Louis
Wolsey

Louis
De Verennes

Louis Philippe
Guizot

LOUIS XIV., who reigned over France seventy-two years, wrote an ambitious, arrogant hand, which (like himself) assumed majesty, yet was sadly deficient in excellence. COLBERT, his favorite minister, enlarged the autography in which he had kept his weaver's ledger in early life, but it retained its commercial cast.

LOUIS XVI., who fostered the American Republic, yet was headed by that of France, wrote a graceful, liberal hand, yet it lacks evidences of mental vigor and decision. It was his favorite minister-of-state, DE VERENNES, who persuaded him to loan the struggling colonies fleets, armies, and supplies of every kind.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, ambitious and intriguing, indulged in a majestic, flowing autography, crossing every *t*—dotting every *i*, and endeavoring to stamp his own will upon the paper. GUIZOT, his chosen minister-of-state, acted as he wrote, with grace, elegance, industry, lack of decision, and absolute want of honesty.

Li Elizabeth
MARIE
amable

Victoria
Marie Antoinette

QUEEN ELIZABETH's autography denotes the harshness, pride, pomposity, and "old maidishness" of her nature. Her decided vengeance was terrible—her love was that of the tiger.—MARIE, Queen of Scots, wrote a hand distinguished for combined softness, simplicity and dignity—while we may trace servility, fear and irresolution in the autograph of ANNE BOLEYN, whose oppression ended on the block.—VICTORIA, sovereign of a mighty realm, writes a bold, free hand, indicative of an unchecked will.

—MARIE ANTOINETTE, the consort of Louis XVI., retained her courtly autograph to the block. PETER THE GREAT, the regent of Russia, had a rough, decided autograph; whilst NICOLAS gives a grace to the national character, although he indulges

in formal flourishes.—GEORGE III. wrote in a sprawling, unrestrained hand.—CROMWELL's autography was as nervous and puritanical, as that of the unfortunate CHARLES was easy, pliable, and irresolute.—FREDERIC THE GREAT, of Prussia, wrote a small, literary, and energetic hand.—The autograph of FREDERIC WILLIAM, the present king of Prussia, is vacillating and pretentious.

Rpi
Cromwell

George
Cromwell
Charles

Frederic
Frederic William



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Step-Mother," a highly interesting story, by T. S. ARTHUR.
"The Ruined Mill," a prose sketch, by REV. HENRY BACON.
"Paul Wardenham, or the Two Cousins," a story, by MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.
"Walls from Washington," No. IV, by BENJ. PERLEY POORE.
"Gods and Goddesses," No. IV, by T. BULFINCH, referring to Ceyx and Halcyon, or the Halcyon Birds.
"A Snow Picture," verses, by GEO. CANNING HILL.
"Fading," lines, by LUCY E. CURTIS HINE.
"Lines to Gleason's Pictorial," by MRS. M. T. ELDERDORF.
"The Moonlight glides the Sea," verses, by JOSEPH H. BUTLER.
"The Ocean's Treasures," poem, by SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.
"My Father," verses, by JOSEPH C. BAKER.
"Morning in Martigny," poem, by T. BOULANAN READ.
"Be kind," verses, by NEALE BERNARD.

COST OF OUR ENGRAVINGS.

We find that the public have, as a general thing, no idea of the cost of pictorial embellishments. Now, let us tell our readers—say, for instance, the actual cost of the picture on our first page, of the present number. The wood for that cut cost two dollars; the drawing of the same, fifteen dollars; the engraving of the cut cost forty dollars; the electrotyping cost five dollars. The reader will thus see that this one engraving cost us sixty-two dollars, and they may calculate, if they feel an interest in doing so, the weekly cost to us of our illustrations. We do not state these matters by way of complaint, but simply to let our readers know the cost of what we send them weekly. We know very well that this is expensive, and our readers will understand that it is only by publishing such an immense edition as we do, that we can afford the paper at the rate of prices shown in our imprint in another column.

SUCCESS OF THE PICTORIAL.

Our presses are running night and day. Every hour of the week is improved by us in printing, since the new year, except the Sabbath. We are now printing over one hundred thousand. Our friends have risen up like magic in every part of the country; and clubs are still pouring in upon us from all directions. Of course, we are most grateful for this; it is always gratifying to feel that our exertions to please are so fully crowned with success. We knew that our circulation must vastly increase with the great reduction we have made in price, but we did not anticipate such a rush for the paper as has taken place. A second edition of our first number has already gone to press, an evidence in itself of the most extraordinary success.

BINDING.—We are binding a very large number of the Pictorial, each week, of Volumes I., II. and III., at one dollar each. Our agents at Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Cincinnati, will also bind them at one dollar and a quarter each.

SPLINTERS.

.... Mrs. Mowatt, at the Howard Athenæum, has been, as she always is, exceedingly popular.
.... The Papal Government have signed, at last, a contract for lighting the city of Rome with gas.
.... Gen. Pierce, the president elect, will have about forty thousand public offices at his disposal. Heaven save the mark!
.... The yield of fine gold from California is as great as ever, and the supply seems to be really exhaustless.
.... A young woman is exhibiting here at Leeds, England, who has a long beard, measuring five or six inches.
.... It is said that at least eighteen thousand persons ascend to the top of Bunker Hill Monument annually.
.... In Russia, people are very generally smoking tea in place of tobacco. We have no objection to this.
.... We see fine tooth combs, made of India rubber, advertised. This is one of the very latest inventions.
.... Biscaccianti, the delightful Boston vocalist, has realized a small fortune by singing in California.
.... A factory in Springfield, Mass., is furnishing some splendid pieces of artillery for President Lopez of Paraguay.
.... Amos Lawrence, Esq., of Boston, died suddenly, a few days since,—universally lamented by our citizens.
.... The Legislature of Canada, at its late session, passed sixteen railroad bills. This looks like enterprise.
.... The people of Danvers are about to erect a fine lyceum, to be called the Peabody Lyceum. Go d.

BOSTON LADIES.

The ladies of Boston have a universal reputation for beauty; and it is so well established that even a townsman may be pardoned the pride and pleasure of saying that it is well deserved. Promenade Washington Street of a sunny day, and you will encounter more fair faces in the course of a morning's walk, than you will meet in the same time in Hyde Park, or the Boulevard Italien, or the Prater at Vienna. And this beauty is not confined to one class; it is not the heritage of particular families, but shines in the lineaments of the Beacon Street belle; it dimples the cheeks of the Washington Street milliner; it beams from the soft eyes of the girl who sells you sweetmeats and bonbons, or sets up the type for your paper. Nor is this loveliness monotonous; on the contrary, you see eyes of all shades, from dazzling black to melting blue; features of all allowable forms, from the nose aquiline, or Grecian, to the *nez retroussé*. But it is not alone the physical beauty that makes the charm of the Boston ladies; intellect and soul radiate from their countenances. When Kossuth entered the confines of New England, he could not help exclaiming:—"My God, what an intelligent people!" And no stranger can contemplate, for the first time, the array of loveliness our city presents without exclaiming, "what intelligence!" It is not only the beauty of feature, but the intelligent character of that beauty, which strikes a correct observer.

But Boston ladies must not be seen in the street alone, to be appreciated. It is in their homes—the true sphere of woman—that they must be known, to be understood and respected. Those troops of smiling faces that you meet in early morning, with the accompaniment of work-bags and satchels, owe their charms to the watchful care of mothers and sisters. You read the announcement of some scientific lecture, and you go to the hall expecting to find an assemblage of hard features, and several hundred pairs of spectacles; you find yourself in the midst of a throng of ladies, and you mentally resolve that the satires against the frivolity of women are entirely inapplicable in the latitude and longitude of Boston. You take up a leading review, and read a profound historical essay, treating of a remote country and period of time, and involving vast research and curious erudition; and you make up your mind that it must have been written by some grave professor at Harvard University, who has, perhaps, devoted a lifetime to historical study. Not at all. You discover that the article is written by a lady—a Boston lady, a married lady, too, and one as well known for her devotion to domestic duties, as for her high talents and acquirements.

Inquire into the history of any great public movement,—of any great work of charity, and you will find that the Boston ladies have liberally contributed time and money to their completion. Inquire farther, and you will find that they have their own asylums, and schools, and hospitals, and that in managing these concerns, they display as much business tact and energy as generosity and philanthropy. "But," says the incredulous stranger, "the Boston women so strong-minded, so blue, so scientific, so literary, so philanthropic, so business-like, must be a very stern cold set, not at all sociable and gay." Is it true? Answer, ye fortunates, who have waltzed, and galloped, and polked with them at Newport; ridden at a break-neck pace with them across Lynn Beach, or seen them scale the steep heights of the White Mountains. No!—in every feminine grace, the true Boston lady is well endowed.

It is a mistaken notion that the feminine graces and attractions cannot exist in company with cultivated intellect and high purposes of action. Let those who would take a Circassian doll for a wife sneer at strong-minded women; there are enough in the world who can appreciate refinement and intelligence, and who feel that, when evanescent charms have faded, there is a mental charm which death alone can destroy.

"HENREY LYRICAL HISTORY."—A pretty little duodecimo, bearing this title, by Thomas Bulfinch, has just been published by Crosby, Nichols & Co., of this city. The author has sought to arrange the Psalms of the Bible, so as to give the order in which they were supposed to be written, following the order of time and events in those Psalms which seemed to have an historical connection. The design is a good one, and will furnish a valuable help to the student of the Bible.

The printing and publishing establishment of Mr. Gleason, in Boston, is, without exception, the neatest, the most admirably arranged and complete establishment in the United States. The building occupied for the purpose is one of the largest in the city. The sales-room, the packing-room, counting-room and editorial room surpass in spaciousness, comfort, and even elegance, anything we have seen. Mr. Gleason deserves the great success he has met, not more for the excellent paper he publishes than for the harmonizing influences he has thrown around the daily routine and toil of the art preservative of arts.—*Niagara Democrat*.

VERY AGREEABLE.—We may now enjoy the luxury of green vegetables for nearly the entire year. Except for a few weeks in the fall and winter, a telegraph despatch will order, and the locomotive in a few days will bring to our doors the vegetable luxuries which our more southern latitudes produce nearly all the year.

POWERFUL INSTRUMENT.—The Rev. Dr. Craig's new telescope, at Wandsworth Common, England, is the largest in the world; the tube is eighty-five feet in length. It magnifies the moon forty thousand times.

MILITARY OF NEW YORK CITY.—The regularly organized military force of New York city embraces 5830 men, of whom 3300 are infantry, 1289 cavalry, and 1241 artillery.

RATHER SIGNIFICANT.—The invasion of England, says the Italian correspondent of the Morning Chronicle, by a French army, is a theme fondly dwelt on in ultra-Romanist circles.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Cummings, Mr. Silas Pierce, 24, to Miss Almira Hall, both of Boston.
By Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Gilman George to Miss Alice Greenwood, both of Boston.
By Rev. Mr. Burroughs, Mr. Robert Haughton, of Windsor, Conn., to Miss Emma J. Feltow, of Taunton.
By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Samuel Leland Montague to Miss Ann Maria, daughter of Benjamin Burdett, Esq.
At Charlestown, by Rev. Dr. Caldwell, Mr. Uriah Getchell to Miss Sarah M. Pierce.
At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Manning, Mr. George W. Gunnison to Miss Ann Eliza Hall, both of South Walpole.
At Jamaica Plains, by Rev. Mr. Shaller, Mr. Israel D. Wilbur, of Boston, to Miss Mary B., daughter of Nathan Stone, Esq.
At West Dedham, Mr. Wm. E. Boney, of Pembroke, to Miss Emeline M. Tubbs, of West Dedham.
At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Boyden, Mr. George F. Getchell to Miss Martha A. Parsons, both of Salem.
At Manchester, N. H., by Rev. Mr. Tillotson, Mr. John P. Robie to Miss Rachael S. Nelson.
At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Chickerling, Mr. Henry E. Day to Miss Elizabeth W. S. Goldman.

DEATHS

In this city, Mrs. Louisa B., wife of Reuben Richards, Esq.; Arthur C., son of John P. and Elizabeth C. Averill, aged 6; Miss Alice M. P. Cullinan, 19; Mrs. Rebecca, widow of the late Mr. John Ayres, 69; Mr. Frederick LeCala, 64; Mrs. Sarah Ann Chipman, 68; Amos Lawrence, Esq., 67.
At Roxbury, Herbert Augustus, youngest son of Ebenezer Williams, 2.
At Charlestown, Mr. Alexander Hazzard, 38.
At Somerville, Mrs. Marietta F. Carwell, 21.
At Chelsea, Dr. George Baker, 56.
At East Cambridge, Mr. Hugh McDonald, 50.
At Reading, Mr. Samuel Parker, 62.
At Waltham, Frederick, 3, and John, 9—children of Mr. John P. Stearns.
At Newbury, Mrs. Martha L. Ballou, 22.
At Fall River, Frances Louisa, daughter of Mr. Silas D. Fish, 7.
At Springfield, Mr. Lester J. Barber, 39.
At Westport, Mrs. Lydia Howland, 87.
At Saadwich, Mrs. Elizabeth C., wife of Mr. Lemuel Nye, 80.
At Chatham, Miss A. H. Mayo, 25.
At Hyannis, Mrs. Molly, widow of the late Mr. Uriel Elachford, 75.
At Nantucket, Mrs. Love B., wife of Mr. Charles W. Earle, 41.
At Ware, R. I., Mr. Stephen R. B. Eldredge, of Westminster, Vt., 38.
At Kennebunkport, Me., Mr. John Merrill, 83.
Lost overboard from sch. Varnum H. Hill, Dec. 20, of Cape Charles, Peter Rine, of Boston, 29.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL
Drawing-Room Companion.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

The object of this paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary mélange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the

BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS,

and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; and the whole well speed with wit and humor. Each paper is

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design, in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. It is printed on fine satin-surface paper, from a font of new and beautiful type, manufactured expressly for it,—presenting in its mechanical execution an elegant specimen of art. It contains fifteen hundred and sixty-four square inches, giving a great amount of reading matter and illustrations—a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages. It forms

The Best Family Paper,

inasmuch as its aim is constantly, in connection with the fund of amusement it affords, and the rich array of original miscellany it presents, to inculcate the strictest and highest tone of morality, and to encourage virtue by holding up to view all that is good and pure, and avoiding all that is evil in its tendency. In short, the object is to make the paper loved, respected, and sought after, for its combined excellences.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE PAST.

BY PHILA EARLE.

Back through the shadowy past,
I turn with tearful gaze;
And fain would I recall
Those bright and joyous days,
Ere sorrow's dark and dusky wings
Had rudely swept life's thousand strings.

Back through each cloister dim,
Back through each changing year,
Before my eyes were dimmed
By one sad, bitter tear;
Ere I had learned that life could be
Aught hut a fount of joy and glee.

Ere I had learned to taste
The bitter with the sweet,
Ere I had dreamed that earth
Was but a heartless cheat;
Ere I had thought that man could smile,
And bear a breaking heart the while.

Thou spirit of the past,
Look not so mournful now;
Let not thy cold hand rest
So chill on my brow;
Gaze not with those large, tearful eyes,
Till every hope withlde me dies!

O, come you from the grave,
To whisper and and low,
That all my hopes must die
Like those of long ago?
And bid me hope and dream no more,
While lingering on life's changing shore.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STORIES OF GODS AND GODDESSES.

No. III.

MIDAS—BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

BY T. BULFINCH.

In our previous number the reader will remember we had an instance, in the dragon's teeth changed to armed men, of what the ancients called metamorphosis. Such incidents form the staple of the mythological tales of the poets; so that Ovid, who wrote a charming poem, full of such stories, chooses this common characteristic to give unity to his work, which he calls by that name, *The Metamorphoses*. In our next specimen this trait will be found more prevalent. It is the story of

MIDAS.

Bacchus, on a certain occasion, found his old schoolmaster and foster-father, Silenus, missing. The old gentleman had been drinking, and in that state wandered away, and was found by some peasants, who carried him to their king, Midas. Midas recognized him, and treated him hospitably, entertaining him for ten days and nights with an unceasing round of jollity. On the eleventh day he brought Silenus back, and restored him in safety to his pupil. Whereupon Bacchus offered Midas his choice of a reward, whatever he might wish. He asked that whatever he should touch should be changed into gold. Bacchus consented, though sorry that he had not made a better choice. Midas went his way, rejoicing in his new-acquired power, which he hastened to make experiment of. He could scarce believe his eyes when he found a branch of an oak, which he plucked from the stem, become gold in his hand. He took up a stone; it changed to gold. He touched a sod; it did the same. He took an apple from the tree; you would have thought he had robbed the garden of the Hesperides. His joy knew no bounds, and as soon as he got home he ordered the servants to set a splendid repast on the table. Then he found to his dismay that whether he touched bread, it hardened in his hand; or put a morsel to his lips, it defied his teeth. He took a glass of wine, but it flowed down his throat like melted gold.

In consternation at the unprecedented affliction, he strove to divest himself of his power; he hated the gift he had lately coveted. But all in vain; famine itself seemed to await him. He raised his arms, all shivering with gold, in prayer to Bacchus, begging to be delivered from his glittering destruction. Bacchus, merciful deity, hears and consents. "Go," said he, "to the river Pactolus, trace the stream to its fountain-head, there plunge your head and body in, and wash away your fault and its punishment." He did so, and scarce had he touched the waters before the gold-creating power passed into them, and the river sands became changed into gold, as they remain to this day.

Thenceforth Midas, hating wealth and ad splendour, dwelt in the country, and became a worshipper of Pan, the god of the fields. On a certain occasion Pan had the temerity to compare his music with that of Apollo, and to challenge the god of the lyre to a trial of skill. Pan blew on his pipes, and gave great satisfaction to himself and his faithful disciple, Midas, who happened to be present. Then Apollo raised in his left hand his lyre, adorned with gems and ivory, and with his right hand struck the strings. All were delighted, and with one voice awarded the victory to Apollo, Midas alone dissenting. Apollo would not suffer such a depraved pair of ears any longer to wear the human form, but caused them to increase in length, grow hairy, within and without, and moveable on their roots; in short, to be on the perfect pattern of those of an ass.

Mortified enough was King Midas at this misbap; but he consoled himself with the thought that it was possible to hide his misfortune, which he attempted to do by means of an ample turban or bead-dress. But his hair-dresser of course knew the secret. He was charged not to mention it, and threatened with dire punishment if he presumed to disobey. But he found it too much for his discretion to keep such a secret; so he went out into the meadow, dug a hole in the ground, and stooping down, whispered the story, and covered it up. Before long, a thick bed of reeds sprang up in the meadow, and as soon as it had gained its growth, began whispering the story, and has continued to do so, from that day to this, every time a breeze passes over the place.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

Our next story gives us a picture of humble domestic life, which has always been admired for its simplicity and naturalness. It is given here almost exactly as told by the Latin poet, Ovid, and the reader's attention is asked to the traits above remarked. The caduceus was Mercury's staff of office, entwined with two serpents. The idea of a goose being kept to guard the house is the only one in the story (the miraculous excepted) which strikes us as strange. The reader will remember the historical incident of the geese saving the Capitol from the Gauls, by giving the alarm. It has always had the character of a vigilant animal.

On a certain hill in Phrygia stands a linden tree and an oak, enclosed by a low wall. Not far from the spot is a marsh, formerly good habitable land, but now indented with pools, the resort of fen-birds and cormorants. Once on a time, Jupiter, in human shape, visited this country, and with him his son Mercury (he of the caduceus), without his wings. They presented themselves as weary travellers, at many a door, seeking rest and shelter, but found all closed, for it was late, and the inhospitable inhabitants would not rouse themselves to open for their reception. At last an humble mansion received them, a small thatched cottage, where Baucis, a pious old dame, and her husband Philemon dwelt and had grown old together. Not ashamed of their poverty, they made it endurable by moderate desires and kind dispositions. One need not ask which was master or which servant; they two were the whole household, master and servant alike. When the two heavenly guests crossed the humble threshold, and bowed their heads to pass under the low door, the old man placed a seat, on which, Baucis, bustling and attentive, spread a cloth, and begged them to sit down. Then she raked out the coals from the ashes, and kindled up a fire, fed it with leaves and dry bark, and with her ancient breath blew it into a flame. She brought out of a corner split sticks and dry branches, broke them up, and placed them under the small kettle. Her husband collected some pot-herbs in the garden, and she shred them from the stalks, and prepared them for the pot. He reached down with a forked stick a fitch of bacon hanging in the chimney, and cut a small piece, and put it in the pot to boil with the herbs, setting away the rest for another time. A beechen bowl was filled with warm water that their guests might wash. While all was doing they beguiled the time with conversation.

On the bench designed for the guests was laid a cushion stuffed with sea-weed, and a cloth, only produced on great occasions, but ancient and coarse enough, was spread over that. The old lady, with her apron on, with trembling hand, set the table. One leg was shorter than the rest, but a piece of slate put under restored the level. When fixed, she rubbed the table down with some sweet-smelling herbs. Upon it she set some of chaste Minerva's olives, some cornel berries preserved in vinegar, and added radishes and cheese, with eggs lightly cooked in the ashes. All were served in earthen dishes, and an earthen-ware pitcher, with wooden cups, stood beside them. When all was ready, the stew, smoking hot, was set on the table. Some wine, not of the oldest, was added; and for dessert, apples and wild honey; and over and above all, friendly faces, and simple but hearty welcome.

Now while the repast proceeded, the old folks were astonished to see that the wine, as fast as it was poured out, renewed itself in the pitcher, of its own accord. Struck with terror, Baucis and Philemon recognized their heavenly guests, fell on their knees, and with clasped hands implored forgiveness for their poor entertainment. There was an old goose, which they kept as the guardian of their humble cottage; and they bethought them to make this a sacrifice in honor of their guests. But the goose, too nimble, with the aid of feet and wings, for the old folks, eluded their pursuit, and at last took shelter between the gods themselves. They forbade it to be slain; and spoke in these words: "We are gods. This inhospitable village shall pay the penalty of its impiety; you alone shall go free from the chastisement. Quit your house and come with us to the top of yonder hill." They hastened to obey, and, staff in hand, labored up the steep ascent. They had reached to within an arrow's flight of the top, when turning their eyes below, they beheld all the country sunk in a lake, only their own house left standing. While they gazed with wonder at the sight, and lamented the fate of their neighbors, that old house of theirs was changed into a temple. Columns took the place of the corner posts, the thatched roof shone like gold, the floors became marble, the doors were enriched with carving, the ceilings with gold. Then spoke Jupiter in benignant accents: "Excellent old man, and woman worthy of such a husband, speak, tell us your wishes; what favor have you to ask of us?" Philemon took counsel with Baucis a few moments; then declared to the gods their united wish. "We ask to be priests and guardians of this your temple; and since here we have passed our lives in love and concord, we wish that one and the same hour may take us both from life, that I may not live to see her grave, nor be laid in my own by her." Their prayer was granted. They were the keepers of the temple as long as they lived. When

grown very old, as they stood one day before the steps of the sacred edifice, and were telling the story of the place, Baucis saw Philemon begin to put forth leaves, and old Philemon saw Baucis changing in like manner. And now a leafy crown had grown over their heads, while exchanging parting words, as long as they could speak. "Farewell, dear spouse," they said, together, and at the same moment the bark closed over their mouths. The Tyrocan shepherd still shows the two trees, standing side by side, made out of the two good old people.

The following poem from the Flag of our Union, is inserted in the Pictorial, at the request of several of our subscribers, who were personally acquainted with the unfortunate man whose untimely death it mourns.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. R. F. FOSTER.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDRIDGE.

Yes, he is dead! he slumbers in the tomb;
O death, thy mandate came with fearful power!
Now mourning hearts are filled with solemn gloom,
And cherished hopes are crushed in one short hour.
The stricken wife mourns his untimely fate,
Her young heart's robbed of its long-cherished mate.

He left his home just at the hour of even,
Joy in his heart, and pleasure lit his eye;
He dreamed not that his home would be in heaven,
Ere the bright orb of day illumed the sky.
The alarm of fire sounds loudly on his ear;
He rushes on, a stranger unto fear.

True to his task, his duty ever done,
His strong, athletic arm lent all its aid;
Nor ceased his labor till life's sands were run,
Till all the ruins his crushed form was laid.
One fearful crash! he's gone, his comrades cry,
Why was he doomed thus suddenly to die!

Who'll hear the awful tidings to his wife?
E'en now she waits his well-known step to hear.
Who'll soothe her in that hour of awful strife,
And wipe away each hot and burning tear?
O bitter task! go, on thy errand sped,
And prove to her thou art a friend in need.

Sad wailing now is heard; 't would seem the heart
Was bursting 'neath its heavy load of grief!
Joy, gone forever from my home, depart;
There's nought can bring this hurting heart relief!
Go to thy mother's bosom, lone one, go,
On her maternal breast, pour out thy woe!

An aged mother deeply mourns his loss;
Who'll care for her in her declining years?
It seems o'er life's dark sea her bark is tossed
Too rudely—who will calm her dreadful fears?
Shut pitying mercy now, to her, O God,
Teach her to bow submissive 'neath thy rod.

Brothers and sisters, ye have loved him well;
He was a brother, gentle, kind and true;
Ye could not breathe the parting word, farewell,
So fearfully he bade this world adieu!
Ye seek his widow's home, and solemn tread,
All hearts are sad, for one beloved is dead!

Watchmen, a brave one from thy band has perished;
Ye loved him well whilst on his sojourn here:
In every heart his noble deeds are cherished,
Even now in death his memory ye revere.
That lovely spot where he remains repose,
Your reverence for the dead departed shows.

His shopmates mourn his loss, their hearts are sad—
They miss him when the hour of labor's o'er;
His manly voice, that erst undid all hearts glad,
Will greet their ears on this fair earth no more.
Hushed seem the sounds of merriment and mirth,
His joyous laugh they'll hear no more on earth.

Now unto thee, thou lone and stricken wife,
I fain would speak one word to soothe thy grief;
He was as dear to thee as thy own life!
O, look to God, and ask of him relief.
Soar on the wings of fancy up to heaven,
Thou'lt meet him there, when life's last ties are riven!

BOULEVARDS AND BATHS OF PARIS.

The Boulevards of Paris may be compared to the beautiful setting of a valuable gem. Along their circuitous course circulates the gay and brilliant life of this sparkling metropolis. Not that these celebrated avenues are uniformly fashionable, although uniformly broad and spacious, shaded with trees, and bounded on either side by buildings whose architectural beauties might well excite the envy of less-favored capitals. Commencing at the central point of attraction, the Madeleine, they stretch away on their winding course around what constituted the city of the "well-beloved" Louis, at every turn baptized anew with names that have now grown classical, sweeping over the site of the Bastille, southerly, then westerly, encircling the Latin Quarter, the Luxembourg and the Faubourg St. Germain, silling by the Invalides, until they are arrested by the Seine and Champs Elysees, which separate them from the spot whence we started. Condensed within this circuit are the extremes of all that makes life desirable or burdensome. Wealth that would astonish Cæsar, luxury that would have driven Lucullus to despair, and misery sufficient to people hell with woe. It is not of the interior of this labyrinth of stone and flesh that I would now write; for it would require more works than Omar burned, to record its history, but merely to invite the reader to follow me in a hasty drive around that portion of the Boulevards, where he will find most to amuse and bewilder. —*Harpers' Magazine*.

FAITH OF SOLDIERS IN THEIR CHIEF.

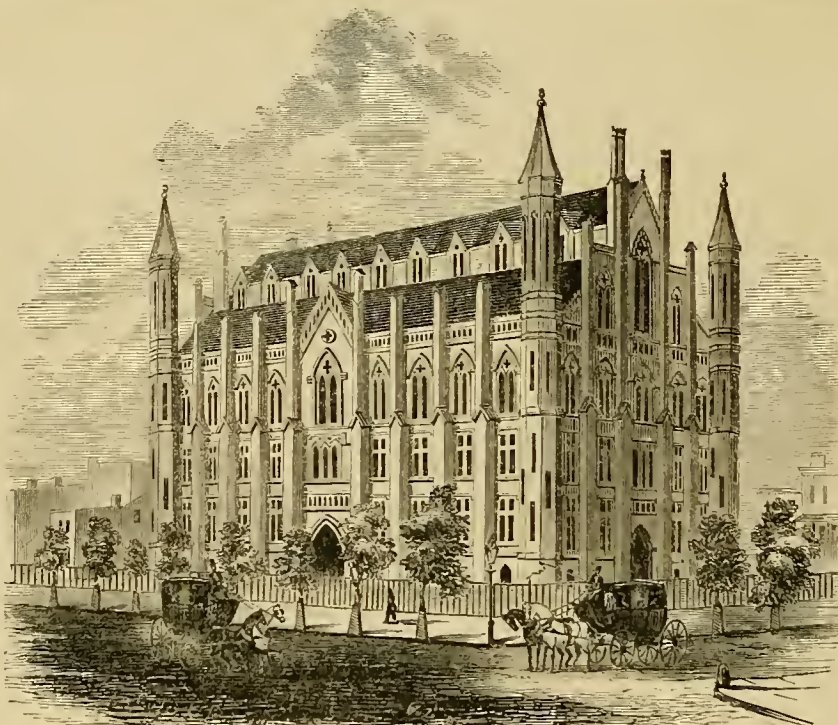
Marlborough's men reconciled themselves to any difficulty, however hopeless it appeared, by saying, "That is no business of ours; Corporal John will carry us through, somehow or other." And, somehow or other, Corporal John never failed them. Scipio was wont to say, there was nothing he could command his army to do that they were not prepared to execute on the instant. When halting at Syracuse, on his passage from Italy to Africa, he observed—"Look at those three hundred men, and that tower near them—every one of them, were I to give the order, would go up to the top of it, and throw himself down headlong." When the war in the south of France was concluded, in 1814, the Duke said of his Peninsular army, "At that time they would have gone anywhere with me, and I could have done anything with them." —*Dublin University Magazine*.

Hopes and cares, anxieties and fears, divide our life. Would you be free from these anxieties? think every day will be your last, and then the succeeding hours will be the more welcome, because unexpected.

* * The FLAG can be obtained at any of the newspaper depots in the United States, and of newspaper carriers, at FOUR CENTS per single copy.

FREE ACADEMY, NEW YORK.

This Institution is located at the corner of Twenty-Third Street and Lexington Avenue. It was incorporated by an act of the legislature in 1847, but did not go into full operation till 1849. In the meantime a building was erected, 125 feet by 80, at an expense of \$50,000; \$22,000 were paid for the ground; and \$12,000 for the fixtures, together with the apparatus—making in all, \$84,000. The school is now in successful operation under talented professors, and affords some of the finest advantages of learning of any institution in the country. No pupil can enter under twelve years of age; and among other qualifications he must have been connected with some ward or public school, for the term of eighteen months. The building was designed and erected under the superintendence of James Renwick, Jr., the architect of that famous building, the Smithsonian Institute. It is in the style of the Gothic Town Halls of the Netherlands. The style was selected for its appropriateness and convenience; combining utility with appearance, and obtaining convenient means of ventilation and heating; and converting fines into buttresses, and chimneys into towers. This elegant Hall, so well adapted to the purposes of the institution, may be said to have been procured without cost. There is no waste room. The building is brought into use up to the very roof-peak; and the structure for the support of the roof is so managed that the weight rests mainly upon the interior walls, and there is no lateral thrust upon the outer walls. This has allowed the construction of well-tied, hollow, light, exterior walls, at a saving of cost sufficient to pay for all the ornament which the adoption of the Gothic style of architecture has required. An ornamental building has thus been obtained, perhaps at less cost than a plain edifice of proper architectural proportions, arrangements, and solidity could have been erected for. The following gentlemen compose the Executive Committee:—Luther Bradish, *Chairman*; Sam'l A. Crapo, Wm. T. Pinckney, Chas. I. Dodge, Cyrus Lawton. The Faculty consists of Horace Webster, LL. D., Principal and Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy; John J. Owen, D. D., Professor of Latin and Greek Languages and Literature; Wolcott Gibbs, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Physics; Gerardus B. Docharty, LL. D., Professor of Mathematics; P. P. Duggan and J. H. Koerner, Professors of Drawing and Arts of Design; John Koerner, Professor of French and Literature; Augustine J. Moriles, Professor of Spanish and Literature; Theo. Glanbenske, Professor of German and Literature; and seven well-qualified Tutors.



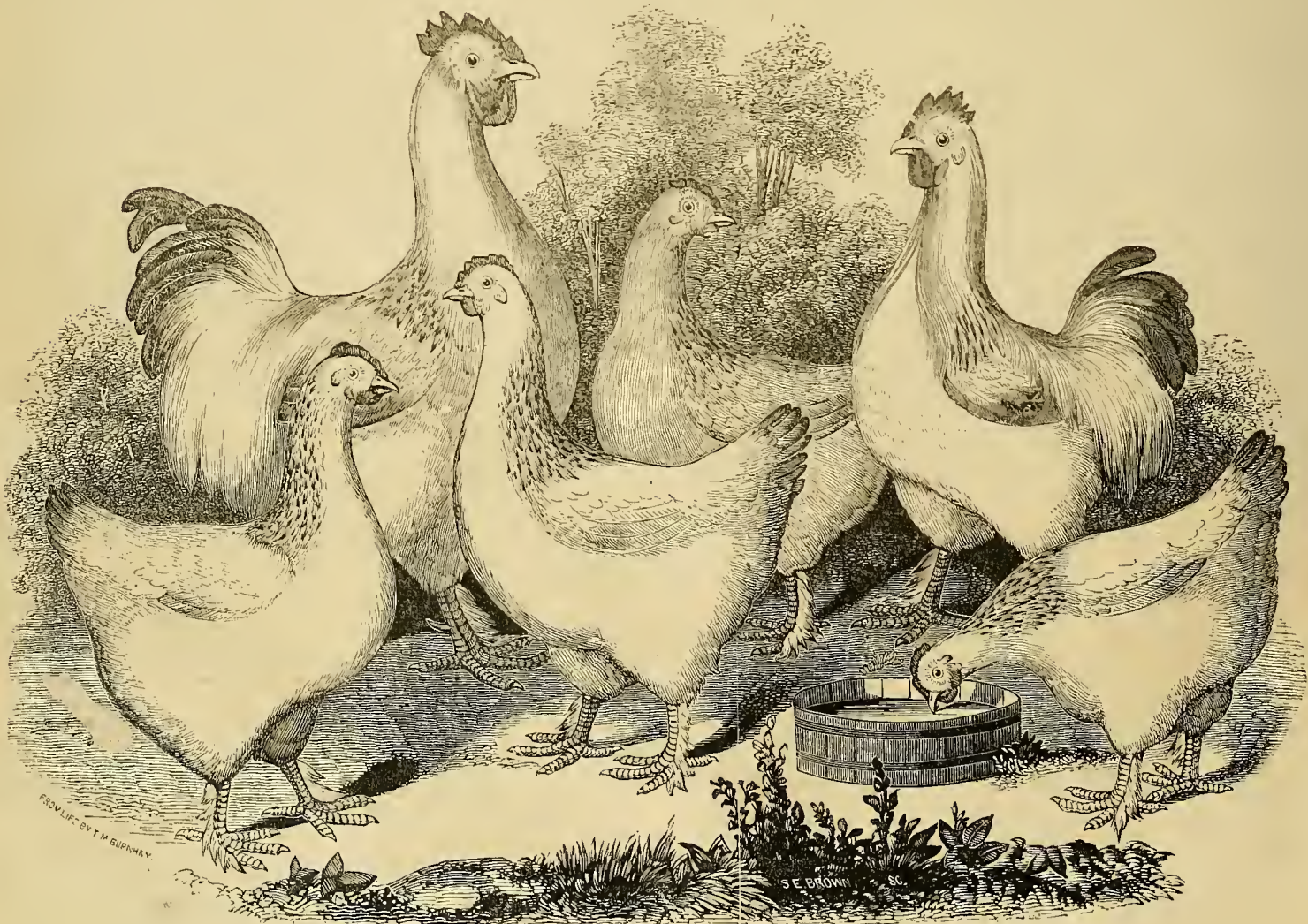
A VIEW OF THE FREE ACADEMY, NEW YORK.

PRESENT TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

Below is a representation of a group of the fine gray Shanghai Fowls lately presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, of Great Britain, by George P. Burnham, Esq., of Boston. These extraordinary specimens of domestic poultry were bred the past season by Mr. Burnham, from stock imported by him direct from China, and were universally admitted, by the thousands who saw them before they left, to be the largest and choicest-bred lot of chickens ever seen together in this vicinity. These birds were from the same brood as those lately sent to Lord Northby, of Aldborough, by Mr. Burnham, who is, perhaps, the most successful poultry raiser in America; and while these beautiful birds are creditable to him as a breeder, they are a present really "fit for a queen."

THE OLD BREWERY.

On page 40, of the present number, we give to the readers of the Pictorial an exceedingly interesting picture, drawn for us by Chapin. It represents the far-famed and ill-famed Brewery, of the Five Points, New York. It has been for many years the nucleus round which were gathered all the crime, filth, and misery of this modern Babel. The ladies of the Home Missionary Society lately purchased it, and after making a public exhibition of it by illuminations, and inviting the world at large to visit it, and witness the depth of misery to which human beings could descend, at last ordered its demolition, to make way for a substantial mission house for the Five Points. It is therefore "classic ground," and has been made one of the lions of the city. This portion of the city, which has been the home of misery and seat of crime for many years, has, mainly through the efforts of some courageous Christians of the Methodist denomination, been completely cleansed of its moral filth, and stripped of its terrors. Persons now traverse the neighborhood with the most perfect security, and even ladies in their charitable missions penetrate with safety these wretched abodes. Children are educated in schools, who never before heard the voice of kindly instruction, and this work of physical and moral regeneration has been most complete and satisfactory. Upon the site of the building will soon be erected a mission house, with school-rooms, and preaching room, and light, and clean, and well-ventilated apartments for the poor, at a cheaper rate than they have paid for the dark, and filthy, and confined apartments which the old brewery has contained. No one can over-estimate the physical and moral advantages of this change. We rejoice to see these missionary efforts at home; we are told that it is at home where charity should commence, and most heartily do we believe it. It is not necessary to compass sea and land to find a field for the honest missionary's labors; we have no need of going to Africa, Hindostan, or the Japanese, to find subjects for Christian instruction and reform. There is always misery enough at our back doors to employ us, if we will but look for ourselves, in room of letting others look for us. All success to the goodly efforts of the home missionaries! they will hallow that plague-spot of New York by their pure charity, and turn it from a sink of iniquity into a chastened and purifying school for the unfortunate. Long, however, will the Old Brewery be remembered, as the head-quarters of crime and debauchery, in the Five Points, and many will be the stories that romancers will write about it when the present generation shall be sleeping in dust.



REPRESENTATION OF A BROOD OF SHANGHAI FOWLS PRESENTED TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

CHRASONS PICTORIAL



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 4.—WHOLE No. 82.
6 CTS. SINGLE.

NEW YORK POLICE COURT.

The admirable picture, which we present below, is the copy of an actual scene in the New York Police Court; and our artist, in his nicety, has preserved even the likenesses of the culprits, and various parties who made up the scene, from the justice down to the ragged and forlorn-looking girl at the bar. Many of these likenesses, being of noted persons of both sexes and all colors, will be recognized by the frequenters of the courts, by the police and others. The phase of life which we represent here, is one with which the readers of the Pictorial are little familiar; and yet this scene, though the actual copy of the morning appearance of a court-room in New York city, is still by no means a picture peculiar to that over-grown metropolis. Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans court-rooms frequently present such an appearance,—sad thought for the moralist, large field for the philanthropist! It was only in our last number that we gave a representation of the Old Brewery, at the Five Points, New York, now demolished to make room for a charitable institution which shall exert a godly and Christian influence. This is an important move, one calculated to exercise a great and lasting good. It is one of the first steps towards purifying the humbler classes of society, so as to obviate the necessity for such sad and debasing court scenes as represented below. However debased the faces

of these poor creatures may show them to be, however degraded their course, however grovelling their habits, still there are none of them but bear on the soul the only half-effaced image of God. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick," saith the Scriptures; and when we see costly equipages rolling their owners to expensive churches, to listen to the dainty language of some richly-paid minister; we wonder why the man of God does not seek the haunts of those who are so very "sick," and strive by his teachings to lead them back to the paths of virtue. There is no denying the fact that the class of the community who fill our police courts, our jails and houses of reformation, are too much neglected by the wise, or those who are looked up to as the wise and good. True, there are a few men who make hold to operate among this class, but they are few. Our scene below will appear to our country readers almost exaggerated; but it is not so in one line of its expression or detail. City life exhibits some strange points, and shows us often the brightest and the darkest side of human life. Often a partition wall only separates the abodes of Lazarus and Dives; wealth and poverty, crime and virtue are next door neighbors. New York being larger, of course exhibits in a more extended degree these extremes of fortune; in Boston, though we have enough, heaven knows, of the saddest characteristics of large cities, still we are less deplorably situated in this

respect than many of our southern and western cities. The great extremes observable elsewhere are less often seen here, and a better general tone of morals prevails than in any other community of the same size that we are familiar with. As it regards the destruction of the Old Brewery, at the Five Points, New York, as we have before said, we consider it one of the most important steps that has been taken for years towards the purifying of this foul district of the great metropolis. It is in such places as the Brewery that such characters as we see below rendezvous by day; and like birds of evil omen and beasts of prey, they sally out from thence to do all the evil in their power, under cover of the night. There is a study in the faces of our picture, because they are likenesses; each has its wild story of debauch and sin to tell,—each bears witness to crime and villany. In some parts of Europe, the authorities have adopted the plan of procuring a daguerreotype likeness of all thieves and culprits for the use of the police, and as a ready means of recognizing old offenders, so that whenever one accused is found to be guilty, he "sits for his picture," and his "counterfeit presentment" is carefully preserved for future reference and use. This is not a bad idea, and might be profitably and advantageously adopted by our large cities in this country, and thus furnish a means of detection in the case of notorious rogues, that would further the ends of justice, and strengthen the law.



PICTURE OF A SCENE IN THE NEW YORK POLICE COURT.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE OF WESTERN LIFE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

ROSALTHE:

—OR—

THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.

A Story of Western Life.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

"I dare say you mean well, Captain Boone—I have no reason to distrust your friendship; but it does appear to me that some enemy has done this."

As Mr. Alston spoke, he looked askance at Allan, who well understood what he meant.

"You wrong the young man, sir; my word for it, you do; and the time will come when you will confess your error. This very day, Mr. Alston, this good friend of yours had an appointment with Silas Girty, and the chief of the Miamis; and I should not be surprised if we were surrounded by Indians and Frenchmen before the sun has sunk in the west. I tell you we are in danger; but I do not fear it for myself; it is of our women and children I am thinking."

"Have I not a father's heart, also? Am I not at this moment suffering all the agony that a parent's heart can feel? Is not my darling torn from me by savage hands? O, Captain Boone, let us reconcile these differences, and hasten after my daughter," replied Alston, in a voice husky with emotion.

"All that mortal man can do shall he do, and yet the fort must not be left without defenders," returned the forester.

At that moment there was an energetic knocking at the gate opening into the enclosure of the stockades where the scene just described had transpired. Ebony was ordered to undo the fastenings, and a strong, active, resolute-looking man, with a rifle upon his shoulder, entered.

The individual who appeared was Bland Ballard, whose services as a spy during the early history of Kentucky will never be forgotten. His bold step and firm bearing proclaimed him all that he had the reputation of being—a daring, trustworthy, and efficient man, fitted for great emergencies, and every vicissitude of frontier life.

"Ballard, I am glad to see you!" cried the pioneer, grasping the hand of the scout. "What news have you? What of the Indians? Any new movement?"

"Well, cap'n, you'd better stop and get your breath," said Ballard.

"The fact is, we are rather excited here, Ballard," replied Boone.

"Should think so; but you'll be likely to get more excited by-and-by, I reckon, if nothin' in the course of natur breaks."

We will here remark, *en passant*, that everything, either past, present, or future, was spoken of and referred to as something that had broken, was at that time breaking, or was to break at some future period.

"That's jest what we're afeared on," remarked Logston, who had executed his commission, and was now waiting farther orders.

"There's Ingins!" said the scout, mysteriously; "there's no doubt but there's Ingins!"

"Unquestionably," returned Boone, drily.

"There's Ingins, unless something breaks."

"In course," said Logston.

"And there's another kind o' varmints called Frenchmen," resumed Ballard.

"How many?" asked Boone.

"Well, I should naturally say the woods was full on 'em, to speak arter the similitude of a figure 'cordin' to scripeter."

"There'll be fighting, then," said the pioneer, musingly.

"That's about the English on't—that is, unless somethin'—"

"Breaks!" interrupted Logston, with a mischievous smile.

"Sartialy," said Ballard. "The fact o' the case is, we must shut ourselves up here, and hold out agin the nateral leathen of this sile to the very last, and longer, if possible."

"You may shut yourselves up as fast as you please, but I rather expect I shall take a turn round these here parts to see what's a goin' on; because, you see, I don't like to take nothin' second hand like," said Joel Logston, biting off a very ungilded plug of tobacco.

"No, no! Joel, it wont do!" remarked Boone, gravely.

"I should naterally say so," added Ballard.

"Joel Logston warn't never none o' your scared kind o' folks—he wasn't," rejoined Joel.

"We all know it, Logston, and therefore we can't spare you. We shall want you to do some of your nice shooting," remonstrated Boone.

But Joel, when once resolved upon anything, would always have his own way, and, notwithstanding all that could be said by way of remonstrance and entreaty, he mounted his horse and rode away.

CHAPTER VII.

JOEL LOGSTON'S ADVENTURES.

LOGSTON crossed the new clearings, and took the narrow foot-path leading to Harrodsburg. He had proceeded about two miles, when he was loudly hailed as follows:

"Stop there, you Joel Logston; I want a few words with you."

"Hallo! who the deuce are you?" exclaimed Joel, reining up his horse.

A man with high cheek bones and downcast eyes, dressed in Indian style, emerged from the bushes and stood before Logston.

"I'm glad I've met you," said the man; "it may be the means of saving much trouble, you know."

"No, I don't know it!" retorted Joel, calmly.

"But you see you will, old feller, when I explain all about it," replied the other.

"Prehaps!" rejoined Joel, laconically.

"I'm Silas Girty," said the man.

"And a mean lookin' scamp you are!" observed Logston, with perfect self-composure.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Girty, with a scowl.

"Get out with your infernal Ingins nonsense!" responded Joel. "You aint a Ingin, nor aint fit to be one."

"Be careful, my fiery lad, because you'd better bear in mind that you're in rather a ticklish position about now."

"I aint afeared!"

"Hear what I've got to say, and it'll be better for you in the long run."

"I never run," said Joel.

"I've come agin Boonesborough with a great army, and mean to take it; nothin' this side of ither world can save it; but I'd rather they'd give in and knock under without fightin', for you know Ingins can't be restrained when they git a taste of human blood, they have a nateral hankerin' for blood," resumed Girty.

"What terms do you offer, providin' they'll give in without comin' to hard knocks?" asked Joel.

"Why, I'll let 'em all, big and little, young and old, march out of the country unmolested; snot that are merciful, magnanimous like?"

"Uncommon! But what will you do with Harrodsburg?"

"Sarre it the same; cruelty's no part of my natur."

"I'm beginnin' to like you," observed Joel, with a curious expression.

"You're a game chicken, Logston! I've often heered on ye, and if you'll join us, I'll give you a thousand acres of prime laud as soon's we've driv out Boone and his fellers, and all the rest on 'em."

"Now that's what I call ginerous!" exclaimed Joel.

"So it is, Logston; it is the ginerous policy that tells in all military leaders, and I've lately added it to my other varmes. But there's one thing I c'enamost forgot to mention. The fact is, I'm not a married man, and to come right to the pint, and speak out manful like, there's a gal up there to the fort that has had a moustrous effect on me."

"What's her name, Captain Girty?"

"Eliza Ballard."

"Who?" asked Logston, with a sudden start.

"Eliza Ballard," repeated Girty.

"Bright gal, captain, bright gal!" exclaimed Joel, with forced composure.

"I know she is; I've watched her when she went down to the spring for water. But I've got two strings to my bow, my boy; if I shouldn't succeed with Eliza, there's Fleming's darter, as pretty a creature as ever the sun shone on. So between the two, I expect my heart wont git entirely broke down."

"When the Ballard gal's married, I hope I shall be present at the weddin'," remarked Joel, sentimentally.

"I'll make sure on't by askin' ye now. And hark! jine me in this affair, and I'll say fifteen hundred acres of land instead of a thousand."

"Say two thousand, Captain Girty, and I'm your man."

"Well, I don't care; it wont make no great odds; so two thousand it is."

"Give me that are bread hook o' yours," said Joel, cordially extending his hand.

"Here 'tis," responded Girty; "I shall live to see you a rich land owner yet."

"A lot about six feet by two, prehaps," muttered Joel.

"Nonsense, Logston!"

"I'll carry your terms up to the fort, and do the best I can; and I'll speak a good word to Miss Ballard, for she's a beauty, captain, without varnish or whitewash."

"I shall depend on you, Logston; I knew you was my man, if I could only see you face to face; and really, it seems as though Providence brought us together."

"It does so," returned Joel. "I reckon I'll ride down to Harrodsburg first, come to think it over," he added.

"I wouldn't advise you to do that. The woods aint quite safe in that direction, at this time."

"I'm good for any number of 'em."

"There's a Frenchman up to the fort, I believe," remarked Girty, carelessly.

"Yes, there is, and I reckon he aint fur from the kingdom," replied Logston, with a knowing wink.

"Has he talked with you about—"

"Time and agin."

"Is he sick, or anything?"

"Yes; he's got a heavy tech of the fever and agger."

"All right," said Girty, a great weight evidently removed from his mind.

"Hold here—jest another word about Eliza Ballard," said Joel, leaning towards Girty, and making a gesture for him to present his ear.

"There's the place I hear with," said Girty, thrusting his head towards Joel. "Fire away."

"Take that, you sneak in' renegade!" cried Logston, planting a stunning blow exactly into Girty's "hearing-place" that fairly lifted him from the ground, and landed him head-foremost in a heap of brushwood beside the path, where he lay motionless, with his heels in the air.

Joel cocked his rifle and pointed it at him, but dropped the muzzle, saying:

"It wont do; the report would prehaps stir up a million of red-skins. Lay there, you infernal good-for-nothing, while I give you my blessing!" he added, looking contemptuously at the motionless figure of Girty. "You aint nobody to speak on; you're a vile critter; you're a despicable turncoat; I don't know nothin' bad enough to call you. If I had a knife, I'd scalp ye, hang me, if I wouldn't, so your own mother wouldn't know you! Talk about Eliza Ballard, wd' ye?

Give me two thousand acres of land! O you snipe! you mud-turtle! you unmerciful coward! you double-dish'd villain! That's my blessin'. Come away, Vesuvius; don't touch the dirty critter—a dog is known by the company he keeps."

And having concluded his "blessing," and his well-meant advice to Vesuvius, Logston put spurs to his horse and left the spot, while Girty remained in the unenviable position we have described.

The woodsman galloped briskly towards Harrodsburg, his indignation mounting higher at every step. Several times he was on the point of turning back to despatch the worthless object who had dared to aspire to the hand of Eliza Ballard, a young and comely maiden, upon whom his own affections had been placed for a long period. But second thought (which adage says is always the best) displayed the impudence of such a procedure.

"To think," muttered Joel, "that such a scamp should try to entrap such a lovely girl as Eliza! It makes me feel ugly all over; I was a fool that I didn't make a final end of the boasting blackguard."

The last period of Logston's soliloquy was scarcely uttered, when the crack of a rifle saluted his ears. His horse staggered a few paces and fell, severely wounded. Before Joel could disengage himself from the saddle, a rifle-ball whistled through his hunting-shirt, grazing the skin, producing a plentiful effusion of blood. The hardy forester, mired to scenes of danger, was on his feet in an instant, firm and self-possessed, casting keen and rapid glances around him to discover his foes. The smoke from their rifles was curling gracefully upwards, but they were invisible, having hidden themselves behind trees. The quick and searching eyes of Joel were not long at fault. In re-loading his gun, one of his enemies exposed a portion of his body. Logston fired, and the savage cried out and fell. Another Indian immediately rushed from his hiding-place with a loud yell and uplifted tomahawk. The woodsman clubbed his rifle, his assailant instantly stopped, and hurled the weapon in his hand with such precision that it would have proved fatal to him, had he not with cut-like agility sprang aside, thus avoiding it.

Logston now rushed upon him, thinking to despatch him by a well-aimed blow with his clubbed rifle; but the wary savage anticipating his intentions, in every instance, managed to elude his furious blows. The conflict went on in this manner for a considerable time, with no advantage on the part of Joel. Finding that this kind of warfare was of no avail, and that he was wasting his strength in vain, he threw away his rifle and closed with his adversary in a hand-to-hand struggle, which was to cease only with the life of one or both.

Logston grasped the athletic savage in his sinewy arms and dashed him to the earth, but found it quite out of the question to hold him there; for he was nearly nude, and his skin was so unctuous that he could easily slip from beneath his opponent.

As neither was armed, the struggle was long and desperate, Joel continuing to throw his antagonist to the ground, and he contriving, as often, to slide from his grasp; thus they exhausted their strength, without giving or receiving any fatal injuries.

The forester, perceiving that his muscular powers were rapidly failing, adopted a new plan of offensive operations. As often as the savage attempted to arise after he had hurled him to the ground, he dealt him a blow just under the ear that knocked him down again. This change of tactics operated admirably, and the Indian's swollen and battered face soon gave tokens of its efficacy; his energies were fast failing, and his efforts grew less vigorous. At length a blow, well directed and powerful, caused him to lie motionless, and Joel was about to grasp his throat and strangle him, when he perceived that he was silently and stealthily endeavoring to get his knife from its leathern sheath.

Logston seized the weapon and plunged it into the Indian's bosom; he expired with a hollow groan, and the woodsman leaned against a tree, panting with exertion, to rest after the conflict.

Casting his eyes towards the spot where the other savage had fallen, he perceived that he was still living, and with heroic firmness had succeeded in reloading his gun, although it was evident from his movements, that his spine was broken. The wounded and wretched, though determined being, had not sufficient command over his disabled body to sit upright long enough

to fire; but as often as he attempted to present his gun, he fell forward upon his face; and again struggling with unconquerable spirit, which neither pain nor danger could subdue, braced himself up with his weapon for another trial.

Upon the face of the writhing warrior there was depicted such an expression of mortal hatred and impotent fury, that even Logston shuddered as he staggered away from the spot.

"Miserable creature!" he exclaimed. "Your back's broke, and you can't never get over it; so I'll leave you to fight it out with death the best way you can; but you'd better be dead a hundred times."

Joel's horse had gotten upon his feet again, and did not appear to be seriously injured.

"We aint worth much, neither on us, I reckon," added Joel, addressing the animal, and caressing his neck affectionately. "But you must try to get me to Boonesborough some way or other, for if you noticed it, I've had a pretty hard time on it with the copper-skins."

At that stage of the woodman's apostrophe to his horse, a cry from the wounded Indian attracted his attention, and looking in that direction the cause was at once apparent. Vesuvius, who previous to the fight had scented a deer and followed him some distance, had now returned to search for his master, and seeing the wounded savage sitting upon the ground, instantly attacked him; for, like his master, he had an unconquerable aversion to the red race.

Springing upon the ill-fated being, the dog snaked his sharp teeth into his throat, and with continual shakings, draggings and bitings worried the life from his body.

"You should have been here afore, you lazy feller," said Joel, reproachfully, as Vesuvius, having shaken the last spark of vitality out of the Indian, stood over him growling hoarsely, and watching with vigilant eyes for some sign of life, that he might have a reasonable excuse for another attack.

"Don't sarve me sich another trick!" added Logston, as he mounted his horse and turned his head towards Boonesborough.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SEARCH.

THE heart of Allan Norwood was not weak and irresolute, but strong in its resolves, and firm and persevering in the execution of its purposes. The placid countenance, and the quiet and unobtrusive air of Allan, when nothing had transpired to arouse him to action, might have misled many persons in regard to his real character; and they would not have felt disposed to give him credit for so much energy and daring as he truly possessed; but could such individuals have seen him in moments of danger, when his sterner nature was awakened, they would have changed their opinion, and regarded him as a young man gifted with high qualities.

The events at Boonesborough, in which Providence had made him an actor, called out the latent powers of his mind, and stimulated him to prompt and decisive efforts in regard to Rosalthe. Immediately after the departure of Logston, Captain Boone summoned some of the most experienced of his little garrison around him, to learn their respective views in relation to the course most proper to pursue under existing circumstances. All agreed, that, considering the great danger that menaced Boonesborough, every arm that could wield a weapon was needed in its defence; but notwithstanding, they deemed it their duty to make every effort in their power to rescue Mr. Alston's daughter.

Rosalthe, being fair and amiable, had won the friendship of old and young among the hardy pioneers; accordingly her case elicited much sympathy, and every one was anxious to serve her. Those capable of bearing arms, about twenty in number, would gladly have seized their rifles and rushed to the rescue, had they not feared an immediate attack by Girty and the Miami chief. It was finally decided that two or three persons of experience should steal quietly from the fort, to find the gentle maiden.

Kenton, Ballard and Allan immediately offered their services. Some of the older settlers hinted that the latter was not sufficiently experienced in Indian arts to venture upon so hazardous an enterprise; but Allan could not be induced to change his determination.

All realized how important the services of Captain Boone would be in such an undertaking, but none were willing that he should leave the fort, because his experience might be of more use there than elsewhere, in case of a general assault.

Ballard affected to regard our hero with considerable contempt, for he prided himself not a little on his skill in woodcraft, and did not wish to be considered on a level with those less expert, who had perchance never followed a trail, or slain an Indian.

"If this Ohio feller goes with us, we can't expect that anything good will be likely to happen," he said to Kenton, in a voice sufficiently loud for Allan to hear.

"Why not?" asked Kenton.

"He's got no knowledge of these kind o' things. He wouldn't know an Indian trail from a rabbit-path. And as for rifle shootin', I don't suppose he could hit the bigness of a man at fifty yards, in firing as many times," returned Ballard, ill-humoredly.

"Perhaps you underrate his abilities," answered Kenton.

"That aint by no means probable!" retorted Ballard. "I'm called the shrewdest reader of human character in Kentucky. I don't often make mistakes in them kind of matters. The chap is too quiet to be much of anything; he's got no courage, and if he has, he hasn't skill enough to follow a trail. As sure as he goes, somethin' will break!"

"Quiet your apprehensions, sir," said Allan, approaching the scout. "Do your own duty, and if I fail to discharge mine, the blame will not be attributed to you."

"That's all very well," replied Ballard, unabashed. "I've heered people talk just so afore, and then be the first to be off in the time of danger."

"Come, Ballard, don't be hard; you'll wound the young man's feelings," interposed Kenton.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Ballard, imitating the short, guttural sound peculiar to the Indian tribes. "I reckon his feelin's aint much finer nor mine nor yours. I aint disposed to put my reputation on a level with a green hand like him."

The cool and contemptuous manner, and insulting language of the spy, thoroughly aroused the indignation of Allan. He felt that time enough had been lost already, and that it was highly incumbent upon them to act without farther delay. Keeping down, with a strong effort, the feelings of wounded pride and impatience that were rankling within, he stepped forward and laid his hand upon Ballard's shoulder, and closing it until the fingers seemed sinking into the flesh, said in a hoarse whisper:

"Cease this foolish bravado; or, if you must quarrel, wait until we are outside the fort, when we will settle it like men."

The features of the scout grew pale, and then flushed with anger; he threw a savage look at Norwood, and grasped the handle of his hunting-knife.

Simon Kenton instantly seized Ballard's arm, and wrenched the weapon from his hand.

"Are ye madmen?" cried Boone, who appeared at that moment, and saw what was taking place. "What means this? Why are you wrangling? Is there not fighting enough to be done, without cutting each other's throats?"

Kenton hastened to explain the cause of the quarrel.

"Ballard, you are always too fast," added Boone. "Your ill-nature will cost you your life, ultimately; but I will risk this young man with you. No more delay—off with you, and do the best you can."

Everything being in readiness, the gate was opened, the trio took leave of their friends, and left the fort, followed by the prayers and good wishes of all who remained.

They proceeded down the river, the scout leading the way in sullen and ominous silence. It was evident that he had not recovered his temper, and was brooding over the scenes that had just transpired, with feelings and intentions far from amicable. He fully resolved as he strode on, that Allan should not accompany them, but return to Boonesborough, or dispose of himself in any other manner he saw fit. With lowering countenance, and determined air, he stopped, and turning to Kenton, addressed him as follows:

"You've heered my opinion about that young chap from Ohio, and I mean to abide by it, and act up to it. He may go any way he pleases, and do what he pleases, but he can't go with me, that's settled."

"This is folly!" exclaimed Kenton. "I will vouch for Mr. Norwood's courage and address."

"Well, if you like him, you can go with him, and we'll part company," returned the scout, doggedly.

"Recover your temper and be a man," added Kenton.

Allan had gained sufficient knowledge of Ballard's character to enable him to understand that prompt and decided action was required.

"You have seen fit," said Allan, "to insult a stranger in a manner that is unpardonable; nevertheless I will bear no malice, if your conduct in future be such as one man expects, in decency, from another. If you wish to be on friendly terms, I am ready and willing; but if, on the contrary, you wish to fight, you will not find me unprepared."

"You look like it!" was the laconic rejoinder.

"You are unreasonable!" remonstrated Kenton, mildly.

"We'll part company," added the scout.

"We shall thwart our own purpose, I fear, if we do that," continued Kenton.

"Enjoy thinking so; but here we separate," resumed Ballard.

The scout being naturally of a very obstinate disposition, it was impossible to change his determination; accordingly he shouldered his rifle and walked away; thinking, doubtless, that Kenton would follow him; but in this he was mistaken; Kenton remained with Allan.

"Let him go," he added; "he's in one of his contrary moods, and won't listen to reason. What shall we do?"

"Keep along down the river," replied Allan.

"What do you say to taking a boat?"

"That would be the very best thing we could do, if we had one," answered Norwood.

"There is one concealed in the bushes yonder; so we'll soon be afloat," said Kenton.

The little vessel was dragged from its concealment, and the two young men were soon gliding down the river. Norwood had not forgotten to inform his comrade about the circumstance of finding the spot where a canoe had evidently been drawn up, and of the strange conduct of Vesuvius. For several hours they silently plied the paddles, always keeping close to the shore.

They had reached a place where the river made a sudden sweep to the left, and was much wider, when a man appeared on the opposite bank, and besought them in the most impassioned manner to come to his assistance.

Simon Kenton paid no attention to his entreaties, which astonished Allan very much, whose ear was always open to the cries of those in distress.

"What do you want?" asked our hero, touched with pity by the frantic entreaties of the unknown, and, apparently, greatly terrified individual.

"I've escaped from the Wyandots; they are after me, and I cannot cross the river; come and take me off, if you're Christians," returned the man, who continued to run along the shore, wringing his hands, as the boat passed on.

"Let us take him into the boat," said Allan.

Kenton smiled, and shook his head, and the man redoubled his cries, protesting that the Indians would soon re-capture him if he did not succeed in getting across the river.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Norwood.

His companion smiled again.

"I'm absolutely starving—I'm torn and bleeding all over!" added the man on shore, in piteous accents.

"Come, my friend, this is unlike you!" continued Allan, to the impassive Kenton. "Are you not touched by the terrible fears and miserable condition of the wretched man?"

"Not I," said Kenton. "That distress is not real; it is an infamous plot to allure us to the other side. That white scoundrel is backed by a score of red-skies, no doubt!"

"Are you really in earnest?" asked Norwood.

"Perfectly so," replied Kenton.

"Then send a bullet through the treacherous rascal, in Heaven's name!" exclaimed Allan.

"That's the way I intend to assist him—out of the world," added the other.

"You are laying a trap to deceive us," said Kenton, ceasing to use his paddle.

The fellow on shore solemnly protested that he was not, but was acting in perfect good faith.

"How many Indians are there up in the woods behind you?" resumed Kenton, laying down his paddle.

The man swore that there was not one there, to his knowledge; but that he expected every moment the woods would be full of them, when he, unfortunate fellow, would perhaps be burned at the stake, the subject of tortures impossible to describe.

* Plots of this kind were of frequent occurrence on the Ohio and other large rivers and were often successful.

Perceiving that the boat had stopped, and partially changed its direction, the impostor increased his entreaties.

"Now back water a little, and keep the boat steady," whispered Kenton; then addressing the fellow in distress:

"If we go ashore, you promise to play us no Indian tricks?"

"Not a trick," was the reply; and the white impostor called heaven and earth, and the Maker of both, to witness his truthfulness.

"Turn the boat quite round head to the opposite shore, so as to bring you between myself and him," said Kenton, in a low voice.

"What if he should prove to be no impostor after all," remarked Allan, in the same time.

"Nonsense! look! I can see a painted face peeping from behind a bush. Steady—as you are. When I have fired, drop your paddle and let fly at the Indian, if you can get a chance."

The little boat now lay quietly upon the water; and before the man on shore perceived what was intended, Kenton raised his piece and discharged it.

The white man fell, scrambled to his feet, and fell the second time. Allan had kept watch of the red-face behind the bush, and the instant Kenton fired, seized his own rifle and followed his example with all the celerity and precision of a practised hunter. The painted visage disappeared, and a loud war-whoop resounded through the forest.

"You see I was right," said Kenton. "You have finished your fellow outright, and the white renegade has got what he wont get over in a hurry."

"His distress seems to be more real now," observed Allan, as the wounded man attempted to recover his feet for the third time with no better success than before.

While Norwood was speaking, several savages appeared on the bank of the river, and our two friends were saluted with a shower of balls.

"Load your rifle," added Kenton, coolly; "and I will pull up close to the shore, and get as far out of range as possible. Several of their balls, you see, have touched the boat."

Simon bent smartly to the paddle, and the tiny vessel shot rapidly through the yielding waters. The young hunter reloaded his rifle, while the bullets of the enemy occasionally whistled past his ears, splintered the boat, or, their force being spent, fell harmless a few feet from them, into the water.

Allan now proposed that they should go ashore, leave the boat, and strike into the forest.

"Not yet," replied his brave comrade; "let us see what they will do."

"Several of them are at work in the water; I wonder what they are doing?" said Allan.

"They have doubtless sunk a canoe there, and are now raising it; they intend to follow us."

"You are right; they are dragging a birchen vessel from the water."

"If there is more than one of them, we are lost," resumed Kenton.

"Fortunately for us, there is but one, and it will contain but four or five at the most. I think we can manage that number."

"We must sink the canoe; for if we allow them to cross, our chance of escape will be a small one indeed. So keep cool, and let us see whether they intend to pursue us, or go directly across."

"I hope they don't intend to cross, for then we shall have enemies on both sides of the river, in which case they can riddle us with their balls."

"There they come; pull away," added Kenton, who had just finished loading his rifle.

The canoe had left the opposite bank, and was now rapidly approaching, propelled by four savages.

"They are the Miamis," observed Kenton; "we must sink them."

"But how? Rifle-balls make but small holes; we might perforate the bark in a dozen places below the water-line, and not effect our purpose."

"We have been trying some experiments at Boonesborough, lately, with balls linked together in this manner," replied Kenton, holding up two bullets fastened together by a small chain about eight inches long. "These balls, when projected from the rifle, separate the length of the chain, and at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards, will pass through a board an inch in thickness. So you perceive that it will not take many such shots to sink one of those canoes, for they are not much thicker than brown paper."

"An excellent device, my friend," returned our hero.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOLD MEDAL.

The "great gold medal" of his majesty the Emperor of Russia has been sparingly bestowed, and never except upon objects of special interest. Such an object he considered the "centre draught plough" of Messrs. Prouty & Mears, of Boston, a specimen of which they sent to the emperor, and for which they received from him the gold medal, a fine engraving of which is herewith given. We also present engravings of two ploughs, one an exact representation of that sent to his majesty, and the other a view of a plough brought a few years since from Cuba. It is entirely of wood, the two principal parts, with a natural crook, being rudely fastened together, with a truck at the end of the pole. It is truly a barbarous looking implement, requiring eight or ten horses to draw it through the ground; and yet it is still used in Cuba, and in some parts of Mexico and Spain, and ploughs not much better were in use in some of the counties of England as recently as 1830. In this country comparatively ill-constructed ploughs were used, till Messrs. Prouty & Co., after repeated experiments, upon mathematical principles, produced the "centre draught plough," now so celebrated in this and other countries. It was almost as great an improvement upon the ploughs that immediately preceded it, as those were upon the old Cuban plough seen in the engraving. Such an achievement for agriculture naturally awakened a deep and wide-spread interest, for it soon became evident that it was working and must work a great and marked change in the amount of labor required for the cultivation of the soil, and also in the productions and value of land itself. The authors of this invention, wishing to extend its benefits as widely as possible, and knowing



REPRESENTATION OF THE GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED BY THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA TO PROUTY & MEARS.

subverting the soil, at the same time burying all vegetable matter upon its surface, and the remarkably small amount of power required to draw it through the earth. As these are the most important items required in a good plough, and as this is one which embraces them all, and has already obtained a very extensive celebrity in this country, we have taken the liberty of presenting this specimen to your majesty, trusting that it will meet with your approbation. Your obedient servants,

D. PROUTY & J. MEARS, JR.

WASHINGTON, 20th May, 1845.

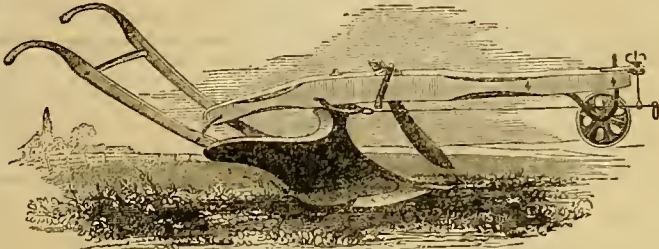
Sirs: The plough you intended to present to the emperor has been received, and its usefulness acknowledged. His imperial majesty, appreciating your good intentions, has ordered me to present to you in his name, the great gold

medal, with his effigy, and the motto, "Pæmia Digno."

I have the pleasure to send to you this medal by Mr. Keller, in a packet, under the legation's seal. Please to inform me of the receipt of the medal, and receive, gentlemen, the assurances of my sincere regard. ALEX. DE RODRIGO. D. Prouty & J. Mears, Jr., Boston.

This medal, which is of the finest gold, and weighs fifteen ounces, bearing on one side a fine likeness of the emperor in bold relief, has a value far beyond its intrinsic worth, coming as it does from a prince so competent to judge of the merits of the article sent him. His judgment is confirmed also by the fact, that the plough upon which he bestowed his munificent reward, has received the highest premiums in this country and in Europe, and has gained a celebrity far exceeding all other ploughs in existence. At the severe and impartial trial in Worcester, some years since, where all the best manufactured ploughs were brought forward, the centre draught plough of Prouty & Mears received the highest premium—\$100. At the still more celebrated and protracted trial by the New York State Agricultural Society, in Albany, in June, 1850, a trial continued through ten successive days, the

committee did not hesitate to award the four highest premiums to the Prouty & Mears' centre draught plough. And finally, the same plough took the prize at the late World's Fair in London, where it had to compete with ploughs from all countries. That the Emperor Nicholas, upon a thorough trial of this plough in his own grounds, should have seized at once upon its strong points of excellence, and awarded to it an honor he has never been known to bestow on any other implement of the kind, reflects as much credit on his own sagacity and skill in agriculture, as on the genius and enterprise of the American manufacturers.



PLOUGH PRESENTED TO EMPEROR NICHOLAS, OF RUSSIA.



REPRESENTATION OF A PLOUGH USED IN CUBA.

the Emperor Nicholas to be an enlightened prince, and an enthusiastic agriculturist, forwarded to him a specimen of this plough, as above represented. The letter accompanying the plough, and the answer of his majesty, through the Russian ambassador at Washington, are given below:

Boston, July 31, 1844.

His Imperial Majesty, Emperor of all the Russias:

Enclosed you will receive a bill of lading of one of the most approved American ploughs of the present day, which we have taken the liberty of presenting to your majesty as a specimen, combining the latest and most important improvements, among which are, the ease with which it is held by the ploughman, the neat and perfect manner in which it turns its furrow, completely

A WINTER SCENE.

We could hardly have produced a more timely picture than is given to the reader below, of that delightfully exhilarating sport, and that truly manly exercise, known as skating. Of late years, American ladies have been practising this amusement, and the fine pond at Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, at certain seasons presents a most lively and gay appearance, covered with ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, all skimming with magic-like power over the glassy surface of the pond. A good skater can attain immense speed upon the ice, and sustain himself for miles. In the picture below is represented some of the casualties that the skater is liable

to. If awkward, he must pay a severe penalty, sometimes, for his want of skill, and fatal accidents do not unfrequently occur. New beginners, old hands (or legs) at the business, and the awkward squad are all represented in our picture. On the right foreground one is seen with a servant, arranging his skates; just beyond him is an awkward figure, fearful of a fall; in the middle foreground is seen one whose graceful and confident figure betokens the adept at the business; and on his left is observed an individual struggling to break his forward impetus to spare the two figures already down upon the ice. We trust that the individual underneath has found a soft place on the ice upon which to fall.



WINTER PASTIME—A SKATING SCENE.

CYCLOPS STEEL WORKS, SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

The following brief description and engraving of the Cyclops Steel Works, Sheffield, England,—which we herewith present to our readers,—one of the most complete and efficient works of its kind, situated in the heart of the great manufacturing districts of England, will be found most timely and interesting. In that great metropolis of the steel trade (Sheffield), none rank higher than the Cyclops Steel Works; and its justly celebrated productions have earned for themselves a reputation not confined to England only, but which are known throughout the whole of the eastern

can be brought in and taken out by the trucks of the firm, as well as those of the various lines of railway with which it has connection, with the greatest ease and expedition. Shipments of Swedish iron, on their arrival at the eastern ports, are at once transferred to trucks upon the railway, and conveyed direct, upon the iron way, into the very heart of the Cyclops Steel Works, there to be converted into steel, which is either sent out in that condition, or wrought up into manufactured goods. The immense quantities of coal and coke consumed by the numerous steam engines, furnaces, and fires at work in this large establishment, are brought

Cyclopians are fabricating every variety of railway springs, aided by such machinery as the original Vulcan never dreamt of, and further on great numbers of hands are engaged forging, annealing, grinding, cutting, hardening and manipulating files, tools, etc., the visitor comes to a series of very large buildings of more recent construction, consisting of rolling mills, tilts, forges and grinding wheels. The machinery connected with these last-named departments, is of the most approved and splendid description, and the extent of its power gives a fair idea of the magnitude of an establishment which has called into existence such powerful accessories.

The rolling mills are a pair of fifty-horse-power engines: there is also an engine of the same capability for driving grindstones and other machinery required for the general purposes of the trade; and other engines of proportionate power for hammering, tilting, forging and drawing. There is, also, a steam-hammer, which is most efficiently and advantageously employed in the forge shops. An inspection of these stupendous adjuncts to a manufactory, which, even prior to their erection, was remarkable for its very great extent, cannot but fill the mind with a feeling of admiration, approaching to astonishment, at the enterprising spirit, masterly knowledge of sound commercial principles, and enormous resources, of the proprietors of so gigantic and complete an establishment. The departments of the works last enumerated, having been planned by the fertile minds of the owners of the establishment, after very great experience, and constructed upon principles which embrace the most recent improvements in science and mechanics, are pronounced by persons of competent judgment and large observation, as the completest and most efficient works of the kind in Europe. The Cyclops Steel Works, when in active operation, present a scene of the utmost animation—an aspect which the philosopher and the political economist would study with the greatest interest. The most jealous artisan could scarcely view these works with dissatisfaction, for while every contrivance that human ingenuity has yet revealed for saving the labor of animated beings has been introduced here, so far as the nature of the manufactures admit, yet so immensely has the consumption of its produce in steel, files, springs, forgings, tools, etc., been increased, that the sum of human labor, so far from being in the aggregate diminished, is largely extended. The crude notions entertained by the artisan class half a century ago, as to the influence of machinery on the labor market, have oft been refuted, of late years, very remarkably, but in few instances more palpably than in the large and bold illustration afforded by the Cyclops Steel Works. And while instruction is afforded by the experience of this establishment to the artisan class, it holds out a valuable lesson to persons in a higher rank of life. The signal success which has attended this great enterprise, even should it proceed no further, goes far to prove that well-directed effort in commercial pursuits, aided by energetic action and indomitable perseverance, are the surest road to that great reward which is the end and aim of all manufacturing and commercial undertakings. The spirited proprietors of these works have lately established an agency in this city. They have also houses in New York, Philadelphia, London and Hamburg. In an article which we have read with much interest in a paper now lying before us, we find the following. "In the early days of chivalry the art of tempering steel does not appear to have been so perfectly understood or conducted by British as by foreign artificers, especially those of Milan and Toledo; and as 'armor of proof and trusty sword' were of vital importance to the wearer of such martial panoply, the preference was generally given to foreign manufacture. Many allusions to its superiority may be found scattered throughout the pages of history and historical romance. Artificers who wrought in steel were formerly held in great estimation. The chief smith was an officer of considerable dignity in Britain, and enjoyed many privileges; among others he was entitled to a draught of every kind of liquor brought into his lord's dining hall, and sat next to the chaplain at meals. English cast-steel is one variety of the Proctean compound of iron and carbon, and is obtained by melting steel with vitrifiable matters and charcoal, then casting it into the form of ingots, which are subsequently gently heated, and carefully hammered or rolled into the form of smaller bars. Blistered steel and cast steel contain from ninety-eight to ninety-nine per cent. of iron; the remaining portion consisting of carbon, silicon and phosphorus." This metal being in such common use, it is hardly necessary to add anything more.

VIEW OF THE CELEBRATED CYCLOPS STEEL WORKS, AT SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.



world, and are now acquiring for themselves a deservedly good name in the great and daily increasing market of this country. The high repute of these manufactures may be inferred from the great extent of the establishment, particulars of which we copy from an English paper. The premises occupy an area of upwards of ten acres of ground, and the business gives employment to more than 1000 persons. It would be difficult to find another establishment combining such great facilities for carrying on a gigantic trade. The premises being intersected by the Midland railway, within a few hundred yards of its Sheffield terminus, and having sidings and lines traversing every part of the works, merchandise

within its boundaries in the same economical and expeditious manner, and delivered from the trucks precisely at the various points where required for consumption. The works are likewise approached by a system of roads the best and most perfect in the neighborhood of Sheffield. After passing through an almost interminable succession of buildings, judiciously and skillfully arranged for the economical prosecution of the successive stages of manufacture, in which immense numbers of busy workmen are employed, some with illuminated visages engaged in the glowing work of making steel, in apartments at a tropical temperature, while in another vast range of workshops groups of stalwart

illages; among others he was entitled to a draught of every kind of liquor brought into his lord's dining hall, and sat next to the chaplain at meals. English cast-steel is one variety of the Proctean compound of iron and carbon, and is obtained by melting steel with vitrifiable matters and charcoal, then casting it into the form of ingots, which are subsequently gently heated, and carefully hammered or rolled into the form of smaller bars. Blistered steel and cast steel contain from ninety-eight to ninety-nine per cent. of iron; the remaining portion consisting of carbon, silicon and phosphorus." This metal being in such common use, it is hardly necessary to add anything more.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]
MORNING IN MARTIGNY.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

'Tis sunrise on Saint Bernard's snow,
 'Tis dawn within the vale below;
 And in Martigny's streets appear
 The mule and noisy mulcteer;
 And tinklings fill the rosy air,
 Until the mountain pass seems there,
 Up whose steep pathway scarcely stir
 The long, slow line of travellers;
 And in the shadowy town is heard
 The sound of many a foreign word.

Old men are there, whose locks are white
 As yonder cloud which veils the height;
 And maidens, whose young cheeks are kissed
 By ringlets flashing bright or dark,
 Whose hearts are light as yonder mist
 That holds the music of the lark—
 And youths are there with jest and laugh,
 Each bearing his oft-branded staff
 To chronicle, when all is done,
 The dangerous heights his feet have won.

So tolls through life the pilgrim soul
 Mid rocky ways and valleys fair;
 At every lane or glorious goal,
 His staff receives the record there—
 The names that shall forever twine,
 And blossom like a fragrant vine—
 Or, like a serpent, round it cling
 Eternally to coil and sting.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE STEP-MOTHER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THERE are few positions in social life of greater trial and responsibility than that of a step-mother; and it too rarely happens that the woman who assumes this position, is fitted for the right discharge of its duties. In far too many cases the widower is accepted as a husband because he has a home, or a position to offer, while the children are considered as a drawback in the bargain. But it sometimes happens that a true woman, from genuine affection, unites herself with a widower, and does it with a loving regard for his children, and with the purpose in her mind of being to them, as far as in her power lies, a wise and tender mother.

Such a woman was Agnes Green. She was in her thirty-second year when Mr. Edward Arnold, a widower with four children, asked her to become his wife. At twenty-two, Agnes had loved as only a true woman can love. But the object of that love proved himself unworthy, and she turned away from him. None knew how deep the heart-trial through which she passed—none knew how intensely she suffered. In part, her pale face and sobered brow witnessed, but only in part; for many said she was cold, and some even used the word heartless, when they spoke of her. From early womanhood a beautiful ideal of manly excellence had filled her mind; and with this ideal she had invested one who proved false to the high character. At once the green things of her heart withered, and for a long time its surface was a barren waste. But the woman was yet strong in her. She must love something. So she came forth from her heart-seclusion, and let her affections, like a refreshing and invigorating stream, flow along many channels. She was the faithful friend, the comforter in affliction, the wise counsellor. More than once had she been approached with offers of marriage, by men who saw the excellences of her character, and felt that upon any dwelling in which she was the presiding spirit would rest a blessing. But none of them were able to give to the even pulses of her heart a quicker motion.

At last she met Mr. Arnold. More than three years had passed since the mother of his children was removed by death, and, since that time, he had sought, with all a father's tenderness and devotion, to fill her place to them. How imperfectly, none knew so well as himself. As time went on, the want of a true woman's affectionate care for his children was more and more felt. All were girls except the youngest, their ages ranging from twelve downwards, and this made the mother's loss so much the more a calamity. Moreover, his feeling of loneliness and want of companionship, so keenly felt in the beginning, instead of diminishing, increased.

Such was his state of mind, when he met Agnes Green. The attraction was mutual, though, at first, no thought of marriage came into the mind of either. A second meeting stirred the placid waters in the bosom of Agnes Green. Conscious of this, and fearful lest the emotion she strove to repress might become apparent to other eyes, she assumed a certain reserve, not seen in the beginning, which only betrayed her secret, and at once interested Mr. Arnold, who now commenced a close observation of her character. With every new aspect in which this was presented, he saw something that awakened admiration; something that drew his spirit nearer to her as one congenial. And not the less close was her observation.

When, at length, Mr. Arnold solicited the hand of Agnes Green, she was ready to respond. Not, however, in a selfish and self-seeking spirit; not in the narrow hope of obtaining some great good for herself, was her response made, but in full view of her woman's power to bless, and with an earnest, holy purpose in her heart to make her presence in his household indeed a blessing.

"I must know your children better than I know them now, and they must know me better than they do, before I take the place

you wish me to assume," was her reply to Mr. Arnold, when he spoke of an early marriage.

And so means were taken to bring her in frequent contact with the children. The first time she met them intimately, was at the house of a friend. Mary, the oldest girl, she found passionate and self-willed; Florence, the second, good-natured, but careless and slovenly; while Margaret, the third, was in ill health, and exceedingly peevish. The little brother, Willy, was a beautiful, affectionate child, but in consequence of injudicious management, very badly spoiled. Take them altogether, they presented a rather unpromising aspect; and it is no wonder that Agnes Green had many misgivings at heart, when the new relation contemplated and its trials and responsibilities were pictured to her mind.

The earnestly-asked question by Mr. Arnold, after this first interview,—"What do you think of my children?"—was not an easy one to answer. A selfish, unscrupulous woman, who looked to the connection as something to be particularly desired on her own account, and who cared little about duties and responsibilities, might have replied, "O, they are lovely children!" or, "I am delighted with them!" Not so Agnes Green. She did not reply immediately, but mused for some moments, considerably embarrassed, and in doubt what to say. Mr. Arnold was gazing intently in her face.

"They do not seem to have made a favorable impression," said he, speaking with some disappointment in his tone and manner.

A feeble flush was visible in the face of Agnes Green, and also a slight quiver of the lips, as she answered:

"There is too much at stake, as well in your case as my own, to warrant even a shadow of concealment. You ask what I think of your children, and you expect me to answer truly?"

"I do," was the almost solemnly-spoken reply.

"My first hurried, yet tolerably close, observation, has shown me, in each, a groundwork of natural good."

"As their father," replied Mr. Arnold, in some earnestness of manner, "I know there is good in them,—much good. But they have needed a mother's care."

"When you have said that, how much has been expressed! If the garden is not cultivated, and every weed carefully removed, how quickly is it overrun with things noxious, and how feeble becomes the growth of all things good and beautiful! It is just so with the mind. Neglect it, and bad habits and evil propensities will assuredly be quickened into being, and attain vigorous life."

"My children are not perfect, I know, but—"

Mr. Arnold seemed slightly hurt. Agnes Green interrupted him, by saying, in a mild voice, as she laid her hand gently upon his arm:

"Do not give my words a meaning beyond what they are designed to convey. If I assume the place of a mother to your children, I take upon myself all the responsibilities the word 'mother' involves. Is not this so?"

"Thus I understand it."

"My duty will be, not only to train these children for a happy and useful life here, but for a happy and useful life hereafter."

"It will."

"It is no light thing, Mr. Arnold, to assume the place of a mother to children who, for three years, have not known a mother's affectionate care. I confess that my heart shrinks from the responsibility, and I ask myself over and over again, 'Have I the requisite wisdom, patience and self-denial?'"

"I believe you have," said Mr. Arnold, who was beginning to see more deeply into the heart of Agnes. "And now," he added, "tell me what you think of my children."

"Mary has a quick temper, and is rather self-willed, if my observation is correct, but she has a warm heart. Florence is thoughtless, and untidy in her person, but possesses a happy temper of mind. Poor Maggie's ill health has, very naturally, soured her disposition. Ah, what can you expect of a suffering child, who has no mother? Your little Willy is a lovely boy, somewhat spoiled—who can wonder at this—but possessing just the qualities to win for him kindness from every one."

"I am sure you will love him," said Mr. Arnold, warmly.

"I have no doubt on that subject," replied Agnes Green. "And now," she added "after what I have said, after showing you that I am quick to see faults, once more give this matter earnest consideration. If I become your wife, and take the place of a mother to these children, I shall, at once,—wisely and lovingly, I trust,—begin the work of removing from their minds every noxious weed that neglect may have suffered to grow there. The task will be no light one, and, in the beginning, there may be rebellion against my authority. To be harsh or hard is not in my nature. But a sense of duty will make me firm. Once more, I say, give this matter serious consideration. It is not yet too late to pause."

Mr. Arnold bent his head in deep reflection. For many minutes he sat in silent self-communion, and sat thus so long, that the heart of Agnes Green began to beat with a restricted motion, as if there was a heavy pressure on her bosom. At last Mr. Arnold looked up, his eyes suddenly brightening, and his face flushing with animation. Grasping her hands with both of his, he said:

"I have reflected, Agnes, and I do not hesitate. Yes, I will trust these dear ones to your loving guardianship. I will place in your hands their present and eternal welfare, confident that you will be to them a true mother."

And she was. As often as it could be done before the time appointed for the marriage, she was brought in contact with the children. Almost from the beginning she was sorry to find in Mary, the oldest child, a reserve of manner, and an evident dis-

like towards her, which she in vain sought to overcome. The groundwork of this she did not know. It had its origin in a remark made by the house-keeper, who, having learned, from some gossiping relative of Mr. Arnold that a new wife was soon to be brought home, and, also, who this new wife was to be, made an imprudent allusion to the fact, in a moment of forgetfulness.

"Your new mother will soon put you straight, my little lady," said she, one day, to Mary, who had tried her beyond all patience.

"My new mother! Who's she, pray?" was sharply demanded.

"Miss Green," replied the unreflecting house-keeper. "Your father's going to bring her home, one of these days, and make her your mother, and she'll put you all right,—she'll take down your fine airs, my lady!"

"Will she?" And Mary, compressing her lips tightly, and drawing up her slender form to its full height, looked the image of defiance.

From that moment a strong dislike towards Miss Green ruled in the mind of Mary, and she resolved, should the house-keeper's assertion prove true, not only to set the new authority at defiance, but to inspire, if possible, the other children with her own feelings.

The marriage was celebrated at the house of Mr. Arnold, in the presence of his own family, and a few particular friends, Agnes arriving at the hour appointed.

After the ceremony, the children were brought forward, and presented to their new mother. The youngest, as if strongly drawn by invisible chords of affection, sprang into her lap, and clasped his little arms lovingly about her neck. He seemed very happy. The others were cold and distant, while Mary fixed her eyes upon the wife of her father, with a look so full of dislike and rebellion, that no one present was in any doubt as to how she regarded the new order of things.

Mr. Arnold was a good deal fretted by this unexpected conduct on the part of Mary; and, forgetful of the occasion and its claims, spoke to her with some sternness. He was recalled to self-possession by the smile of his wife, and her gently-uttered remark, that reached only his own ear:

"Do n't seem to notice it. Let it be my task to overcome prejudices."

During the evening Mary did not soften in the least towards her step-mother. On the next morning, when all met, for the first time, at the breakfast table, the children gazed askance at the calm, dignified woman who presided at the table, and seemed ill at ease. On Mary's lip, and in her eye, was an expression so like contempt, that it was with difficulty her father could refrain from ordering her to her own room.

The meal passed in some embarrassment. At its conclusion, Mr. Arnold went into the parlor, and his wife, entering at once upon her duties, accompanied the children to the nursery, to see for herself that the two oldest were properly dressed for school. Mary, who had preceded the rest, was already in contention with the house-keeper. Just as Mrs. Arnold—so we must now call her—entered the room, Mary exclaimed, sharply:

"I do n't care what you say, I'm going to wear this bonnet!"

"What's the trouble?" inquired Mrs. Arnold, calmly.

"Why, you see, ma'am," replied the housekeeper, "Mary is bent on wearing her new, pink bonnet to school, and I tell her she must n't do it. Her old one is good enough."

"Let me see the old one," said Mrs. Arnold. She spoke in a very pleasant tone of voice.

A neat, straw bonnet, with plain, unsoiled trimming, was brought forth by the house-keeper, who remarked:

"It's good enough to wear Sundays, for that matter."

"I do n't care if it is, I'm not going to wear it to-day. So do n't bother yourself any more about it."

"O, yes, Mary, you will," said Mrs. Arnold, very kindly, yet firmly.

"No, I won't!" was the quick, resolute answer. And she gazed, unflinchingly, into the face of her step-mother.

"I'll call your father, my young lady! This is beyond all endurance!" said the house-keeper, starting for the door.

"Hannah?" The mild, even voice of Mrs. Arnold checked the excited house-keeper. "Do n't speak of it to her father,—I'm sure she does n't mean what she says. She'll think better of it in a moment."

Mary was hardly prepared for this. Even while she stood with unchanged exterior, she felt grateful to her step-mother for intercepting the complaint about to be made to her father. She expected some remark or remonstrance from Mrs. Arnold. But in this she was mistaken. The latter, as if nothing unpleasant had occurred, turned to Florence, and after a light examination of her dress, said to the house-keeper:

"This collar is too much soiled; wont you bring me another?"

"O, it's clean enough," replied Florence, knitting her brows, and affecting impatience. But, even as she spoke, the quick, yet gentle, hands of her step-mother had removed the collar from her neck.

"Do you think it clean enough now?" said she, as she placed the soiled collar beside a fresh one, which the house-keeper had brought.

"It is rather dirty," replied Florence, smiling.

And now Mrs. Arnold examined other articles of her dress, and had them changed, re-arranged her hair, and saw that her teeth were properly brushed. While this was progressing, Mary stood a little apart, a close observer of all that passed. One thing she did not fail to remark, and that was the gentle firmness of her step-mother, which was in strong contrast with the usual scolding, jerking and impatience of the house-keeper, as manifested on these occasions.

By the time Florence was ready for school, Mary's state of mind had undergone considerable change, and she half regretted the exhibition of ill temper and insulting disobedience she had shown. Yet was she in no way prepared to yield. To her surprise, after Florence was all ready, her step-mother turned to her and said, in a mild, cheerful voice, as if nothing unpleasant had occurred.

"Have you a particular reason for wishing to wear your new bonnet, this morning, Mary?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have." The voice of Mary was changed considerably, and her eyes fell beneath the mild, but penetrating, gaze of her step-mother.

"May I ask you the reason?"

There was a pause of some moments; then Mary replied:

"I promised one of the girls that I'd wear it. She asked me to. She wanted to see it."

"Did you tell Hannah this?"

"No, ma'am. It would n't have been any use. She never heeds to reason."

"But you'll find me very different, Mary," said Mrs. Arnold, tenderly. "I shall ever be ready to hear to reason."

All this was so far from what Mary had anticipated, that her mind was half bewildered. Her step-mother's clear sight penetrated to her very thoughts. Taking her hand, she drew her gently to her side. An arm was then placed lovingly around her.

"My dear child,"—it would have been a hard heart, indeed, that could have resisted the influence of that voice,—"let us understand each other in the beginning. You seem to look upon me as an enemy, and yet I wish to be the very best friend you have in the world. I have come here, not as an exacting and overbearing tyrant, but to seek your good and promote your happiness in every possible way. I will love you, and may I not expect love in return? Surely you will not withhold that."

As Mrs. Arnold spoke thus, she felt a slight quiver in the hand she had taken in her own. She continued:

"I cannot hope to fill the place of your dear mother, now in heaven. Yet even as she loved you, would I love you, my child." The voice of Mrs. Arnold had become unsteady, through excess of feeling. "As she bore with your faults, I will bear with them; as she rejoiced over every good affection born in your heart, so will I rejoice."

Outraged by the conduct of Mary, the house-keeper had gone to Mr. Arnold, whom she found in the parlor, and repeated to him, with a coloring of her own, the insolent language his child had used. The father hurried up stairs in a state of angry excitement. No little surprised was he, on entering the nursery, to see Mary sobbing on the breast of her step-mother, whose gentle hands were softly pressed upon the child's temples, and whose low, smooth voice was speaking to her words of comfort for the present, and cheerful hope for the future. Unobserved by either Mr. Arnold stood for a moment, and then softly retired, with a gush of thankfulness in his heart, that he had found for his children so true and good a mother.

With Mary there was no more trouble. From that hour, she came wholly under the influence of her step-mother, learning, day by day, as she knew her better, to love her with a more confiding tenderness. Wonderful was the change produced on the children of Mr. Arnold, in a single year. They had, indeed, found a mother.

It is painful to think how different would have been the result, had the step-mother not been a true woman. Wise and good she was in her sphere, loving and unselfish, and the fruit of her hand was sweet to the taste, and beautiful to look upon.

How few are like her! How few who assume the position of step-mother,—a position requiring patience, long-suffering and unflinching self-denial,—are fitted for the duties they so lightly take upon themselves! Is it any wonder their own lives are made, at times, miserable, or that they mar, by passion or exacting tyranny, the fair face of humanity, in the children committed to their care? Such lose their reward.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TO GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.

BY MRS. E. T. ELDBREDGE.

I would write a lay to thee,
Simple though each line may be,
Every line and every thought
Are with truth and friendship fraught;
As the dove waits for her mate,
For thy coming do I wait!

Far and wide thy fame has roamed,
Thou hast graced the proudest home;
Rich and poor alike can see
Art and taste combined in thee;
As the dove waits for her mate,
For thy coming do I wait!

Well I know this lay of mine,
Friendship's offering at thy shrine,
Will transmute but transient light
Mid thy gems so fair and bright;
Though it is a simple thing,
Deem it friendship's offering;
As the dove waits for her mate,
For thy coming do I wait!

LAUGHTER.—A hearty laugh occasionally, is an act of wisdom; it shakes the cobwebs out of a man's brains, and the hypochondria from his ribs far more effectually than either champagne or blue pills. One of the emperors of Japan is said to have killed himself by immoderately laughing, on being told that the Americans were governed without a king.—*Day Book.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

FADING.

BY LIEUT. R. COUTTES HINE.

Why should we mourn and grieve in sadness
The lost we may behold no more;
Gone to a realm where joy and gladness
Roam hand in hand on every shore?
Weep not for those, the soon departed,
But rather mourn our own dark lot—
Left by the pure and noble-hearted,
On this dull earth, perchance, forgot!

Webster, whose giant strains have wakened
The slumbering hosts of freedom's sons;
Whose trumpet-tones with fear have shaken
Old despots on their crumbling thrones—
Gone hence in brighter worlds to wander,
Perchance is gazing downward now,
And on our country's fate doth ponder
With sleepless eye and placid brow.

The gifted ones of earth are fading,
Like the bright stars from morning sky;
But though dark clouds their forms are shading,
And hide them from our anxious eye—
They shine with more resplendent glory
In that far world beyond our gaze—
Leaving behind their fame and story
The toiling sons of earth to raise.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE RUINED MILL.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

I do not know of a more poetical, and, therefore, suggestive object, than a ruined grist-mill. The ivied tower, the moss-covered abbey, the leaning and crumbling castle, have associations that modify the purely poetic, and that stop both the soaring and singing of the lark-like soul. But it is not so with the abandoned mill. There it stands, with a story that is peaceful and good, abounding with domestic pictures for the imagination; and all the coming and going is of the merry boy, the round-faced rustic, and the singing maid, who sits so jauntily on her nag, with her rosy cheeks and bright black eyes shining under her broad-brimmed hat.

Such an object greeted me not long since amid the mountains of Pennsylvania, standing a short distance from the railroad in a beautiful valley. It seemed to have been deserted, for it was in a forlorn, dilapidated state, the heavy wheel reminding one of some old sailor, whose exclamation seems a prophecy when he says: "shiver my timbers, if I'm going to move."

How strangely a scene of rural beauty will fasten itself upon your memory, though you see it only for a moment with the eye! Rapid was the flight of the cars by the spot of the ruined mill, but I took the whole scene in at a glance, and found myself moralizing on its suggestions.

Looking through an opening between the hills, I saw a beautiful valley. Sparkling like daisies amid the grass, were, here and there, little collections of water; and smiling flowers mingled in amid the tall reeds and the rank growth of the meadow. The flitting birds, flashing out of their morning nests, skimmed along to give animation to the scene; and as they vanished, more desolate seemed the picture in the background of the ruined mill. The bed of the channel was all dry. The grass was growing amid the stones, and the moss was gathering on the rocks; and only fancy could see where the foaming waters flowed, and the dashing streamlet ran. There was the wheel, "high and dry." Did ever the water rise so high as that? Did ever that wheel go its heavy round in the morning light, and at dusky eve? And who stood within that enclosure, holding his hand to catch and feel the warm meal as it flowed, judging its quality by the fingers, that seemed to move like those of the blind, whose teacher is the sense of touch! And what course have they taken who once rode "to mill" over that distant path? And where are those who sometimes will come hither to think of the past, and recall the pleasant things that belong to the romance and poetry of the ruined mill?

I felt a strange affection for that overshot wheel, and for the rude building on whose side it hung like a symbolical sign. I said to myself, all your years were years of usefulness, and they ended only because diverted into some other channel, and thou art dry because the rocks are bare that once were made musical by the stroke of the waters.

Here, said I, is the type of him who has spent life usefully, and paused only because the stream failed. The good man's wealth, while he had it, how many homes were blessed by it! What a beautiful coming and going there was then—hope on the face of the corner to that home, and satisfaction in the countenance of each one who left! To stand and see such a one in old age, or in poverty, is to have the holiest of lessons imparted. It is to look, as they wisely looked on the blindness of Milton, who esteemed the noble labor of his life, and who felt the force of his own language, when, in speaking of his blindness, he says:

"These eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blenheim or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot.
What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overpaid
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side."

All around us, in the valleys of humble life, are ruined mills, whose associations are of the most attractive character—men and women who were wisely active while the stream of energy flowed; and the trust is beautiful that bids us look forward to where the wheel shall be renewed, and the work of progress go on again, where the waters of the River of Life never fail.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

We have just been revelling in a renewed enjoyment of Lemuel Gulliver's experiences in Lilliput, and we would commend a like gratification to the reader. Even a "three-fold tale," by Gulliver can never prove tedious. His negative grounds of comparison, how ludicrous they are! With what solemnity does he talk of the stately trees in the king's park at Lilliput, the tops of some of which he could hardly reach with his clenched fist! How becoming is the admiration with which he celebrates the prodigious leap of one of the imperial hussars over his foot, shoe and all! "The nation of the Lilliputians," says he, "yields to the English; but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large, that I have been forced to make three bites of it; but this is rare!" A distinguished Lilliputian functionary took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, "from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him," says Gulliver, "that her grace had taken a violent affection for my person; and the court scandal ran for some time, that she once came privately to my lodging. This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood, without any grounds, further than that her grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she came often to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter, and some particular acquaintance; but this was common to many other ladies of the court; and I still appeal to my servants round, whether they at any time saw a coach at my door, without knowing what persons were in it. On those occasions, when a servant had given me notice, my custom was to go immediately to the door; and after paying my respects, to take up the coach and two horses very carefully—for if there were six horses, the postilion always unharnessed four—and place them on my table, where I had fixed a moveable rim quite round, of five inches high, to prevent accidents; and I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table, full of company, while I sat in my chair, leaning my face toward them; and when I engaged with one set, the coachman would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer, or his two informers, to prove that any person ever came to me *incognito*."—*New Monthly.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TO A FRIEND.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

Just entering on life's broad career,
With buoyant, happy heart,
O, who can tell if joy or woe
Will most to thee impart—
How much of future usefulness
Shall mark thy progress here,
Or how much sin and misery
Shall in thy path appear?

Guard well thy high integrity,
While mixing in the strife
Of good and ill, which cannot fall
To mark thy future life.
Dearest than all else, ever be
That consciousness of worth—
Felt as the link that binds thee
To the noblest ones of earth.

Rich be the meed of praise you gain;
And honors, nobly won,
Encircle thee as with a charm,
And bear thy spirit on.
In joy or sorrow, weal or woe,
Whate'er thy fate may be,
Let firm, unwavering trust in God
Thy better portion be.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

The other day, having need of help from a drayman, we called an Irishman to our assistance. He performed his duty with great promptness, and his language and demeanor generally were such as to command our admiration. Having paid him for his trouble, the following conversation took place:

"How long have you been in this city?" we inquired.

"Twelve months to-morrow, sir," he politely replied.

"Pray, what was your occupation in the old country?"

For a moment the man colored and dropped his head, but in an instant after, raising himself with the dignity of a man, he replied:

"I was a physician in Dublin."

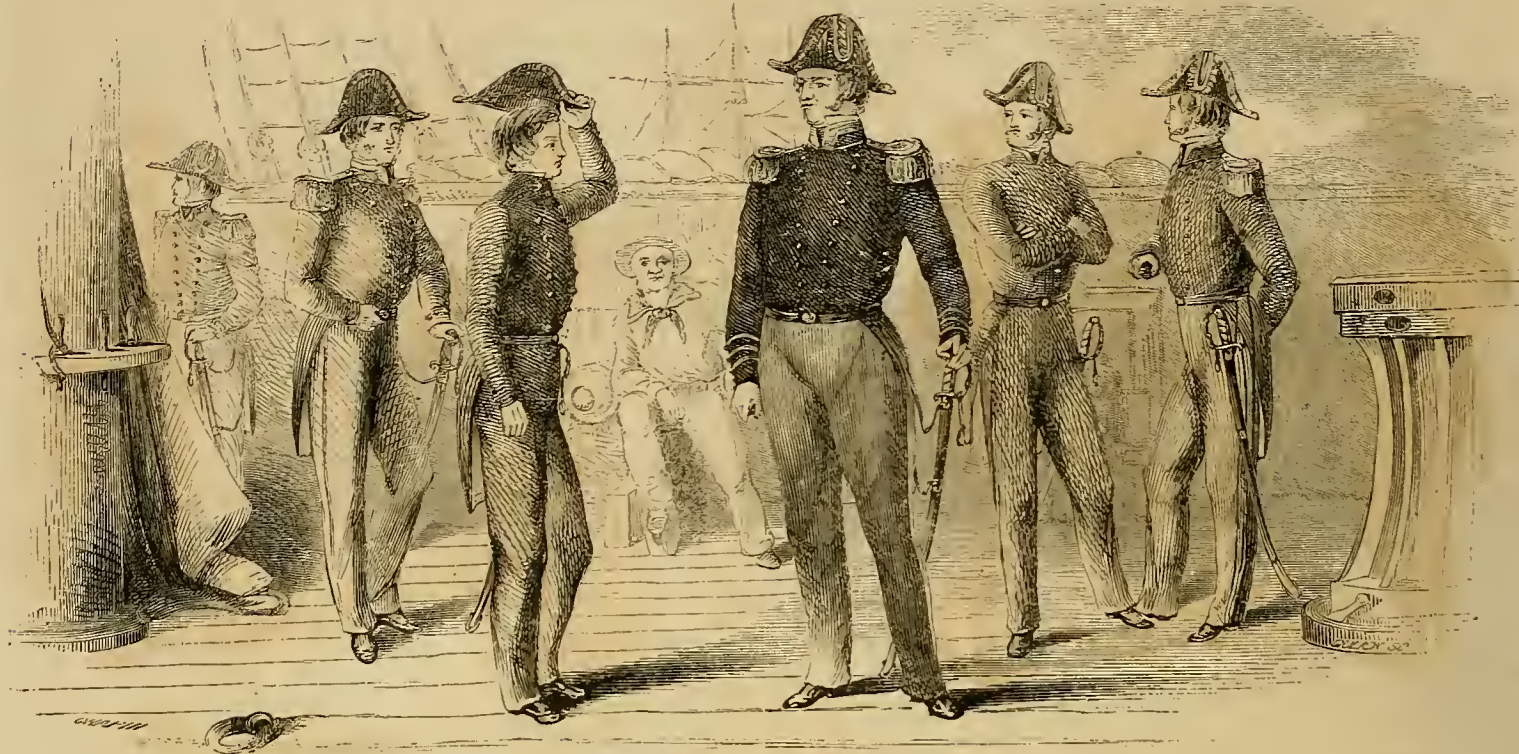
Somewhat surprised, we asked how it was that he was driving a dray. His reply in substance was, that he brought his family direct from Dublin to Chicago; that when he arrived here his funds were so much exhausted that he was unable to maintain the appearance of his profession; besides, he found the city full of young physicians waiting till the city grew. Having no mechanical trade he purchased a horse and dray, and at once began to earn a livelihood for himself and family. We call this a noble specimen of a man.—*Chicago Tribune.*

MANHOOD AND YOUTH.

Old age likes to dwell in the recollections of the past, and mistaking the speedy march of years, often is inclined to take the prudence of the winter time for a fit wisdom of midsummer days. Manhood is bent to the passing cares of the passing moment, and holds so closely to his eyes the sheet of "to-day," that it screens the "to-morrow" from his sight. But the impulse of the young heart makes him take a higher stand, whence he looks boldly upon the fair sight, and does not shrink before the giant shapes of approaching events, as the eagle, your country's symbol, shrinks not from the dazzling rays of the sun. The past belongs to the old—the present to manhood—the future to the youth; and the past to this future must be planned, because swift is the pace of never-resting time; in the twinkling of an eye, the future becomes present—past. Thus blend together the interests of age, claiming from every age its part—and the part of youth is energy. It is energy which first climbs the mountain's top; and the top is gilded by the rising sun, when in the valleys the gloomy shadow dwells. There is cold in the shadow, and the shadows of the past are the coldest of them all.—*Kossuth.*

God has written upon the flowers that sweeten the air—upon the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem—upon the rain-drop that refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon its deep chambers—upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers millions of creatures that live in its light—upon his works he has written: "None liveth for himself."

REPRESENTATION OF THE NEW REGULATION UNIFORM OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.



PURSER.

MASTER

MIDSHIPMAN.

CAPTAIN.

PASSED MIDSHIPMAN.

LIEUTENANT.

FULL UNIFORM OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

UNIFORM AND DRESS OF THE NAVY AND MARINE.

Some time since we had the pleasure of presenting to our readers the new regulation uniform of the army of the United States, and we now offer as a connecting series, the regulation uniform and dress of the navy and marine corps, approved in March, and ordered to take effect as soon after July 4th, 1852, as practicable. The new order embraces a full uniform, an undress, and a service dress, for officers of the navy, all of which we have illustrated with the assistance of our artist, Mr. Chapin, on this and the next page.

The full uniform consists of a dress-coat and pants, of navy blue cloth, with lace on the pants, epaulets, sword and knot, and cocked-hat. The undress, of frock-coat, epaulets, sword and knot, cocked-hat, and pantaloons without lace or cord. The service dress is the same as the undress, except that the prescribed cap is worn instead of the cocked-hat; epaulets and swords or either, may be worn or dispensed with at the pleasure of the wearer, or as the occasion may require. Officers are ordered to wear their uniform, either full dress or undress, whenever they make official visits to the President of the United States, or to the Secretary of the Navy, or to foreign ships of war or cities. They also wear their undress uniform when acting as members of courts-martial, or courts of inquiry, or of special boards, or whenever attending such courts as witnesses, or in any other capacity, unless the officer

ordering the same shall especially order the full dress to be worn. Officers constituting or appearing before boards of examination also wear their undress uniform, and whenever it shall be ordered by their commanding officer. At other times the service dress may be worn. "The hair of all persons belonging to the navy, when in actual service, is to be kept short. No part of the beard is to be worn long, and the whiskers shall not descend more than two inches below the ear, except at sea, in high latitudes, when the regulation may, for the time, be dispensed with by order of the commander of a squadron, or of a vessel acting under separate orders. Neither mustaches nor imperials are to be worn by officers or men on any pretence whatever." Rather arbitrary that. "Officers on furlough are required not to wear their uniforms, except on special public occasions of ceremony. Officers are strictly prohibited wearing any part of their uniform, whilst suspended from duty by sentence of court-martial." The distinctions of uniform between officers of various grades may be thought to be very slight, and are so to an inexperienced eye. We will attempt to explain the difference, which will be the more readily observed by reference to the illustrations herewith given.

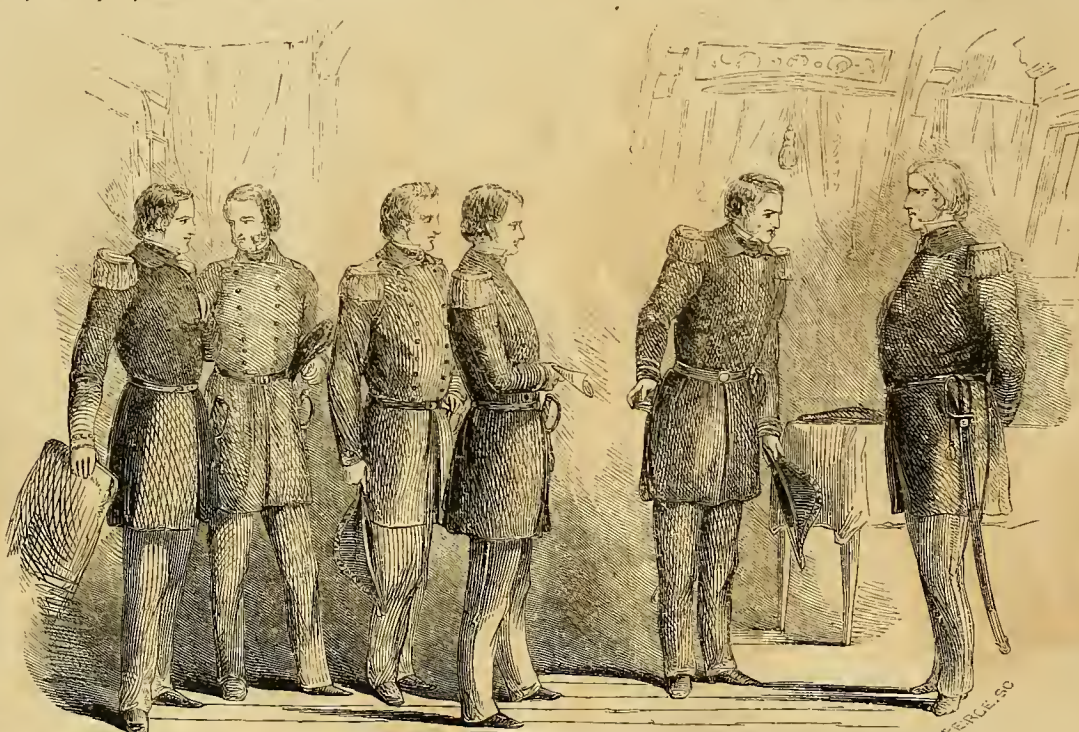
The cocked-hat is the same for all officers, except the captain and commander; each have one row of bullion more over the cockade. The epaulets are nearly the same for all officers, except that on the strap or upper part a captain wears a silver eagle and anchor, and a small silver star. A commander wears two crossed foul anchors. Lieutenants, one foul anchor; and a master's epaulets are plain. Surgeons and assistants have the letters M. D. in old English characters. Purser's, the letters P. D.; and chief engineers, E. in the same, on the frog of the epaulet. Passed midshipmen wear a strip of gold lace on each shoulder, while midshipmen wear nothing.

In the uniform coat the distinction is as follows: A Captain wears a strip of lace one inch and a half wide round the upper edge and down the front of the collar, with a strip half an inch wide round the lower edge. Two rows of navy buttons down the front, nine in each row. On the cuff there are three strips of lace with corresponding buttons between. The pocket-flaps edged round with lace. A Commander—the same in all respects, except the lace on the collar is a quarter of an inch narrower, and there are two strips only round the cuff, and the pocket-flaps are without lace. Lieutenants the same, except the lace on the collar is only one inch wide, and there is only one strip around the cuff. A Master is the same as a lieutenant, except there are three buttons

around the wrist, instead of lace. Passed Midshipmen and Midshipmen are the same, except that the former has no second strip of lace around the bottom of the collar, and the latter, instead of the lace, has a foul anchor embroidered thereon. Surgeons and Purser's have embroidered on the collar a sprig of live-oak. A Chaplain's coat is single-breasted, and has a collar and cuffs of black velvet, with one row of nine buttons. A Chief Engineer's is also single-breasted, with an anchor and wreath embroidered on the collar, and three buttons around the wrist. The pantaloons are the same for all officers, except that Captains wear a strip of lace one and a half inch wide, Commanders a strip one and a quarter inch, and Lieutenants one inch wide down the outer seam. Passed Midshipmen and Masters wear a strip of cord; all others are plain. The sword for all officers is a cut and thrust, half-basket hilt, grip white; scabbards of black leather, mountings of yellow gilt. The sword-knot for Captains and Commanders is a cord and tassel of blue and gold; all other officers, a strap of gold somewhat smaller. In the undress the same distinctions are preserved throughout, except that the collar is turned over, and has no embroidery upon it.

The service dress is the same as the undress, except that a cap, such as is shown in the engravings on the opposite page, is worn, with the distinctive marks of the various grades embroidered upon its front. Captains, Commanders, Lieutenants and Masters wear a band of gold lace of their respective widths around the band of the cap; all other officers have the band plain. When the epaulets are dispensed with, shoulder-straps are worn, with the devices of the various grades embroidered thereon. The pantaloons of all officers in service dress are plain. When in undress, plain or laced pantaloons are worn at pleasure.

On the following page we also give a group of officers, etc., in the uniform of the marine corps, as reported by the Secretary of the Navy. In this arm of the service the coat is of navy blue, and the pantaloons of sky-blue cloth. In summer, or when in warm climates, white pantaloons are worn, and in some instances white jackets, which is the summer fatigue dress. The band wear red coats and blue pants, with the same fatigue as the marines in summer. Where there are so many distinctions in rank and grade as there must be in this service, it would be impossible for us to minutely describe them all, nor would it be interesting to the reader. We will therefore refer him to the engravings, which will give him better ideas of the various uniforms, etc., than the most lengthy and elaborate description can portray them.



SURGEON.

PASSED MIDSHIPMAN.

MASTER LIEUTENANT.

COMMANDER.

CAPTAIN.

UNDRESS UNIFORM OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.



CAPTAIN. MASTER. CHIEF ENGINEER.
SERVICE DRESS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

what we have is efficient, and should be strengthened by immediate and timely additions. We have not such a fear of the cry of "a standing army" as some profess, and we would like to have our army rendered more powerful by being increased at least one half more. War and trouble are often prevented by the existence of ample means to prosecute such affairs, if need be, to the extreme point. A foreign power, for instance, would hesitate to declare war, if their enemy was known to possess a large and efficient navy; whereas, if he was weak in this point, they would be less apt to hesitate at the outset. It may be amusing to some of our readers to have us give place in this connection to a sailor's description of a naval fight; for the regular routine of duty is as much set down and followed by rule, as that of the nicest mechanical operation. Assuming the advantage of the weather-gage, let us prepare for action. Topsails, top-gallant-sails, jib and spanker, with the courses hauled up, ready to be set again, are good sails



COMMANDER. MIDSHIPMAN. PASSED MIDSHIPMAN.
SERVICE DRESS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

Much is said just now with regard to an increase in our navy, of ships and officers. Considering what this arm of our national defence is expected to accomplish, we certainly think that it should be increased as above intended; and we hope that Congress may take the matter in hand, this winter, and that the necessary appropriations for this purpose may be made on the most liberal scale. England and France, both, knowing the immense importance of this department of the government, are gradually building up their navies to be the most perfect and effective in the world. Sooner or later there must, we think, be a war between Europe and America; the now peaceful horizon of nations often looks cloudy, and forebodings are felt that at any day there may spring up questions which cannot be settled save by a resort to arms. Growing in all else—in extent of coast, in extent of commerce, in wealth, population, and the like—why is it to be wondered at that a call should be made by the wise and thoughtful, for a corresponding increase in our national means of defence? We have not a large navy at the disposal of the President, but

to fight under, for with them your ship is under perfect command to advance, manœuvre, or lie to. If there is an appearance of squally weather, it is well to have a reef in the topsails, in anticipation. The crew are called to quarters by beat of drum, every man going to the station which has been rendered familiar to him by frequent training, under the eye of his officers. The commander, standing in a conspicuous station on the quarter-deck, watches his own ship and the enemy, and conveys the order that the occasion may require, by voice or through the medium of his aids. Under him, the first lieutenant commands the offensive and defensive operations, and effects the various evolutions which he may direct, in relation to the position of the ship. The clues are stoppered, to keep the sails spread in the event of the sheets being shot away, and the yards are hung in chains, to obviate a like inconvenience from the cutting away of the ties. The carpenter rigs the pumps to prepare for a leak, collects shot-plugs to stop holes in the side, and fishes of wood to strengthen a mast, or yard, that may be wounded, and in danger of falling. The sur-

geon prepares, in the cockpit, to relieve the wounded. Tubs of water are collected in the tops, channels, and on deck, to be ready to extinguish fire; the decks are wet to prevent the explosion of powder, and put out sparks that may fall there, and also sanded to prevent the men from slipping when splashed with blood or water. Finally, plenty of wads and shot, round, grape and canister, are collected beside the guns, and the magazine is opened and lit by the gunner and his crew, who prepare to pass the cartridges to the powder-boys. And now, having given three cheers, you bear down upon the enemy. It is a great object to rake your enemy, if possible; that is, to get across his bow, or stern, out of reach of his guns, whilst you sweep the whole length of his deck with fatal execution. If it is desirable to rake your enemy, it is equally so to avoid being raked in return. This double advantage can only be attained by superior sailing, or by great skill in manœuvring. In directing your fire, it is best to aim between wind and water, and also in the direction of the masts, for in this way the enemy may be soonest disabled, and victory gained with little loss of life.



LIEUTENANT. STAFF OFFICER. CAPTAIN. COLONEL. SERGEANT. PRIVATE. BAND.
UNIFORM OF THE MARINE CORPS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

BE KIND.

BY NEALE BERNARD.

Bitter words are often spoken
 Rashly ere a second thought—
 Loving hearts estranged and broken
 By cold words unkindly fraught—
 Gentle bosoms warm responding
 To each other's kindred tone,
 Thoughtless deeds have made depending,
 Desecrating love's pure throne.

Guard your trust in faithful keeping,
 Human love and truth extend;
 Speak to all kind words of greeting—
 Light with darkest night may blend:
 Throwing rays of human kindness
 Warmly o'er the downcast soul,
 Waking man from utter blindness,
 Unto love beyond control!

Man is mortal, dust must perish—
 But immortal works endure;
 O, frail man, bow vain to cherish
 Hatred to your evil door!
 Vain to fancied wrongs add error—
 Fresh incentive to the strife—
 To create a reign of terror,
 And a bitter all of life!

Then, be kind!
 All are brothers—ordained equal,
 All of one Great Father born;
 Be ye true, that life's best sequel
 Dawns on resurrection morn!
 Kind and true, that life's day ending,
 "Angels be your guide and guard,"
 That no shadows dark come blending
 On your journey heavenward!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

PAUL WAREHAM:

—OR—

THE TWO COUSINS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
 While others play the idiot in her eyes?"

PAUL WAREHAM and Emery Barlow were first cousins, their mothers being sisters. Paul's father owned a small farm, and could only, by unwearying industry, seconded by the exertions of an excellent wife, maintain his family in comfort. When Paul was twelve years old, his mother died. He had four sisters, one older than himself, and three younger. Though Lucy, the eldest daughter, was only fourteen at the time of her mother's decease, she undertook the entire charge of the household duties, and, with the assistance of her sisters, performed all the labor. Everything was conducted in a manner so exemplary and satisfactory, that Mr. Wareham's inability, for lack of means, to hire a house-keeper, never caused him a moment's discomfort.

Emery Barlow's father was the wealthiest man in Forrestdale. Besides the valuable lands in his possession, sufficient in extent to form a German principality, he owned some six or eight houses, exclusive of the large, white house, his own residence, which were the dwellings of poor men and their families, to whom he gave employment.

Emery Barlow was an only child. At the age of fourteen, he was an uncommonly handsome boy, having the same soft hazel eyes, rich brown hair, clear complexion and regular features as his mother, who was justly considered the most beautiful woman in the place.

In personal appearance, Paul Wareham, who was of the same age, formed a decided contrast. He was a short, thick-set boy, with black hair, black eyes, and a skin naturally dark, made darker by the constant exposure occasioned by the out-door labor required on the farm. His father's health being somewhat infirm, it was necessary for him to be the more industrious; and those who passed Mr. Wareham's field of corn or potatoes in the season for hoeing, would be sure to see Paul, at any time after it was fairly dry, diligently wielding his hoe, and clad in his suit of tow cloth spun by the little fingers of his younger sisters.

Paul had an intelligent countenance, yet it could not be denied that he was a rather plain, awkward looking boy. Even when arrived at the age of twenty-one, he had not improved in personal appearance. At that period, had he been a suitor for the hand of a daughter of one of the wealthier farmers of the place, he would not have been likely to meet with a very gracious reception, either from the young lady herself, or from her parents; while there was not one who would not have gladly accepted the attentions of Emery Barlow, and that without any fear of opposition from her connections.

Young Wareham had, during the latter part of his minority, besides attending the district school a number of weeks every winter, studied at home during the long evenings, by which means he acquired an education which could be turned to practical account should opportunity present.

Emery Barlow, without being what might be termed an idle boy, had always lacked perseverance. He would engage in an enterprise with a great deal of ardor, yet had not the energy to combat obstacles. With their novelty, objects lost their interest, and unfortunately, as he grew older, he became more fickle-minded. Sometimes he thought he would, in compliance with the wishes of his parents, acquire a liberal education, and study one of the professions; then he would imagine that he should prefer to be a

merchant, a farmer, or a mechanic. In personal advantages, he had gone on improving, and at twenty-two, he was, indisputably, the handsomest young man in the place.

Dr. Arnott was a near neighbor to the Warehams, and his daughter Isabel, without any great pretensions to beauty, was an agreeable, pleasant-looking girl. She used often to take her sewing and slip into Mr. Wareham's, to spend an hour or two with Lucy; and sometimes when Lucy returned her calls, which was generally in the evening, Paul would accompany her.

Isabel was certainly the prettiest girl of his acquaintance, and by meeting her thus often in the home-circle, where she, undoubtedly, appeared quite attractive, it was nothing more than natural that the sentiments of friendship with which he regarded her should gradually change to those deeper and more earnest.

Paul Wareham had sufficient self-respect to estimate himself at his true value, which had the effect to awaken aspirations too high to suffer him to rest content to plod on in the well-beaten path he was then pursuing. This faith in himself was silently though surely preparing him to break away from it. It was his ambition, at some future day, to rank among those merchant princes of the land, who are distinguished alike for their wealth, their integrity, and their enlightened charity. He, therefore, strange as it might seem, did not consider himself the inferior of even Dr. Arnott's daughter.

Isabel Arnott, without being exactly conscious of it, was something of a flirt; and though she apparently received with favor the marked attentions he began to pay her, she would not have hesitated to reject a direct proposal for her hand. The very evening he had made up his mind to offer himself, he found his cousin, Emery Barlow, at Dr. Arnott's. It was evident that his cousin's visit, as well as his own, was on Isabel's account. He was a formidable rival, yet he could not believe, after the tacit encouragement he received from her, that he really had anything to fear; he, therefore, while Emery was engaged in conversation with Dr. Arnott, who treated his young guest with marked cordiality, found opportunity to speak to her explicitly on the subject nearest his heart. A light, musical laugh was succeeded by the question:

"Why, Paul, what are you thinking about?"

He comprehended all that was implied in that simple interrogative. He felt it, too, keenly felt it, yet he answered calmly:

"I have been thinking," said he, "that I should be happy if Isabel Arnott would consent to be my wife, when I had attained to a position worthy of her. I have not been humble enough to look upon myself as her inferior. Neither am I now; but I see that you deem me presumptuous, and I know, if the comparative wealth of your father and mine be considered the standard of worth, you have a right to feel yourself above me."

"I am sure, Paul," said she, stammering and blushing, "I don't know why you should speak so—I have always treated you well."

"Yes, a little too well, for a young lady who could ask the question you just now asked me. Your behaviour towards me, for the last few months, has been such that I did not feel it to be a piece of arrogance to offer you my hand, and I regret on your account, as well as my own, that you should stoop so low as to give me a false impression of your real sentiments."

Though Paul's ideas on the subject were a little too elevated to meet her full sympathy, yet the effect of what he had said was not to exalt her in her own opinion.

Nothing, by any chance, could have happened to Paul which would have more effectually roused him to exertion than the low estimation in which he found he had been held by Isabel, when he, at the same time, had imagined that she regarded him with favor. He had saved something already by his industry, most of which he placed at the disposal of his father. With what remained, which was little more than sufficient to defray his travelling expenses, he was, in three days from the time he last called at Dr. Arnott's, on his way to the city of New York.

In less than a year afterward, Emery Barlow had wooed and won the fair Isabel. They commenced housekeeping in a style superior to any family in the place. They were, decidedly, at the head of the Forrestdale aristocracy.

When Paul's sister Lucy wrote to him that their cousin Emery was married to Isabel Arnott, he felt no regret that he was not in his cousin's place; and yet, it must be confessed, that for several hours after reading the letter, he experienced so much perturbation of mind as to compel him to resign his duties to a younger clerk, and try the effect of an hour's walk in the open air.

Only a short time after Emery Barlow was married, he lost his mother. She was one of those women of whom it might truly be said, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." Her influence over her son had always been salutary, and he sadly missed her kind and judicious counsel.

As Mr. Barlow had always spoken against second marriages neither his son nor any other person imagined he would think of having another wife. For more than six months, he protested against it strongly as ever. At the expiration of that time, he became more reserved on the subject; and when he had been a widower a year, he married a very comely young woman, only a year or two older than his son.

Twenty years have passed away, and Paul Wareham is one of the most successful merchants in New York city. It is a winter evening, and he is sitting by his own fireside in his rich dressing-gown and embroidered slippers, reading a newspaper. A person who had seen him at the time he had left his native place, would not have recognized him. Then, that look of immaturity which cleaves to some, several years after leaving their teens, made him decidedly what is termed "green-looking." Such young men almost always go on improving in looks, till thirty-five or forty,

and seldom, until a much later period, exhibit any marks of age. Paul Wareham, therefore, at forty-three, was really a handsome man. The features, which, in early life, were somewhat coarse, had been, as it were, manipulated by the fingers of time into greater delicacy, and a clearer and more decided contour. The face was full of character—full of manly beauty: one that would arrest and fix the eye in a large and promiscuous assembly.

His wife and daughter sat near. The first, a lady seven or eight years younger than himself, remarkably graceful, and with a countenance full of sweetness and intelligence, was engaged in sewing; while Cornelia, their daughter, a girl of sixteen, with large, hazel eyes deeply fringed with coal black lashes, and features in which there was a blending of the mother's graceful beauty with the father's archness and piquancy of expression, sat by a table examining some fine prints. One of them, representing a rural scene, remarkable for its look of serene and quiet beauty, she held up for her mother to look at, saying, as she did so:

"That, according to father's description, must resemble the old homestead, as he calls it."

Mr. Wareham, who overheard her remark, said:

"Let me see it, Cornelia. There is some resemblance," said he, "but it lacks the two elms I set out when I was twelve years old, at the edge of the green slope in front of the house. We must take you with us the next time we make a visit to my birthplace."

"I wish you would," replied Cornelia, "for I believe I shall never see Aunt Lucy Mayland, nor any of my cousins, if I don't."

"It is rather early to decide relative to our summer excursion; but if you, Eliza," addressing his wife, "have no place in view where you would prefer going, we will make up our minds to visit our friends in the old Bay State."

"I always prefer going there to any place I know of," replied his wife. "Besides, Cornelia has never been there since she can remember, neither has Edwin but once."

"If I go," said Cornelia, "I will take my drawing materials with me, and sketch the old homestead. If I succeed, I will print it in oils, and have it hung up in my room."

Edwin, who was two years younger than Cornelia, when informed of the arrangement to visit his father's birthplace the ensuing summer, was as much delighted as Cornelia. Excursions to various places were planned between them, among which, a small crystal lake embosomed in a circular range of smooth, green hills, and well stocked with fish, which Edwin had spied out during his visit to Forrestdale, two years previous, was, in his estimation, the most attractive. The lake, too, as well as the old homestead, was to form a subject for a sketch by Cornelia.

"And I will tell you what will do for another," said Edwin, as he and his sister were discussing their favorite topic.

"What is it?" she asked.

"A delightful place, about a quarter of a mile from Uncle Barlow's. There is a very handsome house, with a fine grove in the back ground, and a lawn in front, shaded by some of the most magnificent oaks I ever saw."

"That must be the place your cousin Emery used to own," said Mrs. Wareham, addressing her husband.

"Yes," he replied; "but it is now five or six years since he lived there, and more than a dozen since it was heavily mortgaged to the gentleman who now owns it."

"I wish Emery could have kept it," said Mrs. Wareham.

"So do I."

"How came he to lose his property?"

"It was frittered away foolishly. It was an unfortunate circumstance, as far as he was concerned, that his father was wealthy. It caused him to imbibe two false ideas. One was, that his father's property was inexhaustible; the other, that eventually it would all be at his disposal. On the contrary, the house Edwin spoke of, and about twenty-five acres of land, was all that his father ever gave him. A large family, by a second wife, put it out of the question for him to give him anything more, and it was enough, had he known how to have kept it. Even a moderate degree of industry would have secured him a comfortable maintenance, and precluded the necessity of his parting with his house and land."

"His wife, I've been told," said Mrs. Wareham, "was less industrious and economical than she would have been, had she not imagined there was no necessity for the practice of these household virtues."

"Yes, she lacked economy and industry, and was, moreover, very extravagant. At the time you were performing your household labor without any assistance, besides being your own seamstress and tailress, she had a housemaid, cook, chambermaid and seamstress; and although they kept a carriage, she had a fine saddle-horse, expressly for her own accommodation. But to make use of a phrase which a farmer's wife applied to her, 'she could not bear prosperity.' And she certainly, as I can testify, did not bear her honors very meekly. She no longer deemed my sisters suitable associates; and as for my humble self, when, during a visit to my father's, I one day happened to meet her in the road in company with some of her city friends, she returned my bow with a cold stare, and after I passed her, I heard her laugh and say to her companions, she could not imagine why every clown she met thought it incumbent on him to recognize her. She did not know then that I was a richer man than her father-in-law."

The time appointed for the summer excursion came at last, and the Warehams, one pleasant day towards sunset, arrived at Forrestdale. Edwin could hardly wait for the morning, so impatient was he to try his skill at casting a line in the little lake, which slept so tranquilly amid the hills that could be seen from the back door of the ancient dwelling, where his grandfather, surrounded by everything to render him comfortable, still lived. Cornelia, before dark, in company with her Aunt Lucy Mayland's two

daughters, Harriet and Clara, selected a spot to make her sketch of the homestead, where it appeared to great advantage.

A few days after her arrival at Forrestdale, Cornelia, who had rambed away alone, came suddenly upon a group of children who were busily engaged in digging into a clayey bank by the wayside. One or two of them were very rugged, and all were rather dirty, which could not well be avoided, considering the nature of their amusement. Yet notwithstanding these disadvantages, one little girl about five years old, with bright eyes and curly hair, appeared to be uncommonly beautiful, as far as could be judged through the mask of dirt which disguised her features, and the additional drawback of clothing in a most pitiable state of dilapidation.

Cornelia spoke pleasantly to her, and asked her her name. This, instead of eliciting an answer, only caused her to hang her head, and put her finger into her mouth. A little boy, however, apparently the oldest child of the group, and who had a singularly sturdy look, as if he had already commenced braving the buffetings of the world, suddenly sprang to his feet, and first charging his playmates not to knock over his ox, addressed Cornelia, and told her the child's name was Amelia. "Though," added he, "we always call her Menly."

The charge he gave his companions attracted Cornelia's attention, and she was surprised, on examining what he had called his ox, to find that it was quite a good representation of the animal it was intended to imitate, and that it was modelled with a taste and skill truly marvellous, when the circumstances were considered connected with the juvenile artist.

"It is a Durham short-horn," said he, as Cornelia bent down to examine it more closely, "and if I was away alone, all by myself, I could make one enough sight more natural than this is;" and as he spoke, his eyes, which looked dull before, grew very keen and lustrous.

"Will you make me one?" said Cornelia.

"That I will, and a bird, too, if you would like one."

"I should very much—very much, indeed."

Upon this, the boy's countenance grew so bright and beaming, and so full of animation, that in spite of sundry daubs of clay on his cheeks and forehead, he seemed to Cornelia to change from a scrubby, ill-favored boy into one really handsome.

At this moment, the words, "Rastus—Rastus Bleeker—come home, you little, lazy, idle, good-for-nothin' vagabone, and go to work!" in loud and shrill tones rung through the air.

The little modeller in clay started as if he had received a blow, cast a regretful look at his Durham ox, and then commenced running at the top of his speed towards a small house at some little distance, at the door of which stood a large, coarse-looking woman, a complete impersonation of a virago.

Cornelia stood and watched the frightened boy, who continued to run in a bee line with undiminished celerity, till within a few paces of the door, when he darted off in a lateral direction towards a basket already half-filled with chips, from which he had been lured by the merry voices of the children, and the strong impulse which was constantly urging him to gratify his imitative talent, or, as it might be termed, his dawning love of art. But the readiness evinced to resume his task did not save him from punishment, as the woman who had called him, and whom Cornelia supposed to be his mother, so far compromised her dignity as to leave her station in the door-way, and aim several blows at his head, which his utmost adroitness could not successfully elude.

Cornelia now turned her attention to the little Amelia, and succeeded so well in gaining her confidence, that when she turned away to proceed with her walk, she voluntarily kept by her side. She was also disposed to be quite communicative—told her that her name was Amelia Barlow—that she had two sisters as large as Cornelia, and one brother a little older than herself. All at once a curve in the road brought them almost directly in front of a small house, which stood basking in the sun, its beams being unintercepted by a single tree or shrub. A woman of about forty, with rather a comely face, a slight tendency to corpulency, and in decided dishabille, quickly disappeared from an open window at sight of Cornelia.

"I live here," said the child. "That was mother looking out of the window."

When they reached the door-step, she kept a firm hold of Cornelia's hand, and tried to induce her to enter, but rightly judging from appearances that a call at that time would not be welcome, she gently released her hand, and much to the child's disappointment, left her.

"I have a favor to ask," said Cornelia, addressing her parents, when she returned.

"What is it, my daughter?" asked her father.

"To permit me to have an adopted sister."

"That is a strange request," said her father, laughing. "What put such an idea into your head?"

"O, because, while I was out walking, I came across a little girl with such beautiful eyes and such lovely curls. If her face had only been clean, and her clothes tidy, she would have been the sweetest little creature I ever saw."

"What is her name?" inquired her mother.

"Amelia Barlow."

"Why, it must be a child of my cousin Emery," said Mr. Wareham. "Where does she live?"

"In a little house on a sandy knoll, with not a single tree anywhere near, though there were a good many half-burnt stumps. It seemed to me that the house must scorch soon, the sun poured so fiercely down on its roof, and on the dry, yellow sand surrounding it. It burnt my feet through the soles of my thick walking-shoes."

"That is where cousin Emery lives," said her father.

"I should really like to see the child," said Mrs. Wareham.

"We might, perhaps, do something to improve her condition, even if we should not think it advisable to comply with Cornelia's wish, and adopt her."

"Let us all call this afternoon," said Cornelia.

"If we should conclude to, we had better let her know that she may expect us," said Mrs. Wareham.

"Yes, by all means," said Mr. Wareham, "otherwise, we may not have opportunity to know what that layer of dirt Cornelia mentioned on the poor child's face conceals; for, as I am sorry to learn, cousin Isabel is rather negligent."

A polite note was accordingly sent to Mrs. Barlow, informing her of their intention to call at four o'clock that afternoon. Mrs. Barlow returned a verbal answer that she should be glad to see them.

They called at the appointed hour, and found Mrs. Barlow looking extremely well, except that she was a trifle over-dressed. Little Amelia's dress was in better taste, such as was suited to a child of her age; and with her face, and dimpled hands and arms perfectly clean, her clustering curls of gold, bright as if sunbeams were glancing among them, and dark blue eyes of a soft, liquid lustre, she appeared to the visitors as the most perfect specimen of childish beauty they had ever seen.

At first, she was a little deficient in the graceful abandon of childhood, her frequent glances at her clean hands and arms, her pink frock, white pantalettes, and above all, the neat shoes which covered her tiny feet, betraying that far from being every-day comforts, they were rare luxuries. But after she had told Cornelia in a whisper that she had on her "meeting clothes," and that her sisters, who were away off in the factory to work, brought and made them for her, she gradually lost her ungraceful consciousness.

In a few minutes, Mr. Barlow, who knew that they were going to call, came in. The transition from a life of splendor to one of poverty did not seem to have had the effect to depress his spirits. He had the same self-satisfied air as formerly, and one might have inferred by his conversation that he had abundance of means still at his command.

It was a relief to both Mr. and Mrs. Wareham to find that neither he nor his wife were uncomfortably sensitive on account of their reduced circumstances. A request to take Amelia home with them, was met by no serious objection. They did not request to keep her more than a few weeks, thinking it was not best to ask too much at first.

There was one more object which Cornelia wished to bring about, and possessing much of her father's energy and perseverance, there was not much fear but that she would succeed. This was to remove the little modeller in clay, Erasmus Bleeker, from his present uncomfortable home; for, on inquiry, she found that he was not in the most distant degree related to the coarse woman who had the care of him; and gave him opportunity for acquiring a good education, and facilities for a knowledge of sculpture.

Twelve years from the time Cornelia found him by the wayside, the newspapers made mention of a young American sculptor at Rome by the name of Erasmus Bleeker, who bid fair to rank among the most promising artists of the age.

The parents of Amelia Barlow had permitted her to remain in the family of Mr. Wareham, and she was now, not only one of the most beautiful, but one of the most accomplished and best educated young ladies in the city. Though only a short time had elapsed since she was introduced into society, she had numerous admirers, though she gave encouragement to none. Many were surprised at this; but Cornelia, who, for the last six years, had been the wife of an eminent lawyer, knew that there were plighted vows between her cousin Amelia and the young sculptor at Rome, which, if they both lived, would soon be ratified at the altar.

Edwin Wareham inherited the same habits of industry and perseverance with his father; and Emery Barlow, too, closely followed the footsteps of his parent. Fortunately, Mr. Wareham offered him a clerkship under his own eye, which was accepted, and his laudable efforts to form a habit of continued industry, were crowned with complete success.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON.

No. IV.

BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.

A LEVEE at the White House! The very announcement makes young hearts flutter, and taxes the busy fingers of the mantua-makers, whilst anxious fathers reluctantly loosen their purse-strings. Carriages and camels are thenceforth in demand, white kids are kept upon the counters, and hair-dressers wish that, like the fabulous monster, they could each have a hundred hands capable of wielding the curling-tongs. At length the day arrives, and soon after night hundreds of carriages may be seen hastening towards the spacious portico of the executive mansion, under which they drive, and "set down" their freights. In Europe, it would require at least a regiment of cavalry to preserve order; but here the coaches quietly fall into the file, and patiently wait their turn.

At the door, the ladies turn into their dressing-room, where their attendant cavaliers are initiated into many a mystery of the female toilette, and from whence they emerge in full glory, and radiant with lovely smiles. The large "east room" is soon filled with the beauty, grace and fashion of the metropolis. And as a contrast to these lovely beings, whose eyes reflect the admiration they inspire, are the gallant officers of our army, whose voices have often been heard on hard-fought fields, as they cheered on their brave commands to victory. The towering form of one has been our *beau ideal* of a military hero from our childhood;

another fought gallantly in the hammocks of Florida; another is scarred with wounds received at Buena Vista; another was prominent in scaling the heights of Chapultepec. Each one has his history, and mingled with them are the equally gallant officers of our navy, who are destined to play their parts in the combats which all prophesy.

President Fillmore takes his position in one of the smaller saloons, with his amiable lady, his pleasing daughter, and his son, a young gentleman of marked ability, who is his private secretary. The members of the cabinet are generally the first to pay their respects—and a fine-looking set of gentlemen they are. Mr. Everett, a type of the accomplished, erudite Bostonian—Mr. Corwin, the "wagon boy" of the west, majestic and free as one of the untrodden forests—Mr. Kennedy, the graceful scholar—Mr. Conrad, whose polished manners betoken his European and home popularity with the gentler sex, and Mr. Crittenden—a fac-simile of Gen. Taylor, barring a few pounds of flesh—who is never happier than when promoting the enjoyment of his young acquaintances. Several of these gentlemen are accompanied by their ladies and other female relations, forming a pleasing group. Later, they retire to the smaller saloons, or to some corner of the east room, where each secretary receives the salutations of friends.

The diplomatic corps come next, and on New Year's day they were resplendent with gold embroidery, crosses, ribbons of merit, and other courtly trappings; but at the Friday levees, they dress as other gentlemen, adding, perhaps, a decoration or so. Mr. Crampton, who so ably represents Queen Victoria, is a noble specimen of the fine old English gentleman, although his hair is prematurely silvered by time. Nor is there in the whole diplomatic corps a gentleman better versed in the lore of his station, or the intricate questions of present policy, than is his secretary of legation, Philip Griffith, Esq. Equally popular is Senor Don A. Calderon de la Barca, the Spanish minister, whose gifted lady is so favorably known to American literature. The Count de Sartiges—happy bridegroom that he is—is an embodiment of French character, as Baron Von Gerolt is of the Prussian; and Belgium—that *contrefaçon* of a kingdom—has a counterfeit diplomatist in the august person of Monsieur Henri Bosch Spencer. Austria remains unrepresented; and as for the South American charges, they are abundant, well-dressed, and idolized by the ladies as "loves of dancers." In fact, it is an axiom in modern diplomacy, that while a minister must give good dinners, charges, secretaries and attaches must have a strong arm, a clear head, and be able to put a partner through a polka, in a manner gratifying to her, and to her anxious mama.

Then there are the office-seekers—restless, anxious, yet confident of obtaining some place of profit. Would that they could see the office-holders, many of whom have faces which rival in length their unpaid accounts, and all of whom feel that the engine has already slackened its pace—the brakes will soon be applied—and in a few weeks more they will have to leave their seats in the official car for the great highway of life. Poor fellows! How many have played the prodigal, who had pledged themselves to retrenchment! How many have played the fool, who had vowed discretion! Look at their unbecoming angularity of features, and then, if you have a friend who is collecting "recommendations," advise him to throw them into the fire, and seek some dependable means of earning his bread and butter.

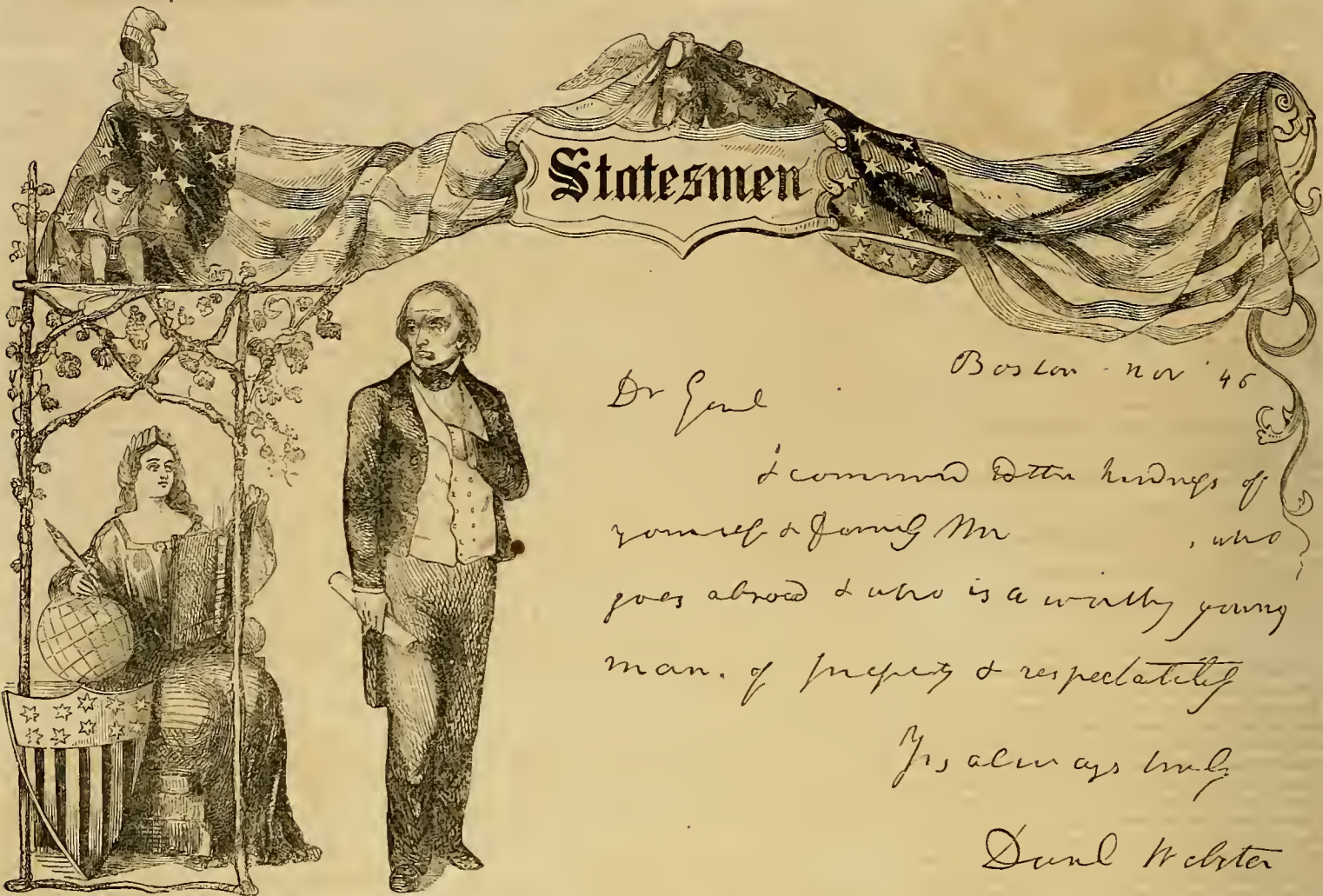
Last, but by no means least in point of numbers, one sees at a levee the verdant visitor, who has come to Washington to see how the country is governed. Deluded minds! The maintenance of our national existence, the well-being of society, or the prosperity of the people, is by no means dependent upon the honorable members of the "Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress assembled." Every governor, general, judge and esquire in the Capitol might be replaced by the greatest dolt in his district, and the wheels of government would revolve proudly on the path of empire. Neither destruction of property, danger of life, nor prostration of credit would ensue, and it would be seen that the national prosperity neither sinks nor swells to the measure of congressional intellect. No matter who plot or counterplot—who are in office or out of office—government moves on, keeping pace with public opinion, and it is at the White House—not at the Capitol—that one sees the real rulers—the people.

The Marine Band discourse sweet music at the levees, but no refreshments are offered. In other days, cakes and ices were handed around, with lemonade, and "sticks" wherewith to stir it, but such was the pulling and hauling for these creature comforts, that they occasioned miniature riots, and General Jackson—I think—very wisely abolished them. So the guests retire at an early hour, many of the gentlemen repairing to the restaurants which abound in Pennsylvania Avenue, where canvass-back ducks, wild turkeys and venison steaks are discussed, with a running fire of champagne corks and comments on the ladies who have graced the levee. So goes the world; and at Washington, of all places, life is especially *chequered*.

The railway to the Pacific, with an electric telegraph, is considered a "fixed fact," although the location is as yet undecided upon. As to the other schemes, claims and projects under discussion, they all have one ultimate object—all will eventually, if successful, put money in some one's pocket.

Among the literary people here, I notice Mr. Fitzgerald Tassiro, who is librarian of the state department, and Mr. George Hill, the poet, who enjoys a clerkship in the same department. Mrs. Southworth, noted as a novelist, is domesticated in a pleasant cottage at Georgetown. Mr. Schoolcraft, the delineator of Indian life, is engaged in his erudite researches, and as for the literati who congregate around the Smithsonian Institute, I propose to speak of them in connection with that institution in a future letter. For the present, *Adieu*.

Types of Mind: or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 4, BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.



DANIEL WEBSTER.—We give a simple note of introduction, terse and original in its style and chirography, but it brings up greater and nobler works of the same giant intellect, set down in the same autography. The most valuable specimens extant, however, are two large folio volumes of deeds, in a Maine Register's office, which the great statesman copied when keeping school at Fryeburg, in order to raise money for his professional education. ALEXANDER HAMILTON, the friend of Washington, wrote a singularly neat hand, and the same may be said of WILLIAM WINT; each denoting a well-regulated mind and strict discipline of thought. RICHARD RUSH, who was long abroad, acquired the English diplomatic autography, in which strong ground is boldly taken, and every thought carefully weighed.

RUFUS KING possessed high attainments, and his autograph is bold, thoughtful, and of the genuine gentlemanly stamp peculiar to the "old school." The signature below is taken from a long letter, written whilst he was abroad, in a secret cypher. JOHN C. CALHOUN wrote an energetic, wilful, and somewhat erratic hand, yet there was nothing in any ways contemptible about a single hair-line of it. His correspondence was voluminous, and his autographic letters are highly prized. JOHN FORSYTH and THOMAS H. BENTON are too well known to require more than a passing word. The writing of the former resembled that of Calhoun's; Mr. Benton's is more dogmatic. PATRICK HENRY and RUFUS CHOATE, the most gifted orators our land has produced, have strongly marked autographs. That

of the Massachusetts orator is so erratic as often to be unintelligible "to all the world, and the writer besides." HENRY CLAY's autography, like his eloquence, was often intangible to delicacy; but when he thought the writing would be preserved, he imparted to it the noble substance of his intellect, and the winning beauty of his open smile. His hand was ever somewhat small, but every page gleamed with original thought. LEVI WOODBURY wrote a varied hand. His autography was somewhat clerical, yet bore the stamp of his own liberal principles. EDWARD EVERETT, the Cicero of our Republic, now writes a larger and bolder hand than he did when he penned the letter to which the fac-simile below was originally signed. His talents have won the admiration of all.

My Amelia Rufus King J. C. Calhoun H. Clay
" " " " " " " " " " " "
" " " " " " " " " " " "
Richard Rush John Forsyth Thomas H. Benton Levi Woodbury
Patrick Henry Rufus Choate Edward Everett

Geo. CANNING, LORD PALMERSTON, B. D'ISRAELI—a glorious triumvirate of British statesmen, yet how differently they write. The first was evidently bold and dauntless; Palmerston has the craftiness of European diplomacy; and the author of "Vivian Grey" evinces his rugged determination to resist opposition, whilst he maintains every inch of ground with sarcastic zeal. There is, in the autography of each an apparent consciousness of the power of the "sea-girt isle," which may be found in the hand-writing of nearly every British statesman of eminence. The French public men, on the contrary, write contracted, hurried, and often almost illegible hands, showing far less of that national pride which is based upon sound foundations, and can appreciate its strength.

MIRABEAU, of whom it is said that he gave the art of oratory to France, wrote, as he thought, in a hurried, contracted, epigrammatic style. The letters were above the usual size in height, yet so confusedly mingled as often to be illegible. He was a great admirer of the United States, and we have a volume containing our National and State constitutions, the margins of which he nearly covered with notes. He wrote also a comparison between the great Conde and Scipio Africanus, besides many other volumes and political pamphlets. DANIEL O'CONNELL stands at the head of those popular orators who heat their ideas in the flame of genius, instead of tempering them carefully in political sagacity, and who exhibit in their speeches superb language and deep thought, if they do not evince much practical political capacity. His autograph is full and flowing, evidently somewhat reckless, and indicative of the writer's assurance and gentlemanly deportment, showing that quality which men of note are apt to exhibit, a certainty of their position which renders them somewhat heedless.

TALLEYRAND, a trinity of signatures, used at different times by the most cunning of statesmen, who considered language a disguise for thought. A republican, he was plain Charles Maurice Talleyrand; then, as the Prince de Benevente, he swelled Napoleon's imperial train; and afterwards, as the Prince de Talleyrand, served and plotted against the Bourbons; died under Louis Philippe, whose reign he had helped to establish, and then commenced to assail. ROUESPIERRE, who sacrificed becatombs upon the false altar of liberty, and finally died upon the guillotine, where he had consigned so many to death, wrote a perverse, crabbed hand, which he endeavored to render graceful and fair.

Geo Canning
Palmerston
D'Israeli
Mirabeau
Daniel O'Connell
Ch. Maurice Talleyrand
Prince de Benevente
Prince de Talleyrand
De Rouespierre



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATHURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON.

Our citizens have not lacked thus far this winter for public amusements, and generally of an excellent character. The Howard Athenaeum has given us a succession of stars, among them Mrs. Mowatt, and the sisters Roussett; at the National there has been spread a most liberal board: Wallack, Brooke, the sisters Denin, Mrs. Barrett, etc., have appeared to full and gratified audiences; the Museum has been playing that odious "Uncle Tom" with good success—no compliment, by the way, to the good taste of our citizens. Jones's fine panorama, at Amory Hall, has been very popular; the Germania Society's concerts have met with deserved success, as has Mr. Thackeray's lectures, and the two courses of Sontag and Albani in opera, and thus this winter will be remembered as a gay one in Boston.

MR. THACKERAY.

We have vastly enjoyed the series of lectures given by this accomplished novelist and student of human nature. During the course, Mr. Thackeray's audiences were not only large, but of the most discriminating character, such assemblages as few public entertainments ever draw together in Boston. Already a favorite among us, as an author, this professional visit, as a lecturer, was only necessary to establish him in the first estimation of the literature of our country. We are pleased to know that Mr. Thackeray's visit to our shores has been a source of positive satisfaction and enjoyment to him, aside from its pecuniary advantages.

SPLINTERS.

.... Washington Irving and Mr. Prescott, the historian, have each contributed to the proposed Cooper monument.
.... It was Madame de Staël who made that happy remark, that "architecture is frozen music." How expressive!
.... Five years ago, Louis Napoleon, now Emperor of France, could not pay his tailor's bill in the city of London!
.... Could the Cuban slave trade be stopped, there would then be no market in the world for this hateful trade.
.... The inhabitants of the Island of Madeira are suffering from an almost total failure of the grape and potato crop.
.... Tedesco, the brilliant prima donna, has been winning fresh laurels in Europe. She will visit us in the spring.
.... The U. S. Mint, at Philadelphia, has coined over fifty-one million dollars during the last year. This is a heavy amount.
.... Robert G. Shaw, one of the "merchant princes" of Boston, is a firm believer in the Spiritual Rapping phenomena.
.... Louis Napoleon's coronation robes cost the enormous sum of one million six hundred thousand dollars!
.... A friend writing us from Paris says, that there have not been so many Americans in that city, as at present for years.
.... The population of the city of St. Louis is shown to be but a trifle less than one hundred thousand souls.
.... A gentleman in New York has collected one hundred and twenty-eight sermons preached on the death of Daniel Webster.
.... Catherine Hayes proved eminently successful in her first two concerts in San Francisco. She merits success.
.... Was there ever a more chaste and beautiful performance than Mrs. Mowatt's Parthenia, in the play of "Ingomar?"
.... Miss F. Johnson, aged 15 years, was burned to death, through means of a campfire lamp!
.... Mr. Forrest's engagement at our National Theatre has proved immensely popular, we are glad to know.

OUR EXCHANGE PAPERS.

We have been engaged, for the last two hours, with our day's mail from the post-office. With an exchange list of considerably over one thousand "straggs," our daily quantum of papers consequently exceeds two hundred. Think of overhauling, examining and digesting such a daily mail; conceive, if it be possible, of the variety of themes that thus present themselves,—of local interests, of politics, of some leading national measure, of Smith's lawsuit, or Jones's obituary, of the burning of Mr. Green's hay stack, or the proposed plank road from Cranberryville to Buacome. Luminous themes, occupying a column at least. Every town, village and city has its hobby, and the editor is expected to ride that hobby, not only bareback, but to ride it—and, perhaps, himself—to death.

What a variety of taste, talent and style are exhibited! Here is a quiet, gentlemanly editor, who notes the current events of the day; hopes the President-elect will prove a good man, scissors the English news from the city papers, hashes up the last arrival from California, puffs some local attraction, and so ends his labors. Another comes out with column after column of statistical figures, and proves, beyond a doubt, that the country is ruined by the extravagance of the administration; that there is corruption in Congress, in the White House, in short, everywhere. He doesn't mind much about anything but politics; but the foreman of his office revenges himself upon the one-idea-editor, by setting up the advertisement in the most "obstrepulous" big letters, in all manner of ingenious shapes, and in every conceivable order, so that the reader gets variety on this page if nowhere else.

Here is a lady's paper, or rather a paper edited by a lady. Well, we must confess, there is more readable matter in it than in half the rest; rather strongly spiced with Bloomerism and woman's rights (just as though women didn't govern the world all the while) and kindred subjects, but still presenting some clever reflections, and always more or less original. Talk of the laws that govern us! why, woman has more power in her very looks than we have in all our boasted courts of law, and more influence in her tears than we in our philosophy. Here is an agricultural paper, rather a one idea that, treating upon cut feed, guano, thrashing machines, pigs and poultry,—good sound matters, but not much to our taste. Here is a quarterly review, heavy as a seventy-four; and here a monthly, clipper built, but lacking the saucy rig and rakish cut of a sprightly weekly, which will sail so close-hauled as to look the very wind in the eye!

And thus we go. Our daily exchange list increasing, and the floor of our sanctum, by nightfall, being literally covered from sight by out-spread sheets from every State in the Union and many parts of the European world. We gather of these the cream for our readers, note the kind things said of us, and keep on the even tenor of our way.

PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

That the public appreciate pictorial illustrations, we have positive and unmistakable evidence in the unequalled list of subscribers which we have registered upon our books. Parents realize how much of refined taste and information is thus conveyed to their sons and daughters, and all classes and all ages enjoy and eagerly watch for our weekly issues. The character of our literary contents we also know is fully appreciated, presenting as we do weekly an array of names, and original articles, never before presented to the subscribers of a weekly journal. Our resolve is to deserve the unequalled success that has so promptly greeted our efforts, and to make the Pictorial worthy the countenance of the wise and good, and a welcome visitor to every family circle.

CUNA.—By letters from Havana, we are apprised of the most cruel treatment of all persons suspected of liberalism. The chain gang is full of young men who have dared to breathe a hope for liberty, and a large number of young women, particularly from the inland towns, are confined in the city prison, because of singing some air wedded to republican verse!

RATHER A CURIOUS CALCULATION.—Some one has lately computed that the dogs in the United States cost ten millions a year to maintain; while but six millions are annually spent in supporting our sixteen thousand clergymen. For our own part, we think that dogs are only fit to throw physic to.

CALORIC POWER.—The fate of steam is certainly decided, and the experimental ship, built by Mr. Ericsson, at New York, is entirely successful. Truly this is an age of discoveries,—we might almost say, an age of miracles. We shall present our readers, shortly, with a fine picture of this ship.

A LA MR. PARKER IN BOSTON.—A Rev. Richard Knill now preaches, every Sunday afternoon, at one of the theatres in London. The novelty attracts overflowing houses. This is decidedly the effect in our new Musical Hall.

STRAWS SHOW WHICH WAY, ETC.—The English papers record, with indignation, the fact that Lord Brougham dined recently with the Emperor of France.

SOME ONE HAS WISELY SAID:—As no character is more venerable than that of a wise old man, so none is more contemptible than that of an old fool.

EUROPEAN EMIGRATION.—Upwards of eight hundred and thirty thousand persons have emigrated from England and Ireland during the last three years.

THE FRENCH NAVY.—The total number of vessels in the French navy, great and small, old and new, is 328!

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Stow, Mr. Maribro B. Fish, of Fairhaven, to Miss Julia Hallitt, of Centreville, Cape Cod.
By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Timothy B. Morse, of Providence, R. I., to Miss Sarah A. Boardman.
By Rev. J. H. Fairchild, Mr. Henry M. Grover, of Boston, to Miss Isabel J. Wilson, of Rye, N. Y.
At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. David G. Emerson to Miss Maria F. Grindle, both of Boston.
At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. William S. Graham, of Danvers, to Miss Abigail Nelson, of Salem.
At Haverhill, by Rev. Mr. Hunkley, Mr. Avander Corson to Miss Laura A. Wheeler, both of Haverhill.
At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Pollard, Mr. Alfred T. Hill to Miss Elizabeth Barber, both formerly of Sheffield, England.
At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Lane, Mr. William A. Cheney, 3d, to Miss Florida Severance.
At Acton, by Rev. Mr. Dodge, Mr. J. F. Lowry, of Newburyport, to Miss Julia A. Hapgood.
At Norwich, Conn., Mr. John L. Perry, of Baltimore, Md., to Miss Abby C. Winchester, of Norwich.
At Philadelphia, by Rev. Mr. Willis, Mr. Uriah Eisenhower to Miss Elizabeth F., youngest daughter of Henry Young, Esq., all of Philadelphia.

DEATHS

In this city, Gen. Thomas Davis, 56; Mr. William Kenney, 22; Mr. Ferdinand E. White, 64; Miss Grace O., daughter of the late Arthur French, 16.
Lyman Perry, Esq.; Mr. Theodore Francis Abbott, 21; Rev. John B. Sweet, 45.
At Charlestown, Mrs. Mercy Gould, 76; Mrs. Sarah Simpson, 69.
At Chelsea, Daniel Cummings, Esq., 68.
At Cambridgeport, Miss Martha H. Fear, 28.
At Somerville, Mrs. Sarah K. Worthing, 36.
At Waltham, Capt. Lewis Hartshorn, 88.
At Salem, Mr. Joel Goldthwait, 77.
At Lowell, Mrs. Mary B. Smith, widow of the late Elisha Smith, 69.
At Haverhill, Mr. Daniel Whittier, 62.
At Hopkinton, Mrs. Aethia, wife of Mr. Jonas Phelps, 68.
At Leverett, Widow Jemima Felt, 91.
At Sandwich, Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of the late Hon. James Freeman, 85.
At Wrentham, John Fearing, Esq., 50.
At Plymouth, Mr. Perez Peterson, 55.
At Ware, Mrs. Mary Wilson, 77.
At East Machias, Mr. Daniel Miles, formerly of Massachusetts, 70.
At Providence, R. I., Mrs. Hannah B. Hunt, 29.
At Scituate, R. I., Capt. David Ralph, 83.
At Marlboro', Vt., Mrs. Abigail, widow of the late Cotton Newton, 87.
At sea, Nov. 10, J. W. Somerby, of East Boston. He fell from the flying jib boom of the ship Southern Cross, and was drowned.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL
Drawing-Room Companion.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

The object of this paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the

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and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design, in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. It is printed on fine satin-surface paper, from a font of new and beautiful type, manufactured expressly for it,—presenting in its mechanical execution an elegant specimen of art. It contains fifteen hundred and sixty-four square inches, giving a great amount of reading matter and illustrations—a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages. It forms

The Best Family Paper,

inasmuch as its aim is constantly, in connection with the fund of amusement it affords, and the rich array of original miscellany it presents, to inculcate the strictest and highest tone of morality, and to encourage virtue by holding up to view all that is good and pure, and avoiding all that is evil in its tendency. In short, the object is to make the paper loved, respected, and sought after, for its combined excellences.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A SNOW PICTURE.

BY GEORGE CANNING HILL.

Feathery flakes so softly falling,
Slowly falling and inavalling,
Joys of home together calling—
See the fleecy snow!
Powdering twigs, and boughs, and sedges,
Piling deep on rocks and ledges,
Rounding smoothly all the edges
Of the fences so!

At the window, chubby faces—
All at their accustomed places,
Like a row of painted vases—
Flatten on the pane.

In the garden snowbirds twitter,
Looking for some downy litter
To protect them from the bitter
Blast that blows amain.

Roof and ridge are roundly heaping;
Up the trees the snows are creeping;
Posts and rolls are only keeping
Up the dazzling show.

All along the walls in ridges,
On the little brooklet-bridges,
Now in caps, and now in ridges,
Flies the stainless snow.

In the barns the bells are chiming;
Down the road they go a-rhyming:
Dancing hearts attuning, timing
With melodious rime.
In the hoar old wood's recesses—
Where the wild vine's waving tresses
Court every wind's caresses—
Hushed is every sound.

On the hearth the fires are roaring,
Upward through the chimney pouring,
While upon the rug lies, sooring,
Valiant, faithful Tray;
Within, without, are mingled voices—
Thumping flail, and such dull noises,
And what else the heart rejoices,
Through the winter day.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STORIES OF GODS AND GODDESSES.

NO. IV.

CEYX AND HALCYONE: OR, THE HALCYON BIRDS.

BY T. RULFINCH.

CEYX was king of Thessaly, where he reigned in peace, without violence or wrong. He was son of Hesperos, the Day-star, and the glow of his beauty reminded one of his father. Halcyone, the daughter of Æolus, was his wife, and devotedly attached to him. Now Ceyx was in deep affliction for the loss of his brother, and direful prodigies following his brother's death, made him feel as if the gods were hostile to him. He thought best, therefore, to make a voyage to Claros, in Ionia, to consult the oracle of Apollo. But as soon as he disclosed his intention to his wife, Halcyone, a shudder ran through her frame, and her face grew deadly pale. "What fault of mine, dearest husband, has turned your affection from me? Where is that love of me that used to be uppermost in all your thoughts? Have you learned to feel easy in the absence of Halcyone? Would you rather have me away?" She also endeavored to discourage him, by describing the violence of the winds, which she had known familiarly when she lived at home in her father's house, Æolus being the god of the winds, and having as much as he could do to restrain them. "They rush together," said she, "with such fury that fire flashes from the conflict. But, if you must go," she added, "dear husband, let me go with you, otherwise I shall suffer, not only the real evils which you must encounter, but those, also, which my fears suggest."

These words weighed heavily on the mind of King Ceyx, and it was no less his own wish than hers to take her with him, but he could not bear to expose her to the dangers of the sea. He answered, therefore, consoling her as well as he could, and finished with these words: "I promise, by the rays of my father, the Day-star, that if fate permits, I will return before the moon shall have twice rounded her orb." When he had thus spoken, he ordered the vessel to be drawn out of her shiphouse, and the oars and sails to be put aboard. When Halcyone saw these preparations, she shuddered, as if with a presentiment of evil. With tears and sobs she said farewell, and then fell senseless to the ground.

The young men, meanwhile, animated by the voice of their leader, seized their oars and pulled vigorously through the waves, with strong and measured strokes. Halcyone raised her streaming eyes, and saw her husband standing on the deck, waving his hand to her. She answered his signal till the vessel had receded so far that she could no longer distinguish his form from the rest. When the vessel itself could no longer be seen, she strained her eyes to catch the last glimmer of the sail, till that, too, disappeared. Then, retiring to her chamber, she threw herself on her solitary couch.

Meanwhile they glide out of the harbor, and the breeze plays among the ropes. The seamen draw in their oars, and hoist their sails. When half, or less, of their course was passed, as night drew on, the sea began to whiten with swelling waves, and the east wind to blow a gale. The master gave the word to take in sail, but the storm forbade obedience, for such is the roar of the winds and waves his orders are unheard. The men, of their own accord, busy themselves to secure the oars, to strengthen the ship,

to turn the sail from the wind. While they thus do what to each one seems best, the storm increases. The shouting of the men, the rattling of the shrouds and the dashing of the waves mingle with the roar of the thunder. The swelling sea seems lifted up to the heavens, to scatter its foam among the clouds, then sinking away to the bottom, assumes the color of the shoal,—a Stygian blackness.

The vessel shares all these changes. It seems like a wild beast that rushes on the spears of the hunters. Rain falls in torrents, as if the skies were coming down to mite with the sea. When the lightning ceases for a moment, the night seems to add its own darkness to that of the storm; then comes the flash, rending the darkness asunder, and lighting up all with a glare. Skill fails, courage sinks, and death seems to come on every wave. The men are stupefied with terror. The thought of parents, and kindred, and pledges, left at home, comes over their minds. Ceyx thinks of Halcyone. No name but hers is on his lips, and while he yearns for her, he yet rejoices in her absence. Presently the mast is shattered by a stroke of lightning, the rudder broken, and the triumphant surge, curling over, looks down upon the wreck, then falls, and crushes it to fragments. Some of the seamen, stoned by the stroke, sink, and rise no more; others cling to fragments of the wreck. Ceyx, with the hand that used to grasp the sceptre, holds fast to a plank, calling for help,—alas, in vain,—upon his father and his father-in-law. But oftener on his lips was the name of Halcyone. To her his thoughts cling. He prays that the waves may bear his body to her sight, and that it may receive burial at her hands. At length the waters overwhelm him, and he sinks. The Day-star looked dim that night. Since it could not leave the heavens, it shrouded its face with clouds.

In the meanwhile, Halcyone, ignorant of all these horrors, counted the days till her husband's promised return. Now she gets ready the garments which he shall put on, and now what she shall wear when he arrives. To all the gods she offers frequent incense, but more than all to Juno. For her husband, who was no more, she prayed incessantly, that he might be safe, that he might come home; that he might not, in his absence, see any one that he should love better than her. But of all these prayers, the last was the only one destined to be granted. The goddess, at length, could not bear any longer to be pleaded with for a dead man, and to have hands raised to her altars, that ought rather to be offering funeral rites. So, calling Iris, she said, "Iris, my faithful messenger, go to the drowsy dwelling of Somnus, and tell him to send a vision to Halcyone, in the form of Ceyx, to make known to her the event."

Iris puts on her robe of many colors, and tinging the sky with her bow, seeks the palace of the King of Sleep. Near the Cimmerian country, a mountain cave is the abode of the dull god, Somnus. Here Phæbus dares not come, either rising, at midday or setting. Clouds and shadows are exhaled from the ground, and the light glimmers faintly. The bird of dawning, with crested head, never there enils aloud to Aurora, nor watchful dog, nor more sagacious goose disturbs the silence. No wild beast, nor cattle, nor branches moved with the wind, nor sound of human conversation, breaks the stillness. Silence reigns there; but from the bottom of the rock the river Lethe flows, and by its murmur invites to sleep. Poppies grow abundantly before the door of the cave, and other herbs, from whose juices Night collects slumbers, which she scatters over the darkened earth. There is no gate to the mansion, to creak on its hinges, nor any watchman; but in the midst, a couch of black ebony, adorned with black plumes and black curtains. There the god reclines, his limbs relaxed with sleep. Around him lie dreams, resembling all various forms, as many as the harvest bears stalks, or the forests, leaves, or the seashore, sandgrains.

As soon as the goddess entered and brushed away the dreams that hovered around her, her brightness lit up all the cave. The god, scarce opening his eyes, and ever and anon drooping his beard upon his breast, at last shook himself free from himself, and leaning on his arm, enquired her errand,—for he knew who she was. She answered: "Somnus, gentlest of the gods, tranquilizer of minds and soother of care-worn hearts! Juno sends you her commands that you despatch a dream to Halcyone, in the city of Trachine, representing her lost husband, and all the events of the wreck."

Having delivered her message, Iris hasted away, for she could not longer endure the stagnant air, and as she felt drowsiness creeping over her, she made her escape, and returned by her low way she came. Then Somnus called one of his numerous sons,—Morpheus,—the most expert in counterfeiting forms, and in imitating the walk, the countenance, and mode of speaking, even the clothes and attitudes most characteristic of each. But he only imitates men, leaving it to another to personate birds, beasts, serpents, etc. Him they call Icelon; and Phantasos is a third, who turns himself into rocks, waters, woods and other things without life. These wait upon kings and great personages, in their sleeping hours, while others move among the common people. Somnus chooses, from all the brothers, Morpheus, to perform the command of Iris; then lays his head on his pillow and yields himself to grateful repose.

Morpheus flies, making no noise with his wings, and soon comes to the Hæmonian city, where, laying aside his wings, he assumes the form of Ceyx. Under that form, but pale like a dead man, naked, he stands before the couch of the wretched wife. His beard seemed soaked with water, and water trickled from his drowned locks. Leaning over the bed, tears streaming from his eyes, he says: "Do you recognize your Ceyx, unhappy wife, or has death too much changed my visage? Behold me, know me, your husband's shade, instead of himself. Your prayers, Halcyone, availed me nothing. I am dead. No more deceive yourself with vain hopes of my return. The stormy winds sunk my ship in the Ægean sea, waves filled my mouth while it called

aloud on you. No uncertain messenger tells you this, no vague rumor brings it to your ears. I come in person, a shipwrecked man, to tell you my fate. Arise! give me tears, give me lamentations, let me not go down to Tartarus weeping." To these words Morpheus added the voice which seemed to be that of her husband; he seemed to pour forth genuine tears; his hands had the gestures of Ceyx.

Halcyone, weeping, groaned, and stretched out her arms in her sleep, striving to embrace his body, but grasping only the air. "Stay!" she cries; "whither do you fly? let us go together." Her own voice awakened her. Starting up, she gazed eagerly around, to see if he was still present, for the servants, alarmed by her cries, had brought a light. When she found him not, she smote her breast and rent her garments. She cares not to unbind her hair, but tears it wildly. Her nurse asks what is the cause of her grief. "Halcyone is no more," she answers, "she perished with her Ceyx. Utter not words of comfort, he is shipwrecked and dead. I have seen him, I have recognized him. I stretched out my hands to seize him and detain him. His shade vanished, but it was the true shade of my husband. Not with the accustomed features, not with the beauty that was his, but pale, naked, and with his hair wet with sea-water, he appeared to wretched me. Here, in this very spot, the sad vision stood,"—and she looked to find the mark of his footsteps. "This it was, this that my presaging mind foreboded, and implored him not to leave me to trust myself to the waves. O, how I wish, since thou wouldst go, thou hadst taken me with thee! It would have been far better. Then I should have had no remnant of life to spend without thee, nor a separate death to die. If I could bear to live and struggle to endure, I should be more cruel to myself than the sea has been to me. But I will not struggle, I will not be separated from thee, unhappy husband. This time, at least, I will keep you company. In death, if one tomb may not include us, one epitaph shall; if I may not lay my ashes with yours, my name, at least, shall not be separated." Her grief forbade more words, and these were broken with tears and sobs.

It was now morning. She went to the sea-shore, and sought the spot where she last saw him, on his departure. "While he lingered here, and cast off his tacklings, he gave me his last kiss." While she reviews every object, and strives to recall every incident, looking out over the sea, she desires an indistinct object floating in the water. At first it was doubtful what it was, but by degrees the waves bore it nearer, and it was plainly the body of a man. Though unknowing of whom, yet, as it was of some shipwrecked one, she was deeply moved, and gave it her tears, saying, "Alas! unhappy one, and unhappy, if such there be, thy wife!" Borne by the waves, it came nearer. As she more and more nearly views it, she trembles more and more. Now, now it approaches the shore. Now marks that she recognizes appear. It was her husband! Stretching out her trembling hands towards it, she exclaims, "O, dearest husband, is it thus you return to me?"

There was built out from the shore a mole, constructed to break the assaults of the sea, and stem its violent ingress. She leapt upon this barrier (it was wonderful she could do so), she flew, and striking the air with wings, produced on the instant, she skimmed along the surface of the water, an unhappy bird. As she flew, her throat poured forth sounds full of grief, and like the voice of one lamenting. When she touched the mute and bloodless body, she enfolded its beloved limbs with her now-formed wings, and tried to give kisses with her horny beak. Whether Ceyx felt it, or whether it was only the action of the waves, those who looked on doubted, but the body seemed to raise its head. But, indeed, he did feel it, and by the pitying gods both of them were changed into birds. They mate and have their young ones. For seven placid days, in winter time, Halcyone broods over her nest, which floats upon the sea. Then the way is safe to seamen. Æolus guards the winds and keeps them from disturbing the deep. The sea is given up, for the time, to his grandchildren.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WHEN THE MOONLIGHT GILDS THE SEA.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

When the moonlight gilds the sea,
And the stars above are gleaming—
Loved one, dost thou think of me?
For of thee I then am dreaming!

There's a gentle, mystic chain
Which no earthly hand can sever;
Gold and power attract in vain—
I am thine, and thine forever!

On our gullant vessel flies,
Many a giant wave dividing;
Nought around but main and skies,
Proudly on the sea-swells riding.

Still the sweetness of thy kiss,
On my lips like nectar, lingers;
Often, too, in fancied bliss,
Clasp I now thy soft, fair fingers!

Sudden bursts the shrieking gale,
Loudly roaring, leaps the thunder;
Flashing through the shivered sail,
Lightnings tear the clouds asunder.

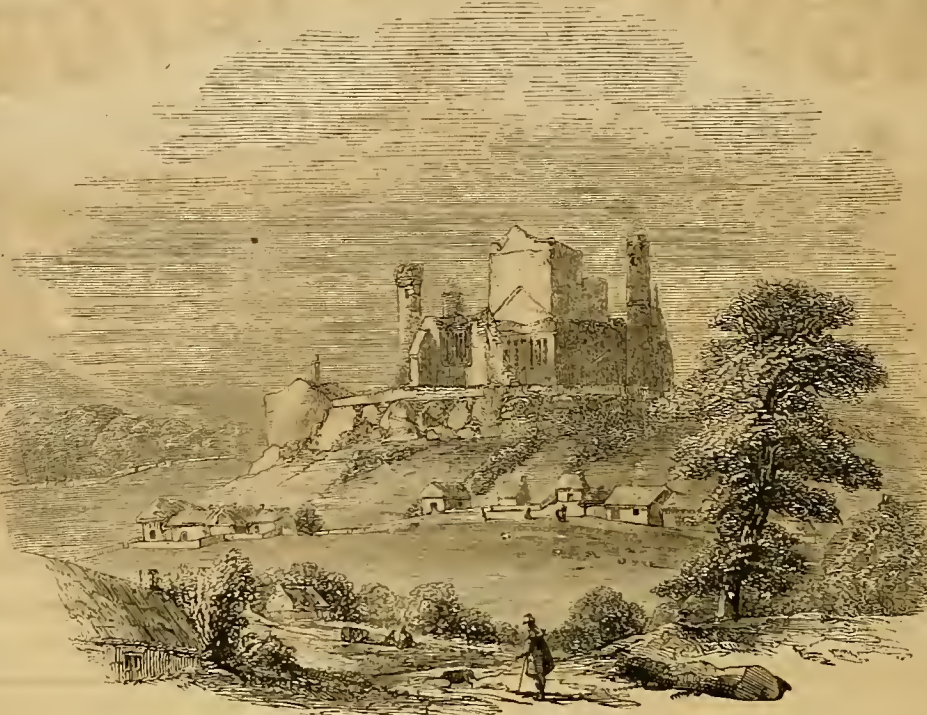
Then, my heart, with love for thee,
Wildly beats with painful pleasure;
"Ood," I cry upon the sea,
"Save me for my bosom's treasure!"

Friendship is more firmly secured by lenity towards failings, than by attachment to excellences. One is valued as kindness that cannot be explained, the other exacted as payment of a debt to merit.

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PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

The town of Cashel, distant fourteen miles from Clonmel, county of Tipperary, Ireland, is chiefly built round the southern and eastern side of an insulated mass of limestone, called, "The Rock of Cashel." The most majestic portion of this olden monument of Erin slipped or fell, a short time since. This event has created some excitement amongst the country people, especially as an alleged prophecy of St. Columkille is in the mouths of the peasantry—that "the Rock of Cashel would fall in the same year in which a revolution would break out in England." Leaving this fulfilment out of the question, the rock is a very interesting spot. On this great natural platform, which rises abruptly to the mid-t of a rich plain, and commands an extensive view, formerly stood the residence of the petty kings of Munster. Sir James Ware, who lived so lately as 1666, informs us that he has here seen the stone on which those potentates were inaugurated, and where, it is said, they received their tribute of their subordinate toparchs. From the latter circumstance the name of the place has been derived, *cash-iel* being interpreted by some "the stone of tribute;" but *cashiel* seems to be an original Celtic word, the same in all respects as the Latinized *castellum*; and the probability is, that the place was so called from the castle or *don* of the chieftain on its summit. A roll or schedule of the tribute payable here is still preserved; and the enumeration of the different articles of use and luxury which formed the rude substitute for rent is sufficiently curious—arms, clothing, provisions, live stock, and slaves, both male and female, being the dues ordinarily specified. The summit of the rock, as our illustration shows, is crowned with a pile of picturesque buildings, which, from its commanding situation, massive proportions, and singular variety of outline, is justly considered the finest of the kind in Ireland. The structures of which it is composed are an Ecclesiastical Round Tower, in good preservation; Cormac's Chapel, a small stone-roofed church, with two side towers in the Norman style of the eleventh and twelfth centuries; a cathedral, with nave, choir and transepts in the pointed style of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; a strong castle, which served as the palace of the Archbishops of Cashel; and the vicar's hall and the mansions of the inferior ecclesiastical officers of the cathedral. Cormac McCarthy, king of Munster, is supposed to have built Cormac's Chapel early in the twelfth century; and later in the same century, the cathedral, 210 feet in length, and 170 in breadth, was erected by Donald O'Brien, king of Limerick. In the middle of the last century, the chancel, which was then used for divine service, was unroofed and dismantled, and a new cathedral built in the city of Cashel by Archbishop Agar. It was remarked by Sir Walter Scott that, as a whole, there was nothing to be found in the British empire comparable in interest



VIEW OF THE CELEBRATED ROCK OF CASHEL, NEAR CLONMEL, IRELAND.

with the Rock of Cashel. Cormac's Chapel, by the way, is by far the most perfect specimen of this description of building in these islands; and it gives a convincing proof, not only of the existence, but of the excellence of some works in stone and lime, exclusive of round towers, in Ireland before the coming of the English. Few Americans are accustomed to associate with the name of Ireland much of ancient grandeur; yet these mouldering tokens of former glory are indisputable evidences of her past history of romance and greatness. There is an air and spirit about our illustration that speaks of fallen grandeur, and we apprehend that few readers of the Pictorial will visit these regions and return without examining personally the ruins of Cashel. But

"To see fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by pale moonlight!"

No doubt there are many points and locations in Ireland richly worthy the visit and study of the antiquarian and the scholar. The spot herewith represented has to our mind more than ordinary interest, and would in itself be of sufficient moment to lead one to make a pilgrimage to the Emerald Isle. In their journeyings to classic grounds let not tourists forget to visit Ireland.

CEYLON CINNAMON FIELDS.

Our morning was—as usual on a first arrival—taken up by visits; in the afternoon we drove in Sir E. Baraes's sociable through the far-famed cinnamon gardens, which covered upwards of 17,000 acres of land on the coast, the largest of which are near Colombo. The plant thrives best in a poor, sandy soil, in a damp atmosphere; it grows wild in the woods to the size of a large apple-tree, but when cultivated, is never allowed to grow more than ten or twelve feet in height, each plant standing separate. The leaf is something like that of the laurel in shape, but of a lighter color; when it first shoots out it is red, and changes gradually to a green. It is now out of blossom, but I am told the flower is white, and appears, when in full bloom, to cover the whole garden. After hearing so much of the spicy gales from this island, I was much disappointed at not being able to discover the scent, at least from the plants, in passing through the gardens; there is a very fragrant-smelling flower growing under them, which, at first, led us into the belief that we smelt the cinnamon, but we were soon undeceived. On pulling off a leaf or twig, you perceive the spicy odor very strongly, but I was surprised to hear that the flower had little or none. As cinnamon forms the only considerable export of Ceylon, it is, of course, preserved with care; by the old Dutch law, the penalty for cutting a branch was no less than the loss of a hand; at present, a fine expiates the same offence. The neighborhood of Colombo is particularly favorable to its growth, being well-sheltered, with a high, equable temperature, and as showers fall frequently—though a whole day's heavy

rain is uncommon—the ground is never parched, as in most other places it not unfrequently becomes, by drought.—Bishop Heber.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS.

Below we give a correct view of the Exchange, New Orleans, a massive building, after the style of the St. Nicholas, or Metropolitan Hotel, New York. Its magnificent appearance, and fine architectural design are well represented in our engraving, and the building altogether is an ornament to the Crescent City. Before the destruction of the St. Charles Hotel, we considered that fine edifice to be the best specimen of architecture in New Orleans; but the Exchange is to our eye far ahead of the late St. Charles. It is a credit to the South-West, and to the city of New Orleans, more particularly, to see these fine and substantial edifices reared to ornament the capital of Louisiana. It is our design to depict all such points of note, whether in Maine or California, and sweeping over the whole extent of this country, we propose to represent all that is interesting and notable in it, either north, south, east, or west. The picture which we present below, will be at once recognized by all who have visited the Crescent City.



REPRESENTATION OF THE EXCHANGE HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1853.

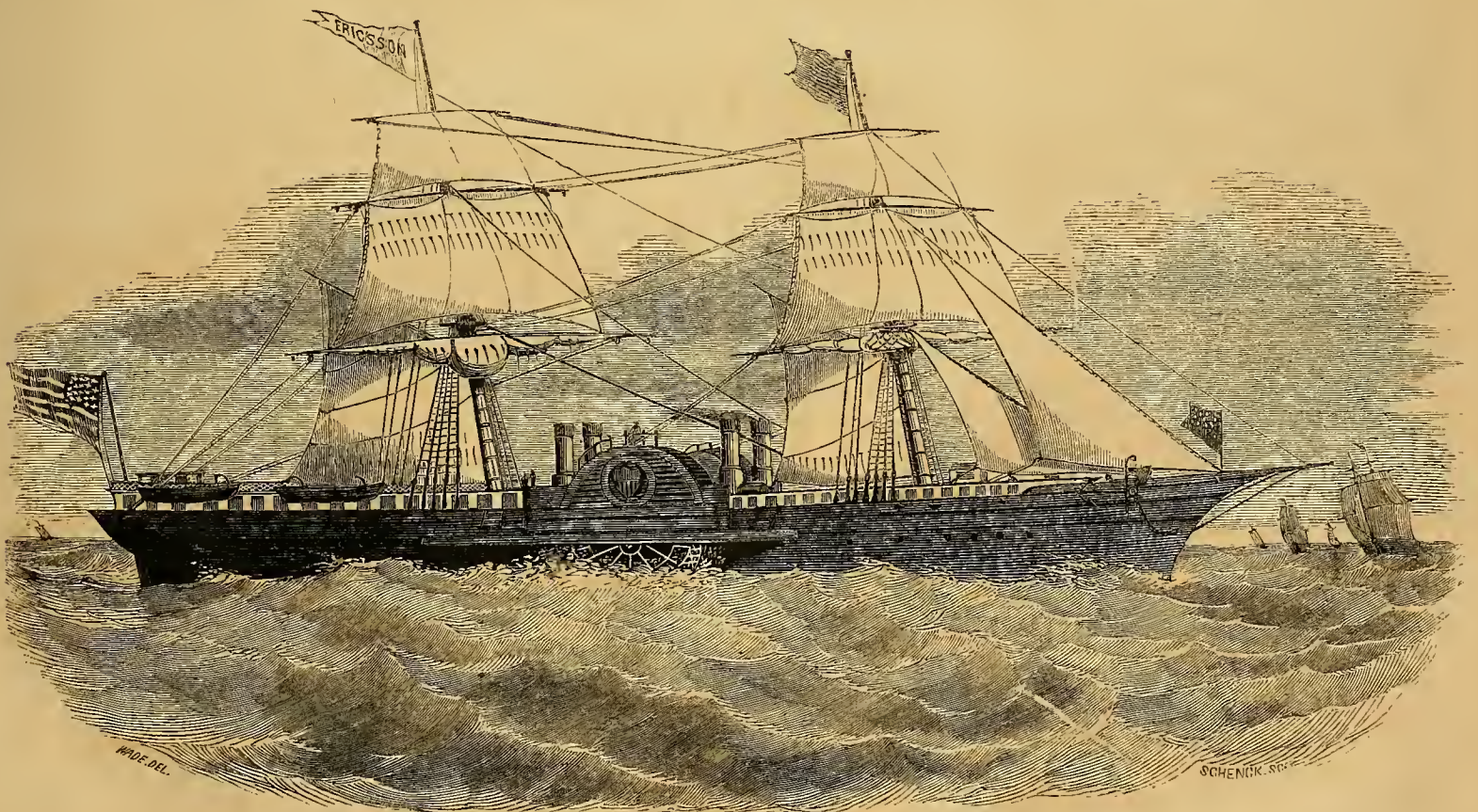
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THE CALORIC SHIP ERICSSON.

The newspapers have been full of accounts of this new vessel, propelled upon an entirely new principle as a motive power, and great is the interest that has been universally expressed in relation to the matter. We have waited patiently until the experimental trip has been made, and the vessel thoroughly tested, before we directed our artist to draw her, and now have the satisfaction of presenting to our readers an exact representation of the Ericsson, as she appeared going down the harbor of New York, a few days since. We are rejoiced at this discovery; we are glad that it has been brought to light, and perfected by American skill and enterprise; and it is very apparent that it is destined to universal adoption. Among the enumerated advantages that a vessel fitted with a caloric engine possesses are, that she will consume only about one-tenth the fuel of a steamer; that the cost of boilers is entirely saved—the expense of the engines being about equal; that only about one-fourth the number of hands will be required to run it; that the wear and tear, owing to its simplicity, is but trifling; and that the danger of explosion is entirely abrogated. If no other reason than the last enumerated were given by its projectors, it would be more than sufficient to entitle it to the warm sympathies of every one; but when all these advantages become a fixed fact, added to the additional advantage of the space saved by the

absence of the huge, unsightly boilers, caloric will entirely clear the course of her at present more powerful and certainly more dangerous rival. Like many other inventions, its general adoption at first will probably be slow. The projectors state that they do not expect to make a passage to England under fourteen or fifteen days; so that it will have to be more fully developed before it will be adopted by the ocean mail steamer. For screw vessels it would appear to be peculiarly adapted, and will probably, if successful, at once be used in vessels bound on long voyages—to China or California,—as, from the small amount of fuel consumed, a vessel fitted with it would be enabled to carry sufficient coal for the whole passage, thus saving the time and expense of putting into intermediate ports for a fresh supply. The principle of the motive power is simple, and bears much affinity to human respiration,—the inhalation and expulsion of air being the key to the whole. The supply cylinders inhale about seventy tons of air per hour; that air, when expanded by heat, forces up the piston; it is expelled by chimneys on deck; but the heat is retained in a wire gauze frame work, called a regenerator, and the cold air entering passes through the same regenerator, taking up the heat the wires have retained, and thus expanded is ready for use. It will be obvious that the engine is, therefore, a thorough ventilator of the ship. The usual method of ascertaining velocity was not used on

her late trial trip, and, therefore, no strictly accurate measurement was made; but such observations were taken as were deemed necessary for the purpose of the trip. Though she is calculated for twelve pounds of pressure, she carries but six and a half or seven, this being all that could be obtained, owing to the unfinished state of the valves and machinery. By observation, she made the distance to the Staten Island Light in fifty minutes from the time of starting. The Ericsson ran down a short distance beyond the Narrows, some eleven or twelve miles, and then returned to her moorings off the Battery. The tide was against her in coming in. During the trip, her wheels averaged nine revolutions per minute. No pilot boat ever sat more gracefully upon the water. Her progress was not marked by agitation, but her movement was easy, and, in a great measure, free from that unpleasant tremor or jar which, on ocean steamers, marks a revolution of the wheels. She is of 2200 tons burden; is 250 feet in length, 40 feet in breadth, and draws 17 feet of water. She is remarkably sharp, and, unlike the ocean steamers, carries but two masts. Her wheels are 32 feet in diameter. She has four cylinders, each 14 feet in diameter, and with six-feet stroke. On deck there are four small white pipes, two serving as chimneys, and the others for conveying air. The machinery is so compactly arranged that much valuable space is preserved, which, in ocean steamers, is lost.



A VERY PERFECT VIEW OF THE NEW CALORIC SHIP, ERICSSON.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE OF WESTERN LIFE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

ROSALTHE:

—OR—

THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.

A Story of Western Life.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"I hope you have driven home one of those kind of missiles, and have one or two to spare."

"I am ready," said Allan, a moment afterwards.

The Miamis swept toward our friends with loud cries, thinking to terrify them, and render resistance less effectual.

"I don't care so much about destroying the poor wretches, as I do about sinking the canoe," added Kenton, in a suppressed voice. "Let us get the first fire, if we can. Do you fear them?"

"I never was afraid in my life," said Allan, coolly.

The words had scarcely left Norwood's lips, when a shot from the savages cut a button from his hunting-frock.

"That was very well done," remarked Kenton. "Perhaps they will improve on it," replied Allan, with a smile.

"I hope not! Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Kenton, earnestly. "This won't do," he added, as another shot passed through Norwood's cap, and a third lodged in the paddle he was holding. "They are near enough; let us have a shot—it's our turn now. Fire at the canoe, and you can't help doing damage."

Both took steady aim; and the Indians, anticipating their intentions, endeavored to screen themselves by dodging their heads down into the canoe.

"That will only make it worse for them," said Kenton; and then both fired.

The result fully equalled their expectations; the fragile vessel was so badly cut that it immediately filled, and the Indians leaped into the water, some of them severely, if not mortally wounded.

In a few seconds the canoe sank. Then the terrified Miamis made a great splashing in the water, while those on the bank yelled with rage. The two young men grasped the paddles, and used them with such effect that in half an hour not an enemy was to be seen or heard.

"What shall be done now?" asked Norwood.

"I think we had better land and sink the boat."

"That is my own opinion; for on shore we may find a trail; but the water keeps its secrets, and effaces at once the track of the voyagers it has borne on its bosom," said Allan.

Having landed, they filled the boat with large stones, and sunk it. The sun had gone down, and darkness pervaded the mighty forests of Kentucky.

"Come," said Allan, "let us go."

"Go where?" asked his companion.

"Anywhere," replied Norwood, hesitatingly, "to find Rosalthe Alston."

Kenton, who had seated himself upon the bank, arose and attempted to follow Allan, but staggered a few steps and fell.

"My dear Kenton, you are wounded!" exclaimed his companion, running to the heroic woodsman, and raising his head from the ground; but the gallant fellow made no reply; he had fainted from loss of blood.

CHAPTER IX.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

"ARISE!" said Star-Light.

Rosalthe lifted her head languidly. She had lain in the canoe she knew not how long. The voice of the Indian girl recalled her from a state bordering on unconsciousness. She looked

around her like one dreaming, and wondered where she was; but in a moment she caught up the broken thread of memory, and the occurrences of the last few hours passed rapidly through her mind. She turned her gaze toward the skies, and perceived that the sun was far past the meridian, which fact assured her that considerable time had elapsed since she had sunk down in the canoe.

While she was making these observations, the birchen vessel touched the shore.

"Step out!" said Star-Light, and Rosalthe obeyed in silence. The Indian maiden drew the canoe out of the water and secreted it among the reeds and bushes.

That operation being completed, she motioned to Rosalthe to follow her, and walked with noiseless and gliding footsteps into the forest. Star-Light proceeded in this manner until our heroine was nearly exhausted, and could with difficulty keep pace with her more practised conductress; which the latter perceiving, went forward more slowly, stopping often to assist her over rough places. The way was so dark and lonely that Rosalthe queried whether a human foot ever had pressed that soil before, or whether a human voice ever broke the stillness of the solemn woods.

They reached an Indian hut or lodge, and it was in a spot so hemmed in by stupendous forests, that it seemed to Rosalthe completely hidden from the observation of the living.

The maidens entered the lodge; it was without an occupant. Star-Light pointed to a couch of skins, and our heroine was glad to avail herself of the privilege of resting upon it; while the former kindled a fire and made preparations for cooking a meal. It was quite dark when her simple arrangements were completed.

Rosalthe was aroused from an uneasy slumber (produced by exhaustion, no doubt), and found set before her, which many persons more fastidious in those matters than the dwellers of the backwoods, would not have complained of. Of these viands she partook without hesitation, resolved to appear as unconcerned and heroic as possible before her strange companion.

While she was thus employed, although, as may be supposed, she had but very little inclination to eat, Star-Light was busily engaged in compounding various paints, for what purpose Rosalthe was at a loss to conceive. When the latter had ceased eating, and pushed the food from her, the Indian maiden approached with the pigments she had prepared, and the object became apparent. Rosalthe drew back in alarm.

"Foolish maiden!" exclaimed Star-Light. "What do you fear? water will make these colors disappear. What I am about to do, is necessary to your safety. I must make you look like one of my people."

"Swear that you will keep faith with me, and that I shall return in safety to Boonesborough!" said Rosalthe, earnestly.

"I swear," returned Star-Light.

"By the Great Spirit?" continued Rosalthe.

"By the Great Spirit," added Star-Light.

"Then I submit; do with me as you will."

"White-Cloud is proud," said the Indian girl, after a pause. "She is vain of her beauty; she fears that these colors will destroy it, so that Smooth-Tongue will no longer love her."

"I am ready—put it on," replied Rosalthe, submitting herself patiently to Star-Light.

The Cherokee girl gazed an instant at the handsome features of Rosalthe, and sighed.

"Star-Light is sad and unhappy," said our heroine, kindly. "Smooth-Tongue has made her heart heavy by his deceit. Let her forget him; he is bad."

"Forget him, that White-Cloud may remember him?" retorted the Indian girl, angrily.

"Star-Light is wrong; jealousy and grief have blinded her eyes. But the time will come when she will see clearly," rejoined Rosalthe.

The heart of Star-Light seemed to relent; she commenced laying the colors upon Rosalthe's face with a nugende hand, while the latter sat uncomplainingly before the blazing fire, that she might see to complete the novel operation. When this part of the singular toilet was finished, the Indian girl proceeded to unfasten her hair, which was confined by a band, and let it fall unrestrained over her neck and shoulders. In a short time Rosalthe's dark tresses were arranged to suit the fancy of Wassahauza. From a willow basket, in one corner of the lodge, she produced an Indian dress, in all respect like her own.

Our heroine made no objections, but suffered herself to be attired in the costume of savage life. When the whole was completed, Star-Light herself looked at her with wonder and admiration; for Rosalthe appeared quite as charming in her new apparel (in the estimate of the former) as in her own legitimate style of dress.

"Good!" exclaimed Star-Light, with a smile, holding a small mirror before her unresisting captive. Rosalthe glanced at the image reflected, and could not repress an involuntary exclamation of astonishment.

"You'll be jealous of me, now, I'm sure," she said, with a faint smile.

"If I thought you could speak the truth, I should not hate you," rejoined Star-Light, a portion of her former sternness returning.

"Let Star-Light and White-Cloud be friends," returned Rosalthe, in a kindly tone.

The maiden made no reply, but taking Rosalthe's hand, led her from the lodge.

"There is a village not far from here," said the former, when they had walked a short distance. "You will be safe there, for you shall dwell in my lodge, and I am the daughter of a powerful chief. You must not try to escape, for that might bring evil upon you. I will tell our young men that you come from our cousins, the Wyandots, on account of a young chief who loved you, but whom you despised. This tale will account for your appearance among us, if you follow my directions. Speak to no one, and leave the rest to me."

A walk of half an hour took the maidens to the Cherokee village, which consisted of about twenty lodges; being only a minor branch of that once powerful nation.

Star-Light was passing rapidly among the huts, followed by Rosalthe, when a tall and majestic figure appeared in the narrow and well-beaten path that wound in a serpentine manner from lodge to lodge.

"Star-Light has been abroad?" he said, inquiringly.

"There is starlight all above you," replied the Indian girl, carelessly.

"But not the Star-Light that is more pleasant to Otter-Lifter than the brightness of day," returned the Indian.

"The bold chief of the Cherokees will make me sad," said Star-Light.

"He would not willingly darken the rays of joy that should continually stream up from your heart, and beam from your eyes," rejoined Otter-Lifter.

"You have not noticed our sister; she comes from our cousins, the Wyandots. She is called White-Cloud."

"The daughters of the Wyandots are comely," returned Otter-Lifter, giving Rosalthe a searching glance. "White-Cloud is welcome; she looks like the sister of Star-Light."

"Otter-Lifter has sharp eyes!" retorted Star-Light, coldly.

"May no cloud darker than that ever come between Otter-Lifter and Star-Light," replied the chief, pointing to Rosalthe.

"The Cherokee chief is making love to my cousin!" exclaimed the Indian girl, with warmth. Otter-Lifter turned away with a smile, and the maidens passed on to the lodge near the centre of the village. The lodge was a large one, divided into two compartments by buffalo-skins suspended from the top, and secured at the bottom by sticks driven into the earth. In one place a skin was left loose to serve the purposes of a

door, and through which Star-Light conducted her captive.

"This is my father's lodge," said the Indian girl. "He is one of the chiefs, and is called Gitsheha, or Strong-Voice, because his shout is so terrible in battle. Being a noted man, his lodge is double, as you see, and this part belongs to me and Monoo. Monoo is my sister."

The person last mentioned was seated on a mat near the fire; and when Star-Light mentioned her name, she arose and regarded Rosalthe with as much curiosity as was in keeping with Indian stoicism, and, possibly, a little more.

"'Tis White-Cloud," said Star-Light.

Rosalthe seated herself on a mat, and examined Monoo more particularly. She was younger than her sister, and bore a striking resemblance to her. She was fair, but her beauty was of a gentler cast than Star-Light's; and our heroine took courage from the fact, and hoped she would be able to win her friendship.

The three maidens being seated before the fire, did little else, for a time, than to throw furtive glances at each other.

The beauty of Rosalthe seemed to fix the attention of Monoo in a particular manner, and the former judged by her looks that she had great difficulty in believing that she was really one of a different race.

Presently Star-Light and her sister began to converse in the Indian tongue, and being somewhat familiar with the language, Rosalthe soon perceived that they were talking about a white captive that one of their war parties of young men had taken at Harrodsburgh. This rivetted her attention, and she listened with breathless interest to all that was said, understanding, occasionally, a few words. Her sympathies were more completely enlisted in the subject, when she learned that the prisoner was a young girl, and already condemned to death.

Rosalthe could control her feelings no longer. She asked why Otter-Lifter, being a humane chief, permitted such cruelties; to which Star-Light replied that he had nothing to do with the matter; the captive having been taken by a party of young braves anxious to distinguish themselves, and to retaliate on the settlers at Harrodsburgh for the loss of one of their number.

"But has not Otter-Lifter, or your father, power to save the poor girl?" inquired Rosalthe.

Star-Light made no answer, but looked steadily at the fire.

"Did not the Great Spirit intend that the pale and red faces should be perpetually enemies?" asked Monoo.

"No; it is His will that all men should be brethren, and dwell together in friendship," replied Rosalthe.

"That would be best, it seems to me; but if it had been the will of the Great Spirit it would have been so; for his power is greater than man's," answered Monoo.

"I know it; but it is wiser to lead men by the gentle influences of love, than to bend them to his purposes by force," returned Rosalthe.

"Who can tell his purposes?" said Monoo, thoughtfully.

"I wish it had pleased the merciful Moundo to have gifted me with eyesight so strong that I could look into the strange country where people say we shall go after death," observed Star-Light.

"For what object?" asked Rosalthe.

"That I might see how the Great Spirit governs the souls of men there, so that we could imitate him on the earth," she replied.

"We know he is impartial, and works in wisdom for the good of all," added Rosalthe.

"Yes, he is good," said Monoo, "because he gives us the strawberry moon, and the corn moon, and the buffalo moon, all in their season, and never alters his mind and changes them."

"If he is so good, why does he let people do wickedly—make war, and kill each other? Why does he suffer the poor white girl to be burned with fire, and allow others to lie and deceive," said Star-Light, with much bitterness of manner.

"Perhaps he will not permit this girl to suffer. He may avert her fate," replied Rosalthe, quite earnestly. "Promise me that you will make an effort to save her," she added, with fervor.

"Lie down and sleep, White-Cloud," returned Star-Light, coldly.

"The fate of that unhappy young woman makes me miserable!" exclaimed our heroine, and lying down upon the couch of buffalo-skins that had been spread for her, she vainly endeavored to rest. The imperfect slumbers that visited her at periods, were disturbed by dreary vagaries. It was about midnight, when she felt

a touch upon her arm. She opened her eyes with a start, and beheld Star-Light standing beside her.

"If you would see the white captive, arise and follow me," said the Indian girl.

Rosalthe lost no time in obeying; she arose and followed her from the lodge, while Monon remained sitting by the fire. Without a word being uttered by either party, they approached the spot where the unfortunate captive was waiting the execution of the sentence which had been pronounced upon her, by her inexorable judges.

Two warriors lay extended upon the ground, near the door of the lodge, who appeared to be sleeping soundly. Star-Light paused, evidently somewhat surprised at what she beheld.

"The Great Spirit favors us," she said, in a low voice. "These warriors are full of fire-water—they are drunken."

Star-Light passed on, stepping lightly within a few inches of the unconscious watchers. Making a gesture for Rosalthe to imitate her example, she glided into the lodge. The prisoner was sitting near a smouldering fire, her hands and feet tightly bound with thongs of deerskin. She looked up with an exclamation of astonishment as Star-Light entered; but the latter placed the index finger of her left hand upon her lips, and with the other pointed significantly towards the place where the warriors were sleeping.

The instant that Rosalthe caught a glimpse of the sorrowful face that was turned towards her, she sprang forward and embraced the doomed maiden, exclaiming:

"Fanny Harrod!"

The captive uttered no words of recognition, but gazed at Rosalthe in mute surprise.

"*Mimmo Monedo!*" said Star-Light, in a suppressed but energetic manner. "What are you doing? Is this a time to embrace and weep? Come away, White-Cloud; the Drooping-Lily does not know you."

Star-Light grasped Rosalthe by the arm and drew her away from the captive; with a knife she then severed the thongs that bound her limbs, and bade her stand up. This done, raising her hand warningly, she stepped to the door and looked for a moment at the warriors before it. Satisfied, evidently, with the result of her examination, she returned, took Fanny Harrod by the hand, and led her from the lodge.

The parties stood in the open air, and beneath the light of an unclouded moon. The face of Miss Harrod was deadly pale; her limbs trembled with agitation, and her heart beat fast with expectation and fear. She turned her marble visage imploringly towards Star-Light, or threw wild and wondering glances at Rosalthe.

The Cherokee girl paused but a moment, and then moved away from the spot, supporting the trembling form of Fanny Harrod. They had proceeded perhaps a dozen yards, when a majestic figure darkened their path, and the face of Otter-Lifter was looking calmly upon them. Miss Harrod uttered a faint cry, and fell fainting into the arms of Star-Light.

[SEE ENGRAVING, PAGE 68.]

CHAPTER X.

LE BLAND'S ESCAPE FROM THE FORT.

JOEL LOGSTON reached Boonesborough much exhausted from loss of blood; but he was not so weak as to be unable to give a very extraordinary account of what had transpired. His vocal organs were in suitable order to relate the manner in which six of his enemies attacked him upon the right, while nine more were advancing upon the left, three in front and heaven knows how many in the rear, because he had no eyes in the hinder portion of his head; therefore he could not be expected to know.

One thing was certain; Joel gave living evidence that he had triumphed over his assailants; for his own return was proof positive. The woodsman did not forget to render proper praise to that intrepid animal called Vesuvius; but he believed that he could safely affirm that he had snuffed on warm Indian, of his own slaying.

Leaving the redoubtable veteran of the forest to have his wounds dressed, and to refresh his energies by sleep, we turn to Le Bland, whom we shall find safely shut up in one of the block-houses.

The restraint which had been imposed upon the Frenchman's actions, proved by no means agreeable. He felt that he was in danger, and that many of his plans were likely to fail.

His solicitude for his personal safety was blended with the utmost indignation. He attributed all his present difficulties to young Norwood, and

firmly resolved to be fully revenged upon him. He paced the rough floor of the block-house till near midnight, devising plans of escape and retaliation.

The pioneers were in their cabins, and the Frenchman was the sole occupant of the structure. The door which opened into the enclosure was guarded by Andrew, who was soon to be relieved by Exquisite Ebony. That it would be possible to corrupt the simple black, and escape, was an idea that naturally enough crept into the mind of Le Bland. The result of this conception was the following conversation between the parties:

"Andrew?" said the Frenchman, in a low voice, putting his mouth to a loop-hole.

The honest African was somewhat comatose at that time; but the sound instantly aroused him, and caused him to look about in alarm.

Le Bland repeated the name.

"Am dat you a spokin'?" said Andrew.

The prisoner answered in the affirmative without delay.

"Don't dress yerself to me," returned Andrew, with some loftiness of manner.

"And why not, Monsieur Andrew?" asked Le Bland, suppressing his rage.

"Kase circumstances am berry changed since morning; I occupies a different station in s'ciety."

The Frenchman gnashed his teeth with anger, and wished, for the moment, above all other things, for the privilege of wringing the negro's neck.

"But, my good Andrew, this misfortune of mine should not interrupt our friendship," added the prisoner, in a deprecating tone.

"Dis chile am berry fatigued, and doesn't want to hear no low remarks," said Andrew, yawning.

Le Bland was on the point of giving utterance to some very bad language, but managed to restrain himself by a monstrous effort.

"Come, Monsieur Andrew, don't be hard on a person who has been unfortunate," he added.

"Stop dat talkin', dar; I'm gwine to decompose some poetry," returned Andrew.

"Le Diable!" exclaimed the prisoner, whose patience was nearly exhausted.

"What will rhyme wid 'skies,' you French feller, in dar?" asked Andrew, after a short silence.

"Eyes," replied Le Bland, thinking that perhaps it would be better to humor his mood.

"Dar fast line am dis," resumed the negro:—

"Dar moonam sailin' in de skies."

"But can't compare wid Dinah's eyes," added Le Bland.

"Dat am berry good," quoth Andrew, much pleased with the lines.

"Mon Dieu!" cried Le Bland. "You are a poet; you have drank of the waters of Castalia."

"I never takes nuffin stronger nor *egger fortis* and whiskey," replied the African.

"Listen," continued the Frenchman; "I'll assist you to compose some lines to Dinah's eyes, if you'll just let me out of this ridiculous place.—Poetry is the sure road to the female heart."

"You'd better decompose suffin for Missy Alston! heah! heah!" retorted Andrew, with a loud guffaw.

"The foul fiend fly away with this stupid nigger!" said the prisoner to himself, "I can do nothing with him."

"Andrew, you are a poet and a man of feeling," resumed Le Bland.

"Ye-e-s, I know dat," said the negro, highly gratified by the compliment to his head and heart.

"The fact of the case is, that I am vilely slandered and villainously traduced. It is necessary, in order to vindicate my character, that I should immediately escape from this block-house. Now it seems to me, that a man of your sensibility must pity me, more especially when I assure you that I will give you a handsome sum of money for your services."

"Money!" exclaimed Andrew, eagerly.

"Yes, Andrew; good, hard, silver pieces."

"Dat alters de circumstance. Poke out der money frew der hole," responded Andrew, readily.

"But how shall I get out?" inquired the Frenchman, who could not see how he was to be greatly benefited by the operation which the black had modestly suggested.

"The best way you ken; you can't come frew de door," was the rejoinder.

"Get me an axe, then, and let me cut my way out."

"How much money?" asked Andrew.

"Three silver dollars—more than you ever had in the course of your whole life, probably."

"Hand out de currency," said the negro.

"Well, the axe?"

"I'll tell you whar to find one," said Andrew.

"There's one here, then?"

"Yes, massy; but you can't find it, 'less I tell you."

After a few moments of reflection, Le Bland was about to pass out the money, when he heard the voice of Ebony without; but this did not discourage him, for he believed that the African would be disposed to sympathize with his master, and so be inclined to favor his escape.

Accordingly the prisoner did not hesitate to state the proposition which he had made to Andrew. The matter was discussed in low voices by the two worthies; and they finally concluded that for an additional dollar, they would be completely justified in disclosing the place where the axe was secreted in the block-house.

Should the Frenchman be fortunate enough to free himself by the aid of that implement, Andrew and his friend supposed that they could not be very deeply implicated in the affair, for the discovery of the axe would appear more the result of accident than any connivance on their part.

So the stipulated sum was duly transferred (through one of the port-holes pierced in the walls) to the hands of the negroes, and the promised information given.

But here a new difficulty presented itself; would not the sound of his blows alarm all the sleepers in Boonesborough? If they heard the noise, would they be likely to suspect the true cause of the disturbance? The experiment was at least worth trying, and he resolved to risk it.

After considerable searching, aided by the faint light shining in at the loopholes, and by the sense of touch, he discovered a place where his operations promised to be most successful. But the first blow resounded so loudly through the empty structure, and among the adjacent cabins, that he threw down the implement in despair.

"Stop dat noise dar!" cried Andrew, authoritatively. "Massa Boone's down by de gate."

"I must abandon the attempt," said Le Bland, thoughtfully, for a new and more feasible plan had suggested itself to his mind.

"You may keep the money, Andrew, and say nothing about what has taken place."

"De best ting you can do! I knew you could not do nuffin in dat line," replied Andrew; and wishing the prisoner good night, he walked away with the silver safely deposited in his pocket, singing in the happiest possible frame of mind; for he had made some brilliant additional improvements to his poetical tribute to Dinah's optics.

"De nightingales war singing loud,
De moon was walking frew de cloud," etc.

The moment Andrew's voice had ceased to be heard, Le Bland hastened to sound Ebony's feelings in regard to his imprisonment, and to ascertain so far as he was able, whether he could reasonably expect any immediate assistance from Mr. Alston.

The result was satisfactory; he soon discovered that Exquisite Ebony had received his instructions, and was ready to favor his escape, providing that it could be so adroitly managed that he could not well be suspected of having any direct agency in the same.

While a low conversation was going on between the Frenchman and the negro, Mr. Alston himself, cautiously approached the block-house.

"Here's Massa Alston," said Ebony.

"Yes, I am here, my friend," said the person referred to. "How do you find yourself?"

"I find myself a prisoner and very poorly treated," replied Le Bland, rather haughtily.

"Yon speak truly; but you are aware that no efforts of mine were wanting to protect you from this indignity?" asked Alston.

"I freely admit you spoke in my favor; but is speaking all that friendship demands in such a case as this? Is not action also required?" asked Le Bland.

"I am ready to work with you heart and hand; but what can I do? When and where shall my services begin?"

"Free me from this disgraceful thraldom. Let me not be pent up here, while every moment seems an age to me, and while I appear to hear each instant the despairing cries of Rosalthe; and for my apparently unpardonable tardiness to meet her reproving glances. I am ready to pluck out my beard with vexation; my impatience to serve and save the best of women, drives me to the confines of madness. And yet you come

and say, 'I am your friend; I spoke in your behalf.' Thrice accursed are these unyielding walls! they hold me from action when it is most needed. Perhaps it is already too late; the pile may be lighted—the figots even now blazing in the flames mounting to the skies."

"Hold! for the love of God!" exclaimed Mr. Alston. "Your words torture me beyond endurance. The shrieks of my idolized girl are in my ears—her agonies penetrate my soul."

"Is it not so with me, also? Am I not a lover? Is not Rosalthe the being of my idolatry? Who talks of grief? Who complains of sorrow?" returned Le Bland, with impassioned earnestness.

Mr. Alston was deeply affected, and although he had done all in his power to prevent his friend's imprisonment, he really began to feel that he had done little or nothing. Here was an excellent gentleman who was deeply enamored of his daughter. His daughter had been stolen away by savages, and the anxious lover was prevented from flying to the rescue by an unjust imprisonment. Was it strange that he resented the injustice which had rendered him inactive, while the object of his adoration was in deadly peril? No; all this was natural. Any man similarly situated would have exhibited the same impatience—the same burning solicitude—the same feverish longing to be at large.

Mr. Alston was subdued. All resistance to the plans and purposes of the wily Frenchman was gone. He stood outside the block-house, looking more like a condemned and guilty person than did the individual within. He was ready to pronounce judgment against himself. He reflected upon the gigantic schemes which had danced through his brain, teeming with visions of unbounded wealth. Should all those grand speculations be allowed to fail? Should he shamefully desert the man who had raised up the golden fabric? The answer came to him in a powerful *no*—not for a moment. He would stand by him through slander and detraction, through imprisonment and danger.

"My excellent Le Bland, what shall I do?" he asked, at length.

"You ask me what you shall do? Do what your better nature is bidding you at this moment. Do what love for your child, and love for common justice demands. Demolish these walls! open the door! give me liberty! give me the free air! This restraint will make me frantic. To breathe this air another moment will suffocate me. I am, while here, like the poor fish transferred from its loved element to dry land. I gasp—I struggle with my fate like it. Make haste, then, to relieve me. Consalt not cold and selfish prudence; think not of false fears; of professed friends, and the falsehoods of concealed enemies. Act, and act quickly. Your friend demands it; your daughter invokes it."

"Before Heaven!" cried Alston, "I will comply with your request, let the consequences be what they may. My doubts (if I ever entertained a single doubt) vanish; I give them to the winds. When I hear your tones, I hear only the voice of sincerity and truth; I feel that there is no hypocrisy within you, let others cry out as they will. Now I am ready to serve you."

"Is Captain Boone still walking about within the works?" asked Le Bland.

"No; he concluded his observations and returned to his cabin a few moments since," replied Mr. Alston.

"That is well; now I must contrive to escape without implicating you."

"Generous friend!" said Alston, pleased to behold so much ingenuousness.

"Let Ebony mount to the roof," continued the Frenchman, "and remove, with my co-operation, a sufficient portion of the same to allow me a comfortable egress. Once upon the top of the block-house, I will drop down upon the outside, and the object will be accomplished."

"The plan is judicious and practical," remarked Mr. Alston. "Ebony, get suitable implements and climb up and open an aperture of the proper dimensions; but work softly, and throw yourself down flat upon the roof, if any one appears."

Ebony made haste to obey these commands, and in a short time he was industriously at work on the top of the block-house, while the Frenchman gave directions and assisted him from the interior. The work progressed successfully; the timbers were displaced by means of a lever. The Frenchman emerged from the opening, and the implements which had been employed were so placed as to convey the idea that all had been effected from the inside.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MOTHER CARY'S CHICKEN.

The history of this bird of the ocean has as yet been but partially discovered. The manner of their multiplying, and the places chosen for brooding their eggs, has been a matter of some considerable speculation, and even now is not precisely determined. Some have imagined that they deposit their eggs in the ocean, where they remain for a long time before the germ, included within, assumes activity. Others are of opinion that they commit them to the floating drift-stuff, give them no care afterwards, and, in due time, the young break their brittle bondage, and soon possess all the powers that nature has allotted them. It is probable, as they are found in vast numbers on the coasts and shores of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, that they deposit them in the shelves and crevices of the rocks, with which this country abounds, choosing situations that are remote, and to which man nor beast never wended their way. We have been told that during the whole year these birds are to be found over the waters of this region, notwithstanding the severity of the winters that are experienced, and are rarely seen south of the equinoctial line. There are two species of this tribe; one nearly the size of our robin, and nearly black, which is called by the sailor the "Stormy Petrel." The other is smaller and has more white, and is called "Mother Cary's Chicken." These terms are proverbial, and have long been existing among the seamen. Petrel is applied to them from the circumstance that they walk on the water, as did St. Peter of olden time. Mother Cary was a personage, who, it was supposed, possessed supernatural powers, and who often engaged in arousing the tempestuous elements. As ambassadors to warn the sons of Neptune of an approaching storm, the petrel was employed. Hence the name—Mother Cary's Chickens. When they are seen flitting near a vessel, it is considered ominous, and many a hardy tar, who has gained experience by the many months he has spent on the ocean, has been heard to remark: "We shall have a tough time on't soon." Of the numerous aquatic birds, there are none that are viewed with more interest, by the ocean traveller, than these. They seldom or never are known to alight voluntarily, either on the water, or on land. It is presumed, by some, were they to alight on the latter, they would not be able to rise, and it is verified by the fact that often, during a dark night and severe storm, they are thrown on a vessel's deck, where they are obliged to remain. It is said by a sailor that they are the servants of an evil one, and have no home nor abiding place.—*History of Birds.*

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

The Stoics, who thought the souls of wise men had their habitations about the moon, might make slight account of subterranean depositions, whereas the Pythagoreans and transcorporate philosophers, who were to be after-buried, held great care of their interment, and the Platonic rejected not a due care of the grave, though they put their ashes to unreasonable expectations,

in the tedious term of return and long-set revolution. That the ancients kindled the pyre aversely, or, turning from it, was a handsome symptom of unwilling ministrations; that they washed their bones with wine and milk; that the mother wrapped them in linen and dried them in her bosom, the first fostering part and place of their nourishment; that they opened their eyes towards heaven before they kindled the fire at the place of their hopes or original, were no improper ceremonies. Their last valediction, thrice uttered by the attendants, was also very solemn, and somewhat answered by Christians, who thought it too little if they threw not the earth thrice over the body as they committed it to the grave.—*Sir T. Browne.*



"They had proceeded perhaps a dozen yards, when a majestic figure darkened their path, and the face of Otter Lifer was looking calmly upon them. Miss Harrod uttered a faint cry, and fell fainting into the arms of Star-Light."

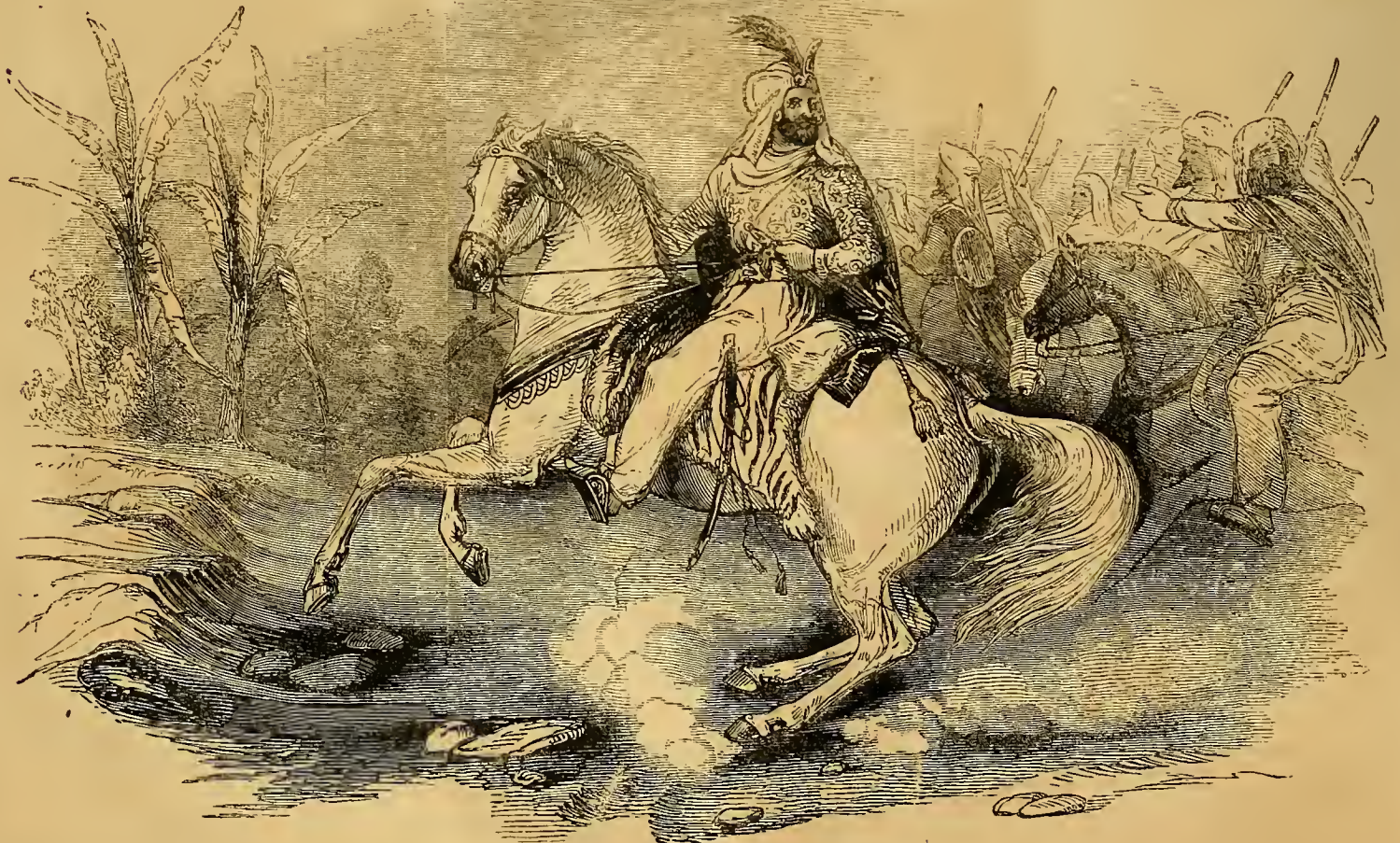
SCENE FROM ROSALIND, OR THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY. [See page 67.]

ADVANCE OF THE SIKHS.

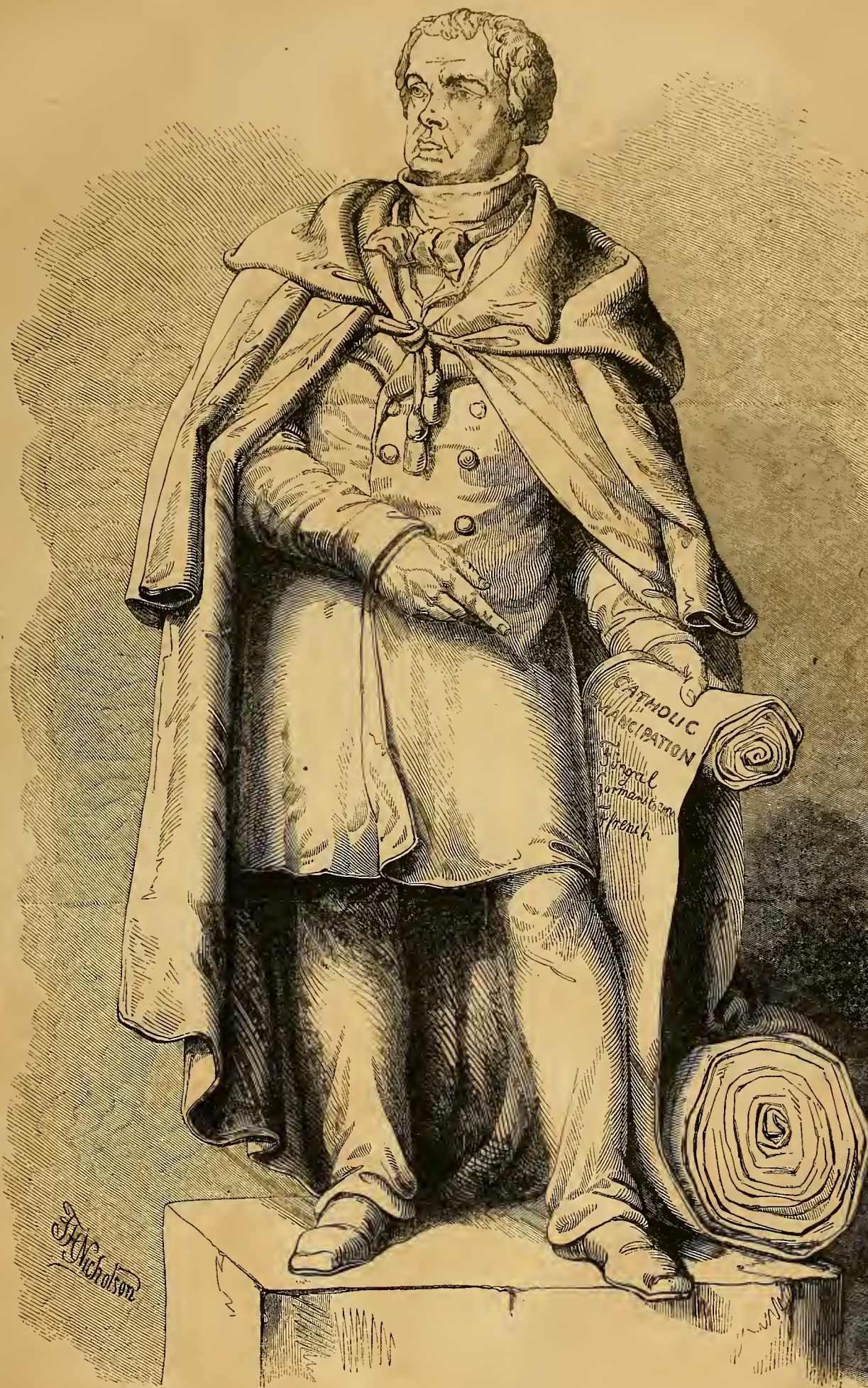
The cruelty of the British in India has passed into a proverb. They have not only taken possession and occupied the country of the natives, but have from time to time carried on a war of extermination upon the rightful owners of the land, after the most bloody and approved style of English butchery. The fine engraving which we represent below is a view of the Sikhs as they appeared advancing upon the territory already occupied by the English. They present, we are told by travellers, a superb appearance as cavalry, and are so expert as horsemen as to appear to be literally a part of the noble animals they beset so gracefully. On the particular occasion here represented, the English drove back the native force with great slaughter, but not until they had themselves suffered severely. In manœuvring, or on the march, or in speed, the Sikhs cavalry are superior to the English; but they cannot withstand the charge of the heavy troopers with their large, burly dragon horses, bred for heavy work. England is terribly sensitive about the possibility of this country and Cuba becoming united. They talk about our insatiable desire for territory and annexation, and at the same time, for these very ends, she is supporting a large army in India, and murdering, by battalions, the poor, inoffensive natives. "O, consistency, thou art a jewel!" Could anything be more graceful and classic than the Sikh costume as seen on the leader's person in the foreground of our engraving? The whole figure, horse and rider, is a model of great beauty and fine execution. These people from earliest childhood are accustomed to the saddle, and grow up as familiar with the noble animal upon which they so much depend, as they are with the various members of their own household. As horsemen, the Sikhs are not excelled by any people.

CONVERTED INDIAN.

"I understand," said John Sanday, the converted Indian chief, to a congregation he was called upon to address at Plymouth, in the year 1837, "that many of you are disappointed because I have not brought my Indian dress with me. Do you wish to know how I dressed when I was a Pagan Indian? I will tell you. My face was all covered with red paint. I stuck feathers in my hair. I wore blankets and leggings. I had silver ornaments on my breast, a rifle on my shoulder, a tomahawk and scalping-knife in my belt. That was my dress then. Now do you wish to know why I wear it no longer? You will find the cause in 2 Corinthians, 5: 17.—Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are done away, behold all things are become new. When I became a Christian, feathers and paint 'done away.' Scalping-knife 'done away,' tomahawk 'done away.' That is my tomahawk now," said he, holding up a copy of the Ten Commandments in the Ojibway language. "Behold," he exclaimed, in a manner in which simplicity and dignity of character were combined, "Behold all things are now new!"—*Alder's Wesleyan Missions.*



REPRESENTATION OF THE ADVANCE OF THE SIKHS UPON THE BRITISH TERRITORY.



A FINE LIKENESS OF THE LATE DANIEL O'CONNELL, AS HE APPEARED PLEADING THE CAUSE OF CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

THE STATUETTE OF O'CONNELL.

Irishmen revere O'Connell much as Americans do the memory of Washington, and doubtless he was a good and pure statesman, and a faithful son of Erin. As an orator, he possessed immense power over the minds of men, and as a sound and philosophical reasoner, he had few equals. We present this picture to our readers with great pleasure, because it is so perfect in execution, so fine in the design, and so admirable in expression. It represents the subject in his days of strength, as he appeared pleading the

great cause of Catholic emancipation. It is drawn from the statuette of Count D'Orsay. This noble work, which possesses all the breadth and effect of a colossal statue, has been pronounced upon, by artists as well as connoisseurs, to be the greatest effort of sculpture that has been produced for many years in a similar style. Whether it be regarded as a moral or physical likeness of the man, it is equally correct, equally great; the attitude is firm, determined and imposing; the countenance, full of grandeur and defiance, inimitably expressed; and the whole figure looks inspired

by the religious subject he has in hand—literally as well as figuratively,—for he grasps the prodigious scroll on which is engraved the names of the earliest subscribers to Catholic emancipation. We cannot but notice the rare skill with which Count D'Orsay has treated the costume, making the stiff and ungraceful attire of the present day assume, without affectation or straining after effect, all the grandeur of an apostolic composition, by the manner in which the drapery of the cloak is arranged,—a difficulty which has been most happily overcome by the good taste of the artist.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE OCEAN'S TREASURES.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

Far down in the rayless ocean,
Whose caverns are filled with death,
Where the sluggish waves are slimy and cold
With the sea-snake's poison-breath;
Where blackened storm-wrecks lie—
The fearful shapes of doom—
And hopes that soared on high
Are sepulchred in gloom;
There are pale corpses sleeping—
Above them none are weeping—
None know their tomb.

Sweet eyes that have laughed in gladness,
In the pleasant hours down,
Young hearts that were strangers to sadness,
All left in the deep alone;
And forms, all powerless now,
That once the storm defied—
That gather nevermore
About the ingleside;
Broad waves above them sweep,
Yet dreamless is the sleep
Upon those brows of pride.

There are gems through the darkness blazing,
There is wealth from Indian lands;
There are pearls from a monarch's treasure,
Gleaming out from the ocean sands;
In glittering spoils around see,
That the living may not see,
Rewarding man's vain care
With ceaseless mockery,
While through these midnight cells,
A solemn dirge there swells,
From many a voice that dwells
Under the sea.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HASTY MARRIAGES.

BY REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

I HAVE never felt anything but pain at hasty marriages. Where parties have seen but little of one another—where there modes of education have been widely different—where domestic habits have been as opposed as those of Paris and New Hampshire—it would be a wonder, indeed, if all the expectations of wedded bliss were realized. The only safeguard for such cases is the spirit of adaptation, especially on the woman's side—the disposition to concede, the willingness to yield even well-grounded preferences, the determination to meet more than half way our partner's likes and dislikes, the readiness to sacrifice everything except conscience, and that higher obligation which bound us with an adamantine chain at our very birth. I say, this sacred duty applies commonly with greatest force to the female, because her nature is more pliable, her tastes more easily moulded, her habits less tenaciously held; and I must add, to her honor, her spirit of self-conquest far more developed. There is almost always more selfishness about a man's idea of marriage than a woman's; he wants some one to make him happy, to adorn, enliven, comfort, care for his home, to spread a neat table for his noonday meal, and keep a clean chimney corner for his evening lounge. Very few would marry—as a female friend of mine lately did—saying to her husband, “had my limb been mangled instead of yours, nothing would have tempted me to wedlock, because my mother could have taken care of me; but you have no one to be your nurse, and I am glad to do good.” I have known one blind woman in Connecticut married after she had become hopelessly, utterly deprived of sight, by one who cared for her with the utmost assiduity, and whose home was a scene of humble happiness, over which angels might rejoice.

But, ordinarily, men think they have hardship enough out of doors to desire to make any sacrifice within. Their tempers are so sorely tried on change, their frames so oppressed with labor at shop or store, their minds so tasked by the perplexities of business or the cares of a profession, that they seek rest at the fireside. They want recreation, not farther discipline; they dread another contest for power or advantage; they look for a soothing spirit, a sympathizing heart, a “ministering angel”—not a competitor, a critic, a disputant, or a judge. The reason why so few marriages are entirely happy is, that ladies spend their time in spinning nets, not making cages; in cultivating accomplishments that will attract notice; not the disposition that rewards affection, satisfies the yearning for repose, deepens trust and elevates intercourse; in being brilliant in the drawing-room and admired of all beholders at the ball—a meteoric splendor, rather than that soft, moonlike radiance, which floods the heart that basks in its blessedness. It is not the handsomest, nor the most elegant—the wittiest, nor the most intellectual—the scholarly, nor the artistic lady, who makes the happiest wife. Many such have I known only to pity, because it was too late for them to learn how to wreathe the fireside with gladness. They had been educated to be admired; how could they be expected to lose themselves in promoting another's comfort? They had made it their one thought to shine; and it seems hard for them to be eclipsed in another's orbit of motion. They had fancied in home a stand-point from which to act upon a still larger circle; they are disappointed to find, in even a loving husband, one who desires to centre upon himself those attractions which so many envy, and those graces which have won a praise deeper than flattery, and more precious than gold.

American marriages are commonly too hasty. Suddenly con-

ceived, rapidly executed, they are sometimes repented of when it is too late, and even wondered at by those who, before the irrevocable vow was breathed, despised warning. Mar Yohannan, the Nestorian bishop, was thunderstruck by the speed with which so eventful a matter was transacted. “What,” said the wise old man, “do you marry by railroad, too?”

One cold winter's night, a couple called at the door of an aged clergyman in Brooklyn, New York, and, arousing him from his sweetest slumbers, informed his doctorship that they had just made up their minds to matrimony, and that the service must be performed without delay. As the Empire State provides for no delay in such cases, and as justices of the peace despatch, without ceremony, what all the sanctions of religion ought to be invoked to hallow, my friend could not well decline; neither did he feel interest enough in the strange applicants to leave his comfortable quarters, disturb his household and detain the parties till he could be suitably dressed. So he bade them stand upon the door-stone and take each other by the hand; and there, without really seeing the parties or having any opportunity to judge of their fitness, he pledged them to each other “for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, till death should them part.” With a closing charge to tuck the fee under the door, my friend gave himself back, with a feeling of relief, to his disturbed couch, and thought no more of the affair, until at breakfast the servant inquired if he had dropped a three-dollar bill in the hall, and then the thought flashed upon him that it was something more than a dream, and that he had really been an accomplice in a good or evil deed, whose issue time itself could not limit.

One Monday morning—I remember as if it were but yesterday—a young man came into my parlor and desired me to officiate at his wedding that night. He was plainly a mechanic; and his ruddy beauty, like that of David, his clear eyes, his manly tones, his open look interested me exceedingly. The usual questions seemed the merest form. He answered me that the engagement had lasted through two years, had received the sanction of the bride's parents, his own not being alive, that he had an excellent job of work, and was perfectly able to support another person as prudent as himself. I was, of course, delighted, and told him that the prospect of his happiness made me happy, and that I was obliged to him for this mark of esteem.

The night proved exceedingly dark; and the street where the service was appointed, unexpectedly dangerous, because it had recently been graded, and was full of all manner of obstructions. So that, feeling my way slowly along, I was ashamed to find the hour considerably past before the right number greeted my eye upon the street-door of a modest, two-story house. My flutter of feeling at my own tardiness prevented me from scrutinizing the relation of the different parties gathered in the humble apartment, and it was not until the two had become one by the laws of God and the land, that I discovered a weight pressing upon the spirits of the bride, and checking the joy that I expected would gush out at the union of such youthful, innocent and tenderly-loving hearts. A few trembling answers from the lady startled me. I had unwittingly done a deed from which there was no retreat. It was a runaway affair, and the parties intended to return to the house—where one was a boarder and the other the eldest daughter—as if nothing had happened, and trust it to time and Providence to make a happy disclosure of their secret vows. But to this, no entreaties of theirs could win my consent. I was determined not to countenance any further the deceit practised upon the lady's parents; and, as the tender-hearted girl did not dare to face her injured mother and meet the storm of her wrath, I took the young men with me, and endeavored to prepare myself for anything that might come.

The mother evidently was the man of the family. She received me in her night-dress, and hardly waited for my preliminary address, setting forth that I had innocently and unintentionally become the accomplice of a wrong upon herself—that the laws of the State left the clergyman no convenient excuse for declining such an office—that to refuse one's professional instance was only to hand the case over to any petty magistrate, who would deprive the act of all its solemnity and the bond of all its sanction. I had not proceeded far before the vials of wrath were broken over our heads: “Ah!” cried the old woman, “William, you wretch, you've stolen my daughter, and now she will have to starve!” “Never,” said he, “while there is bone left in my hands.” “Villain,” said she, “never darken my doors again!” “But,” said I, “is this Christian? You are a member of a church—have you never heard of forgiveness?” “Ah!” was the reply, “this is too great a crime to be pardoned!” “But was not Peter told to forgive till seventy times seven, that is continually? And did not our Master himself forgive those who asked for mercy, his murderers?” This seemed to pacify her a little. “And then,” I added, “if you wish to do your daughter any good, if you wish to save her from any future suffering, you must be kind to her, and not cast away a suppliant from your threshold.” But still the struggle went on, and for nearly an hour I plead with the stubborn woman, and could only imagine that I caught glimpses of light behind the black cloud of her unnatural wrath. At last, as we were about to end the apparently fruitless interview, the husband put in his word as an echo: “Yes, William, never let us see your face again.” Then the mother's heart got the better of the mother's pride, and she exclaimed: “Don't say so; 'tis my daughter.” Those words gave me hope; I felt that with a little quiet for reflection, her woman's nature would dispose her to forgiveness, and I had seen too much of the daughter, to doubt that she would plead for it as for life. So, with all sorts of counsels and encouragement to the young man, we parted with the promise of meeting again.

The next noon, when the husband went home from his carpen-

ter's bench, his wife had fled, but not beyond his reach. She went to a kind neighbor's house, and invited her mother to come and see her there. The old lady said: “No, but I shall be glad to welcome her home.” So, in a moment, they were in each other's arms, happier than if no trouble had ever come between them; and, when the young man found his wandering dove again, it was in a little house which was to be their own nest, and passing his arms around the affrighted dame, he gave her a hearty kiss, and with that sacred word, “mother,” dispelled the last shade which rested over his future happiness.

It seemed that the engagement had been originally sanctioned by the parents, but broken off through the interference of a good-for-nothing brother: and that the young man was subjected to frequent insults on her account, and obliged to see his promised bride degraded into a servant of all work in a boarding-house. I suspect that the daughter, who seemed to be the very soul of obedience, was over-persuaded into this bold step, her only chance of emancipation from a galling yoke; possibly she did not know of what was to take place until she met the little party at a friend's house on the wedding-eve. But, however it was, and whether I had any influence or no in soothing the mother's spirit, as long as I remained at the West it was a treat to me to witness the unalloyed happiness of this humble home, to know that in cases like theirs marriage was no lottery, and to believe that at this union Christ had blessed the waters of life into wine.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

GONE TO GOD.

BY MRS. SARAH W. BROOKS.

—The good die first,
But they whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
Burn to the socket!—Wordsworth.

She sleeps! with white hands folded
Like snowdrops, on her breast;
As once she lay at sunset,
In calm and rosy rest.

Yet now her gentle beauty
Is touched with hollower grace,
Eternity's calm sunshine
Hath settled on her face.

Then lay the damp mould lightly
Upon her forehead fair;
In summer time the daisies
Will bud and blossom there.

The soft south wind is sighing,
In autumn's crimson bowers,
For her, whose fairy footstep
Hath left us with the flowers.

Yet where immortal music
Is thrilling harp of gold,
Our snow-white lamb hath entered
The Saviour's upper fold.

There, in the throne's broad shadow,
The glad, immortal years
Shall bring her heart no sorrow,
Nor dim her eye with tears!

While in that land, whose beauty
Dawns faintly on her dreams,
She walks in shining raiment,
Beside the crystal streams;

Or, in the crimson sunset,
She leaveth from on high,
And changeth low and softly,
The anthems of the sky.

Then weep not that fair spirit,
Whose wing hath cleft the air,
And made a golden pathway
To lead its loved ones there!

BEAUTY OF JEWESSES.

It is related that Chateaubriand, on returning from his eastern travels, was asked if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men, when he gave the following one:—“Jewesses,” he said, “have escaped the curse which alighted upon their husbands, fathers and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God; scourged him, crowned him with thorns, and subjected him to infamy and the agony of the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Saviour, and assisted and soothed him under affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in vases of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ, on his part, extended mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother, Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman of adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary, brought him balm and spices; weeping, sought him at the sepulchre. ‘Woman, why weepest thou?’ His first appearance after the resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her ‘Mary!’ At the sound of his voice Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered ‘Master.’ The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of Jewesses.”—*Boston Journal*.

THE LUNGS.—On examination, the lungs will be found full of innumerable little holes, like a sponge. These holes are the cells into which the air enters when we breathe. So great is their number that they have been calculated to amount to 170,000, forming a surface 30 times greater than the human body. Every one of these cells is provided with a net work of blood vessels. By which means every portion of the blood is brought into immediate contact with the air. When this great amount is taken into consideration, we shall at once feel how necessary it is to supply pure air to the lungs with every breath we breathe.

Love is a weapon that will conquer men when all else fails.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

OUR DARLING.

BY GEORGE W. DUNAY.

When leaves were green and flowers were gay,
And fair spring wore her bridal wreath,
Our sweet roebuck was snatched away
From earth by the pale glimmer, death.
That bud, from earth so early riven,
Was planted in God's own parterre—
An angel bore it up to heaven,
And now it blooms in beauty there.

'T was when the cheerful sky-lark came,
'T was when the blithesome robin sang—
With golden beak and breast of flame,
As though it had a cherub's tongue—
Our darling dove was torn away
From breasts that heave with saddest sighs;
Our birdling left its mate in May,
And soared beyond the starry skies.

The snowy clouds, like ships at sea,
Were sailing through the deep above;
And lambs were sporting on the lea,
Emblems of innocence and love,
When the great Shepherd of the sheep—
The holy, just and great I AM,
Whose watchful eyelids never sleep—
Called to his fold our tender lamb.

We miss that dear and gentle one,
Now shining in the realms afar,
As heaven would miss the noonday sun,
Or evening miss the evening star.
Her form of beauty and of grace,
Her footsteps and her laugh we miss;
We miss her pleasant voice and face,
Her "good night" and her fond, sweet kiss.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HOTEL FLIRTATIONS.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

MR. BIBB was a widower of some seven years standing. He was a sincere mourner for the idol of his heart; but had every year graduated his weed according to the number of years that had elapsed since her decease. And now the strip of crape which encircled his white beaver, was of the width of a common ribbon,—a plain declaration that he was now in the market.

When, therefore, he heard of the uncommon charms, and shrewdness, and sagacious investment which Mrs. Beers had made,—how delightfully she had acquitted herself since her widowhood,—how retired and modest she had appeared before bachelors and other seekers, Mr. Bibb resolved to make her acquaintance, and, if possible, secure the prize. Katy Bibb, too, the only daughter, was not to be overlooked; for she was a wild, flighty child, and particularly needed the training of a mother. Therefore, after much serious consideration, and many wakeful nights of reflection, Mr. Bibb concluded to make his advances to the afore-said widow.

She was, at the present time, at a watering-place, surrounded by admirers, yet maintaining a dignified reserve, highly becoming such an exposed situation. Mr. Bibb and daughter were soon after registered among the arrivals at the hotel. The daily sheet which announced such events, was under Mrs. Beers's inspection. "Mr. Bibb and daughter,"—she read it aloud; she thought upon it; Bibb—Bibb, the manufacturer; a widower; reputed to be a man of good standing; somewhat of a politician; not much of a traveller; must be in pursuit of some rare acquisition, to take rooms at this hotel; always reputed to be parsimonious, yet registered here for a week, himself and daughter, at two dollars per day, cigars and et ceteras not included. Mrs. Beers could not make out the object of Mr. Bibb's visit.

Mrs. Beers was a great lover of fun; nothing amused her better than carrying out a dry joke. She had a fertile imagination, and so professing a most tender regard for the future happiness of the widower, soon after her introduction she completely diverted his attention from herself by the following stratagem. The wife of the physician who boarded at the same hotel, fully up to a piece of mischief, allowed herself to be introduced as a wealthy widow, who, for some years, had lived a secluded life, and, at length, during the present season, had yielded to the importunities of her brother, the physician, and once more found herself in the vortex of fashion, in the village of S—, and as such she was made acquainted with Mr. Bibb.

Our widower soon became forgetful of the first object of his search, and allowed himself to be led captive by the fame, wealth and vivacity of his new friend, the "widow" Burchell. All the boarders were, from this moment, entrusted with the secret, the husband himself adopting the cognomen of "sister" whenever he addressed his lawful wife. The courtship most rapidly progressed, as it is prone to do in lovers of this sort,—one made of artificial materials, the other of real affection.

The "widow" Burchell was invited to ride with Mr. Bibb; she accepted. She was requested to walk by moonlight; she did not refuse the offer. Meantime the boarders in the hotel were almost bursting in merriment; still they suffered the thing to progress. Mr. Bibb became the happiest of mortals; he now doffed his weed entirely; a jeweller was commissioned to engrave inside of a diamond ring, "O. A. B. to S. B.," which order was duly executed. Katy Bibb now put herself more immediately under her prospective step-mother's care. She was daily taught by her to sketch from nature, to arrange flowers according to the language of senti-

ment, and various other employments fitted to a young lady's peculiar taste. In the meantime, Mrs. Beers was playing her part behind the curtain, carrying on a rich flirtation for the widower. More than once had he expressed his thanks to her for her availing efforts to forward his cause; and she now became his most confidential adviser.

"Do not be too hasty, Mr. Bibb," was her frequent caution; "be sure there is no deception on the part of the lady; study her character well; and should she desire some little time for consideration, do not deem the request unreasonable."

But the widower's peace was involved in the issue. Those fertile acres, that woodbine cottage, the large flocks of sheep and grazing cattle upon a thousand hills, added undoubtedly to Mrs. Burchell's charms. And then she had a pensive way of addressing him. She would so frequently allude to her former husband, and her solemn determination at the time of his decease never again to marry; and then wondering at herself that she could ever again appear in such butterfly trappings; ending with a deep sigh, lest she never should find another husband like her first. The assurances and pledges of fidelity which followed from the widower, were a rich deposit in the ear of our spurious widow.

Finally, Mr. Bibb progressed so rapidly that he began to talk of naming the eventful day to consummate his happiness; when lo! the object of his affections began to hesitate, demur and even insinuate that he was welcome to her past attentions, but that her heart was firmly given to another. Mr. Burchell claimed his affianced wife, and the widower stood aghast in his chop-fallen glory!

Mrs. Beers, his confidential friend, now dreaded an interview. She had so plotted, aided and abetted the mischief, that she knew not what part to take, unless she replaced the affections she had thus scattered. The event became now truly exciting. Mrs. Beers had, for a long time, deliberated whether she could be induced to change her condition; and when such reflections began to teem in the brain, the conclusion may generally be calculated on the affirmative side.

Mr. Bibb was now satisfied of the adroit management of the lady in question, and so he wisely concluded her inventive genius would relieve him from a thousand difficulties which a want of foresight had occasioned him.

The tables were now turned, and Mrs. Beers succeeded Mrs. Burchell in a real courtship, which, in the space of three weeks from its commencement, resulted in a happy union; so that after all, Mr. Bibb has reason to bless the day he first met Mrs. Beers at the hotel in S—.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

JOY.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Down sinks the phantasm, gloom,
His features with broad horror overcast,
Into the yawning vortex of the past.
And from the mists that overhang his tomb
A beauteous shape arises clothed in light,
Upon my charmed sight.

How sweet the vision is!
Entranced, I gaze in wildest wonderment,
Until my eyes, with their deep gaze intent,
Pierce to the very soul this thing of bliss:
And as I gaze I wonder, too, to see
Such beauty come to me.

With her a light up-springs,
Dissolving sorrow's dark, usurping reign,
And healing all the sharp and bitter pain
I felt when wounded by those hideous things,
Grief, sorrow, doubt, dismay and dark despair,
Attacking everywhere.

Now heaven seems so near:
Inclining low my ear, I catch the stream
That soothed Æol, and calmed him from his pain;
And through the golden gates angels appear
Straying through endless intertwining bowers
Of everlasting flowers.

And, clothed in a new light,
All things move nobly with new energy.
Rising on eagle's wings the soul mounts high,
Until it views the confines of that bright
And fadeless rest it shall inhabit when
Earth calls it not again.

A THOUGHT.

I remember that Adam Smith and Gibbon had told us that there would never again be a destruction of civilization by barbarians. The flood, they said, would no more return to cover the earth; and they seemed to reason justly, for they compared the immense strength of the civilized part of the world with the weakness of that part which remained savage, and asked from whence were to come those Huns, and from whence were to come those Vandals, who were again to destroy civilization. Alas! it did not occur to them that, in the very heart of great capitals, in the very neighborhood of splendid palaces, and churches, and theatres, and libraries, and museums, vice, and ignorance, and misery might produce a race of Huns fiercer than those who marched under Attila, and Vandals more bent on destruction than those who followed Genghis.—Macaulay, in late oration at Edinburgh.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—An exchange says: "We are, indeed, a happy, elegant, moral, transcendent people. We have no masters, they are all principals; no shopmen, they are all assistants; no shops, they are all establishments; no servants, they are all 'helps'; no goalers, they are all governors; nobody is flogged in bed; nobody, he merely receives the correction of the house; nobody is ever unable to pay his debts, he is only unable to meet his engagements; nobody is angry, he is only excited; nobody is cross, he is only nervous; lastly, nobody is drunk—the very utmost you can assert is that 'he has taken his wine.'"

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE TRIUMPH OF THE WILL.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

We have parted—never, never
More to meet as we have met;
Thou, poor heart, must learn the lesson,
All thy worship to forget!
On another smiles are beaming
That were mine in days of yore;
And on all my early dreaming
Has been written—"Nevermore!"

Valiantly for his step I hearken
In the stillly eventide,
When the shadows fall and darken
In the silence far and wide!
And when star-lamps hung by angels
Set the night's cloud-stairs a-glow,
Nevermore his soul's evangel
To my voice keep ebb and flow!

Her dark eyes on him are beaming,
And her love is in his soul;
Heeds he not my blighted dreaming,
Heeds he not my weary dole—
But within, the God-life holy
Rises triumphant o'er ill,
Till my heart thrills to the glory
Of a firm, undaunted will!

By-and-by his voice will falter,
And his loving eye grow dim,
Knocking by affection's altar,
Where but ashes wait for him;
Then a spell shall come upon him
From the rainbow-tinted past,
Till he curse the wiles that won him
From his first love—and his last.

When with weary heart he's kneeling
Mid the darkness and the gloom,
Then will come my low voice stealing
In his ear like words of doom;
While within my heart out-shining,
Holy stars will kindly beam,
Sending joy-light to the shrinking
Of my future's sunny dream!

BANCROFT, THE HISTORIAN.

He was the son of one of the most distinguished Unitarian divines of the last half century. Brought up in an atmosphere of grave and humane catholicity, his constant lesson was the supremest liberty of moral investigation. At the age of seventeen, he went to Germany, and studied at Göttingen. While there, though a mere youth, he often preached to the quiet German congregations in the vicinity, in their native tongue. Pursuing his studies with ardor, and stirred by a singular intellectual restlessness, his mind darted through the fields of scholastic culture, living the sweets, quite ignorant of their future use. In Berlin, he became acquainted with Schleiermacher, Wolff and Savigny. He first saw Goethe in Jena. The old man was walking in his garden in the morning, clad with German carelessness, in heavy loose coat and trousers, without a waistcoat. He talked pleasantly many things as they strolled. Inquiring about Lord Byron, who was then at the height of his fame, he remarked, though without passion or ill-feeling, that the English poet had modelled his Manfred upon Faust. The young student afterward met Lord Byron in Italy, and visited him at his villa, near Leghorn. Byron denied the charge of Goethe about Manfred, and said that he had never read Faust. It was in the year 1821, while he was writing Don Juan. When his visitor rose to take leave, the poet took down a volume containing the last cantos he had then written of the poem, and wrote his name in them, as a remembrance "from Noel Byron." The career of the historian, after returning to this country, is a matter of public record.—*Home Journal*.

FEMALE HEROISM.

"One day," said Massena, "being at Buzenghen, I perceived a young soldier belonging to the Light Artillery, whose horse had just been wounded by a lance. The young man, who appeared quite a child, defended himself desperately, as several bodies of the enemy lying around him could testify. I immediately despatched an officer with some men to his assistance, but they arrived too late. Although this action had taken place on the borders of the wood, and in the front of the bridge, this artilleryman had alone withstood the attack of the small party of Cossacks and Bavarians, whom the officer and men I had despatched put to flight. His body was covered with wounds inflicted by shots, lances and swords. There were at least thirty. And do you know, madame, what the young man was?" said Massena, turning to me.

"A woman?"
"Yes, a woman, and a handsome woman, too! although she was so covered with blood that it was difficult to judge of her beauty. She had followed her lover to the army. The latter was a captain of artillery; she never left him; and, when he was killed, defended like a lioness the remains of him she loved. She was a native of Paris; her name was Louise Belletz, and she was the daughter of a fringe maker in the Rue de Petit Lion."—*Memoirs of the Duchess d'Angoulême*.

LITERARY BRILLIANCY.

Nevertheless, there are people in the world—and their name is still Legion—who shake their heads sagely at any succession of dazzling imagery, and who pronounce it valueless, only because it is brilliant. "It is all very fine," they will say; "but then, you see, it is too sparkling to possess any solidity." They will nod comfortably over some heavy matter, and then, awaking with an edifying start, proceed to state, in tones of the most convincing and persuasive earnestness, their conviction of its soundness and general excellency. But, somehow, we have yet to learn that a lump of lead is beyond all price because it is weighty, while a bar of gold is to be held as a thing of no value because it glitters.—*Tait's Magazine*.

If the world were intended for a house of mourning, every flower would be painted black; every bird would be a crow or blackbird; everybody would be born a negro; the ocean would be one vast ink pot—a black veil would be drawn over the face of heaven, and an everlasting string of crape hung around the borders of creation.



VIEW OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

AMERICAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.



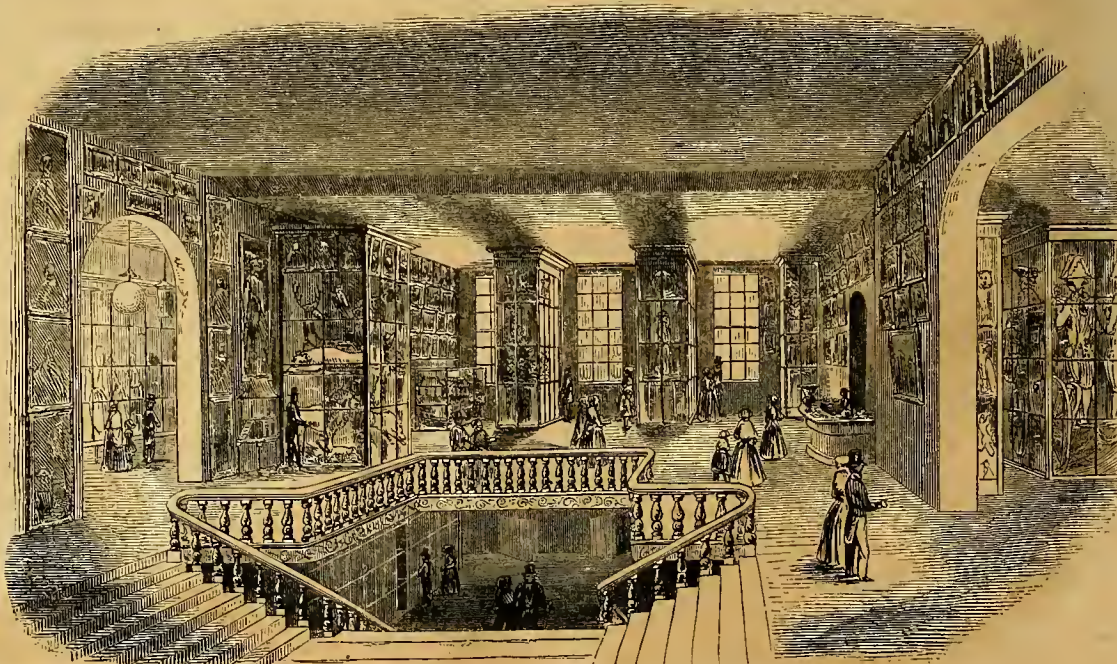
ENTRANCE VIEW OF THE MUSEUM.

Among the many prominent public buildings which grace the principal thoroughfare of New York, and which present themselves to the eye of the artist for illustration in a journal like our own, there are none which offer stronger claims than that of which we have above an exceedingly fine representation. Located at the confluence of the two great thoroughfares of the city, it is an object of great attraction, from the flags, transparencies and paintings with which its exterior is decorated. On gala days, or other occasions of public interest, it bears off the palm by the number and beauty of its decorations; its location affording the finest possible opportunity for display.—The American Museum owes its foundation to Mr. John Scudder, who, as long ago as 1810, purchased the stock of a museum which was exhibited in one of the obscure streets of the metropolis, and by judicious additions thereto, made it a source of attraction and interest, not only to the mere seeker after amusement, but to the scientific and enlightened *savant*. Mr. Scudder's idea was the formation of a national cabinet similar to the British Museum, and he devoted the best years of his life to the pursuit of this object. In his hands it secured the attention of the city government, and a series of rooms was

devoted to it in the west end of the new city hall buildings, which are occupied at the present time by the court-rooms, etc., etc. From thence he removed it to the very fine and commodious location it now oc-

cupies, where it began to repay him for the time and labor spent in bringing it to its then state of perfection. In his hands, and those of his heirs, it remained until about the year 1840, when a company, who had in 1838 procured a charter from the State Legislature, under the name of the "New York Museum Company," negotiated for its purchase. This company had purchased the other museum, located near the corner of Murray street in Broadway, and known as Peale's New York Museum. Their intention was, also, to form a national museum on the plan of those of foreign countries. Their negotiations were not, however, pursued with proper energy and despatch, and while they were procrastinating, Mr. Barnum, its present proprietor, purchased the American Museum of the heirs of Scudder. Thus was the glorious

opportunity lost to the Museum Company, and their enterprise fell through. In the hands of the present proprietor, the American became the sole source of attraction in the way of museums, and Mr. Peale, who had long buried his youthful energies, and who, although he endeavored for a time to maintain a spirited competition with his more youthful opponent, was obliged, at length, to succumb. His museum was sold, and Barnum was the purchaser. Thus was it left to him to carry out the idea, original with Scudder, and adopted by the New York Museum Company, of a national museum, which should be an honor to our country, and a credit to its projectors. To him, therefore, and to him alone, belongs the credit and the praise of success in an undertaking which had baffled the earnest and continued endeavors of Scudder,



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE FIRST GRAND HALL OF THE MUSEUM.

and the united efforts of some of the first men of the day. It is no unmerited praise to say of Mr. Barnum that the energy of character and determination of purpose displayed in his course, since he first became the proprietor of this great collection, has seldom if ever been equalled. A better specimen of the true Yankee does not exist, and in saying that, we yield the greatest meed of praise. Finding that his new purchase had cramped him for room, to display properly his immense cabinet, and desirous of carrying out the intentions of the New York Museum Company—which were to purchase the entire block bounded by Broadway, Fulton, Nassau and Ann streets, and to erect thereon a large and commodious building—he purchased the building adjoining on Broadway, known as, and occupied by, the Chemical Bank, and endeavored to purchase the remaining tenements, on Ann street, as well as those upon Broadway. In these endeavors he was unsuccessful, and he was obliged to be content with what he had obtained. He made such improvements, however, in the arrange-

ments of persons. Our series of engravings give first, an extensive view of this great hall of natural and artificial wonders, and beneath, a view of the tasty and ornamental entrance. At the bottom of the page is an interior view, representing the first grand hall, opening on the right and left into two others of equal size. In this room is exhibited a portion of the immense Chinese collection, the group of "The Suliote Conspiracy," which we have engraved, and a portion of



A VIEW OF THE "SULIOTE CONSPIRACY."

ments of the hulls; by adding a new and magnificent lecture-room; by opening a new and commodious entrance, etc., etc., that he was enabled, not only to exhibit his entire collection in its most attractive phases, but to accommodate the immense crowds which now began to be found within its walls. About this time he purchased and added to his already immense cabinet of curiosities, the entire Chinese Museum, which had been exhibited in the cities of New York and Philadelphia, and which forms in itself one of the most attractive collections ever before exhibited to the public. These extensive additions, in connection with those which he has been constantly adding by smaller lots, within the ten years he has had charge of the museum, form, in the aggregate, one of the largest and best arranged collections in the known world. We know that the name of Barnum and humming are synonymous, but dropping the Feejee mermaid, Joyce Heth, and others of that ilk, we cannot but give him the credit of offering the most pleasing and attractive place of public amusement on this continent. Indeed, on a visit recently, we spent between three and four hours in viewing the attractions in two rooms only of this immense establishment, and left with the most pleasing impressions. Somewhat may be judged of its popularity from the fact that it has been visited within the last nine years by upwards of six mil-

lions of persons. Our series of engravings give first, an extensive view of this great hall of natural and artificial wonders, and beneath, a view of the tasty and ornamental entrance. At the bottom of the page is an interior view, representing the first grand hall, opening on the right and left into two others of equal size. In this room is exhibited a portion of the immense Chinese collection, the group of "The Suliote Conspiracy," which we have engraved, and a portion of

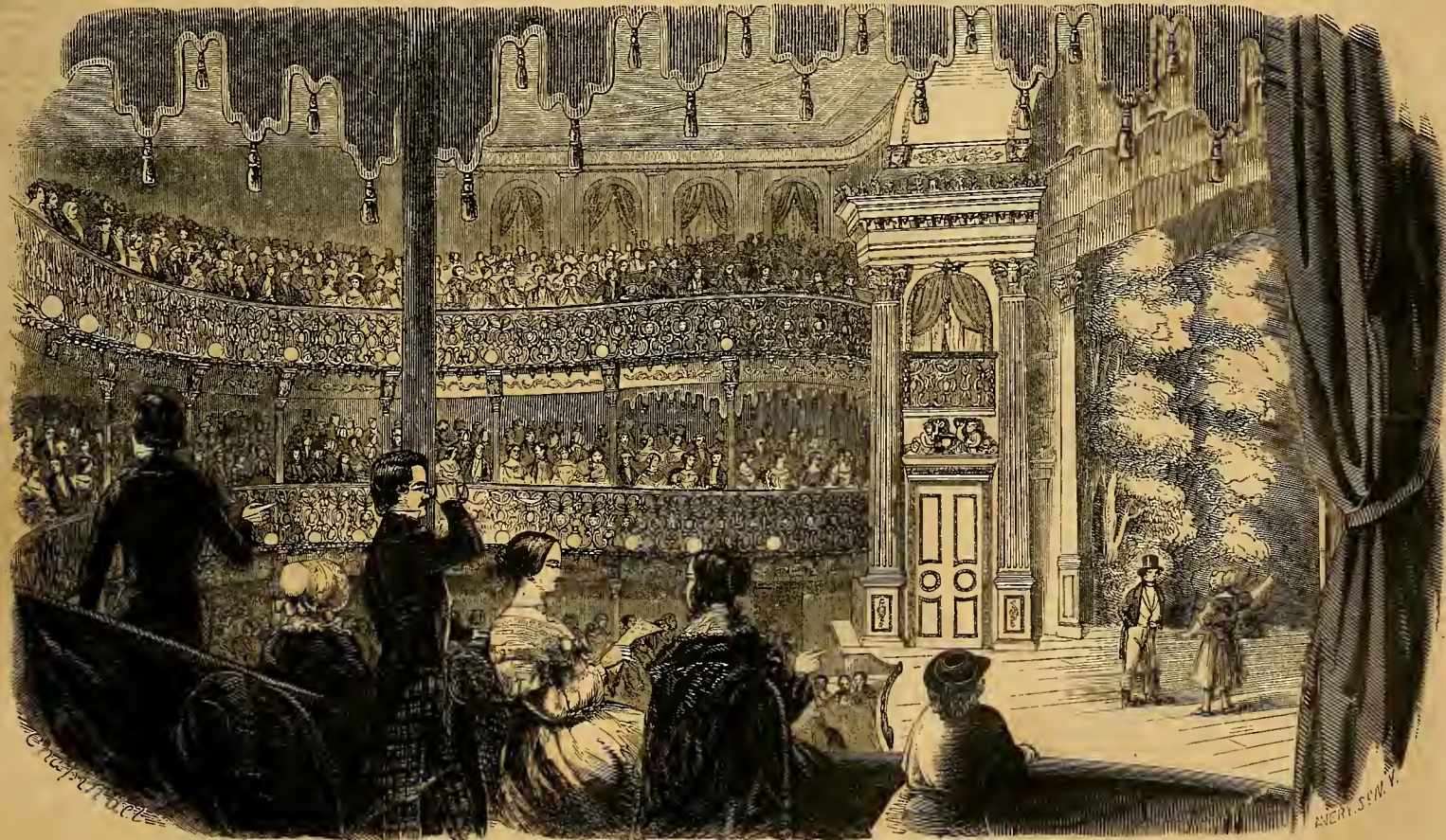


REPRESENTATION OF THE "HAPPY FAMILY."

that valuable collection of portraits of distinguished Americans, which the elder Peale spent his entire lifetime in collecting. This latter collection alone is of immense value, and now that none of the originals are left to us, and few have left their "counterfeit presentments" behind them, it is invaluable to the American public, and can never be replaced should accident befall it, which Heaven avert! The "Suliote Conspiracy" is a group of twelve figures, of the

size of life, arrayed in the most gorgeous costume of the Greek nation, and representing Lord Byron surrounded by the various personages engaged in that unfortunate struggle of the Greeks to gain their freedom, each figure being a lifelike portrait. By the aid of machinery of the most delicate and complicated nature, these figures all assume the action of life, and it renders them so extremely lifelike, that the observer stares in wonder and amazement. The "Happy Family," too, with which Barnum's name has become inseparably connected, is another of the manifold curiosities of this wonder-awakening establishment. Here are seen animals of the most incongruous natures eating out of the same dish, resting upon the same perch, and making their beds together. Owls and doves, eagles and rabbits, cats and rats, hawks and small birds, monkeys, guinea-pigs, mice, squirrels, and a host of others, "too numerous to mention," forming altogether one of the most incongruous collections ever put together. Our last engraving gives a comprehensive view of the interior of the Lecture Room, which is one of the most elegant and recherche halls of its class to be found anywhere. It is fitted up in the most gorgeous style, yet so arranged as not to offend the eye with a multiplicity of ornament. All is harmonious, and there is nothing to detract from the general beauty of the whole. Of the perform-

ances in this room it is scarcely necessary for us to speak. The truth is, the public had long felt the want of a place of public entertainment in which a proper respect for the decencies and decorum of life were judiciously mingled with the broadest elements of mirth, and the refined vagaries of the most exuberant fancy. We have furnished in this lecture-room just such a place.—Every species of amusement, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," is furnished—but so judiciously purged of every semblance of immorality, that the most fastidious may listen with satisfaction, and the most sensitive witness without fear. In some measure the same influence is exercised by the American Museum, in New York, as is the case with the Boston Museum. Thousands, who from motives of delicacy, cannot bring themselves to attend theatrical representations in a theatre, find it easy enough to reconcile a museum, and its vandeilles and plays to their consciences. We confess that it is very difficult for us to make a distinction between the two, when the same plays are performed, the same actors employed, and the same effect given. If well conducted, we can realize no harm arising from either; but, on the contrary, consider that agreeable and often instructive amusement is thus afforded to the million, at a cheap rate. There are many sound moral principles that cannot be so thoroughly impressed in any other way as by theatrical representations; the more lifelike the example, the more impressive the contrast between good and evil—and a good play always holds up vice to disgrace, and elevates virtue and the love of right. Many of the plays of modern times are as good practical sermons as were ever preached from the pulpit, and, beyond a doubt, exert quite as exalted and purifying an influence. The play of "The Drunkard," as performed at the Boston Museum, not long since, doubtless exerted a strong and lasting influence in behalf of the cause of temperance, more potent than fifty lectures delivered before the same number of people upon this subject. But we design not to enter into any elaborate defence of theatres or theatricals, in this connection, though the subject so naturally presents itself, but simply to call the attention to the fine pictures on these pages.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE LECTURE ROOM OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MY FATHER.

BY JOSEPH C. BAKER.

I'm thinking of the days of old,
When sitting on thy knee;
I little thought the world so cold,
My heart was then so free.
I never dreamed that life could be
Aught else but full of joy,
That all the world was not like thee,
E'er smiling on thy boy.

But years have fled, the child's no more—
Yet still, my father dear,
Thou'rt kind, as in the days of yore,
And kinder grow'st each year.
Though time has thrown around thy brow
An honored, silvery veil,
Thou'rt with me yet; what care I now
If dark cares do assail?

Though oft to me the world seems lone,
There's some who've been so kind,
It would be very hard, I own,
To leave them all behind;
And I must smile and e'en be glad,
When they their welcomes breathe;
But O, my heart is often sad
When future visions wreath.

Since fourscore years are closing o'er
Thy loved, time-honored head,
And thy youth's friends are here no more,
But slumber with the dead,—
I crave thy blessing; 'tis a dower
That time cannot decay—
But, father dear, far be the hour
When thou must pass away.

I know that hearts with friendship warm,
Thy boy will cluster round,
When thou shalt bow before life's storm,
And rest beneath the ground;
But give, O give a father's love—
'Tis all the boon I ask;
With it, through life I'll haply rove,
And nobly bear my task.

O, if for me o'er burning tears
Have trembled in thine eye,
If I have caused, in thoughtless years,
Thy breast to heave a sigh,—
Forgive, forgive thy pleading child,
For e'er those days are o'er;
The little heart was but too wild—
'T will ne'er offend thee more.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MARGARET BLAIR.

A WOMAN'S TRIAL.

BY ALICE D. NEAL.

And thou, too, meek, unconscious dove,
That sittest in thy golden hair,
And smilest to find thyself so fair—
Sweet child, that waitest for thy love!

IN MEMORIAM.

"SISTER MAGGIE, sister Maggie! the dressing-bell has rung
Do you hear me, sister Maggie?"

"Yes, darling," answered a low, pleasant voice from the chamber; "I will be down in season; come in, Louise, if you like."

She had been awake a long time, for who could have slept with such a burst of sunshine and bird-song as came in at the casement window, shaded as it was with a fragrant honeysuckle? She had lain with her face covered by her hands, as if to conceal the blushes that her own pure maidenly thoughts had called up; for, on the morrow, she was to be a bride; to-day she was to welcome her betrothed from his distant home, and she had been recalling his whispered words of love when they last parted, and the very echo of the earnest "God bless you!" which he had turned back to say again.

A maiden—nay, a bride, in a sweet love dream; it was hard to put it away, and come forth to the actual daily cares that surrounded her, to think for herself and others through the long hours of that summer day; for he would not be there until nightfall. No wonder that she turned again to her pillow, nestling down her flushed cheeks, while long waves of her heavy hair swept around her, tangled and disordered by the restlessness of the night. She had counted every stroke of the clock since midnight; and the day stretched away so endlessly before her.

But she came down at length, just as they were all assembled for the morning prayer and song of thanksgiving, that always consecrated the commencement of each new day in the happy family circle of the Blairs. How could "bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil-speaking," find place among them, after the earnest benediction of the father,—"Let the peace of God that passeth all understanding, be among you, and remain with you;" and then the affectionate morning kiss, as they rose from their knees, more tender than ever now, as the time drew nigh when the eldest, Margaret, was so soon to go forth to another home? The father's voice trembled as he said, "God bless you, my daughter!" and the mother moved away to her household tasks, not trusting herself to speak.

It was a very long morning, notwithstanding there was a hundred last things, as there always are, to do. Friends coming in with their little offerings,—pin-cushions by dozens, and needle-hooks enough to have supplied a fancy fair. And amid all this

hum of business and congratulation, the bride's thoughts were ever with the absent one. The breadth of a ruffle was an important affair to the busy seamstress, or the folds of a wrapper were to be adjusted; and there sat Agnes, and her chief friend and bride's maid, marking the piles of snowy linen with the name she was so soon to resign.

"Will you have it 'Margaret Blair' in full? or shall I put only the initial and number? O, this stitching is exquisite! what pretty lace! I declare I wish I was going to be married myself, Maggie; one has so many lovely things. 'Margaret,' did you say? Come, let me mark this 'Margaret Irving,' just for fun," rattled the merry girl; for, as it is often seen in school-girl friendships, they were very unlike each other in disposition.

"O, not for the world, Agnes! O, please don't."

"Nonsense, Maggie!—yes, I shall; here it goes; doesn't it look sweetly! This is a capital pen,—there, that's my very best 'I,' with a long queue on the end of it. See how it's going to look; 'Mrs. Irving!'"

"That's a bad sign," said the seamstress, "to call the bride by her husband's name, before she has any right to it. I wouldn't do so."

"Pooh! you're an old croaker, Mrs. Johns; you make Maggie look as dismal as if she had any faith in signs. Hand me that pile of handkerchiefs; I hemmed these myself, so I know they're well done. Now, I should like to ask, what can be the possible harm in calling Maggie by a name she will always have to answer to after to-morrow this time? Do you see any, Mrs. Blair?"

"I suppose Maggie does not think it quite modest," Mrs. Blair said, pausing as she passed through the room.

She had a pile of fresh napkins in her hands that she was going to spread over the snowy bridal leaves; for the cake had been made at home, the business of the kitchen department for the whole week, with stoning raisins, mincing citron, beating eggs to a froth, and all the et ceteras of real wedding cake. That last and most delicate trial of all, the baking, had been fairly accomplished, and Mrs. Blair, true housekeeper that she was, felt her mind relieved of a heavy responsibility.

"Well, but I don't think anything of it. She's as near being 'Mrs. Irving' as she can be; I should like to see anything turn up to prevent it now. Allan will be here to-night—"

"There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip," broke in the indefatigable Mrs. Johns, in the pause of threading a needle. "Poor Richard" had been Mrs. Johns's favorite author, and she was in the habit of making pertinent, but by no means generally agreeable, proverbial quotations.

Margaret pulled at the border of the cap she was crimping to the danger of the delicate muslin; she even pressed the blade of the penknife so firmly that the keen edge drew blood and spotted the hem. She then threw both to the floor with a cry half of pain, half of fear; she knew it was wrong,—utterly foolish, and yet she could not shake off the impression that the "crouching" was but prophecy. It is not strange that this was so. How many a young bride has folded fear to her heart in the excess of happiness, lest it is too great to be realized; that something must come to mar the bright picture before her!

No, it was not strange; and Agnes was so sorry for her silly thoughtlessness, and Mrs. Blair so sensible in her comforting, that they all forgot the little incident before the drier came to make a period in the long summer day. All but Margaret,—the foreboding sank with a heavy weight deeper and deeper upon her spirits as the men advanced. Fears for him, she had none for herself, and recollections of all the sad tales she had ever heard of the bridegroom's death, or mysterious disappearance; and it seemed as if she would have given all her hopes of future happiness for the assurance of his present safety.

But the longest day has its end, and her careful to-do for the meeting was at last completed. She arranged the last braid with studied care, drew the fold of lace that edged the blue muslin dress clear about the throat, and bathed her temples with Cologne, for the mournful thoughts and the restless fever of expectation had brought a throbbing pain. Then she took up her needle, and sat down by the window, trying to lull herself, and call back the sweet morning dreams, of how she should meet him, and that kiss of welcome,—"welcome home," for henceforth there was to be no more parting. But she could not; her hand dropped listlessly at her side, and painful reverie came over in the place of pleasant dreams. The children turned away sorrowfully from the quick, impatient answer to their teasing questions, so unlike the gentle forbearance of their favorite friend and sister; but she was not conscious she had spoken.

Foolish girl! and Allan said so when he clasped her in his arms, as the sunset shadows lengthened, and bade her look up in his face, and see how well and strong he was. But she saw more than that; a proud fondness, as his eyes sought her own, and he bent down to whisper, "My little bride!" Ay, what could come between them!

He said that also, as they walked up and down the garden in the evening. It was a quiet, old-fashioned place, with a trim grape arbor, where they had sat many an evening, and long alleys lined with currant and gooseberry bushes; a grass plat, smooth and close, and green, with fruit trees overshadowing all,—such a garden as one sees only in country towns, all the better for their formality. The lovers had come here to take a last stroll in memory of the many pleasant hours they had passed there; for it was in that arbor Margaret had promised to give up home and friends for his sake, to be his true, faithful and loving wife. Allan had thrown his arm lightly about her waist, and sometimes they paused to breathe the perfume of the honeysuckle, or break a ripe crimson cluster of currants, which neither tasted after all. The moonlight came down in silver rays through the quivering vine

leaves, as they entered the arbor; and it was here, leaning her head upon his shoulder, that she told him all her grievous foreboding. And he chid her playfully, for teasing herself with such dismal thoughts; then drew her still more closely to his bosom, as if he felt she was already his, and said:

"My own darling wife! What could come between us?"

It was Mrs. Blair who broke in upon that silence of deep feeling, with a remonstrance of the night air, and Margaret's headache; and several more urgent reasons for their return to the parlor, where the family were gathered.

"You can have plenty of time for long talks, after you have left us, Margaret," the mother said, treading carefully upon the board-walk behind them; "besides, your Aunt Mercer has brought you a beautiful cup and saucer, and you must thank her for them."

Allan smiled, and said:

"We do not need any presents to increase our happiness."

And when they parted for the night, with the recollection that they were to sleep under the same roof, he said again:

"Sleep sweetly, and forget all these idle fancies, my little bride!"

It was strange that Margaret should be late on her bridal morning. Surely reality was better than any dream! yet Allan had been pacing the floor impatiently almost an hour; and Mrs. Blair looked in to wonder what could have detained her. Poor child! She would willingly have been there; but she woke with that same throbbing pain, and a strange faintness that came over her, if she attempted to move. The brush fell from her hand, as she tried to smooth out the tangled masses of her hair; and when they came to seek her, she was lying motionless, and pale as the dead, before the dressing-table. Then followed hot fever flushes, and the physician confirmed their worst fears; it was fever, already far developed, and anything like a thought of excitement was banished from the darkened chamber. Low and sorrowful voices were heard, instead of congratulations, and the wedding guests trod softly, as they learned how the joy had ended in mourning.

Margaret did not die; but the fever left her so weak and feeble that all thoughts of the marriage was postponed for the present. The old family physician, who had watched over her as if she had been his own child, gave his verdict against it; and Mrs. Blair was of the same opinion. It was in vain Margaret protested that she would soon be well again; or that Allan begged and pleaded that he should, at least, have the right to call her wife before he left her. Mr. Blair naderstood them both better, and might have given his consent; but his wife said:

"No, no; it would be all the better for Margaret to be at home through the fall." Margaret's hair would be grown enough to curl then (for her hair had been sacrificed to the fever); and, on the whole, she thought it well the wedding was deferred until mid-winter.

Mrs. Johns, now promoted to the office of nurse, took occasion to say that she was "desperately sorry for it. She never knew any good of a wedding that was put off;" while Agnes, who had scarcely left Margaret's pillow, held her thin, pale hand, and cried bitterly over it, when she saw the sad, hopeless look that came over her friend's face.

It was a bitter parting. Allan threw himself on his knees by the bedside, and refused to leave her, while she, so weak, so sorrowful, had to seek comfort for both, and to essay cheerful words, when in her heart all hope was gone.

Mr. Blair himself came to them at last, when all was ready, and led Allan away almost by force. They parted as two dear friends would part; and Mr. Blair said:

"We will take care of her for you, my dear son!"

Even Agnes did not dare to enter the sick room for a long time after the carriage had rolled away. Then she found the curtain displaced, and knew, that though she had not attempted to sit up for a moment before, Margaret must have crept to the window for one parting glance. Now she was lying with her face pressed downwards, sobbing in a wild abandonment of grief, that shook her whole frame convulsively. It was as if she had parted from him forever.

But she gained strength as the mild autumn days came on, and something of her former cheerfulness returned. It was a day of family rejoicing when she was first brought down stairs, and laid upon the chintz couch in the sitting-room. Robert brought a bouquet of wild flowers, Michaelmas daisies, and golden rod; Johnny his new book; and Esther the slippers she had commenced for her father. And Margaret tried to be interested in all their little plans as ever before, and to smile when her mother brought the familiar "stocking basket," and sat down in the low rocking-chair to the week's mending. Yet she could only remember her meeting with Allan just there, on that last happy evening, and how her dreary anticipations had been in part fulfilled.

He wrote very often at first, and so tenderly, longing for a letter from herself as soon as she should be well enough for the exertion, and trying to be content with hearing of her improvement through others. Three months, he said, would pass away very quickly; yes, to him, no doubt, in the stir and bustle of an active business life; but to an invalid, in the solitude of home, time creeps more slowly. All the preparations were made, even the family sewing for the winter was accomplished; neither head nor hands had occupation. Often and often Margaret found herself murmuring the little poem she had copied for him long ago, when they had first been separated:

"What shall I do with all the days and hours,
Which must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?
Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense—
Weary with longing?—shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretence
Cheat myself to forget the present day?"

Even Mrs. Blair came to see, at last, that Margaret struggled

with more than physical weakness, and urged her to accept the repeated invitations of her aunt, Mrs. Mercer, who was the centre of a gayer circle, in a gayer town.

We can remember wondering, years ago, before we felt its need, why physicians ordered "change of scene" in the early elasticity of youth; one cannot comprehend why the mind should grow morbid by dwelling upon one mournful train of thought, perpetually recalled by the same surroundings. The heavy spell seemed broken when familiar scenes were left behind, and strength and cheerfulness once more brought elasticity to Margaret Blair's weary, listless tread.

She thought it would make Allan happy to know of this;—he had been so troubled by her sadness. So she wrote to him, playfully, as of old,—of the little visits they paid, the attentions she received as Mrs. Mercer's niece and guest; and wondered when he replied coldly, or, at least, indifferently, to her sallies. From this time the cloud deepened again; but she was proud and uncomplaining, and strove now to hide her wronged feeling under a levity foreign to her nature. It was a natural extreme,—a folly that many wise people have committed, instead of seeking at once a frank explanation; and so the wound deepened and rankled in both hearts, for there were not "whisperers" wanting to "separate chief friends."

The worst came at last—if anything could be worse than the repetition of torturing, jealous suspicions,—and the bond that united them was severed by his own hand. The day named for her bridal, Margaret Blair sat alone in her own room, destroying, one by one, the precious relics of the past. The tress of dark brown hair, kissed convulsively before committed to the flames; the letters, so often read, so carefully treasured, the very handwriting seeming a portion of himself,—all she saw consumed, the flame curling over them, the heap of dull white ashes, so mournful a token of all the hopes that had brightened the past two years. She was to turn back to the desert of life again, for the fountain by the wayside, with its springing palms, had proved a well of bitterness, mocking her cruel thirst. It was a still, calm, self-renunciation. All wondered at her calmness when they knew what her love had been. Her mother said little; her father did not even allude to it, but his tender consideration said all. From that day forward, Allan Irving's name was never spoken in her presence.

She saw it once afterwards, in print, the announcement of his marriage, in his far-off home, and in their little world,—for she had not excluded herself from it,—she heard his wife spoken of as wealthy and accomplished. His wife! She only felt that he had perjured himself before Heaven; had he not called her his bride, long, long ago?

Mrs. Blair almost came to forget that Allan Irving had ever been more than a pleasant visitor. Her younger daughters grew up, and were married; her sons were settled in homes of their own; no one was left to them but Margaret, and she was indispensable. Many and many a time Mrs. Blair had said it was fortunate Margaret had never married; what *should* they have done without her? and "Sister Margaret" and "Aunt Margaret" was so much in demand on every side that Mrs. Blair was not the only one who said so. Sometimes Margaret heard them, but a slight compression of the thin lips was the only token that it recalled her early love-dream.

But the time came when she was left alone in that once cheerful home. Father and mother both were laid at rest, and she had been all to them to the last. Her father's last illness had been slow and wasting. It was Margaret who arranged the cushions for his emaciated limbs, and supported him when he essayed to walk; she read to him, she even tried to sing those old ballads that brought tears in the cadence to choke her voice,—the songs that Allan had loved. But her father had been her chief friend through all; he understood the struggle and the self-conquest, and he blessed her ere he died, as his "own patient, brave-hearted Margaret." No sound of passionate love had ever thrilled her with deeper happiness.

He was gone now, sleeping in the churchyard beside his wife; and Margaret felt more utterly crushed than she had done since her first grief. It came back upon her now with strange force. She had not heard Allan's name mentioned for years; yet, as she moved about the now lonely rooms, they seemed haunted with his face, and echoing to his voice. Many homes were offered to her; cheerful and bright they seemed; but she still clung to the old house, and the garden still more quaint and formal than it had seemed in her youth. Yet here she was living to herself, objectless, and she longed for something to fill the void.

She was seared by the low window, one summer evening, the moonlight flooding all over the room, as it had done on that happy, happy night. She sat with her face bent down upon her hands, thinking of this; and how her hair had grown thin, and streaked with gray, and that the sharp lines already stood out upon her face. She heard the gate swing to heavily, as if shut by a familiar hand; the tread upon the gravel walk—that, too, she had heard long ago; and when she looked up and saw him standing beside her, changed and bent as if by illness or sorrow, she did not start or exclaim, but held out her hand in welcome, as of old. She had forgiven him long, long ago.

They sat down together, in unbroken silence at first, and then he confessed the wrong, and told her of his bitter self-upbraidings in the past, alas! so unavailing now; of his rich marriage, thinking to wound her still more deeply, not that he *loved* again; and how, after a joyless married life he had been betrayed and deserted, and that but for his children, he would gladly end a weary existence.

"I thought of you, Margaret," he said, "when they told me I should not live, and how good and true you had been, for I have

heard of your patient self-denial. O, if you would only take them, and shield them from the disgrace of their mother's sin, and make them like yourself?"

That earnest, pleading tone! It had once sued for love, and she had given it; she could not now refuse his request,—not when her heart yearned for some object in life! And she promised, as she had once promised to be his wife, with God and the holy angels for her witness, to be a true, faithful and tender guardian to his children.

They came to her, when he had left them, prepared to love her as their father's earliest friend, little knowing why she shed such bitter tears over them the first night she knelt at their bedside. But they loved her, and she was faithful to her promise, thus finding her own "exceeding great reward!"

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE DYING GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

BY LEUT. E. CURTIS HINE.

Last night I had a dream, my mother—
I thought an angel fair
Came hovering round my bedside, mother,
With wealth of golden hair,
And eyes that brightly, sweetly shone
Like wintry stars above,
And that he whispered in my ear
Soft, gentle words of love.

"Be patient with thy sufferings,"

The radiant seraph said,
"I'll bear thee soon to fairer worlds,
Where dwell the early dead;
Where music freights the fragrant air,
And flowers immortal bloom,
And shrink not that to take thee there,
I pass thee through the tomb!"

I waked—the angel bright was gone,
And I was all alone;
But still I knew his words were true,
For every gentle tone
Fell like sweet music on my soul—
And so I long to go
To that fair world in which he dwells,
Unknown to grief and woe!

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels, by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is, by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence, not easily inhibited from any other source. He feels, other things being equal, more strongly than another, the character of a man as the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens a part of his—from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation moves in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadows. Through the field lies the path to the village school of early days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his fathers to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents are laid down to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owners of the soil. Words cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart, they are life springs of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.—*Edward Everett.*

TORTURES OF THE SEX.

A writer in Chambers' Edinburgh Journal thus details them:—About a hundred years ago a lady went about with shoes that raised her heels three inches above the floor, and threw her whole person out of its proper balance; occasioning, of course, a severe strain upon certain muscles, attended by constant pain. A little later, a tower of hair, pomatum, flour, pins and pinners, had been reared on the head, such as an inquisitor might have considered himself very ingenious in devising. In more recent times we have seen the entire sex submitting to torture in the waist, with an equal degree of magnanimity. Or, taking the form of a monstrous prolongation of skirts, the fair martyrs act as scavengers upon every street in which they promenade. In a form of bonnet for summer wear the front comes only to about an inch behind the forehead, so as to leave the face fully exposed to the attacks of the sun. A great number find it absolutely indispensable to add to this abbreviation of a bonnet a sort of supplement of silk, called "an ugly." A couple of inches added to the bonnet itself would serve the end; but such a thing is not to be thought of.

CAMBRIDGE.

I remember my impressions upon first visiting Cambridge. It seemed as if the very spirits of Newton and Herschel were there; and that instead of an "observatory," the place which we were in ought to be called a university. Sir Francis Head declares that he visited a steam-engine that worked so noiselessly, that imagination might have transformed the place into a temple, dedicated by man to Him who built the universe. Look at this glass, the product of flint and soda. How intimately connected with taste and refinement! and carrying out, in so many ways, the Divine mandate, "Let there be light!" and the mechanic has done it. Pluto is literally transformed into an angel of light. I was much struck, a few years ago in visiting a wretched locality, not very far from here, with the fact that central in that sad place was a massive gas-light, which seemed to be the very eye of Providence itself, searching into these dens of darkness; and God seemed to have given to the mechanic this eye.—*Rev. Samuel Osgood.*

You will not anger a man so much by showing him that you hate him, as by expressing a contempt of him.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE BLIND GIRL'S QUESTION.

BY ALICE CAREY.

I can hear the waters flowing—
To the sea they flow;
I can hear the west winds blowing,
As they list they blow;
Like the winds and waves I'm going—
Whither do I go?

Tell me, thou who keep'st beside me,
(For I cannot see),
If thou hold'st my hand to guide me
Where the roses be,
So the blessed sight denied me,
Shall be mine in thee?

Like the blind girl, we are going,
Each of us to-day;
Asking—as the winds are blowing
Up against the spray,
And the waters seaward go—
Some good guide the way.

For we cannot know the fleetness
Of the wind that flies,
Nor the billows' silver sweetness,
As they fall and rise—
Seeing only in completeness
Through another's eyes.

ROMANCE IN THE LIFE OF AN AUTHOR.

It was in 1740. One day, in the afternoon, I was engaged in literary labor, when my valet informed me that a lady, closely veiled, wished to see me. I went to meet her with a kind of presentiment. "*Mon Dieu*, sir (she said to me, when seated on the sofa, in my little saloon), nothing can be more simple. I have come from London to offer you my hand." Though habituated to all sorts of strange adventures, I confess I must have exhibited great surprise. Fortunately the lady had raised her veil. I had already remarked her grace and distinction. "Madam, you see me confounded by so much happiness; although marriage has never been among my habits, permit me to throw myself at your feet, and kiss the hand you deign to offer me." In fact, I threw myself, completely bewildered, at the feet of Miss Stafford. "Madam, will you explain?" "Nothing is more simple. My fortune is in my own hands. I had resolved to bestow it only with my heart; but where to bestow my heart was the difficulty. I have waited and I have sought. I should have waited and sought still, had I not met with one of your works. You recall, without doubt, for you have infused in it so much of yourself, *Les Egaréments du Cœur et de l'Esprit*, a delicious book, which has but one fault, which is, that the heart has too much head. After having read it twenty times, I ordered my horses, embarked at Dover, took the post at Calais, and arrived yesterday at Paris. I lost an entire day (for I should have seen you yesterday) in recruiting myself, and in finding you out. Heaven be praised! you are there just as I imagined you, young, witty and distinguished." Thus spoke Miss Stafford. I was so little prepared for an adventure of this nature, that I knew not what to say. I gazed into her beautiful eyes, sparkling with love and pleasure. Another in my place would have imagined that he was the dupe of an adventures, without heart or money; for my part, I felt at once that Miss Stafford was really Miss Stafford—that is to say, one of the handsomest, richest and most adorable young ladies of Great Britain. We were not married until a delay of six weeks. Miss Stafford wrote to her father, who was only softened at the fifth or sixth letter; he ended by yielding; not because I was the author of celebrated works, but because I was the son of M. Crebillon, a Burgundian gentleman, member of the French Academy, author of "*Eleetre* and *Rhadamiste*."—*Men and Women of France of the Eighteenth Century.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE LOVED AND LOST.

In dreams of bright and bygone years,
Thy presence still is seen;
And lingering memory still endears
Each well-remembered scene.
The gladsome voice is heard again
In tones of hope and love—
But, ah! how close allied to pain
It accents now must prove.

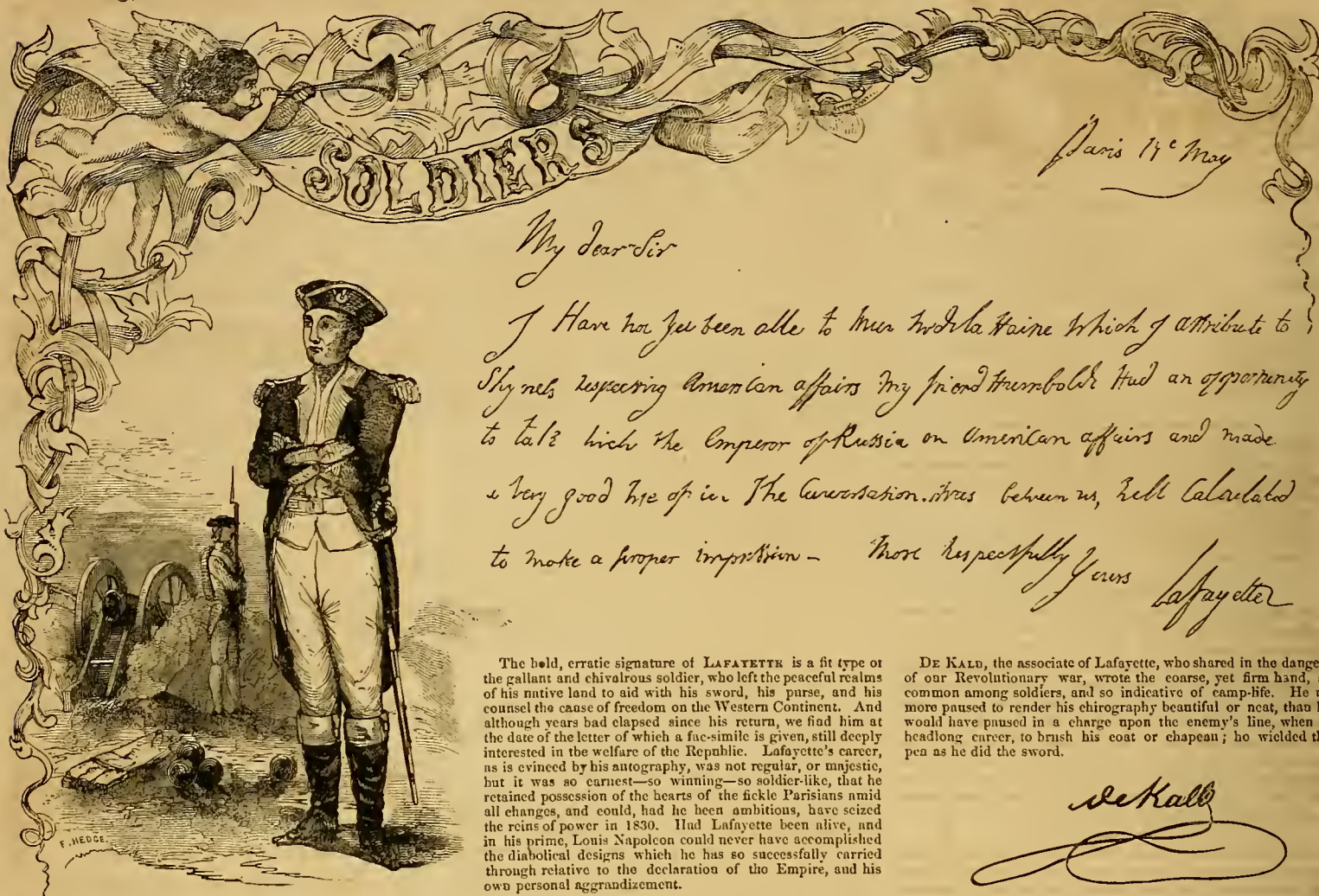
It once had thrilling power to soothe
And chase away each fear—
But now, alas! it only brings
Sad recollection's tear;
The magic wreath of hope's bright dreams
Are withered, crushed and gone;
While on their darkened altar seems
A wretched heart, alone.

Can hopeful feelings e'er again
Re-animate the dust?
Can earth's affection still enchain
The homage of the just?
Ah, no! to brighter climes once passed,
The spirit eye is free;
And loved and lost shall meet at last
In hiest eternity!

THE WIFE'S UNIVERSAL RIVAL.

It must ever be borne in mind that man's love, even in its happiest exercise, is not like woman's; for while she employs herself through every hour in fondly weaving one beloved image into all her thoughts, he gives to her comparatively few of his, and these, perhaps, neither the loftiest nor the best. It is a wise beginning, then, for every married woman to make up her mind to be forgotten through the greater part of every day; to make up her mind to many rivals, too, in her husband's attentions, though not in his love; and among these I would mention one, whose claim it would be folly to dispute, since no remonstrances or representations on her part will ever be able to render less attractive the charms of this competitor. I mean the newspaper, of whose absorbing interest some wives are weak enough to convince a sort of childish jealousy, when they ought rather to congratulate themselves that their most formidable rival is one of paper.—*Mrs. Elie's Wives of England.*

Types of Mind; or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 5., BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.

Paris 14^e May

My dear Sir

I have not yet been able to meet Mr. de la Harpe which I attribute to
 Shyness respecting American affairs. My friend Humboldt had an opportunity
 to talk with the Emperor of Russia on American affairs and made
 a very good use of it. The conversation was between us, well calculated
 to make a proper impression. — Most respectfully Yours
 Lafayette

The bold, erratic signature of LAFAYETTE is a fit type of the gallant and chivalrous soldier, who left the peaceful realms of his native land to aid with his sword, his purse, and his counsel the cause of freedom on the Western Continent. And although years had elapsed since his return, we find him at the date of the letter of which a fac-simile is given, still deeply interested in the welfare of the Republic. Lafayette's career, as is evinced by his autograph, was not regular, or majestic, but it was so earnest—so winning—so soldier-like, that he retained possession of the hearts of the fickle Parisians amid all changes, and could, had he been ambitious, have seized the reins of power in 1830. Had Lafayette been alive, and in his prime, Louis Napoleon could never have accomplished the diabolical designs which he has so successfully carried through relative to the declaration of the Empire, and his own personal aggrandizement.

DE KALB, the associate of Lafayette, who shared in the dangers of our Revolutionary war, wrote the coarse, yet firm hand, so common among soldiers, and so indicative of camp-life. He no more paused to render his chirography beautiful or neat, than he would have paused in a charge upon the enemy's line, when in headlong career, to brush his coat or chapeau; he wielded the pen as he did the sword.

GEN. HORATIO GATES, the hero of Saratoga, penned his ideas in a cold yet handsome hand; whilst that of ETHAN ALLEN is as niggard and as fierce as was his language when he summoned the commander at Crown Point to surrender, "in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

GEN. WHITING, the careful Quarter Master General of the Provincial forces, had a ledger-like, quiet autograph.—The writing of GEN. MONTGOMERY, the hero of Quebec, is singularly graceful and gentlemanly, yet by no means deficient in resolution, or lacking in character.

GEN. GREENE, the Quaker warrior, shows by his autograph that he was determined to stand by the right, let the consequences be what they would.—GEN. JOS. WARREN's hand-writing bears traces of refinement, finish and decision, worthy the martyr of Bunker Hill.—GEN. KNOX's is blunt and rugged as his own generous heart.

Horatio Gates

Ethan Allen

 Whiting QM General
 of the Provincial forces
 Rich^d Montgomery

Nath Greene

Jos. Warren Knox

Next come a later generation of warriors, differing widely in their autography. That of GEN. BROWN is as untutored as was the writer—that of GEN. WOOL, trim and legible as he was cool

and brave. GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT's, clear, finished and beautiful. Those of Generals EUSTIS and ARMSTRONG, bold and manly—that of GEN. JESSUP, blunt and hurried—whilst the autographs of

Generals GAINES and BUTLER are graceful, easy and finished, exhibiting far more of the traces of the drawing-room than of the barrack-hall.

 Jac. Brown
 John E. Wool

Edmund P. Barnes

Eustis

Th. Armstrong

Winfield Scott

John Armstrong

Wm Butler

Greater contrasts in autography do not exist than in the hands of WELLINGTON, SOULT, and BLUCHER, the generals who played so bold a game at Waterloo, with the peace of Europe as a stake. The first, neat, cool and unwavering—the second, fickle, ferocious and feeble—whilst the hardy old Prussian shows in his signature the iron, endurable nature of his temperament. No signatures that we have yet presented to our readers, have more of the real character in their style, which an autograph hunter loves to study. They confirm most indisputably the idea that a man's

chirography is an index of himself, and that in the traces of the pen the genius of the mind is in no small degree manifested to the watchful observer of human nature, who, through this medium loves to note the development of mental character.

GEN. HOUSTON, the hero of San Jacinto, wrote in those days a dashing, untrammelled, fluent hand; whilst in the autography of SANTA ANNA, we can discern the subtle, cautious, yet treacherous ambition of the butcher of the Alamo. A gambler—and Santa Anna is a most notorious gambler—might write just such a hand as this, and he would be apt to do so. The star of this Mexican's glory might have been bright in his country's crown; but it has sadly paled of late years, and his name and deeds are well-nigh forgotten.

 A. L. Armstrong

 Wellington
 Soult
 Blücher



FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

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"Walls from Washington," No. V, by BEN: PERLEY POORE.
"Gods and Goddesses," No. VI, by T. BULFINCH, referring to Python, The Sphinx, The Minotaur, Medusa and The Phoenix.
"The Golden Child's Daughter," a legend of Madrid, by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.
"The Departed Year," verses, by MRS. L. H. SIOURNEY.
"Inconsistency," lines, by J. HUNT, JR.
"Uncle Joe," poem, by ALICE CARREY.
"To Popsy," verses, by ANNIE JOHNSON.
"A Sonnet," by WM. EDWARD KNOWLES.
"Wellington Fugest Sonnet, No. I," by HENRY WM. HERDEST.

THE SEASON.

We have, at last, experienced a brief period of good sleighing in Boston, and every one has seemed to hasten to improve the opportunity for a sleigh ride. Jangling of bells, turn-outs of immense mammoth sleighs, laughing, cheering, happy loads of men, women and children, have characterized the scene, and rendered the hours merry enough. Business appears to have taken a fresh start, too, with the exuberance of good spirits that prevails; people have come to town from all directions, who have seemed to wait for an opportunity to do so with the more available facilities afforded by the snow. We like to see the belongings of the season come along with due regularity. It is good for all departments of business, and good for general health.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.—We regret to state that our able correspondent at the capital, Major Ben: Perley Poore, has been suffering from severe indisposition, and this will account to our readers for the absence, in the present number of the Pictorial, of our usual "Waif from Washington." However, the major writes us that he is already fast recovering, and that we shall hear from him in season for our next week's number.

AN IMMENSE SPOT.—A large spot is now visible upon the sun. Were it not for the risk of ruining eyes, we would say the large spot is visible through smoked or colored glass. But we hope all will be satisfied with knowing that the "spot" is thirty-three thousand miles in diameter, or thereabouts, occupying an area of 800,000,000 of square miles, four times the superficial contents of our earth!

A WARNING FOR SMOKERS.—A leading medical practitioner at Brighton, England, has lately given a list of sixteen cases of paralysis, produced by smoking, which came under his own knowledge, within the last six months.

SPLINTERS.

.... The population of that down-fallen country, Spain, is sixteen millions of souls.

.... A magnificent hotel is building at Cape May, said to be six times as large as the Astor House, New York.

.... Meagher, the Irish patriot, will make over thirty thousand dollars this year, by lecturing.

.... It is as impossible to record all the Mississippi steamboat accidents, as those occurring by camphene.

.... There are more miles of telegraph wires in the United States than in all the rest of the world beside.

.... Our Washington correspondent writes us that the capital is exceedingly lively at the present time.

.... The hubbub of the day in London, just now, is Wellington autographs. Not one in a hundred genuine.

.... Bancroft's "History of the United States" seems to grow in favor with the issuing of each new volume.

.... It is our private opinion that Mr. Secretary Everett is doing himself and the government a vast deal of credit.

.... We are pleased to see that there is a prospect of our public gardens being rendered an ornament to the city.

.... A new state prison is to be erected at Lancaster, Berkshire Co., in this State. Sorry they are necessary.

.... They are using wire rigging to a considerable extent in the English navy. Of doubtful utility.

.... A Parisian perfumer has discovered a beautiful rouge which has the remarkable quality of being indelible.

.... Some one pithily says there are two passions that every boy experiences—to own a horse, and to turn pirate.

.... It is said that the late Amos Lawrence has given away in charity \$50,000 per annum for a number of years.

EDITORIAL OCCUPATION.

Persons unfamiliar with the actual details of an editor's life and occupation, fancy that it is the easiest thing in the world to get up a newspaper—as the sage Dogberry imagined, "that reading and writing came by nature." And, then, there was honest Pat, too, who thought it was "aisy enough to build a chimney—you had only to hould one brick up and put another under." The best cure for such erroneous impressions is actual experiment. We are ready to allow, that it is easy enough to get up some papers, such as we frequently see put forth, the capital required being brass, scissors, paste, and waste paper. You have only to steal whatever you can lay your hands on, and wherever you may find it. The press of the world lies before you "where to choose," and helping yourself to a literary letter-of-marque, you can cruise wherever your fancy may lead the way.

But we have not to do with this class of editors; we speak of the true, honest, hard-working members of the "Fourth Estate." Their toil is never ending. "E'en Sunday shines, no Sabbath day to them." We were about to say that their labors commenced at early dawn—but the commencement of an editor's life is when he takes charge of a newspaper; thenceforth there is no cessation of his toil. He dreams of leaders, squibs, paragraphs, news, etc. The leader is the first thing to be despatched. This is the technical term of the principal editorial article. Its brevity is no proof of its facility of composition; for if short, it must be sweet and pithy. But the leader is, after all, but a part of the editorial labor; it is but its commencement.

Hundreds of papers must be carefully examined; the news, sayings and doings, etc., must be condensed or expanded, as the case may be, shaped into convenient form, dovetailed, and fitted into the columns. The art of saying much in a little space must be assiduously practised, in order to improve the allotted space to the best advantage. But then the editor's duty is not without its sunshine; he learns to talk to his readers, and to consider them as his real and constant friends, and the greater the success of the journal he edits, the more cheerfully he bends himself to his task. The immense success of the Pictorial, as it regards its circulation, leaves nothing to be desired, and we write for our army of subscribers with cheerfulness and good humor.

Inclination would lead us in this connection to point out to our readers some of the most prominent features of excellence, as it regards the efforts of our artists and contributors, but we will not do them the injustice to suppose that they do not appreciate them without prompting.

SENATORS OF THE UNITED STATES.

All the members of the United States Senate having sat to our daguerreotype artist, Mr. J. Vannerson, at Whitehurst's gallery, Washington, we shall present to our readers, in the next number of the Pictorial, some twenty of these likenesses, finely engraved, presenting a most valuable series, with the autographs of each attached, and a brief biographical notice, written for us by Mr. Charles H. Brainard. The remainder of the members of the Senate will be given in the two subsequent numbers of our paper, the whole forming a portrait gallery richly worth a year's subscription to our paper. Our readers will see that our arrangements for their enjoyment, and the excellence of our paper, are made without regard to cost.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—An artist, of decided ability, connected with this handsomely embellished journal, has been sojourning in this city several weeks, during which time he has succeeded in making accurate sketches of all the prominent objects of interest in the city. These are to be engraved on wood, and will illustrate future pages of "GLEASON'S PICTORIAL." The work will thus possess local as well as general interest to the citizens of Richmond, and will, no doubt, be liberally patronized. But this is not all. Mr. Gleason confides his labors to no particular locality. The boundless Union is his. Artists of ability have been, or will be, sent into every city in the Union for the purpose of sketching every object of interest for the pages of this handsome work. An undertaking so liberal, so costly, and so proper in itself, must gain favor with the public and command success.—*Richmond Daily Times.*

CARLOTTA GRISI, THE DANSEUSE.—"With what a bound," writes an American lady, from London, "did Carlotta Grisi spring to the footlights! What strength, what enormous development of muscle, which stands from her limbs like cords, and what elasticity of movement!"

MEADE BROTHERS, NEW YORK.—This well known and enterprising daguerreotypist firm, we see by our foreign papers, have been elected members of the "Societe Libre des Beaux Arts," of Paris. A merited compliment.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—We have been favored with an elegantly bound copy of the last volume of this splendid illustrated journal. Mr. Gleason has arrived at a stage of excellence in his enterprise which is very gratifying to the public, at least, who must regard the Pictorial as a miracle of beauty in typography and cheapness in price. The *Drawing-Room Companion* now stands in the very front rank of the illustrated journals of the world.—*Literary Museum.*

STANDING ARMY.—An English contemporary pronounces the forty thousand office-holders of this country a "standing army;" and a Western editor replies, that every administration is expected to give them all "marching orders."

GLAD TO HEAR OF IT.—The New Orleans Bulletin says, that "the present condition of the planters of the South, in a pecuniary sense, is infinitely more favorable than at any time within the last ten or fifteen years."

RATHER A TOUGH STORY.—A mile a minute has heretofore been considered pretty fair travelling; but it is said that the cars on the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad make fourteen miles in twelve minutes!

WEBSTER'S WILL.—Mr. Webster's will is published. It bears the stamp of the clear head and great heart of its illustrious author.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Thomas Rowan, Esq., Mr. William C. Brown to Miss Elizabeth Stephen, both of Boston.
By Rev. Mr. Pike, of Dorchester, Mr. Horace W. Baxter, of Brighton, to Miss Elizabeth G. Lee, of Dorchester.
At Roxbury, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, Mr. Stephen Harris, of Newton, to Miss Nancy A. Gray.
At Brighton, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury, Rev. Frederic Augustus Whitney to Miss Elizabeth P. Matchett.
At Haverhill, by Rev. Mr. Train, Mr. William N. Long to Miss Lucinda B. Lovett, both of Amesbury.
At Rockport, by Rev. Mr. Gale, Mr. David L. Choate to Miss Emily Dabson, all of Rockport.
At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Vernalley, Capt. Anthony Knapp to Miss Caroline Swasey, both of Newburyport.
At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Bushnell, Mr. Dexter F. Parker to Miss Ellen E., daughter of Major Thomas Pierce.
At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. How, Mr. Emory Cushman, of Providence, to Miss Caroline S. Doughtess, of Rochester.
At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. John P. Atkinson, of New York, to Miss Rosanna Quinlan.
At Detroit, Mich., by Rev. Mr. Coskry, Henry R. Mizner, Esq., to Miss Eliza Whiting, youngest daughter of Col. Joshua Howard, of Detroit.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Francis Anderson, 23; Mr. Charles Britton, Jr. 31; Mrs. Mary Trull, 81; William H., 4, and Christina C., 6, children of Mr. D. C. Ayer; Mrs. Elizabeth Sargent, 66.
At Roxbury, Mr. James H. Ferguson, 25.
At Haverhill, Mrs. Rebecca, wife of the late Mr. Ward Eaton, 65.
At Salem, Mrs. Letitia Poole, 74.
At Danvers, Benjamin, son of Benjamin and Mary P. Needham, 19.
At Beverly, Mr. George Glover, 25.
At Wenhams, Miss Sarah J. Kimball, 31.
At Essex, Mrs. Abigail C., wife of Capt. Edward Lakeman, 80.
At Newburyport, Mr. Thomas Davis, 67.
At West Amesbury, Miss Mary S., daughter of Mr. Stephen Nichols, 20.
At Plymouth, Charles, son of Mr. Charles Nelson, 19.
At North Easton, Mrs. Elvira, wife of Mr. Elbridge E. White, 22.
At North Yarmouth, Capt. Jacob Chase, 80.
At Barre, Capt. Daniel Harwood, a soldier of the Revolution, 93.
At Greenfield, Mr. William Toby, 50.
At Deerfield, N. H., Mrs. Clara Field, of Newburyport, 25.
At Hooksett, N. H., Mr. Thomas Wicome, 100 years and 10 months.
At Augusta, Me., Mr. William Hastings, printer, 69.
At Washington City, Peyton Randolph, Esq., formerly of Virginia, 70.
At Eastwood, near Bristol (England), Saul Solomon, Esq., of St. Helena, 77.
Lost overboard, near Cape De Verd Islands, James E. Packard, 21.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL
Drawing-Room Companion.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

The object of this paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary mélange of the noble events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the

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with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design, in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. It is printed on fine satin-surface paper, from a font of new and beautiful type, manufactured expressly for it, presenting in its mechanical execution an elegant specimen of art. It contains fifteen hundred and sixty-four square inches, giving a great amount of reading matter and illustrations—a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages. It forms

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inasmuch as its aim is constantly, in connection with the fund of amusement it records, and the rich array of original miscellany it presents, to inculcate the strictest and highest tone of morality, and to encourage virtue by holding up to view all that is good and pure, and avoiding all that is evil in its tendency. In short, the object is to make the paper loved, respected, and sought after, for its combined excellences.

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Subscriptions received at either of the above places.



[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A HEART TO BE GIVEN.

BY JOSEPH R. BUTLER.

I've a heart to bestow on the girl I could love,
As faithful and fond as the heart of a dove;
It seeks for affection, for feeling and truth,
That may live like the beautiful first love of youth.
It was made by earth's Maker to beat with the free—
A foe to all tyrants it ever must be!
The lovely of earth, and of ocean, and sky,
Attract its emotions as life passes by.
It can love all that's lovely, whatever it be—
Yet 'tis proud as a king, and as jealous as he!
It is stern as a warrior's, and not very "faint;"
It pretends to religion, yet it is not a saint!
It honors all things that are worthy or great,
It believes, too, a little in what is called "fate."
For the wretched it feels—with the sad it can mourn—
And often, too often, by pain it is torn;
It has sorrowed for poverty's sorrowing child,
And with his good fortune again it has smiled—
It can live on forever unchanging and true,
For it never is taken with all that is new.
It is desolate now—and it seeks for a mate—
If haply such gift may be given by fate—
It asks not for beauty, nor covets much gold,
And I trust that the best remains to be told:
It seeks a companion—a heart it could love—
O, where is a mate for this "desolate dove?"

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STORIES OF GODS AND GODDESSES.

No. V.

MELEAGER AND ATALANTA.

BY T. DULFINCH.

In the old heroic age of Greece, when the expedition of Jason to Colchis had but recently taken place, there reigned in Calydon, a city of Aetolia, a king named Oeneus. His wife, Althea, when her son Meleager was born, beheld the three Destinies, who, as they spun their fatal thread, foretold that the life of the child should last no longer than a brand then burning upon the hearth. Althea seized and quenched the brand, and carefully preserved it for years, while Meleager grew to boyhood, youth and opening manhood. It chanced, then, that Oeneus, as he offered sacrifices to the gods, omitted to pay due honors to Diana; and she, indignant at the neglect, sent a wild boar of enormous size to lay waste the fields of Calydon. Its eyes shone with blood and fire, its bristles stood like threatening spears, its tusks were like those of Indian elephants. The growing corn was trampled, the vines and olive trees laid waste, the flocks and herds were driven in wild confusion by the slaughtering foe. All common aid seemed vain; but Meleager called on the heroes of Greece to join in a bold hunt for the ravenous monster. Theseus and his friend, Pirithous, Jason, Peleus, afterwards the father of Achilles, Telamon, the father of Ajax, Nestor, then a youth, but who in his age bore arms with Achilles and Ajax in the Trojan war—these and many more joined in the enterprise. With them came Atalanta, the daughter of Jasius, king of Arcadia. A buckle of polished gold confined her vest, an ivory quiver hung on her left shoulder, and her left hand bore the bow. Her face blent feminine beauty with the best graces of martial youth. Meleager saw and loved.

But now already they were near the monster's lair. They stretched strong nets from tree to tree; they uncoupled their dogs, they tried to find the footprints of their quarry in the grass. From the wood was a descent to marshy ground. Here the boar, as he lay among the reeds, heard the shouts of his pursuers, and rushed forth against them. One and another is thrown down and slain. Jason throws his spear, with a prayer to Diana for success; and the favoring goddess allows the weapon to touch, but not to wound, removing the steel point of the spear even in its flight. Nestor, assailed, seeks and finds safety in the branches of a tree. Telamon rushes on, but stumbling at a projecting root, falls prone. But an arrow from Atalanta at length for the first time tastes the monster's blood. It was a slight wound, but Meleager sees and joyfully proclaims it. Aeneas, excited to envy by the praise given to a female, loudly proclaims his own valor, and defies alike the boar and the goddess who had sent it; but as he rushes on, the infuriated beast lays him low with a mortal wound. Theseus throws his lance, but it is turned aside by a projecting bough. The dart of Jason misses its object, and kills instead one of their own dogs. But Meleager, after one unsuccessful stroke, drives his spear into the monster's side, then rushes on and despatches him with repeated blows.

Then rose a shout from those around; they congratulated the conqueror, crowding to touch his hand. He, placing his foot upon the head of the slain boar, turned to Atalanta and bestowed on her the head and the rough hide which were the trophies of his success. But at this, envy excited the rest to strife. Plexippus and Toxenus, the brothers of Meleager's mother, beyond the rest opposed the gift, and snatched from the maiden the trophy she had received. Meleager, kindling with rage at the wrong done to himself, and still more at the insult offered to her whom he loved, forgot the claims of kindred, and plunged his sword into the offenders' hearts.

As Althea bore gifts of thankfulness to the temples for the victory of her son, the bodies of her murdered brothers meet her sight. She shrieks, and beats her breast, and hastens to change the garments of rejoicing for those of mourning. But when the author of the deed is known, grief gives way to the stern desire of

vengeance on her son. The fatal brand, which once she rescued from the flames, the brand which the destinies had linked with Meleager's life, she brings forth, and commands a fire to be prepared. Then four times she essays to place the brand upon the pile; four times draws back, shuddering at the thought of bringing destruction on her son. The feelings of the mother and the sister contend within her. Now she is pale at the thought of the purposed deed, now flushed again with anger at the act of her son. As a vessel, driven in one direction by the wind, and in the opposite by the tide, the mind of Althea hangs suspended in uncertainty. But now the sister prevails above the mother, and she began as she held the fatal wood: "Turn, ye furies, goddesses of punishment! turn to behold the sacrifice I bring! Crime must atone for crime. Shall Oeneus rejoice in his victor son, while the house of Thestius is desolate? But, alas! to what deed am I borne along? Brothers, forgive a mother's weakness! my hand fails me. He deserves death, but not that I should destroy him. But shall he then live, and triumph, and reign over Calydon, while you, my brothers, wander unavenged among the shades? No! thou hast lived by my gift; die, now, for thine own crime. Return the life which twice I gave thee, first at thy birth, again when I snatched this brand from the flames. O, that thou hadst died! Alas! evil is the conquest; but, brothers, ye have conquered." And, turning away her face, she throws the fatal wood upon the burning pile.

It gave, or seemed to give, a deadly groan. Meleager, absent and unknowing of the cause, felt a sudden pang. He burns, and only by courageous pride conquers the pain which destroys him. He mourns only that he perishes by a bloodless and unhonored death. With his last breath he calls upon his aged father, his brother, and his fond sisters, upon his beloved Atalanta, and upon his mother, the unknown cause of his death. The flames increase, and with them the pain of the hero. Now both subside; now both are quenched. The brand is ashes, and the life of Meleager is breathed forth to the wandering winds.

Althea, when the deed was done, laid violent hands upon herself. The sisters of Meleager mourned their brother with uncontrollable grief; till Diana, pitying the sorrows of the house that once had aroused her anger, turned them into birds.

ATALANTA.

The innocent cause of so much sorrow, was a maiden whose face you might truly say was boyish for a girl, yet too girlish for a boy. She had had her fortune told, and it was to this effect: "Atalanta, do not marry; marriage will be your ruin." Terrified by this oracle, she fled the society of men, and devoted herself to the sports of the chase. To all suitors (for she had many) she imposed a condition which was always effectual in relieving her of their persecutions—"I will be the prize of him who shall conquer me in the race; but death must be the penalty of all who try and fail." In spite of this hard condition some would try; Hippomenes was to be judge of the race. "Can it be possible that any will be so rash as to risk so much for a wife?" said he. But when he saw her lay aside her robe for the race, he changed his mind, and said, "Pardon me, youths, I knew not the prize you were competing for." As he surveyed them he wished them all to be henten, and swelled with envy of any one that seemed at all likely to win. While such were his thoughts, the virgin darted forward. As she ran she looked more beautiful than ever. The breezes seemed to give wings to her feet; her hair flew over her shoulders, and the gay fringe of her garment fluttered behind her. A ruddy hue tinged the whiteness of her skin, such as a crimson curtain casts on a marble wall. All her competitors were distanced, and were put to death without mercy. Hippomenes, not daunted by this result, fixing his eyes on the virgin, said, "Why boast of beating those laggards? I offer myself for the contest." Atalanta looked at him with a pitying countenance, and hardly knew whether she would rather conquer him or not. "What god can tempt one so young and handsome to throw himself away? I pity him, not for his beauty (yet he is beautiful), but for his youth. I wish he would give up the race, or if he will be so mad, I wish he may be the swiftest." While she hesitates, thinking these thoughts, the spectators grow impatient for the race, and her father prompts her to prepare. Then Hippomenes addressed a prayer to Venus: "Help me, Venus, for you have led me on." Venus heard, and was propitious.

In the garden of her temple, in her own island of Cyprus, is a tree with yellow leaves and yellow branches, and golden fruit. Hence she gathered three golden apples, and, unseen by any one else, gave them to Hippomenes, and told him how to use them. The signal is given; each starts from the goal, and skims over the sand. So light their tread, you would almost think they might have run over the river surface or over the top of the cornfield without sinking. The cries of the spectators cheered Hippomenes—"Now, now do your best! hurry, hurry! you gain on her! don't relax! one more effort!" It was doubtful whether the youth or the maiden heard these cries with the greater pleasure. But his breath began to fail him, his throat was dry, the goal yet far off. At that moment he threw down one of the golden apples. The virgin was all amazement. She stopped to pick it up. Hippomenes shot ahead. Shouts burst forth from all sides. She redoubled her efforts, and soon overtook him. Again he threw an apple. She stopped again, but again caught up with him. The goal was near; one chance only remained. "Now, goddess," said he, "prosper your gift!" and threw the last apple off at one side. She looked at it, and hesitated; Venus impelled her to turn aside for it. She did so, and was passed by, left in the rear, and beaten. The youth carried off his prize.

But the lovers were so full of their own happiness that they forgot to pay due honor to Venus; and the goddess was provoked at their ingratitude. She caused them to give offence to Cybele.

This powerful goddess was not to be insulted with impunity. She took from them their human form and turned them into animals of characters resembling their own: of the huntress-heroine, triumphing in the blood of her lovers, she made a lioness, and of her lord and master a lion, and yoked them to her car, where they are still to be seen in all representations, in statuary or painting, of the goddess Cybele.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE AUTUMN FLOWER.

BY MRS. B. T. ELDERIDGE.

It bloomed in a secluded dale—
That little autumn flower;
Its fragrance filled the passing gale,
As in its faded bow—
Like beauty in a time-worn dress—
It glowed in all its loveliness,
More lovely to the searching eye
Than summer flowers of fairer dye.

It seemed to screen itself from view,
Beneath more gaudy flowers,
Until the summer days were through,
Nor heeded sun, nor showers;
But when its rivals all were gone,
Or of their fairest beauties shorn,
Beneath the rose-tree where it grew,
The little floweret burst to view.

'Tis thus retiring, modest worth
Will win regard unsought;
The loveliest flower that blooms on earth,
With fairest beauties fraught,
Is modesty, though for a while
It lives unseen by fortune's smile,
Soon, like the little autumn flower,
'T will win regard—all own its power.

MEN VERSUS WOMEN.

A man falls in love just as he falls down stairs. It is an accident, perhaps, and very probably a misfortune: something which he neither intended, nor foresaw, nor apprehended. But when he runs in love it is as when he runs in debt; it is done knowingly and intentionally; and very often rashly and foolishly, even if not ridiculously, miserably and ruinously. Marriages that are made up at watering-places are mostly of this running sort. But the man who is married for mere worldly motives, without a spark of affection on the woman's part, may nevertheless get, in every worldly sense of the word, a good wife; but when a woman is married for the sake of her fortune, the case is altered, and the chances are a hundred to one that she marries a villain, or at best a scoundrel. Watering-places might, with equal propriety, be called fishing-places, because they are frequented by female anglers, who are in quest of such prey—the elder for their daughters, and the younger for themselves. But it is a dangerous sport, for the fair piscatrix is not more likely to catch a prize than she is to be caught by a shark. As for "courtship ladies," we rather affect the proposition of a wagfish writer in *Frazer's London Magazine*: "Let us widowers and bachelors form an association to declare, for the next hundred years, that we will make love no longer. Let the young women come and make love to us; let them write us verses; let them ask us to dance, get us ices and cups of tea, and help us off with our cloaks at the hall-door, and if they are eligible, we may perhaps be induced to yield, and say—'La! Miss Hopkiss!—I really never—I am so agitated!—ask papa!'"—*Literary American*.

LAZY BEAVERS.

It is a curious fact, says a trapper, that among the beavers there are some that are lazy, and will not work at all, either to assist in building lodges or dams, or to cut down wood for their winter stock. The industrious ones beat these idle fellows, and drive them away; sometimes cutting off a part of their tail, and otherwise injuring them. The "parasceux" are more easily caught in traps than the others, and the trapper rarely misses one of them. They only dig a hole from the water, running obliquely towards the surface of the ground twenty-five or thirty feet, from which they emerge, when hungry, to obtain food, returning to the same hole with the wood they procure, to eat the bark. They never form dams, and are sometimes to the number of five or seven together; all are males. It is not at all improbable that these unfortunate fellows have, as is the case with the males of many species of animals, been engaged in fighting with others of their sex, and after being conquered and driven from the lodge, have become idlers from a kind of necessity. The working beavers, on the contrary, associate, males and females, and young together.—*Audubon and Bachman*.

THE LADIES OF ST. PETERSBURG.

In the burgher circles at St. Petersburg, the two sexes usually group themselves very much apart from each other. Even at meals, the gentlemen take one-half of the table, and the ladies the other. I will not venture exactly to praise such an arrangement, but certainly it spares many an old gray-beard, or busy merchant, engrossed with agios and percentages, the trouble of having to entertain a simpering sixteen-year-old neighbor. The chief subjects of conversation with the ladies of St. Petersburg, at the dinner table, and in the circle they subsequently form round their coffee cups, are music, theatricals, the gossip of the town, a very little literature, and, above all, the fashions. On this last subject they are inexhaustible, and truth demands the confession that they do not cultivate a barren soil. They do not, as many a distinguished national assembly has done, waste their time in fruitless theories. Every project devised speedily becomes an accomplished fact; plans are no sooner sketched than carried out; theory quickly blossoms into practice; no undertaking is too difficult, no obstacle insurmountable, no sacrifice too great for these devoted priestesses of the Graces.—*Travels in Russia*.

RELIGION.—There are those to whom a sense of religion has come in storm and tempest; there are those whom it has summoned amid scenes of revelry and idle vanity; there are those, too, who have heard its "still, small voice" amid rural seclusion and placid retirement. But perhaps the knowledge which causeth not to err, is most frequently impressed upon the mind during the season of affliction; and tears are the softening showers which cause the seed of heaven to spring up in the human heart.—*Scott*.

AMERICA AND GREAT BRITAIN.

In the recent census report, there is a comparison of the growth of population in the United States with that of Great Britain. Here, for the last sixty years, the increase has been about three and a half per cent. per annum, for the whole period. In the mother country, no enumeration of the population of Ireland was made until 1813, and that was quite imperfect; and the first census of Great Britain was made in 1801, when it had only ten millions and a half. Now the population of Great Britain—England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the islands, including persons in the army, navy and the merchant service—amounts to twenty-seven millions six hundred and nineteen thousand eight hundred and sixty-six, of whom thirteen millions five hundred and thirty-seven thousand and fifty-two were males, and fourteen millions eighty-two thousand eight hundred and fourteen were females. What an appalling comment on the state of things do the facts of the population of Ireland present! From 1821 to 1841, it increased at the rate of one per cent. per annum; while for the ten years from 1841 to 1851, the decrease was one million six hundred and sixty-nine thousand three hundred and thirty—a diminution of two per cent. per annum, or twenty per cent. for the entire ten years. The whole population of Great Britain and Ireland has increased in ten years about half a million; leaving out Ireland, it has increased one and two-sixteenths per cent. per annum. In the same time, the United States have gone from seventeen to twenty-three millions—or thirty-six per cent.

TRAGEDY ON THE GLACIERS.

Two of the most adventurous chamois hunters in Switzerland have just lost their lives at the glacier of Argentieres, under circumstances peculiarly distressing. M. Carrier went out, a few weeks ago, with his son, a lad of nineteen, to hunt marmots. The father had discovered a burrow such as the marmots are accustomed to dig, and laying himself on the ground, face downwards, began to enlarge the entrance, hoping to take the animal at the bottom. Suddenly a large quantity of earth fell on him, and he was unable to rise. He called to his son, who crept in after him, and tried in vain to extricate his father from the load which was pressing upon him. While thus engaged, a second slip of earth took place and covered both. After two hours of suffering, the son died, lying on the back of his father. His last words were full of filial affection and anxiety for his parent. Three long days and nights, without food or light, far from all human aid, unable to move, and with the corpse of his son upon his back, did M. Carrier lie in this place, until his friends, who had come out in search of the lost hunter, found him at the point of death. The unhappy sufferer only lived long enough to communicate these particulars, and died while his friends were carrying him home.

WOOL-GROWING AT THE WEST.

The importance of this article as a staple, is just beginning to be realized among the farmers at the West. The repeated failures of the wheat crop in that section of the country, and its low price during an abundant season, have been causes for great discouragement to the agricultural community; and the attention of the farmers of the north-west having been fortunately directed to the breeding of sheep, the experiment has been found to work admirably, and there has, for the past three years, been a continually increasing clip of wool sent forwards to market from the interior of Michigan, in the aggregate amounting to some millions of pounds. The prices, so far, have been higher, more uniform, and better sustained, than those of any other product of the farm; and it is becoming pretty certain that wool is to be the leading agricultural product. A Michigan paper states that there are runners all over the country, buying up sheep pelts at exorbitant prices—in some instances offering one dollar a-piece—which has the effect to induce farmers to kill off large numbers of their flocks. This is very bad policy, and will result in serious loss to the farmers in the end.

THE NUMBER OF NEWSPAPERS.—The following is supposed to be the number of newspapers in the world:—Ten in Austria, fourteen in Africa, twenty-four in Spain, twenty in Portugal, thirty in Asia, sixty-five in Belgium, eighty-five in Denmark, ninety in Russia and Poland, three hundred in Prussia, three hundred and twenty in other Germanic States, five hundred in Great Britain and Ireland, and eighteen hundred in the United States.

A NOBLE-HEARTED BOY.—The Cleveland Herald says, an Irish boy of that city, only seventeen years of age, has just welcomed his parents to a republican home. He has been working for several years, part of the time at four dollars a month, and from his wages has saved enough to bring his father and mother to live with him.

EXTRAORDINARY CHANGE OF POSITION.—The present emperor of France, who now rules the destinies of one of the most powerful and enlightened nations in Europe, was sworn in special constable by Mr. Broughton, on the 10th of April, 1848, during the Chartist riots, and did duty as a special constable up and down the New Road, London.

FIFTY DOLLARS A PLATE.—The committee of the Boston city government, who visited Concord, a few weeks since, to extend the hospitalities of the city to the President elect, gave the general a dinner at the Eagle Hotel, in that place, the cost of which was four hundred dollars, or fifty dollars for each.

PERSONAL ITEM.—Fanny Wright, whose death has been noticed, is said to have left an estate in Cincinnati, valued at almost \$150,000. She leaves but one heir—a daughter

Wayside Gatherings.

Mrs. Mary Andrews lately died in St. Mary's county, Md., at the advanced age of 101 years.

The New York papers comment in strong language on the frightful increase of crime in that city.

The excess of females over males in England, is 400,000; in Scotland, 150,000; in Ireland, 120,000.

A young man at Dover, N. H., a day or two since, paid a young lady \$500 to "let him off!" Such is life.

Biscaccianti, the American prima donna, it is stated, has taken steps to make San Francisco her permanent abode.

A soulless landlord actually seized upon a poor widow's bed at Cincinnati on the 13th, as a partial payment for his rent.

A daguerrotypist took the portrait of a lady in such an admirable manner, that the husband preferred it to the original.

Henry Shaffer has been arrested in Preston county, Va., charged with killing his brother during a quarrel about a hog.

An explosion of fire damp took place in Westwood, Pa., on Monday week, severely burning eight persons, two of whom died.

Secretary Everett has given the Nicaraguan minister his walking papers, the government of Nicaragua having declined to recall him.

Mr. King, Vice President elect, has resigned his seat in the Senate. It is said that Benjamin Fitzpatrick will be appointed by the Governor of Alabama to fill the vacancy.

Constable Thomas Gilliam, of Alton, Ill., was killed at that place on the 12th ult., by an Englishman named Wilkinson, whom he was attempting to arrest.

Capt. Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York, has sold out his entire right in the Pacific line of steamers. He received one million two hundred thousand dollars in cash for it.

The wife of H. N. Newcomb, who is partially insane, recently threw four of her children out of an attic window, in Cincinnati, and three of them have died in consequence of their injuries.

The farmers of New England, it is said, will save a large quantity of hay this winter in consequence of the mild weather. In many places the young cattle and sheep have not yet required feeding.

The coal dealers are not particularly partial to "open winters," but they can afford it, for it is stated that the coal trade of 1852 was larger, by more than six hundred thousand tons, than for any year since its commencement.

Two cadets at the Frankfort, Ky., Military Institute, named Parnell and Ingram, had an encounter recently. Parnell was shot, the ball penetrating his lungs. Ingram had his head cleft by a hatchet in the hands of Parnell.

The mayor of the city of Portsmouth, N. H., C. S. Tappan, has given to the city his salary for the last year, \$300, as a perpetual fund, the income of which is to be annually expended for the Thanksgiving dinner for the inmates of the almshouse.

The Museum of Dolls, which is soon to be opened in Paris, will be a highly curious and instructive exhibition. Among its contents there will be religious images and idols from Egypt, India, Turkey and America; a large collection of Chinese dolls; figures, in correct costume, of Swiss, Italians, Laplanders, Russians, Indians; representations of all the religious orders.

Foreign Items.

The Syrian campaign is over, and the Seraskai had retired into winter quarters.

Miss Edith Herand recently made her debut before a London audience, in the part of *Julia*, at the Olympic Theatre. She is highly spoken of.

The fowl fever has reached England. At the Smithfield Cattle Show some pairs brought as high as £40, and one pair of Cochins sold for £50.

The latest news from China announces the discomfiture of the rebels, by the capture of their chief, Tien-tch, and his sentence to be hung on the 15th of June.

The great chimpanzee monkey in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, which sits like a man, and uses the knife like a Christian, has been named "Uncle Tom."

Baron Ward, the English Premier of Parma (formerly a groom), by a ducal decree, has had conferred on him the Grand Cross (in brilliants) of the Order of St. Louis.

A report is in circulation that the Fort of Zabljac on the Albanian frontier, had been taken by storm, and the Turkish garrison made prisoners by 300 Montenegrins.

Letters from Smyrna of the 22d ult., say that the pirates had put an end to trade in the Archipelago, the maritime insurance companies having refused to insure vessels in those waters.

Ladies friendly to the spider tribe, and not troubled with little Miss Muffet's fears, will be happy to hear that a race of spiders in Scotland measures one inch and a quarter in length and nearly the same in breadth.

Prince Napoleon, son of the ex-King of Westphalia, has been appointed to the governorship of Algeria, and is already forming the personnel of his administration. The French loss in the siege of Lagonet, Algeria, was very severe.

Miss Mary Berry, the intimate friend of Horace Walpole, whose hand and coronet she declined, is dead, in her ninetieth year. She was a very brilliant woman, and clever writer, and with her sister Agnes, enjoyed a wide-spread reputation in English society, for more than seventy years.

Another outrage has been committed at Vienna by Austrian authorities, on the person of an Englishman, the correspondent of the London Morning Chronicle, in consequence of letters which have appeared in that journal. The attention of Lord Malmesbury had been called to the matter.

The Straits Times reports, "An American vessel arrived (at Mailla) a few days since with a cargo of American steamers! One of them, when put together, is intended to ply between this and the British island of Hongkong; another on the river which runs from Manila into the interior."

The Austrian cabinet is now engaged on a project of postal reform for that empire, its chief feature being the adoption of a common seal for all the provinces of the monarchy, viz., a penny for a single letter going a distance under fifty miles, and two pence for all other distances. In Italy this will be a great boon.

In Paris the lamps are lighted by means of a small lamp with a bold flame inserted in the end of a pole, about seven feet long. The lamplighter passes it through the bottom of the lamp (an aperture being expressly left for it), and, by this means, applies it to the burner, the stop being enclosed in the lower part of the shaft.

Sands of Gold.

.... One capital error in men's preparing themselves for the sacred function is, that they read divinity more in other books than in the Scriptures.

.... Private credit is wealth—public honor is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports its flight. Strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.

.... The expectation of future happiness is the best relief for anxious thoughts, the most perfect cure of melancholy, the guide of life and the comfort of death.

.... If you are disquieted with anything, you should consider with yourself, is the thing of that worth, that for it I should so disturb myself, and lose my peace and tranquillity?

.... What madness is it for a man to starve himself to enrich his heir, and so turn a friend into an enemy! For his joy at your death will be proportioned to what you leave him.

.... A tender conscience is an inestimable blessing; that is, a conscience not only quick to discern what is evil, but instantly to shun it, as the eyelid closes itself against the mote.—T. Adams.

.... Good humor is the only shield to keep off the darts of the satirical railler. If you have a quiver well stored, and are sure of hitting him between the joints of the harness, do not spare him. But you had better not bend your bow, than miss your aim.

.... Fear is implanted in us as a preservative from evil; but its duty, like other passions, is not to overbear reason, but to assist it; nor should it be suffered to tyrannize in the imagination, to raise phantoms of horror, or beset life with supernumerary distresses.

Joker's Budget.

A vocalist says he could sing "way down on the old Tar River," if he could only get the pitch.

A house painter recently grained a door so exactly in imitation of oak, that last year it put forth leaves, and grew an excellent crop of acorns.

A Yankee in Iowa has just taught ducks to swim in hot water, and with such success that they lay boiled eggs. Who says this is not an age of improvement?

"Boy, why don't you go to school?"—"Cause, sir, daddy is afraid that if I learn everything now, I shan't have anything to learn ven I comes to the 'cademy."

A merchant not over-conversant with geography, on hearing that one of his vessels was in jeopardy, exclaimed: "Jeopardy, Jeopardy, where's that?"

The editor of the Manchester (N. H.) Mirror seeing a beautiful lady with a white tippet about her neck, remarked that she looked as lovely as the north star peering above a snowy cloud.

"Are them all Bibles?" asked a countryman the other day in the register's office, pointing to the big bound volumes of wills upon the shelves. "No, sir," answered one of the clerks, "those are Testaments."

A gentleman passing through one of the public offices, was affronted by some clerks, and was advised to complain to the principal, which he did thus:—"I have been abused by some of the rascals of this place, and I come to acquaint you of it, as I understand you are the principal."

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F. GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

SHIP TORNADO.

The New York, Atlantic, Astor, Son, and Mercantile Insurance companies, who were all interested in the ship Tornado, Captain O. R. Mumford, of which we give a fine picture herewith, and that lately arrived from San Francisco, after a most tempestuous passage, have presented Capt. M. with a service of plate as a testimonial of their appreciation of his skill, energy and perseverance in bringing his ship safely into port, when most ship-masters would, in all probability, have sought the nearest port to repair. The vessel was struck by a whirlwind in the Pacific, which broke the bowsprit off at the knight-heads, carried away her foremast by the deck, and seriously injured her rigging and sails; but, in spite of this mishap, and with both mates unfit for duty, and an enfeebled crew, Capt. M. succeeded in bringing his vessel into port in 65 days after the disaster—a distance of 8000 miles. The service of plate was made by the world-renowned house of Ball, Black & Co. It is solid silver, richly chased and engraved; it consists of the following pieces: solid silver salver or waiter, pitcher, coffee-pot, tea-pot, sugar dish, cream cup, and slop bowl. The salver is to be richly engraved with a massive scroll; in the centre a beautifully engraved view of the clipper dismasted, as seen in our engraving. It will be exhibited in the window of the above firm, corner of Murray and Broadway, New York, as soon as finished. The following incidents connected with the ship are gathered principally from the log-book: On the 8th of September she was taken aback twice, but without injury; the barometer fell, and continued falling the three following days; the ship was under easy canvass, and there was but little sea; weather looking bad, and the ship making about three knots. The whirlwind struck her at 2 A. M., Sept. 11th, 33 days out, and when nearly half way to New York. The shock was instantaneous. The bowsprit was broken off close to the knight-heads, and the whole of it carried inboard on the port side. The foremast instantly followed it, close to the deck, being lifted from between the mainstays so that the heel of it grazed the house, and went over the side, tearing away the main and monkey rails. This immense weight of masts, yards, sails and rigging lying across the mainstays, together with the surging of



CLIPPER SHIP TORNADO, STRUCK BY A WHIRLWIND.

the ship, caused by the increasing sea, had to be cut adrift to save the mainmast, which, on examination, was found to be sprung. We learn that the bowsprit was 36 inches in diameter at the knight-heads, well made, and thoroughly secured, yet it snapped like a pipe stem, but did not open a seam in the noble ship, showing she was most faithfully built. It may be imagined what were the feelings of the captain, when he beheld his gallant vessel (which had been pronounced one of the best and safest rigged ships) thus crippled in a moment, when 1000 miles west of Cape Horn, and with little prospect of getting proper repairs at any port he could touch at, determining, on the instant, to take her, if possible, to her port of destination—we say they may be imagined, but no one can know them till they have gone through the like ordeal. For fourteen days he buffeted the winds and waves, till he completed his jury rig, and when finished, he found he had drifted within 12 miles of his first position—thence to New York he was 51 days—accomplishing the whole sailing distance in 84 days!

trate a scene on our own Pacific coast—but the same life is now led by hundreds in the hills and valleys of Australia. The English ports are being, as it were, depopulated by the immense emigration from them to the newly-discovered gold regions of this English colony. Numerous are the romantic facts that are constantly transpiring relative to this modern discovery of gold and the Aladdin-like enriching of humble and poor people. Much good, and we are sorry to say—though it is a matter of course—much evil, too, is the immediate result accruing from this circumstance. Shrewd minds, looking into the future, pretend to discover an almost total change of the principles of society as arising from the modern discovery of gold, and the profuseness of its circulation. But these things trouble not the dreaming miner who is sleeping below; his visions are all bright, his hardships cheerfully borne, for his goal is wealth. He has built his castle of happiness in the future, and those deprivations which he now endures are but stepping-stones to reach the pinnacle of his hopes.

MINER'S DREAM.

The characteristic picture which we present below is one that tells its own story, at a glance. The emigrant to El Dorado dreams as he lies there of the mission he is on. Sleeping with his bowie knife and weapons by his side, and grasping the barrel of his gun in his hand, the visions of his brain dwell upon the successful consummation of his mission to the gold country. Already he conceives himself to have completed his task—already in his dream is he loading a ship with his riches, and preparing to embark for home. In the background of the picture the artist depicts the supposed dream of the sleeper. How completely he is wrapped up in forgetfulness—his unshorn face giving no token of the activity of the brain. With his head against a tree and his feet placed near to a rude fire, he rests from the toil of gold-digging, wrapped in a rude blanket and sleeping on the ground. Will his dream be realized? Perhaps so; but there are many chances that the miner will lay his own bones in the very pit he is digging before he gets a sufficient quantity of the precious dust to enable him to turn his face homeward. This is no longer a California scene alone—though our picture is designed to illustrate a scene on our own Pacific coast—but the same life is now led by hundreds in the hills and valleys of Australia. The English ports are being, as it were, depopulated by the immense emigration from them to the newly-discovered gold regions of this English colony. Numerous are the romantic facts that are constantly transpiring relative to this modern discovery of gold and the Aladdin-like enriching of humble and poor people. Much good, and we are sorry to say—though it is a matter of course—much evil, too, is the immediate result accruing from this circumstance. Shrewd minds, looking into the future, pretend to discover an almost total change of the principles of society as arising from the modern discovery of gold, and the profuseness of its circulation. But these things trouble not the dreaming miner who is sleeping below; his visions are all bright, his hardships cheerfully borne, for his goal is wealth. He has built his castle of happiness in the future, and those deprivations which he now endures are but stepping-stones to reach the pinnacle of his hopes.



F. HEDGE, SC.

REPRESENTATION OF THE DREAM OF A PROSPECTING MINER.

Illustrations

By F. Gleason



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 6.—WHOLE No. 84.
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SLEIGHING ON THE NECK.

No city, European or American, can exhibit a more gay and lively appearance in its public drives than is presented by what is called Boston Neck, when there is good sleighing. The scene is one to enliven the spirit and delight the eye; albeit, a serious accident will sometimes happen, now and then, to mar the pleasure of the hour. Our winters are short, and we have, as a general thing, but a brief period when sleighs can be used to advantage; but during the time that the snow does remain with us, the facilities afforded thereby are improved to the utmost. It is then that Boston Neck presents such a scene as our artist has so finely represented below,—a picture to the life. At any time during the after-part of the day, in good sleighing, says a cotemporary, the scene is vivid indeed. The myriads of sleighs, of every possible variety, from the fairy-like cockle shell to the impromptu pung, made with a couple of hoop-poles and a crockery crate,—the gaily caparisoned blood horses and the skeletons that would be rejected as bait for crows; one, two, four, eight and twelve horse sleighs,

and all filled with merry, shouting, singing companies, make a scene of excitement which can only be found on the Neck. Racing is the great end and aim of all the drivers, particularly of those who own or drive fast horses. A steady, quiet man rides up there without any intention of joining in the dangerous sport, but merely "to see the fun." The excitement of the Jehus, the danger of collision, the shouts and jeers of the throngs who crowd the sidewalks, and the dislike to be beaten, drive him into the rushing whirlwind of racing steeds, and ere he knows it he is gathering himself, and shouting the "hi! yah!" with the most hot-headed of them. Possibly he comes out ahead, more probably he is left behind, or perhaps he gets smashed up; but he consoles himself with the reflection that it is the fortune of the day. No city in America can produce so many beautiful and fast horses as Boston, and if you would see three-fourths of them congregated together at one time, let our readers just take a Washington Street omnibus and go up to Blackstone Square, where our picture is taken from. You will find nearly all sweeping by at a 2.40 rate,

and the drivers still urging the animals forward to greater speed; everything seems to fly, and you grow half dizzy with the gaiety and spirit of the scene before you. It is a rich harvest time for the stable-keepers, who make hay while the sun (or snow) shines, by charging big prices for their beautiful turn-outs and splendid horses. The fine perspective of our picture will at once be observed, and it will give the distant reader, not familiar with the spot, a very excellent and correct idea of the extent and beauty of the locality. But to our city readers we can impart no information relative to the "Neck;" they are thoroughly posted up on this subject already; if, however, there should happen to be one or two who have not looked upon this exceedingly characteristic and fine scene of city life in winter, let them not fail to do so when they may. Don't go up to the Neck in a sleigh, unless it be an omnibus, for if you do, ten to one, you will get excited and fall as naturally into a race, as though you had gone to the grounds with the express intention of trying the speed of your horse, such is the influence of the exciting scenes which surround you.



A FINE REPRESENTATION OF A SLEIGHING SCENE ON BOSTON NECK.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE OF WESTERN LIFE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

ROSALTHE:

THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.

A Story of Western Life.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

"There's one subject which you have not mentioned," observed Alston, thoughtfully.

"And what may that be?" asked Le Bland.

"You have not reflected that it is exceedingly hazardous for you to leave Boonesborough. Our red enemies have been, as you know, unusually active of late. To venture forth at this time, seems like rushing to certain death. In my anxiety for my daughter, and sympathy for you, I had lost sight of that most important fact."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "Do you then imagine that I would shrink from any danger when duty calls me to act. You do not yet know me. Nothing is so dreadful to me as the thought that Rosalthe is exposed to insult and death. All other considerations fade from my mind. For her I would dare all things that can menace the safety of mortal man."

"But stay yet a moment," added Alston. "You are unarmed; let me run to my cabin and get my rifle."

"Never mind it, my good Alston. I have friends who"—Le Bland checked his speech, and left the remainder of his thought unexpressed.

Alston, in his eagerness and agitation, did not notice the circumstance, but continued to insist that he should wait until he returned with the rifle; and he reluctantly complied.

Alston hastened to procure the weapon; but when people are most in a hurry, they facilitate matters the least. The powder-horn was misplaced, and the ball-pouch could not readily be found. The few minutes which Le Bland had to wait, appeared to him an age. Alston came back at the very instant when his friend's patience was failing; and the rifle and ammunition was passed up to him. He seized them hastily, dropped down upon the front side of the block-house, and hurried away.

CHAPTER XI.

BOONESBOROUGH INVADED.

THE hour of midnight had passed on, and other hours had followed in its noiseless track. It was near the break of day; but the hush of night lay more deeply, and far more darkly, upon the face of the earth than since the sun went down. The moon had finished her course, and passing away to other regions, left darkness and gloom on the places where her beams had flickered so pleasantly. The stars were obscured by clouds, and only a few, at distant points, twinkled faintly in the firmament.

Daniel Boone and Mr. Fleming stood near the gate that opened from the stockades for ingress and egress. Each of the sturdy pioneers held in his hand his trusty rifle—weapons which had been proved upon many a bloody day.

"This," said Captain Boone, "is the hour which has ever been so fatal to our countrymen. The savages always select it for a surprise; and how many hundreds have been slain between sleeping and waking; leaping from their beds in terror at the sound of the terrific war-whoop, they have met death unarmed, and without resistance.

"You speak truly; I know it by many bitter experiences. I have seen houses on fire, and heard the shrieks of women and children when the flames were leaping from their dwellings, and when the murderous hatchet was suspended over their heads. I have been in battles here and

elsewhere; and I have been in infant settlements that have been surprised by the ruthless savage. I know well that this is the hour of Indian maraud and treachery."

"Yes, my brave lads, this is the time when we may naturally expect the uncivilized critters," said Joel Logston, who appeared at that moment, followed by Vesuvius.

"You ought not to go abroad in the open air until you have recovered from your recent wounds," observed Captain Boone.

"The air'll do 'em good; I never was afeared of the air; I aint one o' them kind. I can't sleep when there's any danger, or any reasonable prospect of a fight. Isn't it so, Vesuvius?"

The ill-natured looking car responded to this friendly question by a spasmodic growl.

"You made terrible work with the Indians, didn't you, dog?" added Logston, in the same confidential manner; and Vesuvius condescended to yelp again.

"He's a knowin' varmint," resumed Joel; "he can tell when there's a red-skin within half a mile. I really believe that he'd bark in his sleep, if one of the painted critters should even look at Boonesborough!"

At that instant the singular quadruped referred to, began to give vent to low and energetic growls, snuffing the air, erecting the hair upon his back, and walking defiantly about the enclosure near the stockades.

"What does that mean?" asked Fleming.

"It means that he scents somethin' as he don't like," replied Logston.

"I suspect that there are Indians near," remarked Daniel Boone.

"If you're allers as near the truth as that, you wont have to answer for much sin of that natur," said Joel.

"Perhaps we had better call out the men," added Captain Boone.

"I think you had, by all means; for there'll be an uncommon uproar here soon, 'cordin' to my notion of things," replied Joel.

"Mr. Fleming, go and order the men to come out silently and without confusion," said the captain.

"It will be best," returned Fleming, and hastened to obey orders.

"I s'pose you've got that Frenchman safe enough?" continued Logston.

"Certainly; he's in the block-house just where you put him. I had a long and serious conversation with Mr. Alston in regard to him, but failed to awaken him to a sense of the danger to be apprehended through his agency. He is determined to see nothing wrong in him; and nothing but proof positive will ever convince him of Le Bland's duplicity."

"Silas Girty and the Miami chief could tell him enough about it, I rather reckon," answered Joel, drily.

"I have not the least doubt of it," returned the pioneer. "But observe the dog; he is growing more in earnest; there is certainly some danger."

"If I was goin' to die the next minute as is a comin', I should say and stick to it, there's Indians not far off."

The settlers now began to leave their cabins and gather about their leader in silence, as they had been instructed. Mr. Alston appeared among them with a melancholy and dejected air, for he was doubtless thinking of his daughter.

"I cannot bear this torturing suspense and in-

action much longer," he remarked, approaching Captain Boone. "Although not very skilful in Indian tactics, and noused to the trail, I shall, nevertheless, make some effort to recover my beloved Rosalthe."

"I can appreciate your feelings, Mr. Alston. You feel as all fathers would under such circumstances," said Boone. "But rest assured that there are those now in pursuit of your daughter who are far more experienced than yourself, and who will never return without some tidings of the lost one. Calm your anxieties as much as possible, that you may better administer comfort to your companion in affliction."

"Yes, I must try to bear up like a man," returned Alston, sighing. "Is there any immediate danger of an attack?" he added.

"I am strongly inclined to think so," was the reply.

"I am differently persuaded. I think the danger has been greatly magnified. As you are aware, I have but little faith in this story of a fearful conspiracy," rejoined Alston.

"We differ on that point, unfortunately; but we shall see. The French have assisted and encouraged the savages more than once, and I see not why the report that Du Quesne is marching against us at the head of a large body of savages, may not be true," said Boone.

"Time will solve all these questions. A great explainer is Time—he gives us the keys to all mysteries, eventually," resumed Alston.

"Look yonder, in the name of Heaven, and tell me what new mystery is that which I now behold!" exclaimed the forester, with startling emphasis.

Instantly all eyes were turned towards the block-house where Le Bland was supposed to be yet in durance. Dasky figures were seen upon the top of the structure, disappearing one after another through the roof. The hardy pioneers gazed at this astonishing sight in mute wonder. For a moment they seemed like men utterly deprived of the powers of volition. The danger had appeared in an unexpected quarter, and in a more dreaded form than any one had anticipated.

But no eyes were more fully dilated with surprise than Mr. Alston's; he was almost paralyzed with what he beheld; he felt that he had been guilty also of a breach of trust, and in some respects had acted unworthily; but he did not even dream that his friend Le Bland had anything to do with what was transpiring before him.

Captain Boone was the first to speak and to act. "We must stop this!" he exclaimed, "or we are little better than dead men," and instantly discharged his rifle at one of the dark forms. Three or four of the settlers followed his example. The fire was immediately returned from the block-house with effect, for one of the men fell.

"We are to be shot down from our own block-house, and through the loop-holes our own bands have pierced!" cried the captain. "Mr. Logston," he added, "take half a dozen men and take possession of the other block-house, and prevent any more from entering the works, while I try to drive the enemy from this."

Brandishing a hatchet, the bold pioneer rushed towards the stronghold occupied by the Indians. The little party was met by a severe fire; Mr. Alston, who was among the foremost, received a wound which prevented him from taking any further part in the struggle.

The savages had the advantage; the guns leveled from the several loop-holes completely covered Boone and his men. A few of the more determined reached the door of the block-house; but it could not be forced open, and even had they succeeded in doing so, it would have been rushing to certain destruction. The consequence was, that the storming party was obliged to retreat.

Percceiving that nothing could be effected without more deliberation, order, and concert of action, they proceeded to superintend and protect the passage of the women and children from the cabins to the block-house in the other angle of the works. This important measure was effected without loss, although they were frequently fired upon.

While these movements were taking place within the station, there was much shouting and tumult without. Several attempts were made to mount to the top of the block-house, which met a prompt repulse from the settlers, whose position commanded the entire front of the fort. As has been observed, the block-houses projecting twenty inches beyond the cabins, prevented effectually the possibility of the enemy's making a lodgment before them.

"This," said Logston, addressing Mr. Alston, who was having his wound dressed, "this is the work of your Frenchman."

"I am still incredulous," replied Alston. "Where is Andrew?" inquired Captain Boone.

"Here, massa," answered Andrew. "Was Le Bland in the block-house when you left it?"

"Yes, massa."

"Are you sure?"

"Bery sure, massa Boone; 'kase he spoke to dis chile."

"What did he say?"

"He axed if de moon am riz," replied the colored man, a little confused.

"Did he make any attempt to escape?" continued Boone, sternly.

"He spoke 'bout dat ar subject."

"What did you say to him?"

"Dat I's bery tired and could o't t'ink to listen to no low remarks."

"Are you sure you said that?"

"Dat's de natur ob de obserwation."

"Did he offer you money, or hold out any inducement for you to assist him to escape?" added the forester, still more sternly.

"Yes, massa," said Andrew, quailing before the penetrating glances of Boone. Unfortunately for him in this perturbation, he thrust his hands into his pockets so desperately, that the jingling of silver coin was distinctly heard.

"What have you got in your pockets?" asked Boone.

"Nuffin but nails, massa,—not a single t'ing," returned the negro, his manner plainly giving the lie to his words.

"Search his pockets," added the captain, turning to Logston, who stood near.

Joel, ever ready to do the bidding of his superior, laid his hands upon the trembling Andrew, which Vesuvius observing, concluded that it was the signal for some extraordinary demonstration on his part, and instantly displayed all his sharp teeth, and approached him with intentions most sinister and alarming.

Andrew, overcome by the sense of so many dangers, fell upon his knees, and declared he would confess all that he knew about the matter, which he did, with but a few trifling prevarications; protesting most strenuously that he had no intention whatever of assisting the Frenchman to escape.

Of the fact of Le Bland's escape, and the means employed, Andrew, as the reader is aware, knew nothing, and could give his master no information at all upon that subject.

Ebony was next questioned; but emboldened by the presence of Mr. Alston, fearlessly asserted that he was wholly ignorant of the transaction, and that the first intimation which he had received that anything was going wrong, was the report of Captain Boone's rifle.

Although perfectly assured in his own mind that Ebony knew more than he chose to divulge, the forester ceased to press his questions further, for the imminence of the danger required prompt action.

A hurried consultation was now held among the veteran woodsmen, to determine what should be done. Some suggested that a party of picked men should advance with axes, burst in the door, and meet the savages face to face. But a young man by the name of Reynolds, proposed a plan which appeared the most practicable, and was most favorably received. It was this; one party was to remain in the building where they were, another advance to make an assault upon the door of the structure held in possession by the Indians, while a third would attempt to gain an entrance by running along the roofs of the intervening cabins and effect their object through the same aperture by which the enemy had found access.

This scheme appeared very feasible, for the party remaining could protect the party upon the roof from the fire of the enemy outside the works; and the third party making a simultaneous attack upon the door, would divert the enemy, giving them two points to defend instead of one.

This measure was so well planned and conducted, that it was crowned with complete success, and every Indian within the block-house was slain, or put *hors du combat*.

The struggle after the parties entered the building was brief but sanguinary, and the shouts of victory in one block-house were answered by shouts of joy from the other. The pioneers now had possession of their works; but the victory was by no means complete; for the frightful

yolls of hundreds of savages filled the wide forests with dreadful echoes, and blanched the cheeks of the women and children. Wives and mothers thought of the husbands and children they had lost by the hatchet, by the well-aimed ball, by the knife, or the more lingering death of torture.

Fair young maidens thought of their lovers, and little children clasped their mothers' knees in terror, their tiny hands trembling with indescribable fear.

The red sun came up and shone upon many pale faces at Boonesborough. The firing ceased on both sides.

"You observe, men," said Boone, "that the Indians fire indiscriminately at our fort and waste much powder and lead; but we must not follow their example, for ammunition is worth much more to us than silver or gold; it is more precious than diamond dust. Fire only when you see a mark, and the noisy, bragging rascals will soon keep at a proper distance. I know well the worth of ammunition, for I passed weary months alone in this wilderness, while my brother performed a long and dangerous journey to North Carolina for a fresh supply. The time, during his absence, often hung heavily upon my hands. I was surrounded by those who continually sought my life, and for purposes of safety, changed my camping-ground every night. You may depend upon it, I wasted no powder during that period. That experience taught me a lesson of prudence I shall never forget."

"I want to speak a word to you privately," said Logston, making signs to the captain to follow him.

"I think I've seen that French feller," added Joel, when the two had gone a little apart, out of hearing of their companions.

"What makes you think so?" asked the other.

"Because I saw a face that looked like his, notwithstanding the paint that had been laid on it. I was loading my rifle at the time, and afore I got ready to fire, he had disappeared. So you may rely on it, he's among the critters, helpin' 'em on in their mischief."

"It does not seem possible, at first thought, that a man who has received so much kindness at our hands, can be so villainously ungrateful and treacherous; and yet I am disposed to believe that you are not mistaken," replied the forester.

"And to think that he should pretend to set his heart on such a girl as Rosalthe Alston," added Joel.

"Watch for him, Logston, and if you can see him or any one that looks like him, be sure to cover him with your rifle," said Boone.

"I'll do it! may I be trodden to death by wild buffaloes if I don't!" exclaimed Joel, with energy.

The latter and the captain were soon joined by others, and a very important subject was discussed. As it was evident that the station would be besieged, it was highly necessary that they should be supplied with water. The spring from which they obtained this indispensable fluid was situated in the rear of the fortifications, at the foot of the eminence upon which they were built. There was a well-beaten path leading to the spring, and the same for a long distance was surrounded by rank grass and weeds, in which they had good reason to suppose a large body of Indians had secreted themselves. To do without water was out of the question, and all agreed that it must, in some manner, be procured before the enemy made another attack.

"I have studied the habits of the savages for many years," observed Mr. Fleming, "and I believe that I know something of their cunning. If our men go for water, they will surely be fired upon, and many of them must inevitably be slain."

"And it appears to me that is not all that is intended," returned the captain. "They would, if possible, cut off their return to the fort."

"There is something more than that to be considered," remarked young Reynolds. "If any considerable number of us go out, they will make a desperate effort to enter before the gates are closed."

While Reynolds was speaking, a brisk firing was commenced on that side of the station farthest from the spring.

"You speak wisely, young man," said Boone, quickly. "The firing that has now commenced is only intended to distract our attention from the true point of attack. The gates must not be

opened, for it is evident that they are expecting that we naturally enough feel desirous of obtaining a supply of water from the spring, and have taken measures accordingly."

"I think that female wit can free you from this dilemma," said Matilda Fleming, with blushing cheeks. "We women cannot do so much in battle as you, because nature has given us an organization less strong; therefore our lives, at this time, are not worth so much as yours; it shall be our duty, then, to go to the spring and procure water. If we go calmly, they will naturally conclude that their ambuscade is not discovered, and will not fire, but wait, thinking that the next time some of the men will take our places, seeing that we were not molested."

"Yes, we will go!" exclaimed Elizabeth Boone and Eliza Ballard.

"You are brave gals," said Joel Logston.

"The plan is a very good and judicious one," observed Mrs. Boone. And Mrs. Fleming and all the females said the same.

After many objections were made by the men and successfully overruled by the women, the plan was put into operation. In a short time the latter appeared with pails, resolved to sacrifice themselves, if the occasion demanded, for those they loved. The gates were opened by unwilling hands, the devoted and brave women passed out, and the gallant defenders of Boonesborough gazed after them with intense anxiety, as they descended the slope and advanced with unfaltering footsteps towards the spring, near which they were sure scores of their deadly foes were concealed.

It was a moment fraught with deep and painful interest. It was observed that Joel Logston kept his eyes fixed upon the comely figure of Eliza Ballard, and watched her retreating form with pale cheeks and ill-concealed anxiety.

"I can guess your thoughts, Joel," said Daniel Boone, in a low voice. "You are wishing that you could interpose your own person between her and the deadly shafts of the lurking enemy."

"Right, sir, right!" exclaimed Logston, grasping the captain's hand. "Heaven knows I would risk my life for her without a single selfish fear."

When Joel had ceased speaking, the parties had reached the spot where the cool waters gushed up from the earth, and sparkled pleasantly in the morning sun.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SCOUT AND INNIS MCKEE—"SOMETHING BREAKS."

BALLARD, after parting with Kenton and Norwood, struck out into the forest in a south-eastern direction, leaving the Kentucky river a little to the left. The scout was in ill humor, for he was fully persuaded in his own mind that Allan was a person to disarrange and foil the most skilfully devised plans that experienced woodcraft could contrive for the rescue of the maiden.

"He's a green hand," he muttered to himself. "He's a stumblin' block in my way. I don't want to be in such company; I want men who have walked up and down this great country as I have, when there was a painted retter behind every bush, and no man could safely say his life was his own for the next three seconds. He won't never go back to Boonesborough with a whole skin; somethin' in the course of nature will naterally break."

Having arrived, at this sage, and to him self-evident conclusion, the scout paused to deliberate upon the object of his present mission, and the ways and means most likely to ensure success. In a short time he moved on again with a more assured step, having no doubt decided upon some particular course of action. He traversed beautiful woodlands, lying in uniform and graceful swells, where the wild grape-vine mounted gigantic trees, and where innumerable flowers breathed their perfume to the balmy air.

He heard the hum of busy bees luxuriating among countless petals redolent with sweetness, and the cheerful songs of a great multitude of birds. The agreeable aspect of all he saw, and the harmony of all he heard, chased away the moroseness of the scout. Born as he had been in a new country, and passing the larger portion of his life beneath the open heavens, he had become in his simple way a devoted lover of nature. Ill-humor gave place to tranquil enjoyment, and he moved along in a happier and better frame of mind.

He now left the rolling lands, and entered a rougher region which stretched away to the base of some high hills. It was near the hour of sunset when Ballard reached the hills; and the great and beneficent dispenser of light and heat was darting his departing rays upon their wood-crowned summits. The forester was thirsty, and looked about for water. Hearing the murmur of a rivulet, he advanced in that direction and discovered a small stream gushing from the hills.

Thinking to find cooler and more refreshing waters nearer the source of the spring, he followed the streamlet. He soon perceived that it flowed from one of the highest of the range of hills, the sides of which were nearly perpendicular. As the scout threw himself down to drink, he observed that the ground about the spot seemed considerably trodden. He instantly examined this appearance more particularly, and was convinced that human feet had recently pressed the yielding soil; and not merely on one or two occasions, but so often that a tolerably well-defined path was discernible. Having satisfied his thirst, Ballard discovered that the water gushed from an open space in the hill-side, a few steps beyond, and the spot was overgrown with grape-vines and hazel, while the slight footpath tended in that direction and was lost.

The scout approached the place, and pulling away the vines, perceived much to his surprise, the mouth of a small cave. Having gazed into the dark and forbidding aperture until his eyes had become in some measure accustomed to the darkness, he entered the subterranean abode; for it was quite certain that it was now inhabited, or had recently been. He groped his way along until he reached a place where he could stand erect. He was straining his powers of vision to the utmost, in order to see what was still beyond him, when he was prostrated by a heavy blow upon his head.

Before the scout had fairly recovered his senses, his hands and feet were securely bound.

"Come in," said a gruff voice. "I've got him where he can't do no mischief. Come in and kindle a fire, and let us see who we've caught."

Ballard turned his eyes towards the mouth of the cave, and saw two females glide in. They passed the spot where he was lying, and one of them lighted a pile of fagots, that had been previously prepared, and heaped against a large rock (which formed the entire side and roof of the cave) with a cleft at the top which allowed the smoke to pass out.

The flames soon leaped up cheerfully, and flung a ruddy glare of light upon the features of the scout. The individual who had knocked him down and bound him, stood by like a surly mastiff, who, having conquered his adversary, stands by to give him an additional shake, if necessary.

"It's Ballard!" he exclaimed, when the scout's features were revealed by the fire-light.

"You should n't knock a man down without an introduction," said the spy, coolly.

"So you've tracked me at last," added the man.

"I reckon I have," returned the scout, "and should like to track my way back again."

"You've made the last tracks you'll ever make!" cried the other, fiercely.

"I knew something would break," answered Ballard.

"You've got a broken head already, and it's my opinion you'll get a broken neck before you get through with this business," retorted the man.

"I have a notion that your name is McKee; the bosom friend of that villainous piece of human natur called Silas Girty," said the scout.

"Draw it mild, or I may make an end of you on the spot!" retorted McKee, savagely. "You've always been a spy upon our movements, and your death has been resolved upon for a long time. Girty and I have been after you for many weeks."

"Thank ye," said Ballard.

"Girty will be here in the morning," resumed McKee.

"I should rather have seen him yesterday morning," observed the scout, honestly.

"No doubt, no doubt!" returned McKee, with a sinister grin.

Ballard felt but little inclination to continue a conversation so uninteresting, and accordingly turned his attention towards the two females. One of said females, and the eldest of the two, was obviously of the Indian race; while the

youngest was evidently her daughter. Both were clad in the costume of savage life; the youngest was about eighteen years of age, and though a half-breed, remarkably handsome. The scout watched her movements with increasing interest; for he fancied he read indications of pity and sympathy in her countenance; while her dark eyes and rosy cheeks made a deep impression on his bachelor heart.

During the preparation of the evening meal, he did not cease to follow her every motion with his eyes. McKee's wife appeared less lovely in the estimation of the scout; for she manifested less compassion for his unfortunate condition, and had numbered twice as many years as the former.

When McKee had finished his supper (which he ate in sullen silence), Ballard was removed to another portion of the cavern, and additional means of security made use of. Having accomplished this business satisfactorily, the renegade whispered a few words to his wife and left the place.

"Now," thought Ballard, "is my time to devise some method of escape. If McKee brings Silas Girty here, I shall certainly be killed. So I must see what can be done."

The scout had in his pocket a bottle of pretty good whiskey—a beverage of which the Indians were exceedingly fond—and he resolved to try its virtues upon Mrs. McKee. He instantly informed her of the fact that a bottle of strong-water was deposited in the pocket of his hunting shirt.

This information seemed to have a very cheering effect upon the tawny spouse, and she proceeded with considerable alacrity to take the coveted treasure from the woodman's pocket.

The daughter said nothing, nor indicated by word or look any interest in the matter. She sat by the fire absorbed in thought, and Ballard began to fear that she had entirely forgotten that such a person as himself was in the vicinity, or had an existence anywhere. But despite all the indifference of the fair half-breed, he could not help feeling attracted towards her.

"Too pretty, too pretty!" he said to himself, "to be in such a place as this, and surrounded by such influences."

Meantime Mrs. McKee tasted the whiskey and liked it so well that she tasted again, and repeated the operation with marvellous alacrity and every sign of enjoyment. This was just what Ballard had anticipated; and he regarded her persevering efforts to drain the bottle, with much interest; for if she became helplessly intoxicated, he doubted not but he could prevail on the daughter to assist him to escape.

Mrs. McKee soon grew talkative, and offered the young woman some of the beverage; but she refused it with strong manifestations of repugnance, which raised her greatly in the scout's estimation. Ballard's greatest fear was, that McKee would return before the whiskey had wrought its effects; and he turned his eyes with painful anxiety towards the entrance of the subterranean abode.

Mrs. McKee's utterance grew thick, and her conversation incoherent; she finally sunk upon the earthen floor, completely overpowered, and soon her heavy respiration gave evidence that she was wholly unconscious.

"Innis," said the scout, for he had heard her called by that name, "don't you think it would look better for me to be up and walking about than to be here?"

The maiden glanced towards her mother, but made no reply.

"It's hard to die at my time of life," added Ballard.

Innis sighed and fixed her gaze upon the fire. "I've got a mother and sister at Boonesborough," continued the scout.

"Perhaps they'll weep for you," replied Innis.

"But I'd rather save them the trouble," he rejoined.

"What have you done to offend my father?" asked Innis.

"I reckon I haven't done anything to offend an honest man," said the scout.

"Why did you come here?" inquired the girl.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Be prudently secret. But don't affect to make a secret of what all the world may know. Nor give yourself airs of being as close as a conspirator. You will better disappoint idle curiosity by seeming to have nothing to conceal.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF U. S. SENATORS.—No. 1.
[PORTRAITS GIVEN ON PAGES 83 AND 89.]

BY CHARLES H. DRAINARD.

PIERRE SOULE, Senator from Louisiana, was born at Castillon, in the Pyrenees, during the first consulate of Napoleon. He was destined for the church, and in 1816 was sent to the Jesuit's College at Toulouse, where his abilities were marked and appreciated. He soon became dissatisfied with his situation, and, having left the college, was sent to complete his studies at Bordeaux, but soon left and repaired to Paris, where, in connection with Barthélemy and Mery, he established a paper advocating liberal republican sentiments. For this offence he was sent to St. Pelagie, from whence he finally made his escape to England. From England he went to Havre, from whence he embarked to Port au Prince in 1825, and in the same year arrived in New Orleans. Having studied law, he soon rose to eminence in his profession, and obtained a high reputation as an orator. In 1847, he was elected Senator from Louisiana, to fill a vacancy, and was re-elected in 1849 for a term of six years. In the Senate he has preserved his reputation as a speaker, and his oratory is rendered the more pleasing by a slight French accent.

WILLIAM C. DAWSON, Senator from Georgia, was born in the county of Greene, in the State of Georgia, and is the descendant of one of the very first settlers of that part of middle Georgia, in the same county where he now resides. He was educated at the University of his native State. The first year of his manhood, he was the Clerk of the House of Representatives of the General Assembly of the State, was twice a delegate to the convention to amend the Constitution; was Senator to the State Legislature, and was elected four successive times as Representative to the Congress of the United States. During his service in Congress in 1841, he was the nominee of the Whig party for Governor, but was defeated in consequence of the vote he gave in the extra session of Congress to tax tea and coffee. Immediately thereafter he resigned his seat in Congress. In 1845, he was appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State, and in 1847, he was elected a Senator to Congress.

STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS, Senator from Illinois, was born at Brandon, Vermont, April 23d, 1813. In early life he worked upon a farm, and afterwards at the cabinet-making business. His health failing, he removed to Ontario county, New York, and entered the academy of Canandaigua. Afterwards he commenced the study of law. In 1833, he left Canandaigua and went to Cleveland, Ohio, where he was taken sick. On his recovery he left Cleveland, and obtained the place of teacher of a school at Winchester, Illinois, in December, 1833. He here opened a law office, and was soon chosen, by the Legislature, State Attorney. In 1836, he was elected a member of the Legislature. He was appointed Register of the Land Office at Springfield, and in December, 1840, was appointed Secretary of State of Illinois. In 1841, he was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court; and in 1843, a member of the Congress of the United States; and in 1847, he was elected to the Senate.

JOHN PARKER HALE, Senator from New Hampshire, was born at Rochester, Strafford county, New Hampshire, March 31, 1806. Went to Phillips Academy, at Exeter, N. H., in September, 1820, and remained there three years. Entered Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Me., in September, 1823, and graduated in Sept., 1827. He immediately commenced the study of law in his native village. In June, 1828, he removed to Dover, N. H., where he has ever since resided. In 1830, he was admitted to the bar. In March, 1832, he was elected a Representative to the Legislature of New Hampshire. In 1834, he was appointed U. S. Attorney for New Hampshire, by Gen. Jackson. In 1838, he was re-appointed by President Van Buren, from which office he was removed by President Tyler, in April, 1841. In March, 1843, he was elected to the House of Representatives of the United States, and in March, 1846, he was again elected a Representative to the Legislature of his native State, and on the assembling of that body, was chosen Speaker of the House. At the same session, he was chosen a Senator of the United States for the term of six years from and after the fourth of March, 1847.

WILLIE P. MANGUM, Senator from North Carolina, was born in Orange County, N. C., in 1792, and was educated at the University of the State, where he graduated in 1814, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The degrees of A. M. and LL. D. have since been conferred upon him. He was admitted to the bar in 1816, and was elected to the State Legislature in 1818. In 1819, he was elected a Judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina, which office he resigned in 1820, and returned to the bar. In 1823, he was elected to the U. S. House of Representatives, and re-elected in 1825. He resigned his seat in the summer of 1826, and continued the practice of law until 1828, when he was re-elected Judge of the Superior Court. In 1830, he was elected to the Senate of the United States for six years, and has been a member of that body ever since, with the exception of two years, 1838 and 1839. In 1842, he was elected President of the Senate, and served in that capacity for three years.

LEWIS CASS, Senator from Michigan, was born at Exeter, N. H., October 9th, 1782. When he was eighteen years old, he taught school some months, and then started on foot across the Alleghany mountains, and established himself at Marietta, in the Northwest Territory. In 1802, he was admitted to practice at the bar. In 1806, he was elected to the Legislature from Muskingum county. In 1807, he was appointed, by Mr. Jefferson, Marshal of the United States for the District of Ohio, and remained in that office five years. In 1812, he was chosen Colonel

of a regiment of Ohio Volunteers. On the 12th of July, he crossed, with the army of General Hall, into Canada, and being detached on separate service, had a skirmish with the British, in which he was successful. The ensuing winter he was appointed Brigadier General in the United States Army. On the 5th of October, 1813, he was at the battle of the Thames with General Harrison. In the same year, he was appointed, by Mr. Madison, Governor of Michigan, and continued in office under seven administrations. In 1831, he was appointed Secretary of War in the Cabinet of General Jackson. In 1836, he went to France as Minister Plenipotentiary. In 1844, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, and in 1848 was the Democratic candidate for President of the United States, and resigned his seat in the Senate. He was subsequently elected to the United States Senate.

JEREMIAH CLEMENS, Senator from Alabama, was born at Huntsville, Alabama, Dec. 28th, 1815, and educated at the Alabama University, Tuscaloosa. Elected to the Alabama Legislature from Madison, his native county, in 1839, 1840 and 1841. He went to Texas as captain of a volunteer company, in the spring of 1842, and was elected Lieutenant Colonel of Volunteers on the frontier of Texas, in July, 1842. Returned to Alabama and became a member of the Legislature in 1843, and Democratic elector of President in 1844. He was again elected the same year to the Legislature. Appointed Major of the 13th Infantry, March 3d, 1847. Promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel 9th Infantry, July 16th, 1847. By the reduction of the army at the close of the Mexican War, he was discharged from service.

SALMON P. CHASE, Senator from Ohio, was born at Cornish, N. H., on the 13th of January, 1808. At the age of ten years, he was deprived, by death, of a father's care, and shortly afterwards sent to Ohio, and placed in the school at Worthington, then under the charge of his uncle, Bishop Chase, where he remained a few years and then removed to Cincinnati, and became a student of Cincinnati College. He entered Dartmouth College as Junior in 1824, and was graduated in 1826, after which he repaired to Washington, D. C., and commenced the study of law in the office of William Wirt. He was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of Ohio in 1830. In February, 1849, he was elected to the Senate of the United States for the term of six years. As a lawyer, Mr. Chase is diligent, patient and accurate, and as an advocate he takes a high rank.

CHARLES SUMNER, Senator from Massachusetts, was born at Boston, January 6th, 1811. He is a graduate of Harvard College. A year after he graduated, he became a member and subsequently librarian of the Dane Law School of that University. There, during two years and a half, he was the beloved pupil and companion of Judge Story, whose confidential friendship continued till the death of that eminent jurist. His preparatory course of legal study was completed in the office of the late Benjamin Rand, of Boston. Continuing the successful practice of his profession till the autumn of 1837, he explored all the domains of the law, ancient and modern. Passing the next two years and a half in Europe, he mingled freely in the society of the most illustrious men of England and the Continent. In the Presidential canvass of 1848, he was the candidate of the Free Soil party for Representative to Congress from Boston. In the autumn of 1850, he was nominated for Senator in Congress for six years, from the 4th of March, 1851, and after a prolonged contest he was elected. Mr. Sumner's orations and speeches before conventions, lyceums, and the literary societies of colleges, and two of his legal arguments, have been published in two volumes by Ticknor & Co.

ANDREW PICKENS BUTLER, Senator from South Carolina, was born in Edgefield District, South Carolina, in the year 1798. In 1817, he graduated with high honors at South Carolina College, and in 1819 was admitted to the bar. He practised law until the year 1833, when he was appointed Judge of the Circuit and Supreme Court, and served in that capacity until 1846, when he was elected to the Senate of the United States. Judge Butler is a very eloquent and impressive orator, and a sound politician, looking upon every measure with a clear, comprehensive eye, and weighing its importance as it regards its utility and general usefulness. His native State is well represented by him, and could hardly have made a better selection from among her distinguished sons, to fill the honorable post he now occupies.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN, Senator from Maine, was born at Paris, Oxford county, Maine, August 27, 1809. During his minority, he worked between one and two years at the printing business, after which he commenced the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in January, 1833. He established himself in the practice of his profession at Hampden, Maine, in the April following, and immediately entered on an extensive practice, and soon acquired a high reputation. Mr. Hamlin was a member of the Maine Legislature for six years, and was for three years Speaker of the House of Representatives. In 1840, he was a candidate for the U. S. House of Representatives, but failed of an election. In 1842, he was again a candidate, and was elected, and in the year following was re-elected. In 1848, he was elected to the United States Senate, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the death of John Fairfield, and in 1850, was re-elected for six years.

ROBERT M. CHARLTON, Senator from Georgia, was born in Savannah, on the 9th of January, 1807. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in April, 1827. He was married in 1829, and represented, in that year, the county of Chatham, in the Legislature of Georgia. He held the offices of Attorney of the United States for the District of Georgia, and of Mayor of the city of Savannah, several times; and was appointed one of the Judges of the Superior Courts of Georgia (that being then the highest judicial tribunal in the State) in December, 1835, having then

only reached the age of twenty-eight years, and was appointed Senator in Congress to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of the Hon. John M. Berrien, which took effect on the 1st of June, 1852.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Senator from New York, was born at Florida, Orange county, New York, in 1801. He graduated at Union College in 1820, and was admitted to the bar in 1822. In 1830, he was elected to the New York Senate for four years, and while a member of that body supported the policy of internal improvements, and the abolition of imprisonment for debt. In 1834, he was the Whig candidate for Governor of the State, but failed of an election. In 1838, he was again a candidate, and was elected by a large majority. In 1843, he resumed the practice of law at Auburn, and in March, 1849, he was chosen United States Senator for six years, and took his seat at the extra session called to consider the nomination of President Taylor. Mr. Seward is regarded as the leader of the Free Soil or anti-slavery section of the Whig party.

JAMES COOPER, Senator from Pennsylvania, was born in Frederick county, Maryland, May 8th, 1810. The pecuniary embarrassments of his parents prevented their educating him until he had nearly attained the age of eighteen years. In 1829, he was sent to St. Mary's College, at Emmettsburgh; and thence removed to Washington College, Pennsylvania, where he was graduated. In 1832, he studied law with Thaddeus Stevens, at Gettysburg; and after reading the usual term, was admitted to the bar. In October, 1838, he was elected to Congress, and re-elected in 1840. In March, 1843, his term of service expired, and in the autumn of the same year he was elected to the Legislature of Pennsylvania. He was re-elected in 1844, and again elected in 1846. He was, subsequently, appointed Attorney General, by Governor Johnston, and held the office until January 1st, 1849. He was again elected to the Legislature, and in 1849, was elected to the United States Senate for the term of six years. Mr. Cooper was one of the committee of thirteen which framed the Compromise measures.

JACKSON MORTON, Senator from Florida, is a native of Fredericksburg, Virginia, and was educated at Washington and William and Mary's Colleges, in that State. In the year 1829, he removed to Florida, and engaged actively in endeavoring to develop the resources of that infant territory. In 1836, he was elected a member of the Territorial Legislature. He was returned the ensuing year, and made President of the Council. He was a member of the convention called in 1838 to form a State Constitution. From 1841 to 1845, he was Navy Agent at Pensacola. Upon the admission of Florida into the Union, he was elected a general of the militia. In 1848, he was made an elector of President and Vice President of the United States, and assisted in casting the first vote of the State for Taylor and Fillmore. A few weeks thereafter, he was elected a Senator of the United States for six years, from the 4th of March, 1849.

WALKER BROOKE, Senator from Mississippi, was born in Frederick county, Virginia, in 1815. At an early age he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1835. In 1836, he removed to Kentucky, where he taught school two and a half years. In the fall of 1839, he removed to Mississippi, where he commenced the practice of the law. In 1845, he was nominated one of the Whig candidates for Congress, on a general ticket, but failed of an election. In 1847, he was elected to the lower branch of the State Legislature, and in 1850 was elected to the State Senate, but resigned in 1851. In February, 1852, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the resignation of H. S. Foote. Mr. Brooke is one of the "seceding Whigs" who opposed Gen. Scott's election to the Presidency.

ALFRED FELCH, Senator from Michigan, was born at Limerick, Maine, September 28, 1806. He was fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., and entered Bowdoin College in September, 1823, and graduated in September, 1827—studied law, and was admitted to the bar in the fall of 1830. He practised law in Maine until June, 1833, and removed to Monroe, Michigan, in the August following, where he pursued his profession. In 1835, he was chosen a member of the State Legislature, and in the year following was re-elected. In February, 1838, he was appointed a Bank Commissioner, which office he held until March, 1839, when he resigned it. In February, 1842, he was appointed Auditor General of the State. He continued in this office one month, when he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court. In the summer of 1845 he was elected Governor of the State. In February, 1847, he was elected to the Senate of the United States for the term of six years, and having resigned the office of Governor, took his seat in the Senate on the first Monday of December, 1847.

WILLIAM UPHAM, Senator from Vermont, was born in Leicester, Massachusetts, August 5th, 1792. He removed with his father to Montpelier, Vermont, in 1803, and studied until 1809, when he entered the office of Hon. Cyrus Ward, of Montpelier, as a student at law, where he remained one year, when he entered the office of Hon. Samuel Prentiss, and continued his legal studies until December, 1812, when he was admitted to the bar. He commenced the practice of the law at Montpelier, in 1813, and obtained a high reputation at the bar. He was elected a member of the Legislature of Vermont in the years 1827, 1828 and 1830, and State Attorney in 1828. In October, 1842, he was elected to the Senate of the United States for the term of six years from the 3d of March, 1843, and in October, 1848, was elected to the Senate for another term of six years, ending the 3d of March, 1855. Our readers need hardly be informed that Mr. Upham has deceased since he sat for the likeness which we present of him in this number.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MOTACILLA ALBA—SUMMER PLUMAGE.

A CHAPTER ON BIRDS.

Think not the laborer, who muses resting on his plough, is alone in the broad-reaped plains where the sharp stubble wounds the feet of him who traverses them! No! Nor are his slow-moving oxen alone. Nature, a skilful economist, links together the most dissimilar animals in bonds of common utility. Interest produces strange friendships; and a whole family of birds—with light, elegant and ever-moving tails, delicate figures, fine beaks, slender legs, and elastic gait, their plumage a harmonious mixture of white, black and yellow, but with a predominating tint of ash color—flock around the farmer, who is turning up the soil to fertilize it, and fly about the legs, and even under the breasts, of the heavy animals he drives. The *Budytes*, Spring Wagtails, follow the powerful team. The trenchant plough coulter that cuts the

fully bound together by a few horseshoes, and where repose upon a thick bed of fathoms, wool, or horsehair, seven or eight eggs of a dirty white, spotted with buff, it is a nest of the *Motacilla Flava*; if the filaments which form the walls are less carefully interwoven, and the eggs, fewer in number, are white, with brown spots, it is a nest of the *Motacilla Alba*. All the habits of the Yellow Wagtail (*Boarula*) resemble those of the White Wagtail, only, more of a traveler, they fly to northern countries in April, and seek the south in September. More than any other birds of the species, they love the neighborhood of marshes and damp meadows, and their undulating flight and fluttering tread animate the borders of the shallower streamlets. A slender, straight beak, a long tail always in motion, a balance which the bird incessantly raises and lowers, a perpetual agitation perhaps, explained by the vigorous construction of the *os sternum* of this graceful and restless little being—a varied and constant flight; scapular feathers long enough to cover the end of the wing when folded, and high legs characterize the whole family of wagtails. The greater or less curve and length of the great toe is the only difference between the *Motacilla Flava*, and the *Motacilla Alba*. The distinction is not very striking, when you find, in the entire tribe of these birds, the same tastes and habits. Neither kind can be used to living cages, and both have an equal propensity to approach man. Jesse, an English naturalist, relates a curious instance of this sociability. "A wagtail," says he, "had selected the noisiest of Mr. William Cox's workshops,—that of the boiler-makers,—to establish herself in, building



MOTACILLA FLAVA—SPRING WAGTAIL.

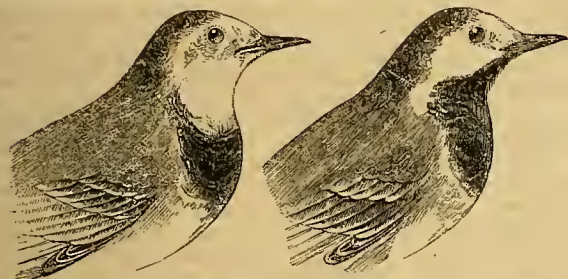
her nest at the top of a tower where the wheel was always turning. The bird laid her eggs and hatched them. Her four little ones did well in this neighborhood. Less familiar than his companion, the male had not the courage, to feed the young himself, but dropped the food on the roof, and the female picked it up. Accustomed to the presence of the workmen, she flew in and out fearlessly; but if she was on her nest on the arrival of a stranger, she flew away. Doubting this statement, a curious person went in search of Mr. Cox, and found it to be as stated.

The mother was exercising her brood in the neighboring field, where she suffered herself to be approached by the foreman of the manufactory and his workmen. But as soon as the visitor wished to approach, mother and little ones flew away." Bullion is the best source for an animated and graphic description of this graceful companion of the laborer. His glowing style and elegant precision alone can give an idea of it. "It is hardly larger," says he, "than the common tom tit; but its long tail seems to increase its body, and give it to all seven inches' length, the tail itself being three and a half. In flying, the bird spreads and displays it. It reposes on this long and broad ear, which enables it to balance, pirouette, spring forward, turn back, and sport in the waves of air.

These birds run lightly, with little hurried steps, on the margin of streams; they even eater, by means of their long legs, the light ripples which break along the shore; but they are oftener seen fluttering over mill-streams, or perching on the stones. They come to share, apparently, the labors of the washerwomen, whirling all day about these women, gathering the crumbs they sometimes throw them, and seeming to imitate, by the beating of their tails, that of the women in beating their linen, a custom which has procured for the bird the French name of *Lavandiere* (washer-woman)." From a general article upon this subject, we glean for our readers

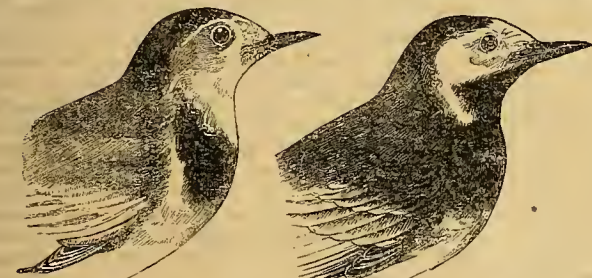
some interesting items relating to Ornithology. Birds are more indiscriminate in their food than quadrupeds, and more frequently supply the deficiency of one kind of food by another. In mental capacity, they equal quadrupeds. Parrots, starlings, etc., retain in memory many words and phrases which they have been taught, and many singing birds whole melodies. Their powers of memory seem also to be evinced by the fact that birds of passage, after an absence of six months, or even a longer time, and after travelling thousands of miles, return to their former home; the swallow to her beam, the finch to the tree

where last year she reared her young, or where she herself was hatched. The difference between such birds as love to dwell in uninhabited places, and such as are found in the neighborhood of men, is a proof that their prudence, cunning and docility can be awakened and improved. In desert countries, birds will alight upon the barrel of the hunter's gun, when he levels it against them, whilst with us a mere stick borne upon the shoulder excites the suspicions of the wild goose. The voice is a peculiar gift of nature, by which very far the



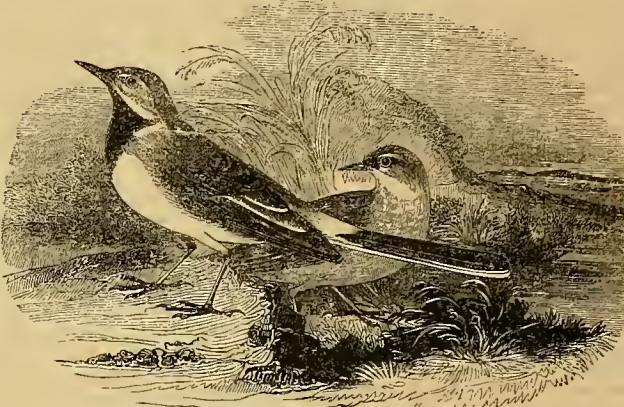
MOTACILLA ALBA. WINTER PLUMAGE. SUMMER PLUMAGE.

sod, and the heavy feet of the cattle which break it up, stir the prey of a little bird, and uncover the larva, flies, grubs and worms to his ever-alert eye. In the spring, March has hardly dissolved the snow into lukewarm streams, and pointed the tender grass, before the same little insect-hunter, running into the fields, pierces the clods broken up by the trampling of flocks, and chatters about the inoffensive muzzles of the ruminating heifers. Naturalists have embraced the whole tribe under the name of *Motacilla*—Wagtails—on account of the perpetual motion of their tails; and divide them afterwards into species designated by the names of doubtful colors, spots which vary in the male and female, and which age alone changes in the same individual. Summer renders the colors of the wagtails, and many other kinds of birds, deeper and more striking; the greater part of the graceful inhabit-



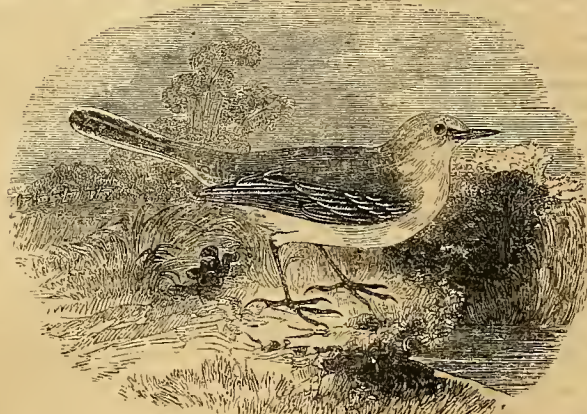
MOTACILLA ALBA OF GREAT BRITAIN. WINTER PLUMAGE. SUMMER PLUMAGE.

itants of the air put on a bridal costume in this holiday season of love and delight. The plumage of the Wagtail is of a softer kind on the continent than in Great Britain. The shepherd finds faithful companions in this family of birds. They follow him into the meadows, and, in winter, accompany him as far as his village. After having amused him with their rapid evolutions and their light pirouettes in chase of flies—after having cheered him with the *qui quit, qui quit* which they exchange with each other in a sort of hurried dialogue, they murmur to him, as he hears his dwelling, a song full of melody and modulation. If the little peasant finds beneath the bank ruined by the streamlet, under a pile of wood heaped up on the riverside and sheltered by a rock or a clod of earth, a nest of dry grass and small roots mixed with moss care-



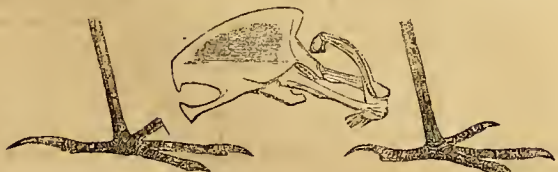
MOTACILLA BOARULA—YELLOW WAGTAIL.

Otaheite the birds sing with charming sweetness; and Cook, on his first voyage, found the forests of Queen Charlotte's Sound, in New Zealand, filled with little birds, whose voices sounded like silver bells. To no other animal have such various tones been granted for giving utterance to different feelings; hunger, fear, the dread of imminent danger, desire for society, or longing for his mate, love, melancholy, etc., are expressed by a variety of notes, which make a language intelligible, not only to birds of the same species, but often to the other tribes. When one of the songsters of the wood perceives a bird of prey, the whole forest grows silent at his warning voice. Birds are spread over the whole earth; a few species extend even from the polar circles to the tropics: their places of abode are suited to their wants and



MOTACILLA FLAVA—TAWNY WAGTAIL.

peculiarities, and embrace rocks and dens, trees and shrubs, earth and water. Whilst wood-peckers and parrots pass all their time upon trees, partridges, quails, etc., remain on the ground; storks and herons visit the marshes; swans and water-fowl live in rivers and ponds. Birds are in general very long-lived, although their growth is rapid, and their period of procreation very early. In quadrupeds, the duration of life usually bears a certain proportion to the period at which they attain their full powers; but it is very different with birds. A rook arrives at maturity in a year, and yet has been known to live upwards of twenty years; a linnet fourteen; parrots forty; and eagles a hundred years. From this longevity of birds, it is probable that they are subject to few diseases.



FOOT OF WAGTAIL. STERNUM BONE. FOOT OF MOTACILLA.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

BY LIEUT. E. CURTIS HINE.

"The poor ye have ever amongst ye."

All day she sits with mute appeal,
By yonder mansion proudly grand;
And scornful many a heart of steel
Turns from that poor, old withered hand
Outheld, all shivering in the blast,
With the vain hope some passer-by
From out his board a mite may cast
For the dear sake of charity!

Alas! poor woman, old and gray,
Sad relic of a happier day,
Thou'st learned, ere this, the young and gay
Unmoved, can see thy form decay;
No grief have they for one like thee—
A foundering bark on life's dark sea—
They chase the hours with footsteps free,
What do they care for charity?

Cheer up, poor, shivering, lonely leaf,
Left hanging on time's wintry tree;
Though hard thy lot and deep thy grief,
Soon wilt thou be from sorrow free!
I'll give thee all I have to give—
My blessing and my humble aid;
And so a happier life I'll live,
And sounder, sweeter, sleep to night.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE LITTLE HAND.

A SKETCH OF OUR VILLAGE.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

THERE were once two little boys, whose names we will suppose to be George and Henry. They lived in a beautiful valley in Pennsylvania; the same where I am now sitting to write this sketch concerning them. The sun peeped over the hills at the East, to bid them good morning; and when he went to rest, he made his night-cap of mountains on the other side of this beautiful valley. A stream which comes through it, making a notch in the hills on both sides, joins another stream below, and the two with their tributaries, form the Brandywine river, famous for the battle fought on its banks, in which the friend of our country, Lafayette, was wounded, many years ago.

When George and Henry rubbed their eyes open in the morning, the first thing they saw from the window, was a famous old stone bridge, arched over the Brandywine. Across this bridge, long before they were born, there used to pass every day, long trains of loaded wagons, jingling with bells, and carrying the merchandise of Europe, the products of the tropics, or the manufactures of New England, into the heart of Pennsylvania; or returning with the wheat and iron, and other mineral and agricultural products of this fine rich State. But now you may look many times in a day, and see nothing upon the bridge; but every few moments you hear a puff and a whistle, and turning at the sound, you see another, and more modern, but less romantic structure. Over this goes snorting and pulling the iron horses, drawing after them long and heavily laden trains, and waking the echoes of the quiet valley with their shrill music. Every hour in the day, from early dawn till dark, you may hear this music. I know nothing more beautiful than when, as where I now sit, you may see of a still cold afternoon, the long mark which the railroad train seems to have left on the side of the dark wintry hills—the white smoke and steam, puffed out of the locomotive, and hanging like a wire-drawn cloud over the road, until the swift moving cause of the appearance is far, ever so far away.

If you chance to be awake in the morning, or if the whistle wakes you, you may see a fiery car shooting along, and leaving a sparkling train like a comet. And as the train thunders over the bridge, you shudder at the thought, that the careless movement of a piece of iron might hurt into eternity the hundreds of people who may be in those cars, quietly beguiling their journey with sleep. You are thankful that you are safe in bed; but if you keep awake long enough to remember it, you bethink yourself that the same good God who guards you knows, also, "all who travel, by land and by water," and that his eye is watchful over all.

The iron road over which is carried at one draught, a whole day's procession of wagon loads, has left the grass to grow on the turnpike. Cows feed along the roadside where the quick bustle of twenty-five years ago would have scared them from their feed, had the many heavy wheels left feed there for them. Our little friends, George and Henry, were not rich, nor of rich parents, but they were richer than many, whose turnpike stock melted from thousands down to hundreds, as horse power came on the rails, and thence to tens and fives, when the iron locomotive took their business away altogether from the quadruped. Old taverns are here, the ghosts of "entertainment for man and beast." Small shops nestled in the corners of the great houses which used to be filled with people, and had every night a new set of inmates. Great piles of stone stabling would look quite romantic, if they had only turrets or battlements, to make interesting ruins of their now uncomely walls.

A friend of mine came here about a dozen years ago, looking for a spot where he might establish himself to preach—for he was a minister of the gospel. He looked with a poetic eye on those old stables—and thought how, with a gothic arching to the doors, and the piercing of windows in the old walls, and the building of

a tower, he might convert the now useless building into a church. But his friends were more practical, and built him a new, a commodious and very pretty building—small, but I am sorry to say, as yet almost large enough. And here on every Sunday I am at home. Here on Sunday afternoon, the little children come from far and near, from the village and from the distant hillside, to learn those things in which, as an old writer expresses it, "a Christian ought to be instructed for his soul's health." A right pleasant thing it is to see this congregation of little people gather. George and Henry always came among them, and no two of the pupils were dearer to the teachers than they.

One Sunday afternoon neither George nor Henry was there; and you may all be sure that we were very sad indeed to hear that Henry had stayed at home, because little George was dead. The sun had risen unthought of that day, by little Henry, for his bed-fellow was not there to look abroad with him, and he waked late to reach out his arms in vain for his brother, and bitterly to cry when he found that the pillow was untouched, and would no more be pressed by the early head which he had so often hugged to his heart; and hugged the closer in his dreams, when the thunder of the train upon the bridge, or the shrill scream which seemed almost to sound under his bed, disturbed his sleep without awakening him from it. The last rays of the next day's sun kissed a little grave, and the golden glories of the sunset were full of happy promise, for one of the little ones of whom Jesus said, "suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not." It is a sad thing to pay the last office to a little child—to commit his body to the ground until the general resurrection in the last day. It is sad because of the grief of sorrowing relatives and friends—of brothers, who, like little Henry, refuse to be comforted—of sisters who draw back with a shudder from the deep narrow pit—and of lesser children who look on with an air of grieved and troubled wonder—too much perplexed to understand their bereavement, and yet sufficiently aware of the grief of the scene to weep, they know not why. The sorrow of the mother is not always spoken, perhaps because it is beyond words; and the father's heart aches to find his busy hopes thus suddenly cut short. But though mournful on account of the survivors, the "light on little graves" is pleasant, if we will but see it in the reflection of the purposes of the kind Father who has taken the children away from the evil to come. Had George lived, he might have met much to sorrow for; and as he had a kind heart, we are sure that he would, even though his own personal lot had been free from suffering.

And so little George died and was buried. And Henry came alone, on the next Sabbath to the Sunday school. There the sorrow of his young heart was opened afresh, for each of the brothers was a subscriber to the paper which is printed to circulate among Sunday school scholars. George was a little fellow, and sometimes while he lived could not come to the church. And then Henry carried home his paper for him. On such occasions George looked with all anxiety for the return of Henry from school, eager to receive the Child's Gazette which he prized so much. On this Sunday, when the little form of George was wrapped in clay, Henry took his paper with a smile. For an instant he had forgotten his loss. For an instant he thought of George bounding to meet him, and a smile of expectation lighted up his face. Then he remembered that his brother would meet him no more in this world, and very sad he was indeed. All who saw joined with him in his grief; but we reminded them of the better land, where those who love God will meet, and as they listened, their sorrow became a pleasing melancholy. They were wiser if sadder, and it seemed as if their late schoolmate George, being dead, yet spake among them.

George and Henry were not born in America, but came with their parents from over the sea. Dearly they loved to wander together through scenes so new to them, and when George was gone Henry seemed to desire nothing but to ramble alone where his brother had so often accompanied him. He sought everything which could remind him of the friend he had lost, and thought of him not as dead, but only as separated for a while from him. It was delightful to see so much true thoughtfulness in one so young; not the unavailing grief to which many older persons give way—but "sorrow not without hope."

Perhaps my young readers think that this sketch has in it already quite pain enough. But they must remember that I am telling them a true story, and cannot make my facts, but must recount them as they happened. Before the house where Henry lived is a mill race, and upon it stands a woolen manufactory, in which lies his father's business. Little Henry very early learned to move unharmed among the machinery, and many parts he could adjust and direct as well as an older person. When not at school he often went in, unasked, to assist his father—until one evening when we heard that the poor lad had lost an arm. Over practice among machinery had made him too confident, and he paid the sad penalty.

He bore his sufferings like a little hero. The limb was skillfully amputated, and Henry laid upon his bed which was brought down stairs, that he might not in solitude brood over his great misfortune. There we saw him. The minister may choose his companions among the well and the happy, and visit them or not, as his leisure serves; but his duty lies among the suffering and the sick, and such he must not neglect, if he would follow the example of his Heavenly Master. Well rewarded we were for that visit, for the glance of pleasure that lighted up the little hero's eyes, was a something more grateful than the house of feasting could have offered. Again we were there when his mangled limb was dressed, and no soldier after the excitement of a victory and a hard fought field, could have exhibited more courage—more fortitude we should say, which is the nobler effort of the mind.

The strangest little incident remains to be told. In a day or

two there was a call for us, and we found the friends of Henry with his little amputated arm in a miniature coffin. They wished to obtain permission to place the arm which had so often encircled George alive, upon the dead lad's breast. And there, now repose the body of the child who first died, and the arm of his brother; such a grave we dare say, that there is not another like it in the world. It was a thought worthy the poetry of affection—that true poetry, which needs no rules of art, and no choice of words for its expression—which grows spontaneous in the palace and in the cottage—wherever "little children love one another." Often the one-armed lad strays into the quiet cemetery, where the few who have died since the church was built sleep in its shadow. Who can tell what strange thoughts must gather in the mind of that boy, as he gazes on the grave of his own flesh—who can tell what speculations that lad must indulge in, respecting the day when the grave shall give up its dead! He may, and most probably will die far away from this; for if he reaches man's estate he will probably wander hence. And when he dies, how strange will be the thought that he has left his brother such a pledge that in the resurrection they shall see each other!

So far is strict truth. Now let us take a story-teller's privilege, and look some years ahead. It happens often that the loss of a limb, or the disabling of the body, gives the mind larger scope; and that the forced curtailment of pursuits requiring physical strength or aptitude, develops the finer faculties of the mind. We are too careless of our thinking powers, and in the bustle of action leave them to rust inert. And oftentimes that which seems to our short sight a great calamity, proves a great good, controlling and directing our paths into higher pursuits than we should have thought of for ourselves, or our friends would have devised for us, under other circumstances.

Henry learns to love his book, and it is remarkable to see with what dexterity he can manage to turn over the leaves of a pretty large volume, steadying it upon his knee with his other arm, since other hand he has none. And, we must not forget to mention that he learns better to love his mother and his little sister; that is to say, he gives more evidence of his love in thoughtful attention. His young heart is moved with ambition to show how useful he can be with only one hand, and he accomplishes more with that—more of serviceable help than most other boys can do with two. His baby sister is his constant companion, a gentle little playmate, from whom he need fear no rough usage. And the loss of his arm has made him gentle too. She thinks, and well she thinks, there never was so kind a brother. His father, also, finds him more than ever useful. Upon errands he is invaluable, for now he has not the distraction of the temptation to run wild and play, which he might have, if that hand were still his which used to help him so nimbly over walls and fences, and up the highest, and to us it would seem the most inaccessible trees. Poor fellow! There is a shade of sadness in the glance which he casts up at the high swinging seats, which he used to perch upon, among the branches; but a smile comes over his face as he stoops to examine the beautiful little mosses at the foot of the tree, which a boy with two arms would never think of heeding.

Years pass. The thoughtful boy has become a youth, and even men of reading listen with pleased surprise, at the light which he can throw upon such topics of village conversation as may be elucidated by quotations from books. There is a very good old library in the village, to which the lad has access; and there are nice old books which came here just after William Penn, and have remained as heir-looms in families, generation after generation. The quaint old type, and the long s's particularly, like an triumphant, plague the boy a little at first—but perhaps there is an advantage in the printing which compels you to pause as you read, and a better opportunity is given for marking, learning and inwardly digesting. At any rate the lad thrives in his learning. The "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," often seems the attainment. The verdict of the neighbors is, that "the young man ought to be educated," and the 'Squire gives his sanction with as much dignity as he would give to the acknowledgement of an affidavit.

But how is this education to be had? It has been apparent for two or three winters that Henry has "learned out" all the country schoolmasters are prepared to teach; and indeed he has become rather an assistant—an assistant superior to his principal, than a pupil. The minister gives Henry a peep into the Latin rudiments, and *Liber Primus* is left behind. The surveyor is glad that he should carry the chain, and Henry walks around and looks over and under and into the theodolite, until with his reading he has mastered that mystery, and could survey himself if he had only two hands for the adjustment of the instrument. He has puzzled out all the Latin abbreviations on the old bottles in the apothecary's corner of the village grocery. He has looked behind "one, two, three, one," in the village choir, till he knows more of the theory of music than the leader. He has attempted the solution of the mysteries of the little instrument in the church, and talks about stops and pipes, with such aptness, that we are sure he might build an organ, if—that cruel if—he had only two hands!

What is to be done with the young man? The school committee talk in corners, looking over their shoulders at his thoughtful face, till he feels sure they must be saying something in which he is interested, and he hopes—but scarcely dares to hope. At length the secret comes out—he is not disappointed, but almost staggered at the undertaking—he may be schoolmaster, if he dare undertake it. "What is the use," the committee have well asked, "that strangers should be paid, and Henry do their work?" Certain of the older folk, who remember school days for their striking incidents, and recollect how some staid citizen, now one of the "heads of meeting," actually whipped the master in his teens—

some of these cautious old men who think the world has stood still—or rather retrograded, since they were boys, have their doubts whether a one-armed teacher will do. But the trial is made, and the silent appeal which that armless sleeve makes to the pupils, touches their magnanimity, and Henry proves a better teacher than the village ever knew before, or quite as good as any. Even the academy in the country town has not a more thorough one, in the primary branches.

The minister drops to Henry's parents a quiet hint. Why cannot he take the money which he receives for teaching the young idea to shoot in that season when other vegetation ceases—why cannot he take his winter wages and educate himself in the summer months? The suggestion is noted upon, and the interest of the clergyman places him where the most can be made of his little capital. By-and-by he does more, and makes the one-armed student the beneficiary of an institution where provision is made for the cases of those who have the mind to learn, more than the means to pay.

Shall we follow this flight of fancy further? Shall we make him preacher or lawyer? Doctor he cannot be; for a one-armed man could not have dressed his mangled limb, and doctors must be ready for all emergencies.

There are many years before him yet, before he can realize what we have already imagined for him, if the rest of his body does not follow the arm already laid down to its rest. But we do think that for him and such as him, God opens a privileged instead of a difficult path. They are sure of the sympathies of their fellow-men. Through them as instruments, our Heavenly Father works good for those who love him, who have "heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy."

(Written for Gleason's Pictorial.)

WELLINGTON FUNERAL SONNETS.

No. I.

BY BENNY WILLIAM HERBERT.

On the eighteenth of June he saved the land;
On the eighteenth, when eighteen years had fled,
His England would have slain him—he is dead!
And England all is woe from strand to strand.

O, for that moment of unholy hate
England hath long atoned—if to reverse,
Love, honor, almost worship, year by year,
Were to atone, or ere it were too late.

And now that he is gone, his slightest word,
Not hearkened while he lived, is law. He said,
"Defend your coasts!" and the sea-sands are stirred
From Deal to Dornock, Hylthe to Holyhead,
With oak levisthans. In thunder heard,
The voice is living, though the man be fled.

(Written for Gleason's Pictorial.)

WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON.

No. V.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

LAST week, friend reader, I was accused of indisposition, examined by a sage disciple of Galen, and sentenced to swallow a succession of draughts anything but agreeable. This interrupted our projected visit to the "departments;" but now, having "thrown physic to the dogs," slip on, if you please, the invisible cloak of Fortunatus, and let us set out. We must pause a few moments, though, to gaze at Clarke Mills's equestrian statue. An artist is taking a sketch of it, which is quite unnecessary, as he can find one in the first volume of the Pictorial, giving an accurate idea of its noble proportions.

Here is the "Department of State," one of the four old buildings erected on the corners of the White House lot, as if to keep the executive mansion balanced and steady. It is a sturdy, substantial edifice, built when cheap contracts were unknown, and envied by trees, whose leafless branches bow with diplomatic gravity. Euter. Thick cloth-covered doors close behind us with a muffled bang, as if to shut out intrusive eyes—nor is a theatre at sunrise more quiet than the thickly-matted hall. The very messenger in attendance is a venerable old gent., with a monastic halo of secrecy about his silvered temples, and we feel that we are now in the house of diplomacy—the prison house of state intrigues, now tied up with red tape, but which, if let loose, might set all the "dogs of war" in a snarl.

We will ascend the spacious staircase, and traverse the upper hall to the end next the avenue, where a reception room awaits us. A cozy place it is—nicely carpeted, well furnished, engraved portraits of the presidents on the walls, a bust of Washington, and, glowing with cheerfulness, an excellent fire. Here one may almost always meet a dignified foreign minister, or a polite secretary of legation, or a senator who is looking Europe-wards, or a representative who wishes the son of the chairman of the convention of his district appointed consul at Timbuctoo. Perhaps they are all there; and if so, a regard for etiquette is shown, as they are successively summoned into Mr. Secretary's room, which quite astonishes the representative. But here, as elsewhere, he finds that a member of the lower house is not omnipotent, although he can frank agricultural reports—nor is his re-election so vastly important, that to secure it a hooby must be sent as consul to Timbuctoo. Our diplomatic corps is now a hobby for rich politicians, and a refuge for decayed ones; let it not be made a common sewer for wire-pullers.

Nations move slowly—so does diplomacy; but at last we are summoned into the presence of Mr. Secretary Everett, and are kindly received by the "Raphael of American oratory." He stands before his labor-laden table, the fulcrum of his powerful pen. One of those large piles of manuscript, we will venture to guess, relates to Central America, another to Cuba; there are voluminous despatches from France, reports from the far east, official missives from every court where we have a national representative, from every seaport where waves our consular flag. Yet all will be read, and noted, and sent to the proper "bureau" ere dinner-time; for Mr. Everett, polished scholar as he is, enjoys a famous reputation as a thorough working man of business, ay, and as some of his recent papers show, of "progress." The evil air of Beacon Hill may have thrown its chilling influence over his exterior deportment, but his Yankee heart is true steel—his American mind is unalloyed.

Here, in times gone by, we used to receive a warm greeting from the great champion of the constitution, at whose feet it was our pride to sit, towards whom our allegiance never faltered. It was always easy, too, to tell when Mr. Webster had an appointment to visit the president with a foreign minister, for he invariably came clad in his blue and buff suit, with white kid gloves, as became a gentleman. Alas! when I last saw his noble form in this familiar attire, it was at Marshfield, beneath the shade of his loved trees, but the spirit was not there. Peace to his ashes!

The secretary's room is flanked on the one side by that of his private secretary, and on the other by the "bureau" of the chief clerk, now occupied by Mr. Hunter, an estimable citizen of Georgetown. The "Diplomatic Bureau" is under the direction of Mr. Markoe, well known by his connection with the National Institute. The library is now being overhauled, and is under the charge of Mr. Walsh, a son of the literary ex-consul at Paris, who has been for some years in diplomatic service—he also issues all the commissions, and has in custody the seal of the department. One of the recent librarians was Hoffman, the poet; but he was taken from here to an asylum near Baltimore, where he now remains deprived of reason. George Hill, equally renowned as a poet, is at present a clerk in the department.

Down stairs we find the "Archives," which are under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Sewell, a gentleman of rare oratorical ability, who is deservedly popular in the district. Here we find large volumes of letters in the autography of Washington and Franklin, with the correspondence of the Revolution, embracing the neat chirography of Benedict Arnold. What hopes and fears are bound up in these priceless volumes, and of what interest are they to every true citizen! All documents now received in foreign tongues, are translated by Mr. Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro, well known to the reading public.

The "Copyright Bureau" is under the charge of Mr. Charles Lauman, a well-known writer and artist, who has traversed the mountain ranges of his native land in search of the picturesque, while others have crossed the ocean. He is a worthy brother of the angle—one of Father Izaak's quiet, decent gentlemen, who fear God, love their neighbors, and peacefully go their ways a-fishing. On the well-filled shelves of this bureau we find samples of all the varied productions of the American press, from Audubon's Birds down to the smallest of pamphlets.

The "Consular Bureau" is directed by Messrs. Chev and Abbott, the latter a gentleman of scholar-like appearance, who enjoyed Mr. Webster's especial confidence. Mr. Riddle has enough to do in granting passports for the herds who now go abroad, while Dr. Mackey, of the "Claim Bureau," always has his hands full. Sometimes the hall is blocked up by large cases of law works, from the excellent press of Little & Brown, Boston, which are re-packed and distributed among the judiciary. And then there is the garret! Here all the papers which publish the United States laws are congregated, well bound, and piled in stacks, while in other piles are volumes of the London Times and other foreign journals.

Such is the "State Department;" and how different from the immense structure next door, into which we will now pass. The "Treasury Department" is a new structure, some 340 feet long and 170 wide, and some three hundred clerks are ever busy in its numerous arched rooms. It has a gigantic colonnade, and is constructed on the principle of a velvet vest, with no pockets and a flimsy cotton back—all show. Everybody knows the secretary, "Tom Corwin," as his friends familiarly call him, whose very appearance disarms prejudice and conciliates confidence. The subordinate controllers, auditors and clerks are generally "death on figures," but not particularly known to fame as literary or scientific men.

Passing through the president's grounds, we find at the west of the White House the "Navy Department," one of the good old structures. The secretary, Mr. Kennedy, is a gentleman of the old school—tall, spare and polite; but out of his room everything has an air of the quarter-deck. Gouty old commodores preside over Bureaux of Construction, Equipment and Repair, with the arbitrary decision peculiar to these pennant-flying old salts, while young middies, just fledged from the school at Annapolis, shine in all the glory of multitudinous anchor buttons. The "War Department," on the remaining corner, is a highly interesting locality. Mr. Conrad, the worthy secretary, is well known as the model cavalier of Washington, and the young ladies adore him as such "a nice man." The library, which contains 10,000 volumes, is the best stocked in the country in point of military works, and in many of the rooms are trophies of hard-fought fields. In the attic, the accomplished Major Eastman has his studio, and is engaged upon those elegant sketches which give such an interest to Schoolcraft's great Indian work.

The "Head Quarters" of the army are on the lower floor, and here, early in the morning, we shall be sure to find Gen. Scott.

The late political campaign has left more traces of care than did the Mexican War; but the general bears his defeat nobly, considering how he was deceived by pretended friends. But time flies, and we must leave, if we wish to take a promenade on the Avenue before dinner.

The broad *trottoir* is crowded, and the ladies dressed in whatever may be the fashion of their respective homes. The flags yet wave from the Capitol, showing that either house is in session—but many of the members have escaped to play the gallant.

What is this! A note undirected and unsealed! We open it, and finding it a narration of gay life here, "frank" it to the intended reader by enshrining it in the "Pictorial." Excuse us, fair writer, if you dislike seeing your *mignonnie* ideas in print:—

[INTERCEPTED LETTER, PENNED IN A DELICIOUS TINY HAND.]

In a private parlor—National Hotel,
Nothing lacking to make me contented and well,
I sit down, dear Sue, to tell you each reason
Which makes me adore a Washington season.
Ye syrian seclusions and rural retreats,
I count ye henceforth the worst hours that one meets.
Oft joys!—let me ponder—and, blessing your store,
Like a bead-counting votary reckon ye o'er.

First, previous instructions obtained from mama,
Though dashed with discouraging "awkward" and "paha!"
My lessons repeated, relolled, for ear-rings,
And hints from Aunt Ann as to conduct and marriage.
Then milliners, jewellers, mode, air, habiliment,
At the White House I plunged into fashion's sweet element.

I attend the debates, but leave ere the "call,"
The congress I love is at "hop," or at "ball."
The polka, schottische, and the waltz's embrace
That makes the blood rush from the heart to the face
Prouemades, galloppades, little sly escapades
Of smiles, sighs and glances—the heart's escalades;
The thrilling tiratations mid tergiversations,
The gay presentations, the anticipations,
The lamps that out-tare the pile face of the moon,
The stars that out-gaze the fashion's bright boon,
The star-dimming diamonds—fashion's brief reign,
The blaze of the midnight ere day hath begun,
And the sweet morning slumber in spite of the sun;
The headache that tells us, when properly spelt,
Of joys but too great, and of pleasure o'erfelt.

These, these are the raptures for my private taste;
This, this is the life that my heart has embraced;
Let others love commonplace victory more,
The "hop" that's a triumph is what I adore
Let others in parties political shine—
The party that knows no division be mine.
Let others of rural felicity rave,
A long session here is all that I crave;
By marriage I'll have it—I must and I can—
So come and be bridesmaid for your Sallie Ann.

WISE ADMONITION.

In the biography of Fisher Ames, written by the late Prof. Kirkland, the following just and beautiful sentiment occurs:

"When vice approaches the youthful mind, in the seductive form of a beloved companion, the ordeal becomes threatening and dangerous in the extreme. Few possess the prudence and unyielding firmness to pass it in safety. Those who have been accurately observant of the dependence of one part of life on another, will readily concur with us, that Ames's future character derived much of its lustre, and his fortunes much of their elevation, from the untainted purity and irreproachableness of his youth. Masculine virtue is as necessary to real eminence, as a powerful intellect. He that is deficient in either, will never, unless from the influence of fortuitous circumstances, be able to place and maintain himself at the head of society. He may rise and flourish for a time, but his fall is as certain as his descent to the grave. He who holds parley with vice and dishonor, is sure to become their slave and victim. That heart is more than half corrupted that does not burn with indignation at the attempts to corrupt it."

(Written for Gleason's Pictorial.)

GOOD-BY.

BY JOSEPH O. BAKER.

Lowly and sadly we murmured good-by,
When we parted at midsummer eve;
And laden with grief was the deeply-felt sigh
That our bosoms in sorrow did heave.
Heart yearned to fond heart, and silently fell
The tears from her dark brimming eye,
And sweeter than echoes from tinkling bell,
Were the dear words she whispered—Good-by.

I've treasured them long, I've thought o'er them oft—
Those loved tones with music replete;
And now on my ear, bewitchingly soft,
Is stealing that melody sweet.
Deeply, yet calmly, they sank in my heart,
Where life's dearest treasures all lie;
And dark is the hour whence they depart,
Those words fraught with kindness—Good-by.

We met not again—but O, there's a nook
In the heart where hope sheds a gleam
Of such brilliant light, that forward I look
For the end of my beautiful dream.
If we meet not on earth, it may not be long
Till our spirits to union will fly,
And chorusing sweetly the seraphic song,
Ne'er again shall we whisper—Good-by.

BEAUTIFUL IMAGE.

Mr. Webster possessed the poetic or imaginative faculty to a much greater extent than is generally supposed, or than one would infer from a perusal of his solid and argumentative speeches. One of the most beautiful and poetic images to be found in the range of English composition, is that employed by him in his speech on the Protest, in reference to the territorial power and conquest of Great Britain. He spoke of her as "a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." This image, Mr. Webster once said, occurred to him while he was one morning witnessing the parade at sunrise in Quebec. Mr. Edward Curtis, of New York, was standing by his side, and when the drum beat, Mr. Webster turned to him and gave utterance to the idea which several years afterwards he clothed in the beautiful language above quoted from his speech.



Pierre Soule

HON. PIERRE SOULE, OF LOUISIANA.



John P. Hale

HON. JOHN P. HALE, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.



Jer: Clemens

HON. JEREMIAH CLEMENS, OF ALABAMA.



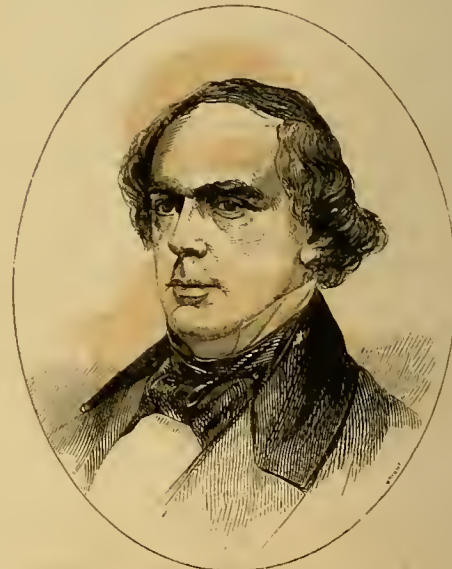
W. C. Dawson

HON. WILLIAM C. DAWSON, OF GEORGIA.



Willie P. Mangum

HON. WILLIE P. MANGUM, OF NORTH CAROLINA.



S. P. Chase

HON. SALMON P. CHASE, OF OHIO.



S. A. Douglas

HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, OF ILLINOIS.



Lewis Cass

HON. LEWIS CASS, OF MICHIGAN



Charles Sumner

HON. CHARLES SUMNER, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PORTRAITS OF UNITED STATES SENATORS.

[For Biographical Sketches, see page 84.]



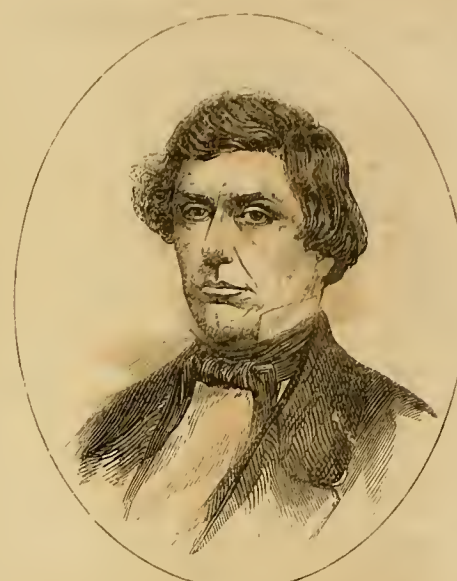
A. P. Butler

HON. ANDREW P. BUTLER, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.



William H. Seward

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, OF NEW YORK.



W. Brooke

HON. WALKER BROOKE, OF MISSISSIPPI.



H. Hamlin

HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, OF MAINE.



James Cooper

HON. JAMES COOPER, OF PENNSYLVANIA.



Alpheus Felch

HON. ALPHEUS FELCH, OF MICHIGAN.



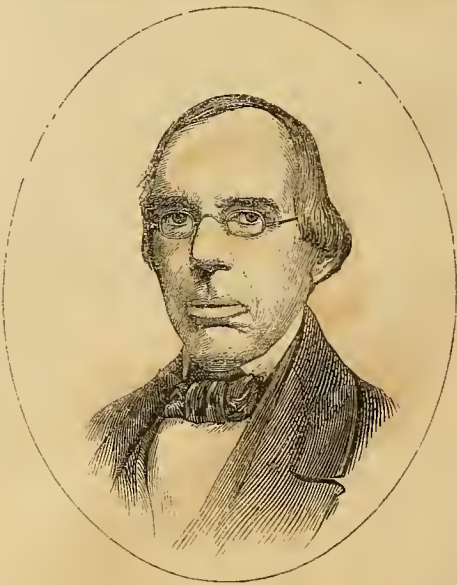
Robert M. Charlton

HON. ROBERT M. CHARLTON, OF GEORGIA.



Jackson Morton

HON. JACKSON MORTON, OF FLORIDA.



Wm. Upham

HON. WILLIAM UPHAM, OF VERMONT.

PORTRAITS OF UNITED STATES SENATORS.

[For Biographical Sketches, see page 84.]

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER TO THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

BY ADELE ASHTON.

Beloved one, say, wouldst thou wish me back,
To tread life's worn and weary track?
Wouldst thou recall life's current to my vein,
And bring thy lost one back to thee again?

From the bright land where cares and troubles cease,
Where tears are wiped away and all is peace,
Where happiness and love eternal reign—
O, dost thou, canst thou wish me back again?

Thou canst not! yet I oft have seen thee lave,
With silent, bitter tears, my lonely grave;
And press in agony thine aching head
'Gainst the cold stone that marks my grassy bed.

Why weep'st thou, beloved? I'm with thee still,
Guarding from evil, shielding thee from ill—
Hovering on pinions bright thy pillow near,
Breathing sweet comfort in thy spirit's ear.

Fanning life's shades from thy once careless brow—
Alas! dear one, they cluster thickly now;
And earth's fair flowers for thee wear hues of gloom,
Since thy young hopes were withered at the tomb.

Life waxes weary—soon the angel, death,
Shall loose the "silver cord," and claim thy breath;
Then hast to greet on joyous wings I'll come,
While heavenly breezes waft thee gently home.

Grows now earth's discord fainter on thy ear?
Hark! soft, celestial music dost thou hear?
Borne by light zephyrs from the heavenly plain,
'Tis rapturous! blest one, wouldst thou join the strain?

Soon safely landed on that heavenly shore
Where sighings cease, and sorrows come no more—
With hearts no more by cruel anguish riven,
As we have loved on earth, we'll love in heaven.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

A LEGEND OF MADRID.

BY FRANCIS A. DUKIVAGE.

MANY, many years ago, in those "good old times" so much be-praised by antiquaries and the *laudatores temporis acti*,—the good old times, that is to say, of the holy office, of those magnificent autos when the smell of roasted heretics was as sweet a savor in the nostrils of the faithful, as that of Quakers does remarkably brown was to our godly Puritan ancestors, there dwelt in the royal city of Madrid a wealthy goldsmith by the name of Antonio Perez, whose family—having lost his wife—consisted of a lovely daughter, named Magdalena, and a less beautiful but still charming niece, Juanita. The house-keeping and the care of the girls was committed to a starchy old duenna, Donna Margarita, whose vinegar aspect and sharp tongue might well keep at a distance the boldest gallants of the court and camp. For the rest, some half-dozen workmen and servitors, and a couple of stout Asturian serving-wenches made up the establishment of the wealthy artisan. As the chief care of the latter was to accumulate treasure, his family, while they were denied no comfort, were debarred from luxury, and, perhaps, fared the better from this very frugality of the master. Yet in the stable, which occupied a portion of the basement story of his residence—the other half being devoted to the *almacen* or store,—there were a couple of long-tailed Flemish mares, and a heavy, lumbering chariot; and in the rear of the house, a garden, enclosed on three sides with a stone wall, and comprising arbors, a fountain, and a choice variety of fruits and flowers.

One evening, the goldsmith's daughter and her cousin sat in their apartment, on the second story, peeping out through the closed "jalousies," or blinds, into the twilight street, haply on the watch for some gallant cavalier, whose horsemanship and costume they might admire or criticize. Seeing nothing there, however, to attract their attention, they turned to each other:

"Juanita," said the goldsmith's daughter, "I believe I have secured an admirer."

"An admirer!" exclaimed the pretty cousin. "If your father and dame Margarita did not keep us cooped here like a pair of pigeons, we should have, at least, twenty a-piece. But what manner of man is this phoenix of yours? Is he tall? Has he black eyes or blue? Is he courtier or soldier?"

"He is tall," replied Magdalena, smiling; "but for his favor, or the color of his eyes, or quality, I cannot answer for. His face and figure shrouded in a cloak, his *sombrero* pulled down over his eyes, he takes up his station against a pillar of the church whenever I go to San Ildefonso with my duenna, and watches me till mass is ended. I have caught him following our footsteps. But he be gentle or simple, fair or dark, I know not."

"A very mysterious character!" cried Juanita, laughing, "like unto the bravo of some Italian tale. Jesu Maria!" she exclaimed, springing to the window, "what goodly cavalier rides hither? His mantle is of three pile velvet, and he wears golden spurs upon his heels. And with what a grace he sits and manages his fiery jennet! Pray Heaven your suitor be as goodly a cavalier."

Magdalena gazed forth upon the horseman, and her heart silently confessed that the praises of her cousin were well bestowed. As the cavalier approached the goldsmith's house, he checked the impatient speed of his horse, and gazed upward earnestly at the window where the young girls sat.

"Magdalena!" cried the mischievous Juanita, "old Margarita is not here to document us, and I declare your beauty shall have one chance." As she spoke she threw open the blind, and exposed her lovely and blushing cousin to the gaze of the cavalier.

Ardently and admiringly he gazed upon her dark and faultless features, and then raising his plumed hat, bowed to his very saddle-bow, and rode on, but turned, ever and anon, till he was lost in the distance and gradual darkening of the street.

"Mutual admiration!" cried the gay Juanita, clapping her hands. "Thank me for the stratagem. Your cavalier is, without a doubt, the mysterious admirer of San Ildefonso."

Don Julio Montero—for that was the name of the cavalier—returned again beneath the casement, and again saw Magdalena. He also made some purchases of the old goldsmith, and managed to speak a word with his fair daughter in the shop; and in spite of the duenna, billets were exchanged between the parties. The very secrecy with which this little intrigue was managed, the mystery of it, influenced the imagination of Magdalena, and increased the violence of her attachment, and loving with all the fervor of her meridian nature, she felt that any disappointment would be her death.

One evening, as her secret suitor was passing along a narrow and unfrequented street, a light touch was laid upon his shoulder, and turning, he perceived a tall figure, muffled in a long dark cloak.

"Senor Montero," said the stranger, "one word with you." And then, observing that he hesitated, he threw open his cloak, and added, "Nay, senor, suspect not that my purpose is unfriendly; you see I have no arms, while you wear both rapier and dagger. I merely wish to say a few words on a matter of deep import to yourself."

"Your name, senor," replied the other, "methinks should precede any communication you have to make me, would you secure my confidence."

"My name, senor, I cannot disclose."

"Umph! a somewhat strange adventure!" muttered the young cavalier. "However, friend, since such you purport to be, say your say, and that right briefly, for I have affairs of urgency on my hands."

"Briefly, then, senor. You have cast your eyes on the daughter of Antonio Perez, the rich goldsmith?"

"That is my affair, methinks," replied the cavalier, haughtily. "By what right do you interfere with it? Are you brother or relative of the fair Magdalena?"

"Neither, senor; but I take a deep interest in your affairs; and I warn you, if your heart be not irretrievably involved, to withdraw from the prosecution of your addresses. To my certain knowledge, Magdalena is beloved by another."

"What of that, man? A fair field and no favor, is all I ask."

"But what if she loves another?"

"Ha!" exclaimed the cavalier. "Can she be sporting with me?—playing the coquette? But no! I will not believe it, at least, upon the say so of a stranger. I must have proofs."

"Pray, senor, have you never observed upon the lady's fair arm a turquoise bracelet?"

"Yea, have I," replied the cavalier; "by the same token that she has promised it to me as a *gage d'amour*."

"Do you recognize the bracelet?" cried the stranger, holding up, as he spoke, the ornament in question. "Or, if that convince you not, do you recognize this tress of raven hair—this bouquet that she wore upon her bosom yesternight?"

"That I gave her myself!" cried the cavalier. "By Heaven! she has proved false to me. But I must know," he added, fiercely, "who thou art ere thou goest hence. I must have thy secret, if I force it from thee at the dagger's point. Who art thou—speak!"

"Prithee, senor, press me not," said the stranger, drawing his cloak yet closer about him, and retreating a pace or two.

"Who art thou?" cried the cavalier, menacingly, and striding forward as the other receded.

"One whose name breathed in thine ear," replied the other, "would curdle thy young blood with horror."

Julio laughed loud and scornfully.

"Now, by Saint Iago! thou art some juggling knave—some impish charlatan, who seeks to conceal his imposture in the garb of mystery and terror. Little knowest thou the mettle of a Castilian heart. Thy name?"

The stranger stooped forward, and whispered a word or two in the ear of his companion. The young man recoiled, while his cheek turned from the glowing tinge of health and indignation to the hue of ashes; and, as he stood, rooted to the spot in terror and dismay, the stranger threw the hem of his cloak over his shoulder, and glided away like a dark shadow.

Julio's heart was so far enlisted in favor of Magdalena, that it cost him a severe struggle to throw her off as utterly unworthy of his attachment, but pride came to his rescue, and he performed his task. He wrote a letter, in which, assigning no cause for the procedure, he calmly, coldly, contemptuously renounced her hand, and told her that henceforth, should they meet, it must be as strangers.

This unexpected blow almost paralyzed Magdalena's reason. It was to be expected of her temperament that her anguish should be in proportion to her former rapture. At first stunned, she roused to the paroxysm of wild despair. Henceforth, if she lived, her life, she felt, would be an utter blank. Passion completely overmastering her reason, she resolved to destroy herself. This fearful resolution adopted, her excitement ceased. She became calm—calm as the senseless stone; no tremors shook her soul, no remorse, no regret.

She was seated alone, one evening, at that very window whence she had first beheld her false suitor, and bitter memories were crowding on her brain, when the door of her apartment opened, and closed again after admitting her old duenna, Margarita. The

old woman approached with a stealthy, cat-like step, and sitting down beside the maiden, and gazing inquisitively into her dim eyes, said in a whining voice, intended to be very winning and persuasive:

"What ails my pretty pet? Is she unwell?"

"I am not unwell," replied Magdalena, coldly, rousing herself to the exertion of conversing, with an effort.

"Nay, my darling," said the old woman, in the same whining tone. "I am sure that something is the matter with you. You look feverish."

"I am well, Margarita, let that suffice."

"And feel no regret for the false suitor, hey?"

Magdalena turned upon her quickly—almost fiercely.

"What do you know of him?"

"All—all!" cried the old woman, while her gray eyes flashed with exultation.

"Then you know him for a false and perjured villain!" cried the beautiful Spaniard.

"I know him for an honorable cavalier, true as the steel of his Toledo blade!" retorted the duenna. "I speak riddles, Magdalena, but I will explain myself. Do you think I can forget your insults, jeers and jokes? Do you think I knew not when you mocked me behind my back, or sought to trick me before my face? You little knew when you and your gay-faced cousin were making merry at my expense, what wrath you were storing up against the day of evil. But I come of a race that never forgets or forgives; there is some of the blood of the wild Zingara coursing in these shrivelled veins—a love of vengeance that is dearer than the love of life. I watched your love intrigue from the very first. I saw that it bade fair to end in happiness. Don Julio was wealthy and well-born, and his intentions were honorable. After indulging your romantic spirit by a secret wooing, he would have openly claimed you of your father, and the old man would have been too proud to give his consent. Now came the moment for revenge. I traduced you to your lover, making use of an agent who was wholly mine. Trifles produce conviction when once the faith of jealous man is shaken. A few toys—a turquoise bracelet, a lock of hair, a bunch of faded flowers, sufficed to turn the scale; and now, were an angel of heaven to pronounce you true, Don Julio would disbelieve the testimony. Ha, ha! am I not avenged?"

"And was it," said Magdalena, in a low, pathetic voice, "was it for a few jests—a little childish chaffing against restraints, that you wrecked the happiness of a poor young girl,—blighted her hopes, and broke her heart? Woman—fiend! dare you tell me this?" she cried, kindling into passion with a sudden transition. "Avant! begone! Leave my sight, you hideous and evil thing! But take with you my bitter curse—no empty anathema! but one that will cling to you like the garment of flame that wraps the doomed heretic! Begone! a cursed wretch—hideous in soul as you are abhorred and repulsive in person."

Cowed, but muttering wrathful words, the stricken wretch hurried out of the apartment, into which Juanita instantly rushed.

"Magdalena, what means this?" she cried. "I heard you uttering fearful threats against old Margarita. Calm yourself; you are strangely excited."

"O Juanita, Juanita!" cried Magdalena, the tears starting from her eyes, and wringing her fair hands. "If you knew all—if you knew the wrong that woman has done me; but not now—not now; leave me, good cousin,—leave me!"

"You are not well, dearest," said Juanita; "take my advice, go to bed and repose. To-morrow you will be calm, and to-morrow you shall tell me all."

"To-morrow—to-morrow!" muttered Magdalena. "Well—well; to-morrow you will find me!"

"Yes; I will waken you, and sit at your bedside, and laugh your griefs away. Good-night, Magdalena!"

"Farewell, dearest!" said the heart-stricken girl; and Juanita left the chamber.

Before a silver crucifix, Magdalena knelt in prayer.

"Father of mercies, blessed virgin, absolve me of the sin—if sin it be to rush unbidden to the presence of my Judge! My burthen is too great to bear!"

She rose from her knees, took from the cupboard a goblet of Venetian glass, and a flask of Xeres wine. Into the goblet she first dropped the contents of a paper she took from her bosom, and then filled it to the brim with wine. She had already stretched forth her hand to the fatal glass, when she heard her name called by her father.

"He would give me a good-night kiss," said the wretched girl. "I must receive it with pure lips. I come, dear father,—I come."

Scarcely had she left her chamber when the old duenna again stole into the room.

"If I could only find one of the gallant's letters," she muttered, to herself, "I could arm her father's mind against her; and then if madam tried to get me turned away, she would have her labor for her pains. What have we here? A flask of Xeres, as I live; So ho, senorita! Is this the source of your inspiration when you berate your betters? I declare it smells good; the jade is no bad judge of wine!"

As she spoke, the old woman, who had no particular aversion to the juice of the grape, hurriedly drank off the contents of the goblet, and immediately filled it up again from the flask.

"There! she'll be no wiser," said she, with a cunning leer. "And I now must hurry off. I would not have the young baggage find me here for a month's wages!"

Margarita effected her retreat just in time. Magdalena returned, after having, as she supposed, seen her poor father for the last time.

Had not despair completely over-mastered the reason of the poor girl, she would have shrunk from the idea of committing suicide. But misery had completely, though temporarily, wrecked

her intellect. She felt no horror, no remorse at the deed she was about to commit. With a steady hand she raised the goblet to her lips, and then drank the fatal draught, as she supposed it, to the last drops.

"I must sleep now," she said, with a deep sigh. "I shall never wake again." And throwing herself, dressed as she was, upon her couch, she soon fell into a deep slumber.

How long her senses were steeped in oblivion, she could not tell. But she was awakened by shrill screams, and started to her feet in terror.

"Where am I?" she exclaimed. "Are those the cries of the condemned? Am I indeed in another world?"

But louder and louder came the shrieks, and now she recognized the tones as those of the old duenna. Deeply as the woman had avenged her, Magdalena's feminine nature could not be insensible to her distress. She sprang down the stairway, and now stood by the bedside of the duenna, over which Juanita was already bending.

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"The wine—the wine! the flask of Xeres! the Venetian goblet! I am poisoned!" cried the old woman, as she writhed in agony.

The truth instantly flashed on the preternaturally-sharpened intellect of Magdalena. Her own immunity from pain confirmed the fatal supposition.

"Good God!" she cried, in tones of unutterable anguish, "I have killed her!"

The exclamation caught the keen ear of the malignant hag, suffering as she was. She raised her up on her elbow, and pointing with her skinny finger to the horror-stricken girl, she screamed:

"Yes—yes; you have murdered me! Send for a leech—a priest—an officer of justice! Do not let that wretch escape! She gave me a poisoned draught! she knew it—she confesses it! Ha, ha, I shall not die unavenged!"

These fearful words caught the ear of Don Antonio as, having hastily dressed himself, he rushed into the room. They caught the ear, too, of a curious servant, who flew to the alguazil before he summoned priest and surgeon.

In less than an hour afterwards, the old beldame had breathed her last, but not before she had made her false deposition to the officer of justice; not before she had learned that a paper containing evidence of poison had been found in Magdalena's room; not before she had seen the hapless girl arrested; and then she died with a lie and a smile of hideous triumph on her lips.

We cannot attempt to describe the anguish of the old goldsmith, the despair of Juanita, as they beheld Magdalena torn from their arms to be carried before a judge for examination, and thence to be cast into prison. Believing in her innocence, and confident that it would be established in the eyes of the world, they longed for the dread ordeal of the trial. The hour came, but only to crush their hearts within them. The guilt was fixed by circumstantial evidence on the unfortunate Magdalena. Poor Juanita was forced to testify to the facts of a quarrel between her cousin and the hapless duenna, and to violent language used by the former to the latter. A paper which had contained poison had been found in the apartment of the accused. Her own hasty confession of guilt, the dying declaration of the victim added

"—Confirmation strong
As proofs of Holy Writ."

Magdalena was condemned to die. In that supreme hour, when her protestations of innocence had proved of no avail, the film fell from the organs of her mental vision. Knowing herself guilty of premeditated suicide, she saw in the established charge of murder a dreadful retribution. To make her peace with Heaven in the solitude of the prison cell, was now all that she desired. She had proved the worthlessness of life, and now she prepared herself to die. But her tortures were not ended. Julio, her lost lover, demanded an interview with her, and when, after listening to her sad tale, he renewed his vows of love, and expressed his firm belief in her innocence, earth again once bloomed attractive to her eyes; life became again dear to her at the very moment she was condemned to surrender it. Her execution was fixed for the next day at the hour of noon. At that hour, she was to take her last look of her father, her cousin, her lover,—the last look of God's blessed earth.

The morning came. She had passed the night in prayer, and it found her firm and resigned. In the heart of a true woman, there lies a reserve of courage that shames the proudest boast of man. She may not face death on the battle-field with the same defying front; but when it comes in a more appalling form and scene, she shrinks not from the dread ordeal. When man's foot trembles on the scaffold, woman stands there serene, unwavering and self-sustained.

One hour before the appointed time, the door of Magdalena's cell opened, and a tall figure, wrapped in a dark cloak, with a slouched hat and sable plume, stood before her. It was the same who had gazed on her so often in the church of San Ildefonso, the same who had encountered Julio in the narrow street with proofs of her alleged falsity.

"Is the hour arrived?" asked Magdalena, calmly.

"Nay," replied the stranger, in a deep tone. "Can you not see the prison clock through the bars of your cell door? Look; it lacks yet an hour of noon."

"Then, sir, you come to announce the arrival of the holy father,—of my friends."

"They will be here anon," said the stranger.

"I do not," said Magdalena, in the same calm tone she had before employed, "see you now for the first time."

"Beautiful girl!" cried the stranger; "no! I have for months

haunted you like your shadow. Your fair face threw the first gleams of sunshine into my heart that have visited it from early manhood. I love you, Magdalena!"

"This is no hour and no place for words like these," replied the captive, coldly.

"Nay!" cried the stranger, with sudden energy. "Beautiful girl, I come to save you!"

"To save me!" cried Magdalena, a sudden wild hope springing in her breast,— "to save me! It is well done. Believe me, I am innocent. You have bribed the jailer to open my prison doors; you have contrived some means of evasion. I know not—I care not what. I shall be freed! I shall clasp my father's knees once more. I shall go forth into the blessed air and light of heaven. God bless you, whoever you are, for your words of hope!"

"You shall go forth, if you will," replied the stranger; "but openly, in the face and eyes of man. At my word the prison-bars will fall, the keys will turn, the gates will be unbarred. I have a royal pardon!"

"Give it me, give it me!" almost shrieked Magdalena.

"It is bestowed on one condition: that you become my wife."

"That I become your wife!" repeated Magdalena, as if she but half comprehended the words. "Forsake poor Julio! And yet the bribe, to escape a death of infamy, to save my father's gray hairs from going down to a dishonored grave! Speak! who are you, with power to save me on these terms?"

The stranger tossed aside his sable hat and plume, and dropped his cloak, and stood before her in a rich dress of black velvet, trimmed with point lace, a broad sword belted to his waist. He was a man of middle age, of a fine athletic figure, and handsome face, but there was an indescribable expression in his dark eyes, in the stern lines about his handsome mouth, that affected the gazer with a strange, shuddering horror.

"Peruse me well, maiden," said the stranger. "I am not deformed. I am as other men. If there be no glow in my cheek, still the blood that flows through my veins is healthy and untainted. Moreover, though I be not noble, my character is stainless. If to be the wife of an honest man is not too dear a purchase for your life, accept my hand, and you are saved."

"Who are you?" cried Magdalena, intense curiosity mastering her even in that moment.

"I am the executioner of Madrid!" replied the stranger.

Magdalena covered her face with her hands, and uttered a low cry of horror.

"I am the executioner of Madrid!" repeated he. "I have never committed crime in my life, though my blade has been reddened with the blood of my fellow-creatures. Yet no man takes my hand,—no man breaks bread or drinks wine with me. I, the dread minister of justice, a necessity of society, like the soldier on the rampart, or the priest at the altar, am a being lonely, abhorred, accursed. Yet I have the feelings, the passions of other men. But what maiden would listen to the suit of one like me? What father would give his daughter to my arms? None, none! And, therefore, the state decrees that when the executioner would wed, he must take to his arms a woman doomed to death. I loved you, Magdalena, hopelessly, ere I dreamed the hour would ever arrive when I might hope to claim you. That hour has now come. I offer you your life and my hand. You must be my bride, or my victim!"

"Your victim, your victim!" cried Magdalena. "Death a thousand times, though a thousand times undeserved, rather than your foul embrace!"

"You have chosen. Your blood be on your own head!" cried the executioner, stamping his foot. "You die unshriven and unblest!"

"At least, abhorred ruffian," cried Magdalena, "I have some little time for preparation! The hour has not yet arrived."

"Has it not?" cried the executioner. "Behold yon clock!"

And as her eyes were strained upon the dial, he strode out of the cell, and seizing the hands, advanced them to the hour of noon. Then, at a signal from his hand, the prison bell began to toll.

"Mercy, mercy!" cried Magdalena, as he rejoined her. "Slay me not before my time!"

But the hand of the ruffian already grasped her arm, and he dragged her forth into the corridor.

At that moment, however, a loud shout arose, and a group of officials, escorting the goldsmith and Julio, waving a paper in his hand, rushed breathlessly along the passage.

"Saved, saved!" cried Magdalena. "Hither, hither, father, Julio!"

The executioner had wreathed his hand in her dark flowing tresses; already his dreadful weapon was brandished in the air, when it was crossed by the bright Toledo blade of the young cavalier, and flew from his grasp, clanging against the prison wall.

"Unhand her, dog!" cried Julio, "or die the death!"

Suddenly the executioner released his hold, and sullenly listened to the royal pardon.

Magdalena was soon beneath her father's roof,—soon in the arms of her cousin Juanita. Long did she resist the importunities of Julio; for though innocent in fact, judicially she stood convicted of a capital offence. But as time rolled on,—as her innocence became the popular belief, she finally relented, accepted his hand, and beneath the beautiful sky of Italy, forgot, or remembered only as a dream, the perils and sorrows of her early life!

CALUMNY.—The celebrated Boerhaave, who had many enemies, used to say that he never thought it necessary to repeat their calumnies. "They are sparks," said he, "which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves. The surest method against scandal, is to live it down by perseverance in well-doing, and by prayer to God, that he would cure the distempered mind of those who traduce and injure us."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE DEPARTED YEAR.

BY MISS L. H. BOURQUEY.

Silent and solemn pass the hallowed hours,
As to a chieftain's funeral.

With sad brow,
And arms reversed, they hush their muffled tread,
Waiting the last toll of the midnight clock,
Then lift him from his horse and lay him down
In the dark grave with such a mournful dirge,
Mid the red torches' glare, that he who heard
Shall ne'er forget again.

Departed year!

Thou hast had fitting obsequy, an one
Worthy to be remembered; yet what hand
Can write thine epitaph?

Thou hast induced
Changes on this, our little, restless ball
Of dust and ashes, that grave history
Starts as she chronicles. They who could put
Their voice into men's souls and stir them up
Till nations troubled, have fallen down to sleep,
Weak as the smitten babe.

New throes have sprung
Forth from the seething ruins of the past,
With blood and fire around them.

O'er the floods
Men speed like winds, and o'er the earth like flames,
And launch their errands on the lightning's wing,
Making its shaft a spear-point, at their will
To pierce the distant target where old Time
Notched his slow victories.

Thou hast achieved
Much ere thy course was run. But thou art gone
With buried ages to hold festival
In the dim, shadowy halls, where ghostly things
Wait the slow verdict of posterity.

Men, fallible, and girt with prejudice,
Pass sentence as they list; but as for us—
Whom on our journey to a land unknown
Thou didst set forward duly, night and day—
We shall have righteous judgment from high Heaven
Concerning all our intercourse with them.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

RANDOM PEARLS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

- What we know best is what we guess!
- The principal cause of the sufferings of men lies in intellectual and moral weakness.
- On the stage of the world, frankness is the only part a man knows without having to learn it, or fearing to forget it.
- It requires very little capital for politeness of manner, but a great deal for politeness of mind.
- Man should march to the conquest of his personality, and his development should be his own work.
- A man deprived of his religious belief, is more unfortunate than the blind man who has been robbed of his staff and dog.
- A single discourse which can move auditors differing in age, sex, condition and education, is like a key which can open many locks.
- Wealth is to virtue what baggage is to an army; the baggage is very necessary, but impedes a march, and often destroys the chance of victory.
- Mirabeau compared the French to children who sow, and the next day scratch open the ground to see if the seeds have sprouted.
- Our pleasures are short, it is true, and they are not even exempt from bitterness; but still they are pleasures, and it is one of the greatest advantages of life to economize them with skill.
- The confidence of the wise man in himself diminishes in proportion as his knowledge increases, as the shadow of the sun decreases in proportion to its elevation.
- The desire of glory is nothing else but the sentiment of life which endeavors to repulse death,—the instinct of a great soul foreseeing its immortality.
- Tranquillity puts the mind to sleep; trouble awakens it; great men are the products of agitating revolutions; genius is born of blood and tears.
- Providence shakes the human race violently to make it go forward; for it has no intelligence except at the solicitation of want; no virtue but at the solicitation of pain.
- A coxcomb maintains an error with the assurance of a man who is never mistaken; a man of sense maintains a truth with the circumspection of one who may be mistaken.

ALL SORTS OF MINDS.

There is a strong disposition in men of opposite minds to despise each other. A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of wit in society; a person who takes a strong, common sense view of the subject, is for pushing out by the head and shoulders an ingenious theorist, who catches at the slightest and faintest analogies; and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who tests exquisitely the fine feeling of the heart, and is alive to nothing else; whereas talent is talent, and mind is mind, in all its branches. Wit gives to life one of its best flavors, common sense leads to immediate action, and gives society its daily motion; large and comprehensive views its annual rotation; ridicule chastises folly and imprudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere; subtlety seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy darts away in the most sublime discoveries; feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand inward visitations for the sorrows that come from without. God made it all. It is all good. We must despise no sort of talent; they all have their separate duties and uses; all the happiness of man for their object; they all improve, exalt and gladden life.—*Sidney Smith.*

Types of Mind: or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 6., BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.



SAILORS

Brest September 13th 1778

Honored Sir

I am not a mere adventurer of Fortune. — Stimulated by principles of Reason and Philanthropy I laid aside my enjoyments in Private Life and Embarked under the Flag of America when it was first Displayed.

If I can furnish any projects or execute those — already furnished so as to distress the common Enemy, it will afford me the truest satisfaction.

I am with great Esteem

Honored Sir

Your very obliged very obedient
very humble servant

J. P. Jones

M. D. Sartines.

JOHN PAUL JONES. — The earliest naval champion of the Republic, whose name is indissolubly associated with her first attempt to dispute the sovereignty of the seas with its self-styled mistress, the gallant foreigner, whose ardent love of liberty led him to the aid of a stranger nation struggling for its freedom, wrote a free, careless, yet bold and marked hand, showing fully that dogged, dauntless character which inspired him in combat. It was particularly evinced in the capture of the *Serapis*, when, in an old and leaky vessel, deserted by his allies, and opposed by an enemy of nearly twice his force, he compelled the haughty flag of Britain to descend for the first time from its vain-glorious height before the starry banner of the Republic. The letter, of which a fac-simile is given, is an application to the French Minister of the Marine for a ship, and shows his determination to prove that American arms are competent to maintain their rights against any nation, whether by sea or by land. A recent attempt was made to discover Commodore Jones's grave in France, and bring his remains to America in a man-of-war, but the grave could not be identified.

LORD NELSON, the hero of Trafalgar and of the Nile, whose remains now repose side by side with those of Wellington, wrote a bold, fearless hand before his right arm was shot off. Afterwards, his autography was less decided, yet ever prominent. First and last, his writing expressed that utter contempt of the rules of society and social relations of life, which left such a stain upon the memory of the gallant seaman.

Admiral Sir ISAAC COFFIN had a rough, tough, tarry-hand autography, perfectly legible, and showing the character of the honest sailor, who, although high in rank, and a favorite of his sovereign, never forgot, amid the splendor of the British court, his humble birthplace on the pilgrim's rock-bound coast, or the fact that he owed his success in life to the education acquired at a New England school.

Admiral Von THOMP, the only great name linked with the maritime history of Holland, the only one of her naval chieftains who ever extorted a victory from Great Britain, wrote a flourishing, bombastic hand, indicative of the man who, having been repeatedly defeated in fairly fought combat, at last succeeded in conquering a smaller force than his own, ill supplied with the munitions of war. Then, hoisting a broom nailed at his mast-head, he sailed triumphantly through the channel, as if to impress the merchant service with the idea that he had actually swept all vestiges of the British fleet from their own cruising ground. What a contrast between this flourishing signature and those of less unpretending yet more efficient commanders! Let the reader mark this well, as we design not merely to present these signatures to the eye, but to the understanding also.

DE GRASSE, ESTAING and DE TERNAY, a trio of gallant Frenchmen, whose efforts in behalf of the infant Republic, when entirely deficient in a marine force, contributed so much to the establishment of our National Independence. Their autography, although in some points entirely unlike, closely assimilates in general character. Reared ere the French monarchy went down, in storm and tempest, like a noble ship when she founders in a gale, they received a cramped, narrow education which evinces itself in their chirography, although there is evidently a desire for less restraint evinced in the flourishes. Both these specimens also evince a degree of nationality, inasmuch as we frequently find this style of chirography evinced in the writing of Frenchmen, so that the signatures referred to may be said to be doubly characteristic of the individuals and of their birthplace.

Horatio Nelson
Isaac Coffin

Thomp

De Grasse *Estaing*
De Ternay

Commodore BAINBRIDGE, one of those gallant names so closely linked with the naval victories of the United States, wrote a concise, neat hand, although in moments of exultation he disfigured it with flourishes. The kindness with which he treated the British prisoners captured by him in the "*Constitution*," when he took the "*Java*," won him many a heartfelt prayer of gratitude.

Commodore ELLIOT, whose name is prominent in the later history of our navy, had a nervous, refined autography, but seldom did more than sign his name to the composition of his clerk.

Commodore DECATUR, the gallant victor at Tripoli, as well as in our last conflict with Great Britain, wrote a forcible, urgent hand, as if leading a boarding party across his sheet.

Commodore CHAUNCEY, the hero of Lake Ontario, indulged in a careless, dread-naught style, eminently characteristic of his disposition.

We regret that we have never been able to obtain a specimen of the autography of the dauntless Hull, "the scourge of the ocean, the pride of our navy." It deserves a prominent place here.

Bainbridge *J. D. Elliott* *Stephen Decatur* *J. Mauncey*

It has been the source of more than ordinary satisfaction and pleasure to us to know that this peculiar department of our paper is so fully and thoroughly appreciated. The labor and expense necessary to get it up and properly present it to the readers of the Pictorial, will at once be apparent to the simplest understanding. The specimens which we present of signatures, from the most eminent men of the past and present time, are exceedingly rare and difficult to be procured; and our readers are assured that each is an original, otherwise the main interest would be detracted from them.

We do not republish an old article of years standing, but give to the subscribers of the Pictorial original and carefully prepared matter, the signatures themselves being traced by our artists from the very lines drawn by the pens of the originals. This is the only reason that these articles are really and intrinsically valuable. This is No. 6 of our series; we shall continue to enrich our columns by these articles, laborious and costly as they are, and our readers will not find us in any particular reserved in our constant enterprise and earnest endeavor to render the paper valuable and

interesting to all. The subject of autographs is one which will become more and more of a study, as people come more and more fully to understand it; and we think, when we shall complete the series which we are here presenting, that we shall thereby create a taste and feeling in this matter that will lead to the preservation of the hand-writing of such people as make their decided mark upon the times, and which will form valuable collections. The collection given on this page we consider to be very interesting; in subsequent numbers we shall continue these valuable series.

AMERICAN INFLUENCE ABROAD.

The greatness of the United States is now acknowledged by all the powers of Europe, reluctantly at first, but now without hesitation. Indeed, with the physical facts of our prosperity and power staring them in the face, with our natural and manufactured productions forcing themselves into every market of the world, with our flag flying in every port, from the mizzen peaks of merchantmen and men-of-war, with samples of our men and wealth senter broadcast over Europe, with our name familiar to barbarians and semi-civilized nations, even our old antagonist, Great Britain, cannot help joining the chorus of admiration and respect. It is an undeniable fact that the United States, at this moment, casts both sunshine and shadow on the Old World. Our literature circulates not only where its language is native, but in the different nations of Europe. The question of the London Quarterly of "who reads an American book?" has long since been answered. The last intelligence from England informs us that the works of Prescott, Bancroft, Channing, Irving, Hawthorne, Longfellow, etc., sell better than any other publications.

But the circulation of an American book is not bounded by the English Channel. The Frenchman reads it on the banks of the Seine; the Russian turns its leaves by the Neva; the German makes himself familiar with its contents; the Italian reads its ideas in soft Tuscan; and its sentiments flow to the heart of the Spaniard, or the music waves of the beautiful Castilian tongue. But not alone through books are we known abroad. In Italy, the home of art, the most renowned sculptor of the age, now that Thorwaldsen is no more, is a citizen of the United States,—the celebrated Powers. And the fame of the lamented Clevenger and Greenough is as dear to the Italians as to ourselves. Citizens of the United States crowd the chemical laboratories of Germany; citizens of the United States, ay, and women, too, send to the foreign learned societies the first accounts of new discoveries among the heavenly bodies. Citizens of the United States build the railroads of the czars, and make the locomotives that traverse them. American machines sow and reap the fields of Europe. The intellectual, imaginative and physical character of our country is represented everywhere abroad.

This is the sunshine that America throws on Europe; the shadow she casts is her political influence. All the triumphs we have enumerated are achieved by the development of individual and national power elicited by our free democratic institutions. An American need not open his lips in defence or eulogy of our political institutions,—they are known by their fruits, and these fruits are most unwelcome objects of European contemplation, we mean of the contemplation of the minority in whose hands alone power is concentrated; for the masses—the down-trodden masses, are, to a man, our friends. The present is a moment of calm in Europe, but it is the calm that precedes the tempest!

The frantic follies that disgraced the revolutionary movements of 1848 produced the expected result; a momentary reaction in favor of order, even at the price of liberty, was seized upon by the shaken despots of Europe to possess themselves again of the ruins of power. But they feel that their situations are precarious; thrones once undermined can never be secure. The throne of Russia even is maintained only by the talent and extraordinary energy of the reigning emperor. Let a rash or foolish man ascend the throne, and despotism in Russia would dissolve like the ice of the Neva when the spring has come!

SENATORS OF THE UNITED STATES.

It will be seen that we commence this week a series of likenesses of the Senators of the United States, now in session. All of these gentlemen have favored us with sittings, and our artist, Mr. J. Vanmerson, at Whitehurst's Gallery, Washington, has been remarkably successful in the matter of likenesses, which have been most admirably preserved by Mr. Rowse, of this city, the artist who has drawn them on the wood. The biographical sketches, though necessarily very brief, are very correct and perfect, having been written for us by Mr. Charles H. Brainard, under peculiar advantages from the honorable gentlemen themselves. We shall continue this valuable and costly series until we have given the likenesses of all the Senators.

BACK NUMBERS.—We have constant inquiries whether we can supply back numbers of the Pictorial. We would say that we can do so at all times, as we are constantly reprinting, and we can supply any one or all numbers from the very commencement of the work, at six cents each.

JAPAN EXPEDITION.—We shall present to our readers next week a large two page engraving of the Japan Expedition, drawn for us by Mr. Wade, of New York. The best maritime scene ever executed on wood in this country. It will be a splendid affair.

INTERESTING RELIC.—Among the varieties produced at the meeting of the New York Historical Society, lately, was a sheet of the stamped paper which was the immediate cause of the rebellion that resulted in the independence of our country.

CHEAP POSTAGE.—It will be remembered that, according to the new law, the postage on the Pictorial is only half a cent per copy. This is cheap enough.

HEALTHY.—In the town of Millbury, Conn., with a population of 760, not a death has occurred for the last seven months.

FOR CHANGE.—The telegraph companies of Boston have issued shinplasters for small sums, in consequence of the scarcity of silver.

VICE PRESIDENT.—The health of Mr. King is improving.



FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

NATHAN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"Carrie Carlton's Valentine," a story, by ANNE LESLIE.
"The Packet," a sketch, by REV. HENRY BACON.
"Gods and Goddesses," relating to the Siege of Troy, No. VII., by T. BULFINCH.
"Walls from Washington," No. VI., by BEN. PERLEY POORE.
"Burning the Letters," poem, by PIERCE CAREY.
"Wellington's Funeral Sonnets, No. II.," by HENRY WM. HEDDERT.
"To my Earliest Friend," verses, by CAROLINE H. CRISWELL.
"Never Look Down," lines, by OWEN G. WARREN.
"The Advancing Light," poem, by MRS. C. E. D. MANSFIELD.
"Lines to one Afflicted," by MISS JULIA WALLACE.
"Sunset and Twilight," verses, by R. GRIFPIN STAPLES.
"To Mary," a Valentine, by WM. T. HILSE.

A YOUNG SCULPTRESS.

The readers of the Pictorial will remember of our referring, some time since, to a young lady, by the name of Hosmer, as having executed in marble a beautiful piece of work, which she entitled "Hesper." Having given evidence of a remarkable talent for art, her father, Dr. Hosmer, took her to Rome, a few months since, for the purpose of affording her an opportunity for studying under the best masters. It seems, by letters lately received from thence, that she has become a pupil of Gibson, the acknowledged master-instructor of the day, who declares her to possess a vast degree of native genius, and takes all the artists of the city to see a Venus which the young lady has already modelled and nearly completed in his own studio. The doctor returns shortly to America, and leaves his daughter to study the art of sculpture.

BINDING.—Let our readers be careful to preserve their papers for binding. We charge but one dollar to bind the Pictorial in elegant style, in gilt edges, gilt back and illuminated covers. Our agents, Samuel French, New York, A. Winch, Philadelphia, and C. A. Bagley, Cincinnati, will bind the numbers in the same perfect manner at a charge of \$1 25 each.

THE MAGNANIMITY OF DESPOTS.—Kossuth's mother recently died at Brussels. The government refused to permit Kossuth to visit her. Was it an act of vengeance on the part of royalty? or do the crowned heads of the continent really fear one poor and exiled man? In either case, what a compliment to the genius, and eloquence, and past life of the noble Hungarian!

THEATRICAL.—The theatrical record of the Boston stage, from the pen of the editor of the Evening Gazette, is exceedingly creditable to the author, and a highly interesting series of papers.

SPLINTERS.

.... Daniel Webster was five feet ten inches in height, and when in health weighed one hundred and ninety pounds.

.... We observe that the Earl of Carlisle has been lecturing in England upon the writings of the poet Gray.

.... Louis Napoleon shows some enterprise and liberality; he is erecting free baths in Paris out of his own funds.

.... The Astor Place Opera House, New York, has been bought for \$150,000 by the Mercantile Library Association.

.... Mr. McKay is building, at East Boston, a clipper ship of 3000 tons burthen, to be called "Young America." Good name.

.... Miss Julia Dean has won universal encomiums of praise from the press during her Southern professional tour.

.... W. M. Bayne, the painter and actor, well known to Bostonians, is now residing in Rome, painting and sketching.

.... Our gentlemanly contemporary of the Yankee Blade "whittles" with a keen-edged knife.

.... There are four millions of three cent pieces in circulation, but change is universally scarce.

.... The population of the city of Havana is estimated at two hundred and thirty thousand souls.

.... Heart born as it is, it is a very true saying, that there is nothing that dries so soon as a tear.

.... In some of the inland towns of California, the San Francisco papers say, flour actually sells at seventy dollars per barrel.

.... Our government is to avail itself of Capt. Ericsson's discovery, and add several vessels with this motive power to our navy.

.... Miss Kimberly, the American actress, has just closed a very successful engagement at the Howard Athenæum, in this city.

.... Washington Irving, the American novelist and writer, is enjoying good health and spirits, at Washington, D. C.

MARRIAGES

In this city, Edward Warren, Esq., of New York city, to Miss Anna, only daughter of Rev. Hubbard Winslow.
By Rev. Mr. Stow, Mr. Orville R. Blossom, of Boston, to Miss Sarah E. Bryant, of Charlestown.
By Rev. Mr. Blake, Mr. Duncan McLennan to Miss Mary McPhee, all of Boston.
At Trinity Church, by Bishop Eastman, Mr. John Reed to Miss Lydia Conner.
At Roxbury, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, David Olphant King, Esq., of China, to Miss Mary Louie, daughter of Rev. Charles Briggs.
At Charlestown, by Rev. Dr. Caldwell, Mr. Albin B. Perham, of East Boston, to Miss Elizabeth Ann Cross.
At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Eaton, Mr. James P. Potter to Miss Lucretia B. Brown, all of Salem.
At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Edly, Mr. Nathaniel Gookin, Esq., of Boston, to Miss Sarah A. Frederick.
At Milford, by Rev. Mr. Eaton, Mr. Aaron Brown of Milford, to Miss C. J. Desautels, of Milford.
At Topsham, Me., by Rev. Mr. Wheeler, Mr. William C. Tebbetts, of Boston, to Miss Caroline M. Walker.
At Cobble-Hill, by Rev. Mr. Di Sauter, Mr. George Lawyer, of Albany, to Miss Mary Shaffer, of Cobble-Hill.

DEATHS

In this city, Miss Caroline H. Cushing, 19; Rev. John Davis Sweet, 45; Mrs. Sarah S., wife of Mr. Thomas F. Osborn, 27; Elizabeth S., daughter of Elias B. and Nabby M. Thayer 26; Miss Sarah Wait, daughter of Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, 20; Mr. Samuel Blake, 64; at East Boston, Herbert Alden, 14 months, youngest child of Richard and Lucy H. Howes.
At Charlestown, Mrs. Anna C., wife of Mr. C. Kimbich, 51.
At Cambridge, Mr. Francis E. Faulkner, 72.
At North Chelsea, Mr. Ebenezer B. Tuttle, 65.
At Brookline, Widow Elizabeth Thayer, 83.
At New Braintree, Mrs. Caroline wife of Mr. Asabel Pepper, 49.
At Lynn, Mr. Joseph H. Mansfield, 26.
At Salem, Miss Cynthia, daughter of Perley Putnam, Esq., 46.
At Marblehead, Mr. Nathaniel House, 24, 34.
At Ipswich, Mrs. Lucy M., wife of Mr. Thomas Harris, 82.
At Essex, Mrs. Miriam Chate, 83 years, mother of Hon. Rufus Choate.
At Newburyport, Mrs. Hannah, wife of Mr. Nathaniel Boardman, 72.
At Harvard, Mr. Hiram Houghton, 39.
At Leicester, Miss Ruth Reed, 88.
At Peterborough, N. H., Mr. Wm. Bantle, 68.
At Danville, N. H., Mrs. Sarah Eastman formerly of Boston, 60.
At New Orleans, Mr. B. W. Balch, lately of Boston, 23.
On board ship Martin J. Ward, on the passage from New Orleans to Liverpool, Charles E. Brown, son of M. Israel Brown, of New York, 18.



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with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design, in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. It is printed on fine satin-surface paper, from a font of new and beautiful type, manufactured expressly for it, presenting in its mechanical execution an elegant specimen of art. It contains fifteen hundred and sixty-four square inches, giving a great amount of reading matter and illustrations—a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages. It forms

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE STARS.

BY CHARLES A. MAYNARD.

When the night in starry glory
Stoops to kiss the placid stream,
Quiet thoughts of love come o'er me,
And I live as in a dream.

And the friends I kindly cherish
Pass me by in slow review—
Must the heart's fond portions perish?
Can the heart itself renew?

Ah, 'tis sad! but, like a river
Swelling still, time tears away
Hopes and loved ones, ceasing never
Till ourselves it bears away.

Then I think of those before me
Gone to silence to their sleep,
Who are happy now, and o'er me,
Sinful child, in sorrow weep.

And those stars, soul-like and sweeping,
In their robes of silver light,
Name I friends departed, keeping
Vigils on the shores of night.

Then, as friend with friend embracing,
Heart to heart with them I hold
Soul-companion, as when gracing
Earth, they walked in days of old.

She who faded to the dawning
Of her guileless angelhood,
In her beauty's early morning,
Kindly constant, gently good!

Loved and lovely, then—in heaven
Still my warm affection's star,
I behold her—cherished even
By my heart in realms afar.

Unto me a wondrous story,
With her gleaming eyes, she tells
Of the great, surpassing glory
Of the regions where she dwells.

Breaks the vision! still, when scanning
Each bright, burning, radiant star,
Wings unseen my cheeks are fanning,
Spirit-voices call from far.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STORIES OF GODS AND GODDESSES.

No. VI.

MONSTERS—PYTHON, THE SPHINX, THE MINOTAUR,
MEDUSA, THE PHOENIX.

BY T. BULFINCH.

MONSTERS, in the language of Mythology, are those beings of unnatural or preter-natural proportions or parts, instances of which are sometimes produced by nature—such as two-headed calves or four-legged chickens—but which in general exist only in the imagination of the ignorant and in the fables of the poets. They were usually regarded with terror, as of immense strength and cruelty, and directing their powers to the annoyance and injury of man. All the terrible qualities of wild beasts were attributed to them, together with human sagacity and faculties. The first we read about, are the Giants, who seem to have differed from men chiefly in their immense size. What that size was, we are not told, but the reader is to suppose them large enough to do what is told of them, whether that require them to be merely a little above the stature of men, or as tall as the mountains.

The race of the Giants is sometimes confused with that of the Titans, and their characters and doings were so similar that it is of no great importance to distinguish them. Both races lived before the creation of man, and both were of great stature and as wicked as they were big. They made war upon the gods, and proved a formidable enemy. Some of them had a hundred arms, others breathed out fire. Their names were Typhon, Briareus, Enceladus, etc. At one time they put the gods to such fear that they fled into Egypt and hid themselves under various forms.—Jupiter took the form of a man, whence he was afterwards worshipped in Egypt as the god Ammon, with curved horns. Apollo was a crow, Bacchus a goat, Diana a cat, Juno a white cow, Venus a fish, Mercury a bird. At another time the Giants attempted to climb up into heaven, and for that purpose took up the mountain Ossa and piled it on Pelion. The Giants were at last subdued by means of thunderbolts which Jupiter hurled at them. Typhon and Enceladus were buried alive under Mount Etna, where they still sometimes struggle to get loose, and shake the whole island with earthquakes. Their breath comes up through the mountain, and is what mortals call the eruption of the volcano.

PYTHON.

The slime with which the earth was covered by the waters of the flood, produced an excessive fertility, which called forth every variety of production, both bad and good. Among the rest, Python, an enormous serpent, crept forth, the terror of the people, and lurked in the caves of Mount Parnassus. Apollo slew him with his arrows, weapons which he had not before used against any but feeble animals, hares, wild goats and such game. In commemoration of this illustrious conquest, he instituted the Pythian games, in which the victor in feats of strength, swiftness of foot, or in the chariot race, was crowned with a wreath of beach leaves,

for the Laurel was not yet adopted by Apollo as his own tree.—The famous statue of Apollo, called the Belvedere, from the name of the apartment of the Pope's palace in Rome, where it is placed, represents the god after this victory over the serpent Python. To this Byron alludes in his *Child Harold*, IV—161.

"The lord of the unerring bow,
The god of life and poetry and light,
The sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight.
The shaft has just been shot, the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain and might,
And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity."

There is a copy of this statue in the collection at the Boston Athenæum.

THE SPHINX.

Another famous monster was the Sphinx. Laius, king of Thebes, was warned by an oracle of danger to be feared, if his newborn son should be suffered to grow up. He therefore committed the child to the care of a herdsman, with orders to destroy it; but the herdsman, moved with pity, yet not daring entirely to disobey, tied up the child by the feet, and left him hanging to the branch of a tree. In this condition the infant was found by a peasant, who carried him to his master and mistress, by whom he was adopted and called Œdipus, or Swollen-foot. Œdipus, when a young man, set out to seek his fortune. As he approached the city he heard alarming accounts of a horrid monster that infested the high road. It was called the Sphinx. It had the body of a lion, and the upper part of a woman. It lay crouched on the top of a rock and arrested all travellers who passed by, proposing to them a riddle, with the condition that those who could solve it should pass safe, but those who failed should be killed. Not one had yet succeeded in solving it, and all had been slain. Œdipus was not daunted by these alarming accounts, but boldly advanced to the trial. The Sphinx asked him, "What animal is that which in the morning goes on four feet, at noon on two, and in the evening upon three?" Œdipus replied, "Man, who in childhood creeps on hands and feet, in manhood walks erect, and in old age, with a staff." The Sphinx was so mortified at the solving of her riddle, that she cast herself down from the rock and was dashed to pieces.

THE MINOTAUR.

The Minotaur was a monster with a bull's body and a human head. It was excessively ferocious and cruel, and, instead of being put to death at once, as it ought to have been, was kept in a labyrinth constructed by Dædalus. This labyrinth was so curiously contrived, that no one who was once in it could by any means find his way out. Here the Minotaur roamed, and was fed with human victims, of which he preferred those which were young and tender. Minos the king of the country, having conquered the Athenians, imposed a tribute upon them, of seven young men and seven maidens, every year, to be given to the Minotaur. This tribute was paid, year by year, and all the victims were devoured by the monster; till at length Theseus, who was one of the youths sent for the year's tribute, by the assistance of Ariadne, the king's daughter, put an end to it. She supplied him with a sword, with which he slew the monster, and with a silken thread which served him as a clue to find his way out of the labyrinth. Having thus delivered himself and his companions, Theseus sailed away, carrying off Ariadne.

MEDUSA.

Medusa was one of the Gorgons, who dwelt in a region which the ancients assigned to everything terrible, because it was to them unknown, the ocean beyond the pillars of Hercules, or Straits of Gibraltar. It is probable they had some faint idea of barbarous tribes living in what we now call England, and conveyed their idea by representing them as hideous and deformed beings. The Gorgons in particular were represented to be frightful females. Instead of hair, their heads were covered with hissing serpents, and they had wings, brazen claws and enormous teeth. One of them, Medusa, was so ugly, that one look of her face was enough to turn the beholder into stone. Perseus undertook to slay her, and to accomplish his task, Mercury and Minerva both aided him. Perseus succeeded in cutting off her head, using a mirror which Minerva had furnished him with, to enable him to see her without looking her in the face. The head with all its hissing serpents was presented to Minerva, who placed it in the middle of her shield, where it is always represented in paintings and sculptures of that goddess.

THE PHOENIX.

Ovid tells the story of the Phoenix as follows. "Most beings spring from other individuals; but there is a certain kind, which reproduces itself. The Assyrians call it the Phoenix. It does not live on fruit or flowers, but on frankincense and odoriferous gums. When it has lived five hundred years, it builds itself a nest in the branches of an oak, or on the top of a palm tree. In this it collects cinnamon and spikenard and myrrh, and of these materials builds a pile on which it deposits itself, and dying, breathes out its last breath from amidst odors. From the body of the parent bird, a young Phoenix issues forth, destined to live as long a life as its predecessor. When this has grown up and gained sufficient strength, it lifts its nest from the tree (its own cradle and its parent's sepulchre), and carries it to the city of Heliopolis in Egypt, and deposits it in the Temple of the Sun."

Such is the account given by a poet. Now let us see that of a philosophic historian. Tacitus says, "In the consulship of Paulus Fabius (A. D. 34), the miraculous bird known to the world by the name of the Phoenix, after disappearing for a series of ages, revisited Egypt. It was attended in its flight by a group of vari-

ous birds, all attracted by the novelty, and gazing with wonder at so beautiful an appearance." He then gives an account of the bird, not varying materially from the preceding, but adding some details. "The first care of the young bird as soon as fledged, and able to trust to his wings, is, to perform the obsequies of his father. But this duty is not undertaken rashly. He collects a quantity of myrrh, and to try his strength, makes frequent excursions with a load on his back. When he has gained sufficient confidence in his own vigor, he takes up the body of his father and flies with it to the altar of the Sun, where he leaves it to be consumed in flames of fragrance." Other writers add a few particulars. The myrrh is compacted in the form of an egg, in which the dead Phoenix is enclosed. From the mouldering flesh of the dead bird a worm springs, and this worm, when grown large, is transformed into a bird. Herodotus describes the bird, though he says, "I have not seen it myself, except in a picture. Part of his plumage is gold-colored, and part crimson; and he is, for the most part, very much like an eagle in outline and bulk."

The first writer who disclaimed a belief in the existence of the Phoenix, was Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Vulgar Errors," published in 1646. He was replied to a few years later, by Alexander Ross, who says, in answer to the objection of the Phoenix so seldom making his appearance, "His instinct teaches him to keep out of the way of the tyrant of the creation, man, for if he were to be got at, some wealthy glutton would surely devour him, though there were no more in the world."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

UNCLE JO.

BY ALICE CAREY.

I have in memory a little story,
That few indeed would rhyme about but me;
'Tis not of love, nor fame, nor yet of glory,
Although a little colored with the three—
In very truth, I think as much, perchance,
As most tales disembodied from romance.

Jo lived about the village, and was neighbor
To every one who had hard work to do;
If he possessed a genius, 'twas for labor
Most people thought—but there were one or two,
Who sometimes said, when he arose to go,
"Come in again and see us, Uncle Jo!"

The uncle was a courtesy they gave—
And felt they could afford to give to him—
Just as the master makes of some good slave
An Aunt Jemima, or an Uncle Jim;
And of this dubious kindness Jo was glad—
Poor fellow! it was all he ever had!

A mile or so away he had a brother—
A rich, proud man that people didn't hire;
But Jo had neither sister, wife, nor mother,
And baked his corncake at his cabin fire
After the day's work, hard for you or me,
But he was never tired—how could he be?

They called him dull, but he had eyes of quickness
For everybody that he could befriend;
Said one and all: "how kind he is to sickness!"
But there, of course, his goodness had an end;
Another praise there was they might have given,
For one or more days out of every seven—

With his old pickaxe swung across his shoulder,
And downcast eyes, and slow and sober tread—
He sought the place of graves, and each beholder
Wondered and asked some other who was dead;
But when he digged all day, nobody thought
That he had done a whit more than he ought.

At length one winter when the sunbeams slanted
Faintly and cold across the churchyard snow,
The bell tolled out—alas! a grave was wanted,
And all looked anxiously for Uncle Jo;
His spade stood leaned against his own roof-tree,
There was his pickaxe, too—but where was he?

They called and called again, and to replying;
Smooth at the window, and about the door
The snow in cold and heavy drifts was lying—
He didn't need the daylight any more.
One shook him roughly, and another said,
"As true as preaching, Uncle Jo is dead!"

And when they wrapped him in the linen, fairer
And finer, too, than he had worn till then,
They found a picture—happy of the shaver
Of sunny hopes, sometime; or where, or when,
They did not care to know, but closed his eyes
And placed it in the coffin where it lies.

None wrote his epitaph, nor saw the beauty
Of the young love that reached into the grave,
Nor how in unobtrusive ways of duty
He kept, despite the dark; but men less brave
Have left great names, while not a willow bends
Above his dust—poor man, he had no friends!

MASSACRE OF NUNS AT PARIS.

A community of nuns, with their abbess, were all condemned to the guillotine while the fury of the French revolution was at its height. Many of these victims were young and beautiful, and most of them possessed angelic voices, and as they passed to execution, attired in their monastic habits, through the stormy streets of Paris, they raised the hymn of *Veni Creator*. They had never been heard to sing it so divinely, and the celestial choros ceased not for a moment, not when they ascended the steps of the scaffold, nor while the work of death was going on, though it became feeble as one after the other fell under the guillotine; and at last it was sustained but by one voice; which was that of the abbess, but that at length ceased also, when she in turn submitted to the fatal stroke.—*Jameson*.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

A Philadelphian, named Gonlan, has a fighting rat which he offers to match with any dog that can be produced. A wager of one hundred dollars has been accepted by the owner of a dog in Columbus, Ohio. — Last year sleighing commenced at Plattsburgh, N. Y., on the 9th of November, and continued for one hundred and thirty days. This year, on the 10th of December the fields were green. — The number of deaths in New York city, during the year 1852, was 21,558, of whom 12,175 were males, and 9848 females. — Smith Phillips, of Accomac county, Va., slaughtered two pigs, lately, one weighing 661 pounds, the other 821 pounds! — Among the curiosities at the Berlin Library, are the Bible which Charles I. bore with him to the scaffold, Luther's original manuscript translation of the Holy Scriptures, and the manuscript of Goethe's Faust. Luther's manuscript shows many erasures, additions and amendments, particularly in the Book of Job. — Elizabeth Job, aged 92 years, died in Cecil county, Md., recently. Her brother, Andrew Job, has, for the last fifty years, lived the life of a hermit, in an old shanty in the woods. — The state prison at Charlestown was lighted with gas in all its various departments, recently, for the first time. — Batter, brought from Ireland, has been selling in Boston for 22 and 24 cents per pound by the firkin, subject to a duty of four cents per pound. — A locomotive, on the Rochester and Syracuse Railroad, has been adorned with the title, "I still live!" That is more than many of the passengers can say at the end of the journey. — Nine captains of the French navy are placed on the retired list, for refusing to take the oath to the emperor. — Speaking of the recent earthquake at St. Jago, one of the papers says, it has "effected prodigies;" the number of deaths from cholera having diminished very materially, and the people generally believed that the earthquake had effectually killed the malady. — Among the musical performances announced in the programme of a recent festival of the Mormon Saints, at Nauvoo, was a solo on a base drum, with a violin accompaniment. — Louis Napoleon having been rejected by Princess Vasa, rumor now says that negotiations have been commenced to obtain for him a young German princess of Dusseldorf. The lady is said to be only sixteen years of age. — A young lawyer, named Lawson, of New York, has been sentenced to twenty years imprisonment at Weathersfield, Conn., for uttering forged pension certificates in that State. — The circumstance that E. B. Washburn has been chosen to the next Congress from Illinois, and his brother from Maine, is made the subject of comment in several of the Eastern papers. — Did you ever know a person to believe you when you explained how you got a black eye? — Louis Napoleon is on the point of reviving the licenses for gambling, for the benefit of the Parisian gamblers on a grand scale, and with a view to the drawing of wealthy foreigners to Paris from all parts of the world. — An Irishman on board the Lady Robert packet, when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck, as the vessel was going down, replied that he had no wish to go on deck in order to see himself drowned! — The Buffalo Express gives two columns of marine disasters, which have taken place on the lakes in 1852. — Why is a printer so much poorer than a brewer? The printer works for the head, and the brewer works for the stomach—and where there is one head there are ten stomachs. — The rivers in the southern portions of Ohio and Indiana have overflowed, causing great destruction of property.

THINK OF IT.

"If you wish to keep poor," says a Yankee editor, "buy two glasses of ale every day, at five cents each, amounting in one year to \$36 50; smoke three cigars, one after each meal, counting up in the course of the year to \$45 75; keep a big dog, which will consume in a year at least \$15 worth of provision, and a cat \$5 more. Altogether, this amounts to the snug little sum of \$110 25—sufficient to buy six barrels of flour, one hundred bushels of coal, one barrel of sugar, one sack of coffee, a good coat, a respectable dress, besides a frock for the baby, and half a dozen pairs of shoes."

PERSONAL.—A Roman correspondent of a London paper gives the following information respecting a distinguished American actress:—"Miss Cushman, and her literary artistic friends, are, it appears, enjoying the most lovely weather in Rome; while we, in London, are deluged with rain. Gibson, Crawford, Smith, Wood, and other eminent sculptors, have called upon her; and the letter of introduction which accompanied her from the late Daniel Webster—America's greatest lawyer, orator and statesman,—has been instrumental in obtaining for her many courtesies."

AN OLD SETTLER.—A man in Alleghany township, Somerset county, Pa., a few days ago, shot the largest buck in the mountains. The deer has been known by the name of "Old Isaac" for many years—some hunters say sixteen. He had nine bullets in him in addition to the one that killed him. His weight was two hundred and forty-two pounds.

REPARTEE.—A lady, who was very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed by her friend to use her tongue pretty freely after. "There was a time when I almost imagined she had none." "Yes," said her husband, with a sigh, "but it's very long since!"

STATISTICAL.—The American born population in Pennsylvania, in 1850, was 2,014,619; the foreign born, 294,167; total, 2,311,786.

ON DIT.—Princess Vasa has given Emperor Napoleon III. "the mitten." We are very glad of it.

Wayside Gatherings.

In Trinity Co., California, a fair-sized loaf of bread costs a dollar!

During the present year, the sum of \$14,910 has been raised in New York for the colored orphan asylum.

A gentleman of Windsor, Vt., plucked fresh strawberry blossoms in that town, on Thursday Dec. 6th.

It is stated that the late Amos Lawrence left \$35,000 to his relative, Mrs. Pierce, wife of the President elect.

During the year 1852, 73 persons were killed by accident, in Boston; 26 were drowned, and 20 burned or scalded to death.

A printer, named Matthew Langdon, committed suicide at New York, Friday afternoon, under the influence of the "spiritual rapping" delusion.

The bodies of the three men who were recently lost in the pilot boat Washington, of New York, have been washed ashore at Squam Island.

Joseph Graham, U. S. Consul at Buenos Ayres is effecting some advantageous commercial privileges for American Marines with that government.

Whaleship Bramin, Childs, of New Bedford, with 1600 blbs oil, is reported to have been lost in the Arctic Ocean Sept. 25; officers and crew saved.

Another link in the Bellefontaine and Indiana railroad—between Bellefontaine and Sidney, a distance of 22 1-2 miles, has been finished.

At the last court in Westmoreland county, Pa., a stage driver was fined \$10 for upsetting his stage, while intoxicated, killing a woman and injuring other passengers. A mild sentence, certainly.

From the first to the fifteenth of December, the receipts of gold at the U. S. Mint in Philadelphia, were \$2,870,000—a large amount for the period though.

A day or two since, a little boy, son of Mr. J. C. Butterfield, of Cochituate village, upset a lamp, containing burning fluid, and he was so badly burned that he survived but six hours.

The Columbus State Journal says there is evidently a gang of burglars in that city, and advises the use of inside bolts in addition to locks, as well as adequate preparation in the way of revolvers.

The Chinese theatrical company are expected soon to arrive here from California. One of their feats is cutting off the head of one of the actors and putting it on again! Tragically amusing.

A little girl in Suffield, Ct., was burned to death by the explosion of a lamp filled with burning fluid, one evening last week. A very serious accident from the same cause occurred in New York, last week.

It appears by the census that the consumption of spirituous and malt liquors in the United States reaches the enormous quantity of eighty-six millions of gallons annually, equal to six gallons for every adult.

There are one hundred and fourteen bridges on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, between Cumberland and Wheeling. One of them is six hundred feet long, and is elevated forty feet above the Monongahela river, which it spans.

The Secretary of the Treasury states that the legitimate expenses of the government do not exceed \$35,000,000. Appropriations, the interest and principal of the national debt, etc., swell the expenditures for the coming year to \$50,000,000.

Foreign Items.

The relations between the Sultan and the Pacha of Egypt continue friendly.

A late traveller in Ireland says the natives have two articles of nothing but children.

The whole of the Slavish races in European Turkey appear to be in a state of insubordination.

From India we learn that the disturbances in the Hazara county were not settled, nor likely to be very soon.

The Porte is said to have notified the European powers, that it will grant no more concessions in the navigation of the Bosphorus.

An opium dealer of Calcutta had absconded, leaving liabilities to the extent of £10,000.

Mr. Barringer, the American Minister, intends to return home in the spring. His retirement has called out expressions of regret from official quarters.

The Emperor of Morocco has stopped the exportation of oil and wool from his dominions, except from the province of Teafner or Teadner.

The French government is making active exertions to effect a commercial treaty between France and Germany, founded on mutual concessions.

The Court of Rome has addressed a letter to all the powers of Europe, inviting them to interfere in behalf of Christians suffering persecutions in Turkey.

The first locomotive had started on the railroad from Bonuhay to Tauna on the 18th of November. The road was to be fully opened in February.

In Burmah, military operations were at a stand. The Governor General's determinations as to the annexation of Burmah had not been made known.

The Governor of the Bank of England expresses the opinion, that the late discoveries of gold in Australia will cause a considerable reduction in the price of the metal.

The report gains constantly that Prince Frederick William, the heir of the Prussian crown, is betrothed to the Princess Royal of England. The Princess of Prussia, mother of the Prince, will make another visit to England next spring.

At Rome, in France, some working men who had spoken ill of the President, were lately condemned to two years imprisonment. When they heard their sentence, they shouted *Vive la Republique Democratique*. The Judges recalled them, and sentenced them to two years additional.

What was supposed to have been a mutiny of the Chinese Coolies, on board of the ship Gertrude, bound to Havana, turned out, on investigation at Singapore, to have been merely a difficulty among themselves, but having no interpreter, they were not able to make themselves understood; 17 of them were shot dead.

The wrecks of one or more of the Spanish Armada, destined for the conquest of England, have recently been discovered on the west coast of Ireland, where they were cast away. An anchor has been recovered from one of the vessels, which is a great curiosity. These vessels were wrecked near the Irish coast, some three hundred years ago.

Sands of Gold.

.... There's a secret drawer in every heart as in every desk, if we only knew how to touch the spring of it.

.... Never wrest the Scripture to maintain a truth, for fear custom in time should bring you to wrest it to an error.

.... Dispose of the time past to observation and reflection; time present, to duty; and time to come, to Providence.

.... Great lies, sententious absurdities, often obtain credence more readily than falsehoods of less pretensions.

.... Grief never sleeps; it watches continually, like a jealous husband. All the world groans under its sway; and it fears that, by sleeping, its clutch will become loosened, and its prey then escape.

.... Pitiful! that a man should so care for riches, as if they were his own; yet so use them, as if they were another's; that when he might be happy in spending them, he will be miserable in keeping them; and had rather, dying, leave wealth with his enemies, than, being alive, relieve his friends.

.... It is no wonder if he who reads, converses and meditates, improves in knowledge. By the first, a man converses with the dead, by the second, with the living, and by the third, with himself. So that he appropriates to himself all the knowledge which can be got from those who have lived, and from those now alive.

.... To try whether your conversation is likely to be acceptable to people of sense, imagine what you say written down, or printed, and consider how it would read; whether it would appear natural, improving and entertaining; or affected, unmeaning, or mischievous.

Joker's Budget.

Etiquette—French polish for English dinner tables.

It's the last ostrich feather that breaks the husband's back.

When should an innkeeper visit an iron foundry? When he wants a bar made (bar mail).

Boys that are philosophers at six years of age, are generally blockheads at twenty-one.

A man named Frost, living in Cincinnati, weighs 391 pounds, avoirdupois. A pretty heavy Frost, that.

Dr. Bradbury, in a funeral sermon on a lady, after summing up her good qualities, added, "That she always reached her husband's hat when he called for it, without muttering."

Hats worn on the head of a discourse, a bucket that hung in "All's well," fragments of the man who burst into tears, are said to be the last curiosities found.

Digby fell down the other slippery morning. As he sat on the ground he muttered, "I have no desire to see the city burnt down, but devoutly wish the streets were laid in ashes."

A young gentleman of Kilkenny, meeting a handsome milk-maid near the Parade, said, "What will you take for yourself and your milk, my dear?" The girl instantly replied, "Yourself and a gold ring, sir."

"Have you any travelling inkstands?" asked a lady of a clerk at one of our stationery stores, the other day. "No ma'am; we have them with feet and legs, but they are not old enough to travel yet," was the pert reply.

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F. OLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

FEBRUARY.

Chill February! from beneath thy hood
The crystal tears of winter are descending;
Thy breast, still, to the songsters of the wood,
Opens warmly. Soon the parent bird is
wending
Forth to the fields, to seek his nestling's
food;
Or, haply, on the rainbow's aim is bleed-
ing
His hymn of hope with the wind's concert
rude.
Brave month! albeit the shortest of the
year,
Not the less joyful, February, art thou;
For Love and Hope shall welcome thy
career,
And merry youthhood crown thy frosty
pow.
Hail to thee, February! within whose breast
The germing seeds of plenty are caressed.

See! on the mossy bank, where still the
snow
Is lingering, the sweet violet opens her
eyes
Timidly wooing the sun's genial glow,
To smile upon her through the frowning
sides;
While, in the streamlet gurgling from the
hills,
The speckled trout in glancing joy is seen.
The voice of nature every creature thrills,
On this, thy day, St. Valentine, I ween.
Joy to the patron saint of love and peace,
Whose "heaven throne" is hailed by
maid and swain,
And triple joy, huzza February, to thee,
Whose fostering love can thaw cold win-
ter's chain.
God speed thee, friendly month! Act well
thy part—
Propitious to the sickle, salt and mart.

DAGUERRETYPE GALLERIES
OF MEADE BROTHERS.

This splendid daguerreotype es-
tablishment was the first in the world
built and adapted expressly for all
branches of this curious art. No ex-
pense has been spared to introduce
into it all the facilities of the art;
and, setting aside the great value of
miniatures, views, etc., produced by
this process, the resources of this
great art are developed in an extra-
ordinary degree in the application
to other arts—and we find that the
most eminent artists in America are
executing works from daguerreo-
types taken in these galleries. Por-
trait and miniature painters, sculp-
tors, engravers on steel and wood,
lithographers, die-cutters, etc., here
obtain that aid which they cannot
procure from any other source. Be-
sides the merit awarded to these pic-
tures by public opinion and the press,
they have received several medals
from the different fairs, and testimonials and letters from
the crowned heads of Europe. Some of the most prominent pictures
in this collection—which amounts now to over one thousand,
some of them on plates twelve by sixteen and a half inches—are,
first, Daguerre, the father of the art, taken in France, in 1848;
also a fine view of his chateau at Brie Sur Marne, where he died
last July. One of the Meade Brothers will visit Europe next
month, and return with many valuable pictures of modern Europe

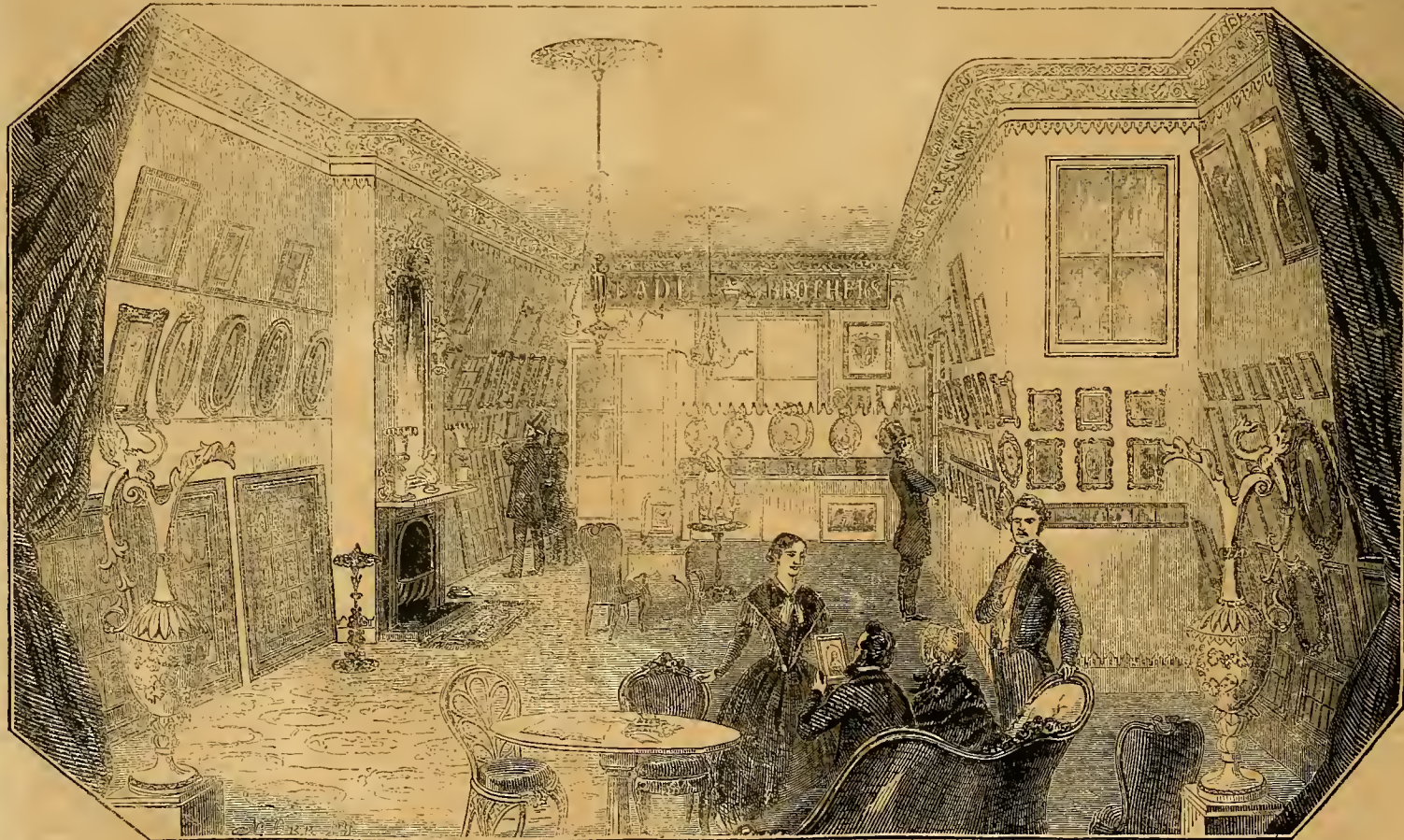


ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF FEBRUARY.

and the Holy Land; also a view of the monument to Daguerre.
There is to be still another monument erected to Daguerre and
Neipec in France, and Mr. Meade will take with him the Ameri-
can contribution to that object. Mr. Neipec was the associate of
Daguerre in his experiments, and rendered efficient aid in the dis-
covery. The only pictures of Daguerre from life in America are
to be seen in this establishment. The last pictures ever taken of
those distinguished patriots, Cloy and Webster, are also here.

pages properly to explain and specify. In all new discoveries of
localities, of inventions, of accidents (as practised by the Prussian
government), and, indeed, of anything that it is desirable to trans-
fer accurately and beyond the question of a doubt, the daguerreo-
type becomes invaluable. The modern improvements in this art
are most extensive and elaborate, and each month seems to devel-
op some new perfection, some increased facility and adaptation,
produced by careful experiment and chemical knowledge.

From the latter, Fletcher Webster,
Esq., had copies made for himself;
while Ritchie is executing an en-
graving, Jones a medallion and C.
C. Wright gold and bronze medals
from the profile views of the illustri-
ous statesman. Next comes Louis
Napoleon, Emperor of France, Count
D'Orsay, now deceased, the eccen-
tric Lola Montez, Countess of Land-
feldt, in a variety of costumes, Gen.
Lopez, who was garroted at Havana,
Louis Kossuth, the brilliant orator,
Kit Carson, Billy Bowlegs, the Sem-
inole warrior and his suite. Several
of these pictures have been illustrat-
ed in this paper. There are, also, fine
panoramic views of the city of San
Francisco, California, the Falls of
Niagara, Shakspeare's house at
Stratford on Avon, the Boulevards,
Place de la Concorde, Arc de Tri-
omphe, Madalin, Notre Dame, etc., in
Paris, portraits of Prof. Morse, inven-
tor of the telegraph, the sable emper-
or and empress of Hayti, Gen. Paetz,
Jenny Lind, Catherine Hayes, Com-
modore Perry, of the Japan Expedi-
tion, Edwin Forrest, views in North
and South America, American states-
men, actors, press and divines, em-
bracing nearly all persons, male and
female, of celebrity in modern times.
One portion of the building is used
as a store for goods used in this art,
which they import and send to all
parts of the world. The Meade
Brothers take every style and size
picture known in this beautiful art.
They have the largest apparatus in
the world. They have two separate
rooms for sitters, with toilette rooms
adjoining, and two large skylights,
with conveniences for taking groups
—of schools, colleges, military and
fire companies; also the wonderful
stereoscopic or solid daguerreotypes.
This popular establishment is now
one of the lions of New York, and is
well worthy a visit from the resident
or passing traveller. These galleries
are free to the public. What a rev-
olution in the matter of art, the fa-
mous discovery of Daguerre has
made! It has opened a line of occu-
pation for an entire new class of ar-
tists, and a profitable and useful line
too. The various purposes, of real
importance, to which the art is and
can be appropriated, are but indiffer-
ently understood, and would require



INTERIOR VIEW OF MEADE BROTHERS' DAGUERREOTYPE GALLERY, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1853.

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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

St. Valentine's Day is being more and more generally observed in this country; and though thousands upon thousands partake in the usual sports and habits of the occasion, few pause to consider the origin of the institution, or its meaning. On the page herewith, we present a fine drawing of this subject, by Devereux. The recipient of one of the occasional mis- sives is perusing it with intense in- terest, having dropped the envelope upon the floor, while the little Cupid letter-carrier, who has delivered the valentine, is hastening away with his store of like epistles to de- liver elsewhere to beating hearts and bright eyes. It is an exceed- ingly graceful and timely picture, and will suggest much to the ob- servant eye. On page 100 we give a larger and more elaborate illu- stration upon the same theme. The army of Cupids, the beseeching lover, the lady at her window greet- ing him, the Post Office, that im- portant rendezvous on St. Valen- tine's Day, and the dignified saint and patron of the day himself, dressed in all the dignity of his of- fice, are exceedingly well conceived and admirably executed. Saint Valentine was a priest at Rome, who was beheaded during the per- secution of Claudius the Second, about the year 270. Very little has been handed down relative to him, or that he had any connection whatever with the annual custom now prevalent of choosing mates and sending letters on this day, the origin of which is buried in obscu- rity, though it is frequently men- tioned in ancient records. Wheat- ley, in his "Illustrations of the Common Prayer," infers that "from the great love and charity of that saint, the custom of choosing Val- entines upon his festival took its rise." Dr. Foster remarks, "The vulgar custom of sending valen- tines on this day had its origin in an endeavor of several zealous per- sons of the clerical order to put an end to the superstitious practice of boys drawing by lots the names of girls, in honor of Juno Februato, celebrated on the 15th of February, in ancient Rome. Instead of this custom they permitted the names of saints to be drawn for a child's game, which might be made sub- servient, like many others, to recol- lections of religious history. These got the names of valentines; but being afterwards much abused, and converted into love-letters, the cer- emony degenerated again into the pagan and foolish custom which characterized its first introduction." A personal Valentine is the first individual seen on the morning of the 14th of February—a female by a male, and a male by a female. In the Paston correspondence we find that choosing Valentines was common in the reign of Edward the Fourth. In 1476, Margaret Brew addresses a letter to her "right well-beloved Valentine,



John Paston, Esq.," in which breathes forth the truest love of a true maidenly heart. She ex- presses her apprehension that her father will not give her a marriage portion equal to what she expected, and consequently fears the loss of her lover's affection, which might be natural to a timid and devoted mind; but the man who could abandon his mistress because her fortune may not be quite to his views, can have but very little re- gard for her. She continues: "Right reverend and worshipful and my right well beloved volun- tynne, I recomende me unto you full heretely, desyring to here of your wellfare, which I hesche Al- mighty God long for to preserve unto hys plesur and your hertes de- sire." And again she says, "If it pleses you to here of my wellfare, I am not in good helth of body nor herte, nor shall I he tyll I here from you." Shakspeare mentions the observance of the festival in his "Midsummer Night's Dream." The custom of choosing Valen- tines is almost universally followed in all the regions of the Catholic earth. Many have asserted that this festival is a sort of heir-loom from Paganism; nor is it by any means improbable that such should be the case. In fact it appears to be most likely that it was com- memorative of the especial season of the year in which the birds are supposed to select their partners and commence building their nests. The idea is consistet with the principles of nature. St. Valen- tine's is a day of excitement among the young; and, much as they may endeavor to conceal their propen- sities, two-thirds of the more ad- vanced in life, not only call to re- membrance the occurrences that are departed, but also have an in- ward longing for their renewal; and, however they may affect to despise it, there is not a more pos- itive truth that many even at three- score years would feel flattered by a missive sent in kindness of re- gard. From the first opening of dawn all the devotees of this tutlar divinity are anxious whom their Valentines shall be. With what coyness they approach the doors or windows; one look is all that is required; and, O, what sweet sensations or keen disap- pointments ensue, as it either is or is not the individual expected to be seen! Then there is the earnest fluttering of the pulses as the post- man advances—hopes and fears al- ternately swaying the desires for a written valentine, replete with tender expressions and soft induc- ements. The postman knocks—the face is flushed—the heart beats, and the beautiful missive, all decorated with hearts slung up in a balter, or pinned together with butchers' skewers, is opened. Who can paint a feeling? We will not try to do it. Our artist has indulged his imagin- ation, as the engraving will show; he who runs may read its meaning

AN INTERESTING PICTURE OF WESTERN LIFE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

ROSALTHE:

—OR—

THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.

A Story of Western Life.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

"I blundered in by mere accident. One of our young women has been stolen away by the Indians; I was tryin' to find her when I stumbled into this curious place; you know what happened to me arter that. I can't be called no great friend to your father, because he and Silas Girty stir up the Shawanese, Cherokees and Wyandots, against the new settlements; and they kill our young men and carry off our maidens."

"They do wrong! they do wrong!" exclaimed Innis, clasping her hands.

"Yes, pretty Innis, they do wrong," said Ballard.

"I have often told them so," returned the girl.

"And you did right," added the scout.

"Girty is a bad man," continued Innis.

"He's a renegade!" returned the scout.

"I am very unhappy," added the maiden. "I know that the young women at Boonesborough and the other stations know more than I do. They have friends to care for and instruct them, while I lead this ignorant and half savage life."

"You must go to Boonesborough and live, and persuade your father to be an honest man," answered Ballard, kindly.

"I must set you at liberty before my father comes," she added.

"God bless you!" said the scout, earnestly.

Innis McKee approached Ballard, and with her father's hunting-knife severed his bonds, and he sprang lightly to his feet.

"There is your rifle," said his benefactress.

"I see it; but I don't feel as though I could go without sayin' a few words that seem to be pressin' up from my heart. You have saved my life, and I thank you for it," returned the forester, with much feeling.

"You'd better hurry away," said Innis.

"I've been a lookin' at you for a good while, as you sat by the fire, so pensive and melancholy like, and somehow or other, I took a fancy to you," added the scout, with some hesitancy of manner.

"I'm such a half savage that I don't see how anybody living could be pleased with me," replied Innis, weeping.

"If anybody else should dare to call you a half savage, I reckon they'd never do it again in my hearing," returned Ballard, emphatically. "The fact is, you suit me exactly, and I hope you'll excuse me for sayin' so. You see I'm a plain-speakin' man, and I say what I mean and mean honest. I don't want to make you blush, nor be for'rad on short acquaintance; but if you shouldn't take a likin' to me, I'm sure that in the course of natur somethin' will break it!"

The hold scout laid his hand on his heart, as if to intimate that the "somethin'" which might be expected to "break," was in that particular locality.

"Do go, Mr. Ballard, for I don't feel as though I ought to stand talking with you here. It's not likely we shall ever meet again," said Innis.

"I should feel very sorry if I thought so, because I shan't never forget your handsome face. I shall think about you when I'm in the wilderness all alone; in the day time when the sun is shinin' on the flowers, and in the night time when the moon and stars are lookin' down on my lonely campin' ground. You may think this sounds kind o' strange and wild like, seain'

as we never met afore, but such things has happened often, as I have read in books."

"I should like to hear you speak in such a pleasant way if you wasn't in so much danger; but I had rather you would go, as my father may return at any moment, and Girty may perhaps come with him," resumed Innis.

"I will go, but I shall come to see you again," said Ballard, moving towards the open air. The scout paused and turned once more towards his benefactress.

"I hope this affair wont get you into any trouble," he added, thoughtfully.

"Don't think of me; I shall do very well," returned Innis, hastily.

"If you should ever want a protector, or feel the need of a friend, let me know it, and I'll go through fire and water to serve you," he added; and invoking a hearty blessing upon Innis McKee, he glided quietly out of the cavern, and the cool free air of heaven kissed his brow.

As he hurried from the hills, he forgot the dull ache occasioned by the blow upon his head, and thought only of the renegade's daughter, whose beauty had quite conquered him. He resolved to seek her again at the earliest opportunity, and do all in his power to make a favorable impression upon her young heart.

However incongruous it may appear to the reader, it is true that the scout muttered to himself as he moved along, "that he knew when he set out something would certainly break." And this reflection seemed a source of great comfort to the woods-man, for it deepened his faith in the strength and acuteness of his intuitions.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRAIL.

ALLAN NORWOOD raised Simon Kenton from the ground and discovered that the blood was flowing from the sleeve of his hunting shirt. He instantly bared the left arm, and found that a ball had lodged in it just below the left shoulder. He then proceeded to bind his handkerchief tightly about the limb, in order to stop the profuse hemorrhage. Kenton soon revived, and sturdily protested that the wound was a mere scratch, and that he should have no difficulty in going forward according to their original intention. Allan suggested to him the propriety of returning to the station; but to that proposition he would by no means listen. He said that he had undertaken the enterprise with a full determination to carry it to a successful issue, and would persist in it as long as he felt able to follow a trail.

A fire was then kindled, and a choice piece of venison which they had brought with them, cooked for their evening meal. Kenton's wounded arm had ceased bleeding, and he professed to feel much refreshed, and in good spirits. He proposed that they should proceed towards a Cherokee village which was situated in a south-eastern direction. If Rosalthe had been carried there by any of the war parties, the greater portion of the distance was probably accomplished by water, which would effectually baffle pursuit in the ordinary way; consequently to learn anything of Rosalthe, providing she had been thus abducted, the chances of success would be greatest to take the nearest way to the village, and trust to circumstances and their own resources for the rest.

Allan and Kenton accordingly acted in agree-

ment with this idea, and again resumed their way; and the moon coming up anon, lighted their forest wanderings. Sometimes our hero felt hopeful, and at others depressed; sometimes his heart warmed with earnest zeal that could scarcely brook restraint, and censed him to quicken his steps to such a degree that his companion could with difficulty keep pace with him; and then again, the enterprise he had undertaken looked so unfavorable in all its aspects that he was ready to throw himself upon the earth in despair.

Rosalthe! how musically the name sounded in his ears. He loved to hear it everywhere pronounced in the rough tones of the forester. Who is so bold as to affirm that there is not music in a name? Whose heart has not been stirred by the combination of certain letters, forming a single word? Who will not confess to the soft impeachment? Those who do not are unlike the bold Allan, for he acknowledged it in all his thoughts.

Before morning Norwood perceived that his comrade began to falter; his foot pressed the soil less firmly; he gave evident signs of exhaustion, and his breathing grew hurried and labored. His haggard features and toilsome tread checked the impatience, and excited the pity of Allan.

"This is not right!" he exclaimed, stopping suddenly. "You are exerting yourself beyond your strength."

"I believe," said Kenton, faintly, "that the blood has started again."

Norwood hastened to examine the wound, and found that the handkerchief had been displaced by his exertions in walking, and the bleeding had commenced anew, and was very profuse. The handkerchief was again adjusted, and they were on the point of moving on, when the bark of a dog attracted their attention. Kenton leaped to his feet, and laying his right hand heavily upon Allan's shoulder, said in a tone that sent the blood upon its way with a quicker impulse:

"That is an Indian dog; we are pursued."

For a moment the two young men looked at each other in silence.

"What shall we do?" asked Allan, at length.

"Nothing remains for us but to run for our lives, and break the trail," replied Kenton.

"Let us lose no time, then. I fear more for you than for myself; your strength may fail on account of that unfortunate wound."

"When my strength fails, then you must leave me to my fate," said Kenton, calmly.

"Never, while I have life!" exclaimed his companion. "It were shame indeed for me to abandon a brave man in the hour of his most pressing need. May Heaven save me from that heinous sin."

"It often happens thus; the disabled are often left to their fate in cases of disastrous retreats," answered Kenton.

"Yes; such things have transpired in numberless instances; but I hope never to be a witness of such a misfortune," replied Allan.

"The soil is hardest away in that direction; so let us on, and leave the red fiends behind, if possible," added the other.

The young men now exerted their utmost strength to evade their savage pursuers; but occasionally the bark of a dog admonished them that they were still unsuccessful.

"We never can elude them while that dog is after us," said Kenton, at length.

"That's my own impression," replied Allan.

"We must wait till he comes up, and shoot him."

"That will be a dangerous experiment, for the Indians are probably not far behind him."

"It's our only chance; so you may go on; I will stop and despatch him."

"Rather reverse that proposition, for I am in better condition than you."

But Kenton would not change his resolution, and Norwood protested that he would not leave his side. Both the parties stood perfectly still, and the dog came on at full speed.

"I will stop his barkiog," observed Allan, cocking his rifle.

"Take good aim," said Kenton, anxiously.

"Be calm; I am always self-possessed in the hour of danger. I am called a good shot, also."

Our hero took deliberate aim and fired at the dog; he fell, and they heard a rustling among the leaves, produced by his death struggles.

"'Twas coolly done," remarked Kenton.

"And now let us change our course once more. When you find strong grape-vines that have climbed tall trees, lay hold of them and swing

yourself forward as far as possible, in order to break the trail.* I will set the example."

They had gone but a short distance from the spot, before an opportunity offered to try this experiment. Kenton grasped the vine with both hands, as well as his wounded arm would permit, and swung himself forward a distance of several yards, and striking upon very rocky soil, his feet left no perceptible imprint. Allan followed his example, with similar results, and then both ran for life, for they heard the savages approaching.

All the various artifices to baffle pursuit were resorted to; but when the parties paused, ready to fall down with exhaustion, the sound of the savage horde came faintly to their ears through the intervening distance.

"I cannot continue this much longer," said Kenton. "My strength is fading rapidly."

Norwood entreated him to do his best, and they continued their efforts; but with no better success.

Kenton sat down upon the ground, and declared that he was unable to go any farther.

"Go on," he snid, with extraordinary composure; "you may yet escape; but if you try to save me, both will perish. I will await here the coming of the Indians. My rifle and pistols are loaded, and I shall kill the first that appears. Yes, I shall have the pleasure of three good shots before I die."

Without making any reply, Allan placed his ear to the earth and listened with breathless interest. He heard approaching steps, and knew the bounding, elastic tread of the red man. He grasped his rifle firmly, stood a moment in thought, and looked earnestly at his friend.

"I beg of you, Mr. Norwood, to leave me; there is yet time for you to elude these ferocious, savage hounds. I shall perish, but I have always expected to die in some such way; I made up my mind to it long ago. If you should live to see Lizzie Boone, tell her that—that I thought of her even when death was staring me in the face."

"My dear Kenton!" exclaimed Allan, "I would not desert so bold and heroic a comrade for a thousand worlds; no, not to save my life. Trust to me, and we will both escape, or fall side by side. My plan is formed; proceed as fast as you are able, and I will soon overtake you."

"But this generosity is madness; by giving your life to yonder yelling demons, you will not prolong mine five minutes—scarcely as many seconds!" cried Kenton.

"I do not value existence so lightly that I am willing to throw it away without a chance of success. So go forward, in Heaven's name!" said Allan.

"I will," replied Kenton, sorrowfully. "We may never meet again; farewell!"

With tearful eyes and heart melted and subdued, the forester arose to his feet, and, making a desperate effort, staggered on with a speed that surprised Norwood. The latter watched his lessening figure until he could no longer be seen, and then threw himself upon the ground among the rank shrubbery. He laid his rifle beside him, and drew his hunting-knife from his belt. The light, bounding footsteps which he had heard, came more distinctly to his anxious ears. He summoned all his constitutional coolness and courage to his aid. He had risked his life upon the correctness or incorrectness of a single idea.

By the sounds which he had heard, he judged that one of the pursuers was far in the advance of all the rest; if that conclusion was just, he could wait for the foremost savage to come up, and then slay him upon the spot. In the event that there should prove to be more than one, it would only remain for him to do the best he could, and leave all to the Great Disposer of events.

To the acute senses of the young hunter, still more palpably came the vibrations of the agile steps. Allan's eyes were turned with intense interest toward the spot where a painted face, or faces, were expected to appear. One moment more of breathless expectation, and a gigantic Indian sprang into view. He was darting onward like a blood-hound, panting with exertion. In his right hand he held his gun, and his eyes were fixed with fearful eagerness upon the trail, casting occasionally keen and sweeping glances into the forest beyond.

He came on; he was flying past the spot where the hold hunter lay; the latter bounded

* Daniel Boone adopted this course, on more than one occasion, with success.

up, leaped upon the savage like a young lion—the hunting-knife flashed in the first faint beams of the morning, and then sank deep in the red man's breast. A hollow groan was given to the gentle winds, and the pursuer had run his race. The athletic limbs quivered an instant, and all was still again—not a footstep was heard in the wide woodlands.

Allan thrust the crimson blade into its sheath, cast one look at the quiet outlines of the body, and then left the spot with confident and assured, yet hasty tread. He overtook Kenton, who was dragging his exhausted frame along with indomitable energy and perseverance. When he heard steps behind him, he turned about and cocked his rifle, thinking the savages were upon him; but saw instead the resolute face of our hero.

"My dear Norwood!" he cried, while large tears rolled down his sunburnt cheeks, "I never expected to see you again on earth. What have you done?"

"I have slain the leader of the pursuit; I have sent him on the eternal trail that no warrior ever retraced."

"You have done well; the next half hour will decide this question of life and death," returned Kenton.

"I know it; now lean on me, and we will baffle them yet. Here is a brook; we will walk in it—it may break the trail."

By Norwood's help Kenton was able to proceed. Every ruse was resorted to; they doubled on their own tracks; they changed their direction many times, and when the sun was an hour high, no sound of pursuit could be heard, and they began to hope that the savages were at fault, or had abandoned the enterprise altogether.

It was now imperatively necessary that Kenton should rest. While looking for a place suited to that object, they discovered an Indian lodge, which proved to be uninhabited. Of this they immediately took possession. To the surprise of both parties, they perceived that a fire had been recently kindled there, and several articles of comfort were left; among which were several pieces of venison, some mats, a few undressed deerskins, etc.

Allan hailed this discovery as a singular piece of good fortune, and instantly set himself at work to minister properly to the wants of his friend. He dressed his wound as well as he could, searched for a spring, brought him cool and refreshing water, and then arranged the mats and deerskins, and prevailed upon him to lie down and endeavor to recruit his exhausted energies.

Kenton complied, making efforts during the time to induce Norwood to leave him there, and put a safer distance between himself and the Indians, who might possibly be on their trail.

Our hero was, of course, deaf to these suggestions; and in a short time had the satisfaction of seeing his comrade sink into a deep and tranquil sleep. He then kindled a fire, and moving about softly, like a careful nurse, commenced cooking, as well as the case would admit, some of the venison so providentially provided.

While Allan was engaged in this manner, a human figure darkened the lodge door. The unexpected visitor was an Indian maiden. When she beheld our hero, she drew back with an exclamation of surprise.

"Come in," said Allan, perceiving that she was in doubt.

The tones of the young hunter's voice seemed to re-assure her, and she advanced a few steps into the lodge.

"What does the pale face seek here?" she asked, with a dignified air.

"I don't know that it would be proper to make you my confidant," replied Allan, with a smile.

"Confidence sometimes makes friends," added the Indian girl, in excellent English, though somewhat loftily.

"I know it, daughter of the red man," answered Norwood.

The maiden made no rejoinder, but stood, with her large, dreamy eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Are any of your people with you?" asked Allan.

"I am alone; are you afraid?" replied the maiden.

"Not of you, certainly," said Norwood, with a smile.

"Why are you so near our village?" inquired Star-Light, for it was her.

"A young maiden has disappeared from the station on the Kentucky River," rejoined our

hero, resolving to trust her with the object of his mission.

"Is that all?" added Star-Light.

"Is not that enough?" returned Allan.

"Such things often happen. But why do you seek her in this direction? Do you lay this new sin at the door of the Cherokee? Is the red race always in fault? Did the Great Spirit make them a nation of thieves?"

"I said not so; but we seek that which is lost in all places where there is a possibility of its being found. Is it not so?"

"Wabuna!" exclaimed Star-Light, energetically. "Know that the White-Cloud is safe; she will return again to Boonesborough before the next moon. Go back and tell her friends so."

"What strange thing is this you say!" cried Allan.

"Am I speaking to the winds, that you do not understand? Are my words so idle that they do not interest you? I said that the white maiden was safe," rejoined Star-Light.

"Where is she? Let me see her—let me speak to her!" cried Allan.

"What is White-Cloud to you?" asked Star-Light, coldly, looking steadily at Allan.

"O, she is much! I think of her and dream of her!" exclaimed Norwood.

"And does she dream of you?" resumed Star-Light, in the same tone.

"Alas, no! She does not even know me."

"Hooh!" (an exclamation of contempt.) "The pale face has been drinking fire-water," said Star-Light.

"I am impatient to know more. If you really speak truly, lead me to Rosalthe," added Norwood.

"Wa-wa! I should lead you to your death. You would never return to the great fort to say that the pale maiden lives," returned Star-Light, emphatically.

"Rosalthe is a captive among your people—how then can she be safe?" asked the young man.

"That is known to me and not to you. I will tell no more," said Star-Light.

"You shall, by heavens!" cried Norwood, starting to his feet.

"The daughter of the proud Cherokee fears nothing. She is willing to make the friends of the White-Cloud glad by sending them word that she is safe; but should you torture her with fire she would tell no more," replied Star-Light, drawing up her person majestically.

The dignified and assured air of the Cherokee maiden, conjoined to her beauty of feature and form, arrested Allan in his purpose. He stood before her irresolute and embarrassed; before he had recovered his self-possession, Star-Light had glided from the lodge, and disappeared in the forest.

CHAPTER XIV.

SCENE AT THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

WE return to Rosalthe. She clasped her hands and looked imploringly at Otter-Lifter, who stood motionless in the path.

"What would Star-Light and her cousin of the Wyandots do?" asked the chief, coldly.

"White-Cloud and the maiden they call Star-Light do not like cruelty; they seek to save this pale face captive from death," replied Wassahauza.

"And was not Otter-Lifter worthy of the confidence of Star-Light and White-Cloud?" replied the chief, in a tone of mild reproach.

"Otter-Lifter of the red race of the Cherokees is humane; but this captive was not taken by a war party of his, and he might have feared to offend the young warriors who brought her away from Harrodsburg," answered Star-Light.

"Wassahauza speaks of fear; when was Otter-Lifter afraid? When did he fail to raise his voice against cruelty? Who can say that he ever tortured a prisoner, or made war on women and children? Not a person living!" said the chief, with dignity.

"Then, why does such a gentle-hearted leader stand still when his help is needed? Does he not see this trembling girl suffering the terrors of death? Has he not a hand to use, as well as a tongue to talk!" exclaimed Star-Light.

"The speech of Star-Light is bitter; she wounds the heart of the chieftain who is ready to die in her service," returned Otter-Lifter, mournfully.

"My fair cousin means not to wrong her friend, the bold Otter-Lifter. She speaks thus because the danger is pressing," said Rosalthe.

The Cherokee chief gave Rosalthe a searching glance while she was speaking.

Funny Harrod had recovered her consciousness, and stood clinging to Star-Light and our heroine, awaiting with feelings which cannot be described the decision of her fate. Hope and fear struggled by turns in her bosom, and held her in the chains of suspense too dreadful to imagine. When Rosalthe had first seen her in the lodge, she had resigned herself with the calmness of despair to the doom which appeared inevitable; but since a ray of hope had reached her, the love of life had returned with all its legitimate power.

Miss Harrod was by no means a weak, irresolute character; but her position, it will be perceived, was one to try the strongest nerves; for there were but two sides to the momentous question. The dark side was unrelieved by a single gleam of sunshine—it was to return and meet death by a process from which the most firmly organized mind shrinks with a shiver of inexpressible horror; the other side of the subject was life and all its sweet enjoyments.

She fixed her burning eyes on the placid face of Otter-Lifter in silent agony of spirit; for she felt, and truly, that it was he who was to decide her fate. There was a short period in which no words were spoken. The captive read no emotions of pity in the features of the chief; he gave back her appealing look with one apparently as impassive as hers had been earnest. A faint smile at length played over his lips; he spoke, and Fanny and Rosalthe bent forward to catch his words with breathless attention.

"This white maiden," he said, slowly, "this white maiden is—"

"Is what?" exclaimed Rosalthe, no longer able to control her intense anxiety.

"Is condemned to death," added the chief, in the same tone.

"Heaven preserve my senses!" murmured Rosalthe to herself.

"Yes, the Pale-Lily has been condemned to death by the ordeal of fire; but—"

"What!" cried Rosalthe, with quivering lip and trembling voice.

"But she shall live!" added Otter-Lifter.

"It is well," said Star-Light, loftily.

"She shall live," repeated the chief, "even if the sum of her freedom be the life of Otter-Lifter. Yes, he will perish, before a single hair of her head shall be scathed by the devouring fire."

The chieftain paused, and turning more fully toward Star-Light, asked:

"Is it enough?"

"It is enough," replied the Indian girl.

"This way," continued Otter-Lifter. The latter moved on, and the three maidens followed him without question. Leaving the little village he led the way to the deep and dark forest, through the umbrage of which the pale moonlight with difficulty crept. He stopped at length a few hundred yards from the encampment.

"Stay here," he said, "till I return," and immediately left them.

Rosalthe was now about to reveal herself to Miss Harrod, but Star-Light sternly bade her be silent.

"If you would save her, be silent," she said.

Though this was a restraint which she could not bear without much effort, she felt the necessity of obedience. Fanny Harrod was an intimate and valued friend, and she longed to throw herself into her arms and tell her all; but that could not be thought of under the circumstances in which she was placed.

Miss Harrod, who now began to feel somewhat assured of escape, felt a strong desire to know who the delicate Indian girl was who had embraced her and called her by name.

The time of Otter-Lifter's absence seemed long indeed to the expectant captive. A thousand fears and wild conjectures had birth in her mind. Perhaps the chief had been detected in his purpose, and the plan had failed. It was possible that he had not sufficient influence among the other chiefs and warriors to save her, and innumerable other fancies of this kind passed in quick succession through her mind to revive her terrors.

Star-Light appeared to fathom her thoughts, and said:

"He will not fail; he never breaks his word." These brief sentences cheered the heart of Miss Harrod.

After the lapse of half an hour steps were heard approaching. Fanny and Rosalthe simultaneously uttered a cry of surprise and alarm; for, instead of seeing Otter-Lifter, they beheld half

a dozen warriors mounted upon horses. Star-Light remained calm and undisturbed.

"Peace! peace, foolish maidens! Otter-Lifter is with them!" she exclaimed.

Rosalthe looked again at the advancing Indians and beheld the chief in the midst of them, leading a horse. She kissed Miss Harrod's pale cheeks, and wept for joy. Without speaking, Otter-Lifter placed Miss Harrod upon the animal which had been provided for that purpose. The chief then turned to the young men.

"Conduct this maiden to Harrodsburg," he said, in a voice of command. "Otter-Lifter has pledged his word that she shall live and return to her friends. Go; and remember that your lives shall answer for hers, if harm befall her."

"Come here, Star-Light," said Fanny, in a subdued voice. The proud Indian girl stepped to her side, and Miss Harrod, bending forward, imprinted a grateful kiss upon her lofty forehead.

"It is all I can give you," she added.

Star-Light smiled faintly, and seemed to look lovingly at the young girl. For a moment her haughty beauty was softened into a mildness almost angelic. Standing as she did, with the dim rays of the moon shining upon her upturned face, she caused Rosalthe's thoughts to wander to that unknown period far back in the forgotten years of the past, when "the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair."

"It is well that you have been called Star-Light, for I behold reflected from your starry eyes serene rays of mercy and truth!" said Miss Harrod, enthusiastically.

Wassahauza gazed fixedly at Fanny, and her expression became more benignly soft.

Otter-Lifter gazed at her with a kind of mute idolatry discernible in his eloquent eyes, and then turned abruptly from the scene, as if afraid to trust himself longer.

Star-Light moved slowly away, and Rosalthe took Miss Harrod's hand. When the latter stooped to kiss her forehead, she half-formed the resolution to whisper her name; but a single glance at the changed and gentle expression of Star-Light made her reject the idea; and in an instant Fanny and her escort were moving off towards Harrodsburg.

Rosalthe threw her arms about Star-Light and embraced her tenderly; all her unfavorable impressions were completely removed by the recent scene.

This spontaneous act of friendship the Cherokee maiden neither repelled nor encouraged, but suffered it as a statue of marble might receive the same indications of gratitude. The parties returned to the village, Otter-Lifter leading the way in silence.

It was on the ensuing morning that Star-Light visited the lodge where the interview already mentioned took place between her and Allan Norwood.

There was a great commotion at the village when it was known that Fanny Harrod had escaped. A council was immediately called to determine what should be done. While they were gravely smoking the pipe, as an indispensable preliminary, Otter-Lifter appeared among them. One warrior arose and advised that the warriors be punished who had been appointed to keep watch over the captive, which duty they had not faithfully performed. Another recommended that a small war-party be instantly dispatched in pursuit of the captive.

A young chief next arose, and said, that so far as he could learn, the young woman had been liberated by some man of influence among them; for, upon examining the adjacent forest, he had discovered a fresh trail, produced by some half a dozen mounted men. Moreover, some of their young braves were missing, and it would therefore seem as if they had been sent to conduct the young woman back to Harrodsburg. He hoped the wise chiefs would examine this matter, and see who was the guilty party.

During this speech murmurs of applause were heard from every portion of the council-lodge. When the fiery chief had ceased speaking, and resumed his seat, Otter-Lifter arose calmly to his feet, and looked deliberately around upon the faces of the assembled chiefs and warriors.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

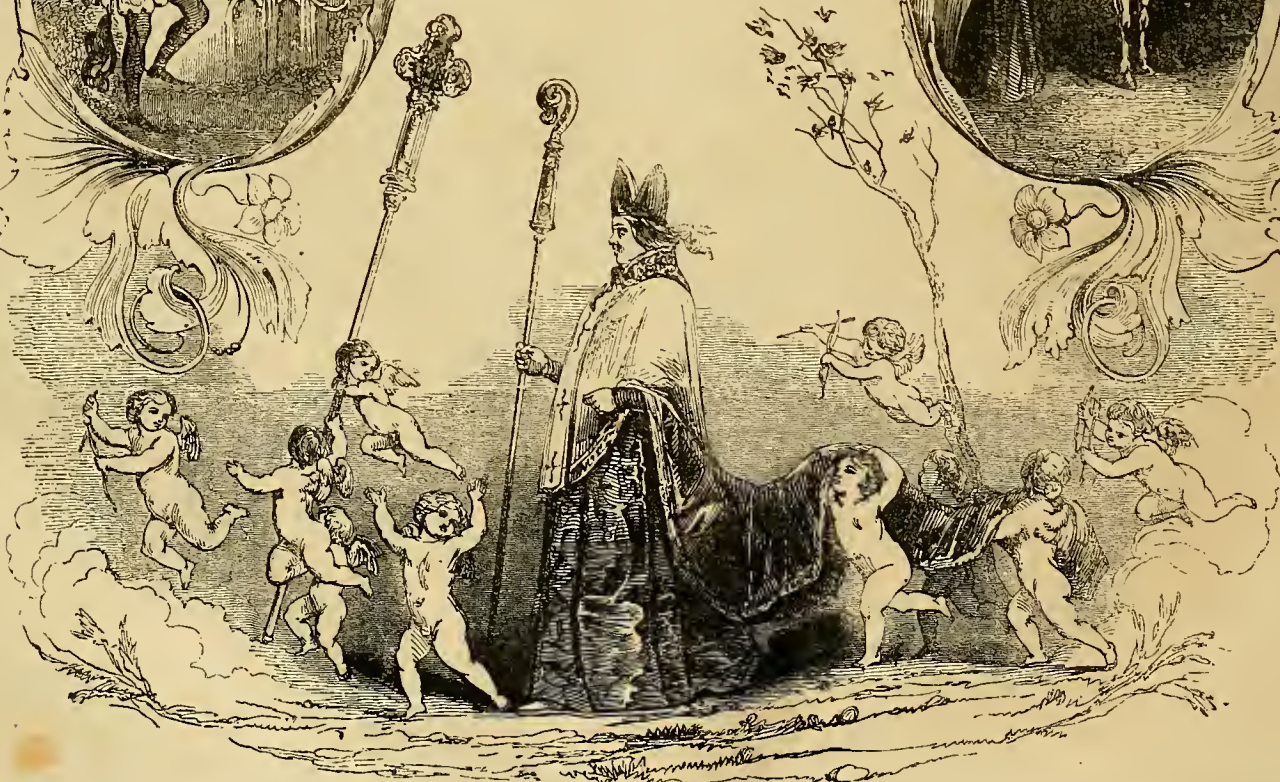
TROUBLE.

The most of the trouble in this world is caused by disappointed desires rather than positive evil. Out of every hundred men you meet with, ninety-five are low-spirited—not because they lack comforts, but because they are not blessed with a surplusage. Queer critter, that animal that "cooks his food."



VALENTINE.

When to Love's influence woman yields,
 She loves for life! and daily feels
 Progressive tenderness!—each hour
 Confirms, extends the tyrant's power!
 Her lover is her god—her fate!
 Vain pleasures, riches, worldly state,
 Are trifles all!—each sacrifice
 Becomes a dear and valued prize,
 If made for him, e'en though he proves
 Forgetful of their former loves.



ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



ANNUAL CELEBRATION OF CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY, BY THE EXPRESSMEN OF NEW YORK.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

NEVER LOOK DOWN.

BY OWEN G. WARREN.

Never look down on the grave, broken-hearted,
Seeking in that lonely shrine the departed!
Never, with sighing, and weeping, and mourning,
Speak of the friends who have gone unreturning;
Never look down for the helms that love us—
Deeming them lost to us—they are above us.

Never look down on the grave, and, with sighing,
Dwell on the last solemn scene of the dying.
Look not upon it, believing the spirit
Is buried beneath the cold grassward or near it;
'Tis not the place for the beings that love us—
From the decaying form they soar up above us.

Look not upon the cold grave, but when lonely,
Turn to the pillow and think of them only.
Think that with all of their love they are near us—
Come to be with us—to soothe us—to cheer us;
When not beside us to pray for and love us—
Look to the skies for them—they are above us.

Never look down for the star, or the levin,
Nor in the grave for the best heirs of heaven;
To the dark chancel or earth-closet they go not;
Gloom and corruption they see not and know not;
Never look down for the spirits that love us—
They are beside us, around us, above us.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE PACKET.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

OUT of the dusty cars and their deafening noise, to the top of the stage coach, was a most delightful transition, that day in early summer, when I last visited the pleasant town of Milford. That I was to have a pleasant adventure, seemed to be prophesied in the air of the sweet-scented fields that came forth to meet me; and I shall not soon forget the scene of rural comfort by which we passed as our noble horses bore us swiftly over the road. The sun had set, and the flush of the western skies now reflected in the windows of the old stone church on the hill, as though the venerable pile was on fire, and the small lake in the meadow was flushed as though some rare beauty had just breathed in its clear waters—some rural Venus, who had left the flowers bending in a worship from which they would not lift themselves till morning. The windows in all the cottages were wide open, and from many of them peered out the round, rosy faces of the children, while the doorway was filled with the older members of the family, all eager to see the stage come in. Some came out into the road to peep into the coach, in the hope of greeting some familiar face, and others to find some object about which they could ask numberless questions. But there was one—a tall, slim and graceful creature—whose eye seemed to be fixed only on the driver, studying every motion as he turned now and then to take up a package or paper to throw into the hand of this and that expecting one on the street where the principal dwellings in the village stood.—There was an expression in her countenance that puzzled me; for her face was strongly illumined to my gaze afar off. I at first, thought it was our Jehu's lady love, but he answered the hint with a grand laugh, which told how much he felt himself complimented; and I could find no pause to ask another question till we had reached the spot where she stood and held out her apron to catch the tiny packet which the driver motioned her to receive, taking it from his breast pocket. As it flew to the destined covert, I saw the string that tied it together was sealed in several places where the twine crossed, and said to the driver, "That was a valuable packet, I suppose."

"Supposing is sometimes right," he answered.

"And is it so," I said, "when I suppose that packet came from afar and is a love token?"

"May be," he replied, "but that love is a brother."

"A brother! that's not quite so romantic as some other kind."

"Hang your romance," said he, as he drove with a loud crack of his whip to the village tavern steps and flung the reins into the hands of the hostler, leaping into the porch like one who felt that his day's work was done.

With my little carpet bag I left the tavern, not knowing just where I should make my home for the night; but on my way to one friend's house, I saw the driver near by when I came to a certain turn in the road; I soon came up with him, eager to get a hint or two more concerning the sister who had so interested me. But I could not make him understand the drift of my inquiries; and, with a little touch of maliciousness for my inquisitive disposition, he directed me a round-about way to the new residence of the friend I desired to find first. This, of course, only increased my curiosity, and I went on my way thinking of divers touching stories of sisterly devotion, and of laughable adventures when brother and sister had been mistaken for some of the relations voluntarily formed by the loves of the human heart.

The circuit I had taken by the direction of the stageman, actually brought me to the very next house to where the object of my questionings resided, in a new cottage, and as I stood in the parlor looking through the end window of the house, which fronted on the street, I saw her reading by the light of a solar lamp most attentively. She was reading from a manuscript, and on the table lay the card I had noticed, with the seals still hanging to it like so many charms on a necklace. And a necklace or bracelet was there too, but it gained no look from her till she had finished the manuscript, and then she took it and fitted it on her arm, only

to lay it down again to re-peruse the writing. The entrance of my host, who had left me to inform his family of my arrival, called my attention away from over-curious sight seeing.

Tea was soon over, and as I re-entered the front room, I went to the end window to see how beautiful the evening looked in the light of the clear moon, and I found myself noticing that the curtain was down at the cottage window where I had seen the packet-receiver; but though I looked only at the moon sailing above the graceful roof of the new cottage, I somehow noticed on the curtain of the window the shadow of a female form, seated by a light and holding a paper in her hand. I concluded it was a newspaper, and as I had read the dailies, I thought it not best to mose any longer on the picture before me.

The evening was rapidly passing, and the large hours were nearing, when my host happened to remark that a mutual friend, who had formerly lived in a distant part of the town, had bidden by his side, and the new cottage I had been noticing, was his. This intelligence waked me up anew, and I began inquiring very earnestly about his family, eager to get through the preliminaries that prevented me from asking at once who the young lady in whom I had become interested, really was. I managed to bring the inquiries round gracefully to that point, and discovered that she was the new village school-mistress, "and a nice girl she is," said my friend.

I had no doubt of that, specially if the outward is ever to be regarded as an expression of character, for she was dressed with exceeding primness, and yet had just enough of the ornamental to tell what she could do when the fit time to show her art should come.

I had now learned all that my friend could tell me, which was no more than I have related, and so, with the certainty of knowing more on the morrow, I retired for the night—a night so different from what we know in the city, when the rumbling of carriages keep up the memory of the day's confusion and toil. There all was quiet, and you gazed out of the window on the moon in the heavens, as on something more serene, more holy and comforting than the town can show, while not a footfall disturbs the silence of the hours.

The morning came, and the sun, not having, as in the city, to climb above the huge brick walls, looked in upon me at its rising, and I instinctively bowed respectfully to the stranger, thanking him for the privilege of adding two hours at least to my day. Of course I must take a walk in the pure air of this fine morning, and who should I meet, first of all, but the school-mistress, returning from the route I had determined to take! She slipped past me with a light step, and as she entered the cottage, she drew off, with her left hand, by one string, her linen bonnet, and swung it over and over, winding the string round her hand, while the curls she had folded behind her ears dropped in profusion around her face, and she threw her head to the right and left as though she would wave them from her eyes without using her hand. I then noticed that her right hand was filled with flowers—all of them of the smallest form—and she was gone.

I was not aware of being in a musing attitude instead of walking, till the voice of the stageman, as he passed me, most provokingly said, "Supposing's right, I suppose?" I pretended not to hear him, and as though fixing my watch, I pushed it in my pocket and took my walk.

My good genius brought me back just in time to greet my old friend Wilson, the owner of the cottage, as he was stepping into his carriage for a journey. He ordered the horse to the stable, saying he would not leave till after breakfast, declaring that he must disappoint 'Squire Brown, for the sake of an old friend from the city. So now my good fortune placed me at the table of my excellent friend, directly opposite the object of my curiosity, after an introduction that told me her father was a venerable friend of mine, in a town where I had once resided. Could it be that the little girl I had then known was the fine lady, so womanly in every movement? Knowing she had a brother destined for one of the learned professions, I ventured to ask if he was still at college? and she answered with a sweet smile, "O no, sir; he graduated two years ago."

"Undoubtedly with honor," said I.

"With great honor, sir," was her answer, while a world of new light came to her eyes.

"What profession did he choose?"

"Medicine, sir, and he is now in your city with Dr. Freeman."

"Ah, the doctor is a friend of mine, and I wish I had known your brother had been there, as I might have brought the packet from him you received last evening."

"Thank you, sir," she answered with a subdued tone, and a light tinge of increased sensibility on her cheek, for which I could not account.

Breakfast was soon over, and my old friend left, after commending me to his wife's attention and those of "your old friend's daughter."

When I left the house that morning, it was at the same hour that the teacher took her way to school, and really my walk led along the same road as hers, and as we moved on our way, I found myself recounting some of the incidents of my intercourse with her father, whose death was a great blow to me, as before that time had also been the death of her mother, when this, the only daughter, was but a few years old.

We parted at the school-house, but on my return, I was not sorry to discover that so many of the scholars had been retained at home to attend the church festival, that she had dismissed the rest for a general holiday, and was about leaving for her boarding-place. We walked along, conversing of the times when I was familiar with her parents, and by not noticing some of the turns we ought to have made on our way, we found ourselves at

the foot of "High Hill," that overlooked the whole village. Never having ascended this eminence, I was anxious to do so, and we wound round the ascent where a well worn path was found, made by the villagers who frequented this place, especially on the Sabbath after church hours. Beautifully the scene from that noble height spread out before us, and we sat down in earnest conversation. While seemingly gazing on the picture at our feet, our sight was really extended far beyond it, to a dear home on the banks of one of New England's most beautiful and romantic rivers.

I now learned the story of my old friend's latter years, and why I had met so far away the daughter of his delight, his accomplished Ella.

"When I returned from the Institute where I received my education," said Ella to me, "I found my father quite feeble, of which nothing had been written me, with the best of reasons. I was glad to find myself immediately of use, but was grieved to see the evidences that father was gradually failing. I sat by him, smoothed his hair, read to him, and employed all my little art to make him comfortable. He was pleased to praise me, and it made me happy. One day, with a most benignant countenance, he began to talk of death, but I saw a shadow coming over his face as he approached the subject of the change that would come to brother and myself by his departure. He told me he should leave nothing for us—that while he, in his way, could husband his estate, he could master all difficulties, and derive an income beyond the interest due on the debts he owed. I relieved him immediately by telling him I had anticipated this, and had determined to so use the privileges of education as to fit myself for the duties of a teacher, and was then ready to begin in that sphere. I also assured him that brother should not want for any aid in the way of his education, for it would be joy to me to live for him and to see him successful in life. I had my reward in the sweet peace which settled on my father's mind, for, after detailing to me at that time his wishes, he made no farther reference to his business affairs while he lived. After the last trial was over, I told my brother our circumstances and my plans; and assured him it would be my chief happiness to furnish him with the means for his education. His feelings were overpowering, and when he spoke, he said, 'I have resolved!' And O, sir, I know what he resolved; for all through the years of his college life, the love I bore him and the toils I cheerfully endured for him, stimulated him to diligence in all his studies, and kept him from the vices into which so many collegians fall. Our correspondence was frequent, and I am proud of his letters. I have the promise of a visit from him to-morrow."

"Then," said I, as we rose to leave, "I shall meet him."

"Shall you, sir?" she asked, with a slight trembling of her voice.

"Yes, I am not to leave here till after Sunday."

There was a singular silence for awhile, but supposing that her thoughts were running, as mine were, on the vicissitudes of life, we were nearly to the cottage gate ere we found our tongues fairly free again.

Having to spend the day in a distant part of the town, I left the village, but was careful to be back again at the time the stage was to arrive on the morrow. It came into the village in fine time, but before it came to the tavern, two gentlemen alighted at my friend's cottage. I leisurely moved along, and on coming up to the gate, I saw that the first gentleman's face and form strongly resembled Ella's, but the other—why that was my friend Braddock from the city. Now came vividly the remembrance that I had met him with Ella several times at a distance from home, and this accounted for the strange light that at first gazed heamed on Ella's countenance when I saw her from the top of the stage.

"Pleasant place," said I to Braddock.

"Yes, so far as I have seen," he replied.

"What! never been here before?"

"No, 'pon honor," he replied, answering my look, as well as my words.

But there was no use of hiding the facts in the case, as I had accidentally heard of his having engaged a house at the "West End" in the city, then being finished, and having some elegant furniture ordered at an establishment I had visited.

Ella's brother very graciously engaged in conversation with me, and ere I was aware what course we were pursuing, we had reached the old bridge, some distance from the main street, and there we sat on the railing, beholding the last rays of the sunset dying away over the broad and beautiful meadows.

Here I learned the story of Ella's devotion to her brother more fully, and discovered that Braddock was a college chum with Ella's brother, Richard, and he had thus become acquainted with her energy of character and beautiful, sisterly love. They became acquainted at a time of vacation when, in another town, Ella was teaching, from which place she had removed for no other reason than the perpetual gossip concerning "the school-marm and the collegian."

Here, where she now resided, all packages had come by way of the cars and stage, in envelopes, directed by her brother, and all the jewels she had received from the wealthy Braddock she had worn, but not in sight.

I must pass over the two intervening days, and here is the Sabbath, with the pealing bell and the long line of people winding round the road leading to the church on the hill. What a sensation was caused that day when Ella was seen walking into church with my friend Braddock, who seemed to be in more than usual trim that fine morning, while Richard was quietly and deferentially conversing with the minister of the parish, at a distance, coming up the hill. Whether the minister knew more than he told, I cannot say; but there seemed to be something peculiar in

his treatment of his text that morning, when he discoursed of the beauty and worth of the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

The next day, the teacher had assumed a new dignity in the sight of the people, and into new lights of appreciation came the grace of her character. When I returned, I could not but make an attempt to be up with my friend the stageman, for I thought that, for once, he had not found the secret of his "express" business. As we passed the cottage, I hinted at the incident of the packet, in connection with the news of the day, and asked him if he felt disposed to "hang" my "romance" now?

"Yes," was his cool reply, "with the halter of matrimony."

On we flew in the sweet air of the morning, and springing from the stage-top to the cars, we were in a few hours again in the city—where now Ella is one of the "West End" lovelies, and her brother rejoices in the possession of Braddock as a brother-in-law.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TO POESIE.

BY ANNIE JOHNSON.

"I dashed to earth the harp, mine other heart,
When, ringing, broke."

I will not bid thee back! my heart is aching
With a deep grief which I may not repress;
And ever on my lip the wish is waking,
That thou wert here to soothe life's bitterness!

I will not bid thee back, true friend and only!
Why from my love should I thus banish thee?
As the sad days pass on, uncheered and lonely,
No presence, save thine own, fingers with me.

Thou art the sunbeam in my darkened hour,
Thou art the star that gilds life's dreary night;
Thou art the lonely little prison-flower,
From gloom and sorrow turning to the light.

Then come to me! for O, my heart is aching
With a vain grief which I may not repress;
And ever there an earnest wish is waking
That thou wert here to soothe life's loneliness!

THE ETERNAL "PARCE."

Men have all sorts of motives which carry them onwards in life, and are driven into acts of desperation, or it may be of distinction, from a hundred different causes. There was one comrade of Esmond's—an honest little Irish lieutenant of Handyside's—who owed so much money to a camp sutler that he began to make love to the man's daughter, intending to pay his debt that way; and at the battle of Malplaquet, flying away from the debt and lady too, he rushed so desperately on the French lines that he got his company, and came a captain out of the action, and had to marry the sutler's daughter after all, who brought him his cancelled debt to her father as poor Rogers's fortune. To run out of reach of bill and marriage, he ran on the enemy's pikes, and as these did not kill him, he was thrown back upon his other horn of his dilemma. Our great duke, at the same battle, was fighting, not the French, but the Tories in England, and risking his life and the army's, not for his country, but for his pay and places, and for fear of his wife at home, that only being in life whom he dreaded. I have asked about men in my own company (new drafts of poor country boys were perpetually coming over to us during the wars, and brought from the ploughshare to the sword), and found that a half of them under the flags were driven thither on account of a woman; one fellow was jilted by his mistress, and took the shilling in despair; another jilted the girl, and fled from her and the parish to the toots, where the law could not disturb him. Why go on particularizing? What can the sons of Adam and Eve expect, but to continue in that course of love and trouble their father and mother set out on? O, my grandson! I am drawing nigh to the end of that period of my history when I was acquainted with the great world of England and Europe; my years are past the Hebrew poet's limit, and I say unto thee, all my troubles, and joys too, for that matter, have come from a woman; as thine will when thy destined course begins. 'Twas a woman that made a soldier of me, that set me intriguing afterwards; I believe I would have spun smocks for her, had she so bidden me; what strength I had in my head I would have given her; hath not every man in his degree had his Omphale and Delilah? Mine befooled me on the banks of the Thames, and in dear old England; thou mayest find thine own by the Rappahannock.—*Thackeray's Esmond.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SONNET.

BY WM. EDWARD KNOWLES.

O, would that some fair beams of cheerful light
Might break this gloom of melancholy hours;
And youthful innocence again be ours,
When we were strangers to this haughty sight.
When far before, our pathway rose to sight,
Winding along amid a sea of flowers;
Pausing anon upon our onward flight,
To rest awhile within the sylvan bowers.
And would that it might be our lot to feel
Youth's buoyant aspirations now again,
And rise above these sorrows that congeal
The tide of mirth, and leave a sense of pain.
This much we ask—nor shall we ask in vain,
If we but ask aright, and firm in truth remain.

GHOSTS.

Ghosts be hanged! No such thing in Nature; all laid long ago, before the wood pavement. What should they come for? The colliers may rise for higher wages, and the Chartists may rise for reform, and Joseph Sturge may rise for his health, and the rising generation may rise; but that the dead should rise only to make one's hair rise, is more than I can credit. Suppose yourself a ghost. Well, if you come out of your grave to serve a friend, how are you to help him? And if it's an enemy, what's the use of appearing to him, if you can't pitch into him?

Thomas Hood.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TO MY EARLIEST FRIEND.

ON THE EVE OF HER MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. CAROLIA B. CHESWELL.

To-morrow thou wilt be a bride—
To-morrow! yes, to-morrow!
No more I'll see thee by my side,
But far away wilt thou abide—
It fills my heart with sorrow.

Not only I thy loss shall weep,
Not only I will sadden;
But parents, sisters, brothers steep
Their eyes in tears, with sorrow deep,
And nought their hearts can gladden.

When thou art gone, how lonely they!
How sad—'tis past expressing—
To think on thee each weary day,
And when at night they kneel to pray,
For thee to ask a blessing.

Farewell, dear friend! my tears are dried—
I'll now suppress my sorrow;
For thou art happy, and, with pride,
To-morrow thou wilt be a bride—
To-morrow! yes, to-morrow!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON.

No. VI.

BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.

WE should, by good rights, next visit the Department of the Interior, but the promise of a "rich" debate in the House attracts us to the Capitol, and, as the magistrates do not commence business until "high twelve," let us tarry in the rotunda. The pictures are well worth inspection, and I hope to excite your admiration for the works of Col. TRUMBULL. This patriarch of American art commenced painting when a student at Harvard, then abandoned the pencil to draw his sword in the revolutionary struggle, and then, disgusted at some point of military etiquette, returned to his easel. Visiting Europe, he was imprisoned after the execution of Andre, but was released by the exertions of West, under whom he studied. Peace came, and ere the republic was fairly in existence, there was a laudable desire to immortalize

"Deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither, though the earth
Forgets her empire with a just decay,
The enslaver and the enslaved, their death and birth."

Col. TRUMBULL, by advice of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, was induced to paint a series of national pictures, and travelled through the thirteen States, England and France, for original portraits of the personages in the scenes which he transferred to canvass. Modern American artists (most of them wretched dabblers themselves) are ever true to the Horatian maxim,—*nil admirari*,—and it is understood between them and "travelled men," that not to abuse the Trumbull pictures is proof of gothic taste. Yet, in my humble opinion, they are much more valuable than their "pendants," as artistic records of history, even as Clark Mills's breathing Jackson is superior to Greenough's soporific, hydropathic Washington.

The "Declaration of Independence" has been so repeatedly engraved, in every style of art, that there can be few who are not familiar with this faithful representation of that important moment, when the act giving freedom to our nation was ratified. As a piece of coloring, it is but a tame imitation of West's style; but its chief merit lies in the felicity with which a great number of figures have been introduced, each a study in itself as an undoubted portrait, yet all grouped together so as to form a harmonious whole, leaving the Declaration itself as the ruling idea. It contains forty-seven portraits,—those of Mr. Hancock and Samuel Adams painted in Boston, John Adams in London, Thomas Jefferson in Paris, and most of the others at the homes of the originals.

The "Surrender of Burgoyne," at Saratoga, and the "Surrender of Cornwallis," at Yorktown, were difficult subjects. Twenty-seven portraits in the former, and thirty-four in the latter, most of them "full lengths," and many "equestrian," ensured a stiffness which no genius could entirely obviate, and in addition, the formidable blue and red of the uniforms presented peculiar difficulties. Yet Trumbull maneuvered his men in a style which would do credit to Horace Vernet, and there is sufficient redeeming virtue in the treatment of the subjects to confer great artistic value on the paintings. The noble gray charger of Gen. Lincoln is particularly excellent.

The "Resignation of Gen. Washington" is an equally skilful arrangement of thirty-one portraits, unidealized, I will admit, but endowed with a deal of nature and individuality. The numerous accessories, in all the pictures, are well made out, and posterity will ever be grateful to Col. Trumbull, for having given us faithful transcripts of these memorable events of a struggle which not only changed the destinies of America, but is destined to have a most important influence upon the political and social condition of the world.

In three of the four other panels, are the "Landing of Columbus," by Vanderlyn, the "Baptism of Pocahontas," by Wier, and the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims," by Chapman. Young Powell is now in Paris, finishing his "Discovery of the Mississippi," for the vacant space. Neither of the quartette have any real historical value, and some of them are sadly deficient in artistic merit, but

we will not find fault. The members are hurrying into the House, and we will clamber up a narrow staircase to the Ladies' gallery.

Seated at their desks, which are arranged in a semi-circular form, the members are before us. Some are reading their letters, others engaged in writing, while groups discuss the party at Mr. Corcoran's, on Thursday last, Thackeray's lectures or the new Cabinet, in tones so audible that the emphasized words reach our ears. Above them, like the drone of a Scotch bag-pipe over the shuffling feet of jig-dancers, the voice of the clerk is heard. He is supposed to be reading the journal of the preceding day's doings, but no one thinks of listening to him. It's all printed in the papers, speeches and all, and from the clear type errors rise for correction.

Behind the clerk, enthroned in a gigantic arm-chair, reposes Mr. Speaker BOYD, a portly, fine-looking gentleman, who, when silence is required, will have "order" if he breaks his mallet. At his right, in custody of the sergeant-at-arms, is his "mace," a symbol of authority, surmounted by an eagle, which is displayed when the House is in session. High up, over the speaker's head and ours, but visible from the floor, is a plaster colossal figure of Liberty, while on the entablature beneath is an eagle, sculptured in stone. The "bird of Jove" was executed by Signor VALA-PERTI, an Italian of great promise, who has left no other work behind him, and is much admired. Unfortunately, however, soon after it was completed, a critic likened it unto a goose, and the artist, stung to the heart, saw all his hopes blasted by a jest, and in despair threw himself into the Potomac.

The journal has been read, and the debate commences, but I fear it will not do to "report" political wranglings, lest some of the hundred thousand readers of the "Pictorial" take offence. The most remarkable debater is Mr. STEPHENS, of Georgia, of whom it may be said as of St. Paul, "his bodily presence is weak," while his thin shrill voice, issuing as it were by jerks from his chest, reminds the older members of John Randolph. Mr. APPLETON, of Boston, although "no orator," is surpassed by no man in constant attention to his duties, and prompt attention to his constituents. His namesake, Mr. APPLETON, of Maine, is equally industrious, and when he addresses the House, the spring of his oratory swells forth, not by gushes, but in one pure, pellucid, perennial flow. Mr. CLINGMAN, of North Carolina, is somewhat distinguished on the floor, and his eloquence is alternately enlivened by epigrammatic wit, or envenomed by scorching reply. Mr. MANN, of Massachusetts, is as austere as Cato was when deserted in Utica by his supporters, and like Col. POLK, brother of the late President, minces no matter which he takes in hand, although the two gentlemen are far, very far apart in sentiment. Mr. BROOKS, editor of the New York Express, is worthy of his vocation, is the champion of President Fillmore, and is an able debater. But my pen is running a duaguerrean race, and no more personal portraits shall it dash off to-day.

The House is now fairly at work, and will commence its closing race against time, hurrying over the most important ground in a helter-skelter flight. Rare Ben. Jonson, in one of his "night of nights," boasts of "overleaping time," and of crowding into the "passing hour" the "work of ages,"—a most poetical idea for a masque, which Congress adapts to political economy. They fritter away months, and then comes a final eruption of business, resembling for all the world the closing scene of an exhibition of fireworks, and dazzling every one by the startling display—to end in smoke.

Among other distinguished visitors now in the metropolis is WASHINGTON IRVING, and no titled foreigner could receive a tithe of the attentions paid to the gifted American author. Long may he live to enjoy the admiration of his countrymen, and, ere many months, may he delight them with his "Life of George Washington."

G. P. R. JAMES, the renowned romancer, is now at Norfolk, where he acts as Queen Victoria's Consul. At the recent opening of a new hotel, he made a very neat speech, and rumor saith that the "solitary horseman" is soon to set out upon the historical paths of old Virginia—an admirable theme for his active pen.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TO MARY.—A VALENTINE.

BY WILLIAM T. HILSE.

"How shall I greet thee, pure, angelic creature?"
Thus seems affection of my heart to ask;
Divinely fair in each expressive feature—
I shrink, unequal to the poet's task.
Deem me not vain, if, with a meek endeavor,
I here essay a souvenir to weave;
A fragrant garland that shall bloom forever—
These lines as such in friendship's name receive.

Here, while I offer life's intrinsic jewel—
The boon of constancy and chasteless love—
Extinguish not the fervor-glowing fuel
That burns with ardor like to that above;
For in my heart supremely I have shrined thee,
With crown and sceptre on devotion's throne;
The fates my destiny to thine doth bind me,
My peerless, my amiable, beautiful one!

In the course of a conversation with Madame Campan, on the education of the people, Napoleon Bonaparte once remarked: "The old systems of instruction seem to be worth nothing; what is yet wanting in order that the people should be educated?" "MOTHERS," immediately answered Madame Campan. The reply struck the emperor. "Yes," said he, "here is a system of education in one word. Be it your care, then, to train up mothers who shall know how to educate children."



PRINCETON.

VERMONT.

ALLEGHANY.

ST. MARY'S.

MACEDONIAN

A SUPERB VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES JAPANESE SQUADRON,



VANDALIA.

PLYMOUTH.

SARATOGA.

MISSISSIPPI, (FLAG SHIP.)

SUSQUEHANNA.

POWHATAN.

UNDER COMMAND OF COMMODORE PERRY, BOUND FOR THE EAST.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

BURNING THE LETTERS.

BY PHOEBE CAREY.

I said that they were valueless—
I'd rather have them not,
All that ever made them precious
Was, or should have been, forgot;
I would do very willingly,
And not because I ought—
But I did not, somehow, find it
Quite so easy as I thought.

One was full of pleasant flattery—
I do not think I'm vain;
And yet I paused a moment
To read it once again.
One repeated dear, old phrases
I had heard a thousand times;
I had read him once some verses,
And another praised my rhymes.

One was just exactly like him—
Such a pretty, little note!
One was interspersed with poetry
That lovers always quote.
I don't know why I read them,
Unless 't was just to know,
Since they once had been so precious,
What had ever made them so.

I had told him when we parted
To think no more of me;
And I'm sure he's nothing to me,
Indeed, why should he be?
Yet the flame sunk down to ashes,
And I sat and held them still;
But I said that I would burn them—
And, some other time, I will!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

CARRIE CARLTON'S VALENTINE.

BY AGNES LESLIE.

CHAPTER I.

SHE was not a belle, was Carrie Carlton, for all she rejoiced in such an euphonious name. She was not a beauty either, nor any better and wiser than ordinary mortals; so I cannot wax eloquent about "scarlet-threaded lips," "unfathomable eyes," and a thousand graces that go to make up a heroine. She was just such a little girl as one meets daily in the street, perhaps, with a delicate, interesting face, and slender figure, tastefully dressed. Just such a face as the multitude pass by without giving it a second glance, but which certain quiet, thoughtful men regard with more than passing interest. She was the adopted child in the family of her mother's sister, with a troop of handsome, good-natured cousins, who liked "cousin Carrie" as well as they liked one another; but they were helles and beaux, most of them, with heads full of fashion and flirtations, and, therefore, Carrie was left a good deal to herself, and being so much quieter than they, and not particularly pretty or brilliant, she seemed out of them, though she was often with them.

They were really kind-hearted, and certainly did not mean to neglect her; but their tastes were so opposite that she was oftener out of their minds than in. Consequently, when Carrie's nineteenth birthday came on that week of mystifications and merriment—St. Valentine's, it was not strange that no one of all her giddy cousins should remember it, and that the only gift should be bestowed by her aunt, whose heart still retained, through many years, the remembrance of her sister's dying words, "Be a mother to my Carrie, Lucy."

"I wonder if I shall have a valentine?" thought this same little Carrie, as she smoothed her light-brown hair over her ears that birthday morning.

It was early in the week yet, and there was a world of hope in her young heart, as she tapped at her cousin Kate's chamber door. That young lady was busy folding and directing numerous daintily perfumed epistles; and when Carrie entered, she glanced up with a laugh and said:

"Well, Carrie, how many valentines are you going to send?"

"None. I don't care for anybody enough to send them a valentine."

"Why, Carrie! I don't care a fig for half of these people I've written to; it's the fun of the thing, you little goose."

"Well, they care for you in some way."

"Some way! What does that mean?"

"Why, they admire you, at any rate, and will feel pleased if they find out who it is."

"I don't know about that. There's Mr. Latimer—I don't believe he'd have any pleasure about it. I wish I could make that handsome, self-possessed face look embarrassed, and break through that charming, captivating indifference. O, I think he's decidedly the most killing man I know, ain't he, Carrie?" and Kate fairly stopped to take breath.

But Carrie did not reply. A faint color stole into her pale cheek, which, fortunately, her cousin did not notice, so busy was she in writing upon the outside of a snowy envelope.—Mr. Latimer.

"There!" said she, tossing it into her cousin's lap, "I wonder who'll be Mrs. to that hy another Valentine!"

"Maybe no one," replied Carrie, quietly.

"O yes, there will; he's the owner of the prettiest establishment in town, and he'll have a wife before then, to be mistress of it. I only wish he'd ask me."

"Why, Kate, how you talk!"

"It's the truth, Carrie." Kate laughed while she went on directing and sealing with great alacrity. "I'm doing a wholesale business; see here!" pointing to quite a little pile of valentines.

"Why, Kate!" said Carrie, with a puzzled look; "if you don't care anything for these people, I shouldn't think you'd take the trouble."

"Why, you queer little thing! it's fun to mystify them, and then I must have something to do to kill time."

Carrie said no more; but she had a dim idea of another and better kind of activity; and then the lines she had read in a book, the day before in the library, stole into her mind:

"O teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew;
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go."

CHAPTER II.

THERE was to be a little gathering at the Percy's hospitable mansion the next evening; some score or so of people, who would come and dance the Redowa and Schottische, and discuss the merits of the last opera, hot oysters and coffee, with now and then a few rich words of sparkling sentiment, betraying beneath the folly and fashion, a deeper life.

Carrie knew that beside Kate Percy, and the rest of her cousins, she was entirely eclipsed; yet that did not prevent her from bestowing considerable care on her toilet that night. She was in mourning for one of her father's relatives, so there could be no change in the black silk dress; but the hair—that soft, abundant light-brown hair,—there was no end to the fashions in which her dexterous little fingers could arrange it; and upon the evening in question, she wove it into broad braids, and thus looped and bowed with some dark purple poodles, it presented an altogether charming and unique appearance, and fairly rivalled her cousin's jetty tresses.

"I declare, you tantalizing little thing!" said Kate, as she joined them in the drawing room; "here has Fanchon been an hour or more arranging my hair, and down you come with the most *recherche* head in the world. I'll be bound it didn't take you that to perform your entire toilet. Mark! yes,—there's that elegant Mr. Latimer in the hall." The next moment she met him at the door with, "Isn't it provoking, Mr. Latimer? this little gipsy cousin of ours has fairly outdone Mademoiselle Fanchon. Don't her head look delightful?"

The gentleman smiled at this droll appeal, and then looked down upon that wilderness of braids and the purple poodles, and at the crimsoned face beneath, with no comment at all, but adroitly turned the conversation, to Carrie's infinite relief.

In the course of the evening, Carrie was invited to sing; she could warble like a canary bird when no one was by, but in society she had not the courage to raise a note.

"Do sing, Miss Carrie; you *must* sing," entreated one or two young gentlemen, whom, the more distressed and averse she became, seemed absolutely to wax more determined and pertinacious. And by the time her stately cousin Jane whispered in her ear, "Don't refuse any more, for pity's sake!" her eyes and heart were ready to overflow, and she wished herself a thousand times back in her own little room. At this crisis, Mr. Latimer, who had been busily engaged in conversation with Kate Percy, on the opposite side of the room, suddenly took his fair companion's hand in his, and said:

"Won't some one play the Redowa? I want to dance with Miss Percy."

This gave a new impulse to Carrie's besiegers. If she would not sing, she must play for them to dance. She had no fear about this; the fingers would do their work, where the voice failed.

There was but one drawback to her case; Clarence Crawford, one of the young gentlemen who had annoyed her so much with his entreaties, still stood beside her, and diligently turned over the leaves of what was as familiar as the air she breathed. She could see in the mirror before her their graceful floating figures; but no one had asked her to dance, no one had offered to relieve her. For the moment she was half sorry that Mr. Crawford never danced, but the regret vanished as Mr. Latimer's voice murmured in her ear:

"May I have your hand for awhile, Miss Carrie?"

And then as she assented, he crossed over to Kate, and whispered something which made her eyes sparkle and her cheeks burn, while she graciously and good-naturedly took the seat her little cousin had vacated.

If there was anything that Carrie excelled in, it was dancing. Her little light feet would keep time to the music bar after bar, without the slightest error. And as Mr. Latimer glided round the room with his fairy-footed companion, he said, smilingly:

"You dance better than you sing, I guess; don't you?"

"I hope so," half-laughed and half-sighed Carrie.

And then he said again, suddenly:

"You have really out-Fanchoned Fanchon."

What did he mean? was he laughing at her head? No!—the next words re-assured her:

"Allow me to answer your cousin's question to you alone;—I admire exceedingly the way in which you have dressed your hair."

But this had nothing to do with a valentine. How do you know, my precious reader? But if you are tired waltzing and schottischeing, we will proceed with our story.

CHAPTER III.

IT was the evening of the 14th of February, and in the pleasant drawing-rooms of the Percys no one save the family were seated. There had been plenty of valentines, comic and serious, sentimental and earnest, yet, strange to say, amid such an influx of the article, poor little Carrie had been entirely overlooked.

She was not a stoic by any means, and though too proud to complain, she felt the slight keenly.

"Well, girls," said Mr. Percy, at length, taking out his watch, "I guess this is the end; it is after ten o'clock." The

"Quips, and cranks, and wretched smiles,"

began to subside, and Mrs. Percy had just extinguished the gas in the back drawing-room, when a quick, sharp ring at the door-bell startled them from their silence, and presently the servant brought in a valentine directed to "Miss Carrie Carlton," as I live! With trembling fingers she opened the delicate envelope, which emitted a soft perfume, and unfolded the enclosed sheet, when lo! from out its fairy folds there shied a diamond ring, the most exquisite affair that had been seen that season; and upon the inner side was finely engraved, "To Carrie, from her Valentine."

"O, how captivating!" exclaimed Kate, gleefully. "Do relieve my curiosity, and read the verses."

Carrie resumed the sheet, and read the following lines, written in a peculiar, gentlemanly hand:

I've a song, love, to sing thee,
O, list to my lay!
While I set it to music
That's gladsome and gay.

And heed not the murmurs
Harsh voices will breathe;
Nor the cold, cruel censure,
Love smiles to deceive.

Then trusting, confiding,
O, list to my lay!
It is this: that I love thee,
Far more than I say.

Then smile on me lavishly,
Do not be chary,
And whisper, thou lovest me,
Sweet little Carrie!

"You lucky little thing!" said Kate. "That's a valentine worth having. What a lovely diamond ring! Who in the world can it be from?" And then, as a new thought struck her, she started up with, "O, I know! It's Mr. Clary Crawford. I noticed he was very attentive to little Miss Carlton, the other evening. That explains something he confided to my cousin's ear."

Carrie's hands dropped, and the missive fell to the floor. Another hope had been busy at her heart. And of all the gentlemen that visited her cousin's, she liked this one the least. So the jewel was laid away, instead of gracing the delicate little finger it was intended. To make assurance doubly sure, Mr. Crawford was entirely devoted to Carrie after this. He seemed utterly unconscious she did not wear his gift, but plied her with flattery and attention until she was well nigh sick. In this way he was gradually appropriated to her; and she herself was something in the predicament of a poor, bewildered bird, who is entangled in the fowler's net, and knows not how to escape.

Thus the winter passed, and spring came with no relief to the hunted hare. Sensitive and shy to a fault, she shrank from any decided means which might have freed her.

Crawford himself saw that she trembled at his approach, and liked her all the better for her gentleness and reserve. His was a nature all covered over with the decencies of life, yet bearing beneath the black heart and fierce, entrapped passions. Self had been his object through his lifetime, and it was not likely he would yield it now without a struggle. And because she seemed to fear him, he, like all false characters, loved the best that which he could govern and subdue. Coward as he was, he shrank from a bold, searching eye, knowing there was nothing but ashes beneath the fair outside. Yet Carrie read him better than he was aware of; and had she known her power and used it, had she let him know that she could fathom his miserable nature, he would have left her to herself and contentment. But as it was, the game went on. Who could she apply to for counsel?—not her uncle and aunt,—they would not have understood her; nor to her cousins,—they were too much occupied with themselves; nor to Mr. Latimer,—the only one she thought would have read it all aright, for he had seemed strangely cold to her of late, and much interested with her cousins. So she must lock it within her own heart and keep silence. Yet, while she little thought it, "behind the clouds was the sun still shining."

CHAPTER IV.

ONE morning, when her cousins had all gone out on a shopping expedition, Carrie was startled from her embroidery by a voice she had learned to dread. She was sitting by the drawing-room window, so there was no escaping; and, in a moment, Mr. Crawford was ushered in. It had always chanced that there were other occupants beside themselves in the room when they had met heretofore; but now he was sitting beside her, quite at his ease, and evidently preparing to say something more direct than he had ever done before. The bright flosses became entangled in Carrie's trembling fingers; and while she was nervously striving to disentangle them, another hand interposed, and her own was made a prisoner. In a few words he made her an offer of that hand, with not a doubt of its being gratefully received. As if a serpent had stung her, she flung it away, sprang to her feet, and exclaimed, in excited tones:

"Mr. Crawford, I do not love you, and never can!"

His eyes flashed a moment, and then he went up to her, and putting his arm around her, said:

"Tut, tut, Carrie, you do not mean this!"

She broke away from him, and, in a quick, passionate voice, cried:

"Do not touch me again, Clarence Crawford! I hate you—I hate you! and I never, never will marry you!"

He sprang to the door, as she turned to depart, and grasping her slight wrist in a crushing clasp, he said, in accents hoarse with rage:

"If you do not promise to be mine, before I leave the house, I will haunt your footsteps, and track you wherever you go. I will foil every scheme, and blot out every happiness!"

To the over-wrought mind of Carrie, this puerile threat was terrifying, and covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears, exclaiming:

"Will not some one save me?"

From the back drawing-room, with rapid footsteps, glided a manly figure, and a hand was laid upon Carrie's head, and a rich, resolute voice said:

"I will; trust in me, Carrie!" And then turning towards the already cowed Crawford, he resumed: "Shame on you for a man, sir, to force your attentions and base threats upon a defenceless woman!"

"This language to me, Mr. Latimer? Do you know who you are talking to?"

"Yes,—to the man who forged notes upon the — Bank, and had to fly his native State for safety, and with no excuse but his grasping avarice for the deed!"

Crawford tried to rally, but the deep, calm eyes were fixed unflinchingly upon him, and he quailed beneath them.

"Go!" said Mr. Latimer, "and if you dare breathe a word against this young girl, I will expose you."

With pallid cheeks, Crawford fled from the house and the city. While Mr. Latimer turned to the excited and still weeping Carrie, and drew her to the sofa, where he seated himself beside her.

"If I had known," he said, "that this man's attentions were so hateful to you, I should have interfered before this. It was but yesterday that I learned his character entirely."

Carrie had long ago learned to repress her own emotions, and now she hastily brushed the tears away, and choking back the hysterical sob that was striving to burst forth, she looked up into the kind, calm face that was bent upon her with a faint smile and a few murmured words of thanks.

"Is there anything else I can do for you," he resumed, "in this unpleasant business?"

"O, if you will, Mr. Latimer!" broke out Carrie, tremulously. "Anything; ask me what you will. Don't fear me."

"There is a valentine he sent me—a diamond ring. Will you aid me in returning it?"

"Can you give it to me immediately?" he replied.

She brought it to him in the same enclosures as when she received it.

"Are you sure," he said, "it was Mr. Crawford who sent you this?"

"There has been no one else," she answered, smiling faintly, but still sadly, "who has ever shown enough preference for me to think otherwise."

"And yet, Carrie, Mr. Crawford did not send you that valentine, but one who loved you far better than he."

She looked up into his face with a bewildered look, and said, simply:

"Who told you this, Mr. Latimer?"

"My own heart whispered it, when I thought another was bearing away the prize I longed to fold to my own bosom."

Still incredulous of the great happiness that awaited her, she put her hand upon his arm, and crushing back the large tears that were forcing themselves through her eyelids with her long eyelashes, she murmured, touchingly:

"Don't mock me, Mr. Latimer."

"Carrie, I little thought when, with a thousand pleasant fancies, I chose this gift for you that so much misunderstanding would occur."

The red rose had triumphed over the lily in her cheek; and when he asked her if he should return the ring to the giver, she murmured out something about his doing as he pleased. He took her at her word, and clasping that small hand in his, he slid the little circlet on her finger, saying, as he did so:

"Will you take the love that went with it months ago?"

She let her hand lie in his, and he drew her to his heart and murmured:

"Then smile on me lavishly,
Do not be chary;
And whisper, thou lovest me,
Sweet little Carrie!"

As Kate had said, before another Valentine came round, Mr. Latimer had a wife to be mistress of that "prettiest establishment in town;" though their surprise was unbounded when it was understood that their little cousin would hereafter write her name as "Mrs. Latimer!"

EDUCATION.

Every boy should have his head, his heart and his hand educated. Let this truth never be forgotten. By the proper education of the head, he will be taught what is good and what is evil, what is wise and what is foolish, what is right and what is wrong. By the proper education of the heart, he will be taught to love what is good, wise and right, and to hate what is evil, foolish and wrong. And by proper education of the hand, he will be enabled to supply his wants, to add to his comforts, and to assist those around him. The highest objects of a good education are, to reverence and obey God, and to love and serve mankind. Everything that helps us in attaining these objects is of great value, and everything that hinders us is comparatively worthless. When wisdom reigns in the head, and love in the heart, the man is ever ready to do good; order and peace reign around, and sin and sorrow are almost unknown.—*Blackwood.*

THE ADVANCING LIGHT.

BY MRS. C. E. D. MANFIELD.

Lo! where shadows veil the skies,
As they kiss the sleeping earth,
Tufts and bars of clouds arise,
As if morn would struggle forth.

Then creeps up a dimly ray,
Trembling from the arms of morn,
As a herald of the day,
Hastening onward with the dawn.

Then a flush of glory spreads,
As the morning growth old;
And new earth with heaven weals,
Both enrobed in glittering gold!

Thus Reform with morning vies
In the fitness of its birth;
Thus dark bars of clouds arise
In its passage o'er the earth!

But the night so long hath lain
On the slumbering, human world,
We half deem we watch in vain
For its wings to be unfurled.

But look not despairing out
On the blackness of the night;
Up! up! with triumphant shout,
Welcome the advancing light!

For, behold that timid ray!
See that flush of glory spread!
Great reform o'errules the day,
Earth shall yet with heaven wed.

VELOCITY AND MAGNITUDE OF WAVES.

The velocity of waves has relation to their magnitude. Some large waves proceed at the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour. It is a vulgar belief, that the water itself advances with the speed of the wave; but, in fact, the *form* only advances, while the *substance*, except a little spray above, remains rising and falling in the same place, according to the laws of the pendulum. A wave of water, in this respect, is exactly imitated by the wave running along a stretched rope, when one end of it is shaken; or by the mimic waves of our theatres, which are generally the undulations of long pieces of carpet, moved by attendants. But when a wave reaches a shallow bank or beach, the water becomes really progressive; because then, as it cannot sink directly downwards, it falls over and forwards, seeking its level. So awful is the spectacle of a storm at sea, that it is generally viewed through a medium which biases the judgment; and, lofty as waves really are, imagination makes them loftier still. No wave rises more than ten feet above the ordinary level, which, with the ten feet that its surface afterwards descends, below this, gives twenty feet for the whole height, from the bottom of any water valley to the summit. This proposition is easily proved, by trying the height upon a ship's mast, at which the horizon is always in sight over the tops of the waves; allowance being made for accidental inclinations of the vessel, and for her sinking in the water to much below her water-line, at the instant when she reaches the bottom of the hollow between two waves. The spray of the sea, driven along by the violence of the wind, is of course much higher than the summit of the liquid wave; and a wave, coming against an obstacle, may dash to almost any elevation above it. At the Eddystone Lighthouse, when a surge reaches it, which has been growing under a storm, all the way across the Atlantic, it dashes even over the lantern at the summit.—*Arnott's Elements of Physics.*

SUNSET AND TWILIGHT.

BY A. ORIFFIN STAPLES.

The sunset shadows are falling
On spire and silent dome;
The catalpa's leafless branches
Bend with the wind's low moan;—
And the west with gold is tinselled,
As old Sol sinks to rest
Afar in the bright horizon,
Beyond the dark waves' crest.

One by one the stars appearing,
Gleam from their native sphere;
Till countless myriads twinkle
Upon this earth so drear;
When the star and moonlight blending,
Relieves the gloom of night—
And to the weary traveller proves
A source of food delight.

CRUCIFIXION.

The Hebrews derived the punishment from the Romans. The upright beam was let into the ground, and the criminal being raised up, was fastened to the transverse piece by nails driven through his hands,—sometimes through his feet also,—and often the feet were crossed and one nail driven through both. The feet were sometimes bound to the cross by cords. A small tablet, declaring the crime, was placed on the top of the cross. The victim died under the most frightful sufferings, so great that, even amid the raging passions of war, pity was sometimes excited. The wounds were not in themselves fatal. A raging fever soon sets in, and the victim complains of throbbing headache, intense thirst, and pain. When mortification ensues, as is sometimes the case, the sufferer rapidly sinks. He is no longer sensible of pain, but his anxiety and sense of prostration are excessive, his countenance supervenes, his skin is moistened with a cold, clammy sweat, and death ensues. The duration of life under these agonies varied with the constitution of the sufferer and the state of the weather. Death was hastened by the heat of the sun and the exposure of the cold, night air, but it did not ordinarily come until he had hung for thirty-six hours or more.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Hope is the last thing that dies in man; and, though it be exceeding deceitful, yet it is of this good use to us, that while we are travelling through this life, it conducts us through an easier and more pleasant path to our journey's end.

RANDOM PEARLS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

— The folly of some is a fund of wit for others.
— The just man is not he who wrongs no one, but rather he, who, having the power to injure, represses the will.
— To render inevitable evil as light as possible, is to be in reality what may be called both happy and wise.
— Nothing condemns more powerfully the violence of the wicked than the moderation of the good.
— By revenging yourself on your enemy, you make him your equal; by pardoning him, you show yourself his superior.
— A man must have a very bad opinion of himself, not to be willing to appear what he really is.
— The majority shrewdly employ their time in obtaining favors, while the minority employ theirs in deserving them.
— True it is that to make a fortune, it is better to have even a bad reputation in the world than to be unknown.
— To know how to listen is a great art; it is to know how to gain instruction from every one.
— The human mind is like a vast firmament lighted on all sides by stars of different magnitudes.
— A man may be said to know thoroughly only what he can correctly communicate to others.
— If all those who obtain not their desires should die of disappointment, who would be living upon the earth?
— Is it not strange that some men hate vice and are vicious, love virtue and do not follow it?
— For one to distrust constantly, is most certainly paying too dear for the advantage of not being deceived.
— Little services are willingly appreciated, for they are not worth the trouble of ingratitude.
— The happiness of sensitive souls is changed by the sight of the slightest suffering; it is the rumpled rose-leaf of the sybarite.
— The great man should retire occasionally from the stage to avoid wearying admiration; for, however brilliant the sun may be, it would be wrong for it never to set.
— The days on which I make myself uncomfortable with repining are charged to me as well as my happiest, and will contribute as much as they do to swell the sum of years to which my life is restricted.
— There are people so ugly that they really have nothing to lose in the way of personal appearance; they cannot help being less horrible when they reach an extreme age, since they cannot do so without a considerable change in the features.
— That which happens to the soil, when it ceases to be cultivated by the social man, happens to man himself when he foolishly forsakes society for solitude; the brambles grow up in his desert heart.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WELLINGTON FUNERAL SONNETS.

No. II.

BY HENRY WM. HENBEST.

England hath had great men of late, of old—
Nay, never lacked great men when there was need
For queen, for country, or for God to bleed;
They did, they died, and England was consoled.

Blake, Marlborough, Nelson, Chatham, are no more;
And who the impregnable Armada took,
Who smote all fleets, all rock-built cities shook
From seven-mouthed Nile to China's barbarous shore.

And England mourned, yet triumphed, o'er their graves,
As who had many more as good as these
Her courts, her camps to rule, to ride her waves.
Last hath her greatest gone; and his decease
Leaves her all mourning whose great men are few,
If any, when great deeds most are to do.

ADVICE TO WIVES.

A wife must necessarily learn to form her husband's happiness, in what direction the secret lies; she must not cherish his weaknesses by working upon them; she must not rashly run counter to his prejudices; her motto must be, never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely on the small stock of patience in a man's nature, nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him; never, never, if possible, to have scenes. I doubt much if a real quarrel, even made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, lasting. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from most men a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild, as well as stern men, are prone to this exaggeration of language; let not a woman be tempted to say anything sarcastic or violent in return. The bitterest repentance must needs follow if she do. Men frequently forget what they have said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases; for, whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong. Give a little time, as the greatest boon you can bestow, to the irritated feelings of your husband.—*English Matron.*

FORWARD CHILDREN.

No physician doubts that precocious children, fifty cases for one, are much the worse for the discipline they have undergone. The mind seems to have been strained, and the foundation for insanity is laid. When the studies of mature years are stuffed into the head of a child, people do not reflect on the anatomical fact, that the brain of an infant is not the brain of a man; that the one is confirmed, and can bear exertions, and the other is growing, and requires repose; that to force the attention to abstract facts, to load the memory with chronological and historical, or scientific detail, in short, to expect a child's brain to bear with impunity the exertions of a man's, is as irrational as it would be to hazard the same sort of experiments on its muscles.—*Quarterly Review.*

Types of Mind; or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 7., BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

Printers.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN is justly entitled to the post of honor in a page dedicated to the "art preservative of arts." Neither is there a nobler type of American character than the printer philosopher, who retained the industry and simplicity of his apprentice life amid the dissipations of a gay court. History, partial to forensic or military glory, was tardy in doing him justice, and for a long time he was only known as the author of Poor Richard's Almanac, a fire-side sage, or a successful experimenter. But in later years his fame has emerged from the clouds of neglect. It has been shown that he was as useful to the infant republic as brave soldiers or as able statesmen were. We are told that he was indefatigable abroad, as a diplomatist, as a recruiting officer, as a commercial agent, as a banker—one hour closeted with kings, and the next with editors—now arguing with ministers, and now writing for the people. Honor—high honor in his memory! Franklin's autograph displayed his marked character, and we have selected for illustration a peculiarly terse and significant letter, addressed to Mr. William Strahan, an eminent English printer, who was a member of the British Parliament. Every word is vigorous and concise, both in thought, and as it appears in written characters—conventional elegance is sacrificed to expressiveness and force—and there is throughout a rugged republican spirit manifested, which we rarely see now-a-days. The conclusion is apparently harsh, but it did not dissolve the acquaintance of the

two types, and their correspondence was, after the Revolution, resumed with earnestness of friendship. In concluding this necessarily brief sketch, we will quote the language of Mirabeau, who, in an eulogy, pronounced Franklin "the mortal who, for the advantage of the human race, embracing both heaven and earth in his vast and extensive mind, knew how to subdue thunder and tyranny." There is none too much homage paid to the memory of this eminent printer, philosopher and statesman. It is well that monuments should rise in our midst to the memory of such men, and that their characters and examples should be often and intimately referred to for the benefit of our day and generation. Out of the proud names that adorn the scroll of fame which hangs about our country's escutcheon, few really greater ones are inscribed than that of Benjamin Franklin.—The venerable Ramage Press, represented by the engraver, is now-a-days a curiosity. Two stout men, working hard, could print about two hundred copies of a small-sized sheet per hour—Mr. Gleason's mammoth presses, driven by steam, print one thousand sheets per hour, of the largest size, and in an elegant manner. [The press alluded to by our contributor is indeed a great curiosity in these times, and the identical one worked by Franklin's own hand, is now in Mr. Poore's possession, at his homestead in West Newbury, Mass.—Ed.]

Phila. July 5. 1775

Mr Strahan,

You are a Member of Parliament,
and one of that Majority which has doomed my
Country to Destruction — You have begun to
burn our Towns and murder our People, — Look
upon your Hands! — They are stained with the Blood
of Relations! — You and I were long Friends —
You are now my Enemy; — and

I am,

Yours,

B. Franklin

ISAIAH THOMAS has often been styled the father of the American press, and we see by his autograph that he was an industrious, somewhat impulsive, pains-taking man. As a gifted fellow townsman has remarked, "his memory will be kept green, when the recollection of other eminent citizens shall have passed in oblivion. His reputation, in future time, will rest, as a patriot, on the manly independence, which gave—through the initiatory stages and progress of the Revolution—the strong influence of the press be directed, to the cause of freedom, when royal flattery would have seduced, and the power of government subdued his action."

BEN. RUSSELL, who succeeds Thomas as the head of his craft, wrote a hand as variable as his temper, yet always bearing marks of earnestness, ability, and inflexible determination. He was a stern, partisan man, whose mind, once made up, it was next to impossible to change it in any way. Few names are more cherished to the "craft" in New England than this, and many are the practical printers still in the business whose earliest instructions in the art were received in his office.

Isaiah Thomas, Thomas Ritchie, J. Gales, Ben Russell,
Jos. T. Buckingham, Wm. Hill

THOMAS RITCHIE is well known to all newspaper readers as the most forcible political editor of his times. Mr. Ritchie has had large political experience, as well as editorial, and has somehow been long associated with the national government at Washington. He is eminently a practical man, but rather too advanced in years to keep pace with this electric telegraph age.

As for Mr. Ritchie's contemporary, JOSEPH GALES, his position at the head of the army of editors is admitted in all editorial columns. Although time has somewhat shaken the hand of Mr. Gales, and marred the original beauty of his chirography, it shows no lack of that vigor and forethought which have for so many years given character to the *National Intelligencer*.

JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, as an effective and polished writer, has no superior on this continent, and the craft has just reason to be proud of his attainments, for a printing-office was his *Alma Mater*. His autograph is bold, fearless, and shows a disregard of what "they say." Since retiring from the post of editor of the *Boston Courier*, Mr. Buckingham has not been idle, but has still turned his attention to the wielding of the pen—having produced a work of great popularity and excellence, in which his own large experience as connected with the printing business is carefully detailed. Mr. Buckingham, though an old man, now, is by no means worn out; his mind is keen and bright as ever, and his pen as bold, independent and able, as of old.

HEZEKIAH NILES was a diligent, pains-taking printer, whose "Register" is a valuable compendium of American history, without any claims to originality or talent. His field was that of Congress, and in relation to its reports, the speeches of its members, and the like, he has justly been considered sound authority. Niles's "Register" is scarcely less known than Walker's Dictionary.

ISAAC HILL, in his paper, or on paper, always "left his mark," and was bold and decided as the scenery of his native New Hampshire. His industry and perseverance merit high eulogy. In his time he has devoted much study and labor to politics, and has enjoyed large government patronage, and has made his influence felt and respected, as a sound reasoner, and an able party man.

Horace Greeley
Bayard Taylor.

Chas G. Greene
W. P. Willis.

Thurlock Weed
De Vinckler.

HORACE GREELEY is among the "notables" who have graduated in American printing-offices, nor can any surpass him in method, energy, earnestness, or a desire to hasten the advent of the "good time" which conservatives regard as fabulous. The *Tribune* is an index to his mind. Naturally eccentric, his every line of composition and chirography evince the trait.

BAYARD TAYLOR, the "printer-poet" is now extensively known as a traveller, who can send his impressions to the minds of those who remain at home. His fancy is ever active, his affections ever warm, and he sees everything through a poetic medium, describing it only as a poet could. His earnestness of observation and quaint vigor of language render his works deservedly popular.

CHARLES G. GREENE is well known as the editor of the *Boston Post*, which is a record of his shrewd political judgment, sparkling wit, and sound national tone. His social position gives dignity and respectability to the "craft," which he ever deems it an honor to be practically connected with. He is eminently a modest man; his love of his calling has led him to decline public honors.

N. P. WILLIS has varied powers, and is equally skilful in describing high life, or moral simplicity—in composing a sacred melody or a political ballad. He unites his many-colored sentences with the skill of a Florentine worker in mosaic, cements the whole with an active fancy, and polishes it with the poetry of genius.

THURLOCK WEED is another printer of untiring industry and self-accumulated lore, who exercises a vast influence over the popular mind in his section of country, although he seldom regards the rights or interests of distant States. In private life he is loved by all who know him, and is beyond a doubt exercised by a true sense of what he considers just.

BENANGER's name, and his ballad's fame, gleam like sunshine on the pages of French literature; and glow in the hearts of every republican son of the land of "Charlemagne and Champagne." Every line he has written is distinguished by a happy carelessness—a fine elasticity of spirit—the ardor of a republican heart, and the vigor of mental independence.

THE JAPAN EXPEDITION.

On pages 104 and 105 we present a large and very perfect picture of the famous Japan expedition, drawn for us by Mr. Wade, of New York, an artist who stands high in his profession, and who is authority on all maritime matters. We take much pride and pleasure in laying this elegant engraving before our readers, because it is highly creditable to the rise and progress of art in America. We can say but little now upon the theme of the picture, the object and purpose of this government expedition being already so well known to the public. Its declared object is to open the ports of Japan to the commerce of the United States. The whole force under the command of Commodore M. C. Perry, will form a very powerful fleet, able to cope with any resistance that may be offered. And notwithstanding that we hear of the extensive preparations on the part of the Japanese people for receiving this expedition and repelling any advances that it may make, still we know Yankee grit and Yankee spirit too well to doubt the result.

The very elaborate and beautiful drawing which we present to the reader's eye, will give a most perfect idea of the force of this important expedition; and we herewith append a table of statistics that is highly interesting and from the best authority:—

VESSELS.	CLASS.	Tons.	Men.	Guns.
Vermont, ...	74 Line of Battle Ship, .	3900	800	96
Saratoga, ...	Sloop, 1st class, ...	1000	190	22
St. Mary's, ...	Sloop, 1st class, ...	1000	190	22
Macedonian, ...	Racee, ...	1400	450	22
Plymouth, ...	Sloop of War, ...	1000	190	22
Vandalia, ...	Sloop of War, ...	800	190	22
Mississippi, ...	Steamer, ...	1700	375	10
Susquehanna, ...	Steamer, ...	2500	350	10
Princeton, ...	Propeller, ...	1200	190	10
Albatross, ...	Propeller, ...	1000	190	22
Powhatan, ...	Steamer, ...	2500	375	10
Supply, ...	Store Ship, ...	800	40	4

To the above total of the ships' companies are to be added 700 marines, which, with the complement of the storeships, officers, scientific corps, and others attached to the expedition, will make an effective force of 4000 men, and above 300 guns, mostly heavy ordnance. The steamers are each to mount a couple of Paixhan shell-guns, of the largest calibre, and placed on revolving trucks, so as to sweep the horizon. These guns are intended to be used for the discharge of shells of sixty-eight and 120 pounds each, and long forty-two, making twenty-two guns to each steamer. Each ship is provided with two brass twenty-four-pound field pieces, to be used for shells or canister shot.

What the result of this important government expedition may be, we of course cannot pretend to say; but if its design is properly carried out, we have no doubt of its proving of immense value and importance to modern civilization, and to the whole Christian world. Desiring to present everything of real interest to our readers, we have instructed our artist and engravers to spare no pains to produce a splendid memorial of this expedition, for the benefit of our subscribers; and, as we have before intimated, we take peculiar pleasure in presenting so very artistic and perfect a piece of art in our illuminated pages.

We have also secured the services of an able and experienced officer connected with this expedition, who will enable us to keep our readers well informed in every respect upon the subject, both as it regards news of the movements of the same, and illustrations of such matters of note as the expedition may meet with in their intercourse with this strange people.

PARK BENJAMIN.

Park Benjamin, the poet lecturer, has just passed through a long lecture season, in which he has delighted the masses who have gathered together to hear him in the various Northern cities, as far west as the Mississippi. Possessed of a clear manly voice, a richly cultivated mind, large literary experience, and a natural taste for keenly observing men and manners, Mr. Benjamin renders his lectures philosophical, finished, piquant and really charming to the listener. Out of the many able minds that now cultivate the fields of literature, we know of no one whose harvesting we would more gladly share than that of Park Benjamin. Are we not to have him in Boston during this season?

ORIENTAL TRANSLATION.—The Orientalist, Professor Petermann, of Berlin, is at this moment engaged at Damascus in copying, with the aid of other learned men, a Syrian New Testament of the sixth century, which, there is reason to believe, was itself translated verbally from one of the earliest and most authentic Greek manuscripts.

U. S. SENATORS.—Next week we shall continue our gallery of portraits of the Senators of the United States, by presenting to our readers two more whole pages of likenesses. It will be remembered that these are accurate pictures of those they represent, and that the originals have all set to our artist for them.

PERSONAL.—The renowned Tristram Burgess, of Rhode Island, distinguished for eloquence and ability in Congress, especially in his rencontre with John Randolph, is still alive and hearty, though now in his eighty-third year.

ANCIENT.—Some valuable remains, drawings and models of which have been sent to the Royal Society, have lately been discovered at Metarennan, the ancient Memphis.

MUSICAL.—Mr. Gottschalk, the American pianist, who has recently made such a sensation in Europe, is returned, and it is said will make his first appearance in his native city of New Orleans.

QUEER.—A cow and a camel are frequently yoked together, at the plough, in Egypt. The sight is extremely ludicrous.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATHURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"Terms—Cash: or, The Experiences of Philip Markham," a story, by Mrs. S. P. DOUGHTY.
"Look at the Bright Side," a story, by T. S. AUSTIN.
"Wife from Washington," No. VII, by BEN: PERLEY POORE.
"Gods and Goddesses," No. VIII, by T. BULFINCH, referring to the Return of Ulysses.
"Fadlog, still Fading," lines, by JOHN W. BEAZELL.
"On seeing the Picture of One Beloved," verses, by PARK BENJAMIN.
"Woman's Rights," by MARY M. GLOVER.
"A Deserted Farm," poem, by T. BUCHANAN READ.
"Are the Golden Threads all woven?" verses, by MRS. R. H. E. EKERSSON.
"Wellington Funeral Sonnets, No. III," by HENRY WM. HERBERT.
"Lillie May," verses, by HENRY C. FORD.
"Happiness," lines, by EDWARD STAGG.
"Angel Faces," poem, by JOHN R. GOODWIN.
"Unlearned to Love," verses, by JOHN S. ADAMS.

TRADE IN INSECTS.

Bugs are an important article in the trade of Rio Janeiro. Their wings are made into artificial flowers, and some of the more brilliant varieties are worn as ornaments in ladies' hair. One man manages to earn his living by selling insects and other specimens to the strangers who visit the port. He keeps twelve slaves constantly employed in finding the bugs, serpents and shells which are most in demand. The nearest approach to this business that we can remember, is that of the trade in fire-flies at Havana; the insect being caught, and carefully fed on the sugar cane, is used as an ornament for ladies' dresses. Being twice the size of the American fire-fly, it is very brilliant at night. The Creoles catch them on the plantations and sell them to the city belles, some of whom carry them in tiny silver cages attached to their bracelets! They make a fine display by lamplight.

RELIEF FOR MADEIRA.

We rejoice to see the promptness with which our citizens come forward and open their purses to purchase food and necessities for the famishing inhabitants of this distant island. A generous charity of this sort to a people under monarchical rule, from republican America, speaks louder for this country and its institutions than the cannons of our largest men-of-war could do. Is not the mission of our country a glorious one, to set, not only a brilliant political example for the old world to follow, but out of the store-houses of her wealth and prosperity to send food to starving Europe? This is not the first time that ships have borne food across the ocean as a free gift from these shores to the needy. Ireland still remembers the bounties of America, and the visit to her coast of the provision-freighted Jamestown.

SPLINTERS.

.... Another young lady is about to make her debut at one of the Philadelphia theatres, in the "Hunchback."
.... Mr. Mengher, the Irish refugee, made quite a "hit" in Boston. He is eloquent, and decidedly a gentleman.
.... We are gratified to see that the Hollis Street Society have increased the salary of T. Starr King, their worthy pastor.
.... Madame Weiss, who visited this country with the Viennese Children, lately died, very rich, at Vienna.
.... Miss Augusta Maywood, the American danseuse, is creating a great furore at Florence, the English papers say.
.... We hear Banvard's Panorama of a Pilgrimage to Jerusalem very highly spoken of by New Yorkers.
.... They pay their clergymen large salaries in San Francisco; from \$5000 to \$10,000 is very commonly paid.
.... Madame Sontag has taken Castle Garden, New York, where she will bring out first class operatic performances.
.... A gentleman in New York city has given the American Bible Society a check for ten thousand dollars.
.... Miss Phoebe Carey, the delightful poetess, has been on a visit to her friends in Boston, for a short time.
.... We see by our foreign papers that Leopold de Meyer, the great pianist, is, at Grafenberg, seriously ill.
.... The New York and Erie Railroad is said to be the longest railroad in the world, being 467 miles long.
.... Vieuxtemps, the well-known violinist, was last heard of giving musical entertainments successfully among the Alps.
.... Mr. Lowell Mason, the popular Boston vocalist, composer and teacher, is still professionally engaged in London.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Charles C. Chandler, to Miss Maria Cross, both of Boston.
By Rev. Mr. Bartol, Mr. Joseph E. Thayer to Miss Elizabeth Cole, daughter of Dwight Faulkner, Esq.
By Rev. Mr. Schwartz, Mr. Anton Jager, of Germany, to Miss Anna Julie Hulse, of England.
By Rev. Mr. Knibbal, Mr. W. A. Bryant, of San Francisco, California, to Miss Amelia, daughter of the late Wm. Arlington, Esq., of Providence, R. I.
At Brighton, by Rev. Mr. Partridge, Mr. Wm. B. Locke, of Newton Corner, to Miss Caroline S. Rice.
At Danvers, by Joseph Shed, Esq., Mr. Andrew O. Clough to Miss Harriet F. Ann Southfield, by Rev. Mr. Alden, Mr. William N. Jameson, of Plymouth, to Miss Adeline Baker, of Duxbury.
At Pawtucket, Mr. George W. Waterhouse to Miss Catherine H. Anthony both of Providence.
At Stratford, N. H., Mr. F. K. Palmer, of Benton, to Ellen E., daughter of Hon. P. W. Jenness.
At Whitehall, Vt., by Rev. Mr. Ballou, Mr. Bedford L. Howes to Miss Susan Green, both of Whitehall.
At Canandaigua, N. Y., Elijah Scott, Esq., of Moscow, N. Y., to Miss Octavia Alexander, of Boston.

DEATHS

In this city, Mrs. Lydia, wife of Mr. James Wilkins, 61; Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Benjamin Fishy, 62; Mr. Rushrod W. Abbott, 51; Mr. Francis O., only son of William Abbott, 27; Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of Mr. Freeman Archer, 33; Mr. Morris L. Bowen, 33; Mrs. Lovicy P. Manning.
At Roxbury, Mrs. Lucy Jackson, wife of Mr. Joseph T. Holmes, 26.
At Charlestown, Mr. Rufus H. Angier, 24.
At Jamaica Plains, Rev. Edward Turner, 73.
At Newton Lower Falls, Mrs. Sarah J., wife of Mr. Samuel B. Hobart, 24.
At Medford, Mr. Joseph Swan, 69.
At South Reading, Mrs. Sarah Hay, 72.
At Lynn, Miss Emily J., daughter of Mr. Wm. Roak, of Dedham, Me., 19.
At Salem, Widow Sarah Pitman, 83.
At Hamilton, Mr. Daniel Appleton, 72.
At Gloucester, Mr. William Parkhurst, 83.
At Rockport, Miss Sarah Hovey, 16.
At Granville, Mrs. Louisa R., wife of Mr. Henry G. Perkins.
At Lowell, Mrs. Sarah A. Orange.
At Plymouth, Mrs. Lucy, wife of Capt. Lewis King, 49.
At Taunton, Mr. Henry Waning, 34.
At Sterling, Mrs. Dolly, widow of the late Gideon Beaman, 84.
At South New Market, N. H., Mr. Andrew Hall, 86.
Lost overboard from ship Polar Star, on the passage from Liverpool to Boston, Joseph Newcastle, of South Shields, England.

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The object of this paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary mélange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]
TO AN AFFLICTED ONE.

BY MISS JULIA WALLACE.

The seabird's wing is never wet,
Though high the spray be drifting;
The fair ship that the tempest met,
Speeds bravely o'er the crowned waves yet,
E'en now the gale is shifting:
Hope whispers, "Forward, and forget!"
For lo! the clouds are lifting.

The stars—forever on the sky—
Are brighter for the storm gone by;
O, long-tried spirit, look on high,
And cast away thy sorrow.
Though more than midnight roned thee close,
Let trusting faith bring calm repose—
The sun may shine to-morrow.

But should the coming dawn prove dim,
Still trusting, raise thy cheering hymn,
Remembering that a storm more dark
Raged forty days around the ark;
Thrice forty yet, save ten, it rode
The mounting main, alone with God,
And then it rested! So shalt thou,
Though wide the deluge waft thee now,
Lone, stricken, tempest-driven,
Again the green earth shalt thou tread,
By tranquil waters beauty-led,
And see the rainbow overhead!

Soft,
Radiant,
Glory-given;
Sweet patience cherish—feed the dove
That nestles in thy heart—its love
For kindred,
Country,
Heaven;

Then send it forth—o'er seas of grief
'T will bring thee back an olive leaf—
Thou shalt rejoice at even.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STORIES OF GODS AND GODDESSES.

No. VII.

THE SIEGE OF TROY.

BY T. BULFINCH.

MINERVA was the goddess of wisdom; but on one occasion she did a very foolish thing,—she entered into competition with Juno and Venus for the prize of beauty. It happened thus. At the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis all the gods were invited, with the exception of Eris, or Discord. Enraged at her exclusion, the goddess threw a golden apple among the guests, with the inscription, "To the fairest." Thereupon Juno, Venus and Minerva each claimed the apple. Jupiter, not willing to decide in so delicate a matter, sent the goddesses to Mount Ida, where the beautiful shepherd, Paris, was tending his flocks, and to him was committed the decision. The goddesses accordingly appeared before him. Juno promised him power and riches, Minerva glory and renown in war, and Venus the fairest of women for his wife, each attempting to bias his decision in her favor. Paris decided in favor of Venus, and gave her the golden apple, thus making the two other goddesses his enemies. Under the protection of Venus, Paris now sailed to Greece, and was hospitably received by Menelaus, king of Sparta. Now Helen, the wife of Menelaus, was the very woman whom Venus had destined for Paris, the fairest of her sex. She had been sought as a bride by numerous suitors, and before her decision was made known, they all, at the suggestion of Ulysses, one of their number, took an oath that they would defend her from all injury, and avenge her cause if necessary. She chose Menelaus, and was living with him happily when Paris became their guest. Paris, aided by Venus, persuaded her to elope with him, and carried her to Greece, whence arose the famous Trojan war, the theme of the greatest poems of antiquity, those of Homer and Virgil.

Menelaus called upon his brother chieftains of Greece to fulfil their pledge, and join him in his efforts to recover his wife. They generally came forward, but Ulysses, who had married Penelope, and was very happy in his wife and child, had no disposition to embark in such a troublesome affair. He therefore hung back, and Palamedes was sent to urge him. When Palamedes arrived at Ithaca, Ulysses pretended to be mad. He yoked an ass and an ox together, to the plough, and began to sow salt. Palamedes, to try him, placed the infant Telomachus before the plough, whereupon the father could not continue to play his part. He stopped the plough, and was obliged to undertake the fulfilment of his promise. Being now himself gained for the undertaking, he lent his aid to bring in other reluctant chiefs, especially Achilles. He was king of the Myrmidons, of whom, perhaps, we shall have a story to tell by-and-by. Achilles was dwelling at the court of Lycomedes, and when the messengers came to seek him, he was persuaded by his mother to conceal himself in the disguise of a maiden, among the daughters of the king. But Ulysses contrived to detect him, by exhibiting some splendid armor to the king and his court, when Achilles was discovered by the way in which he handled and inspected the armor.

Priam was king of Troy, and Paris, the shepherd and the seducer of Helen, was his son. He had been brought up in obscurity, because there were certain ominous forebodings connected with him from his infancy, that he would be the ruin of the

state. These forebodings seemed now likely to be realized; for the Grecian armament that landed on the shores of Troy was the greatest that had ever been fitted out. But Troy was no feeble enemy. Priam, the king, was now old, but he had been a wise prince, and had strengthened his state by good government at home, and numerous alliances with his neighbors. But the principal stay and support of his throne was his son Hector, as described by Homer, one of the noblest characters painted by heathen antiquity. He has a presentiment of the fall of his country, but perseveres in his heroic resistance, yet by no means justifies the wrong which brought this danger upon them. Besides the virtues of a warrior he is distinguished also by those of a man; his heart is open to the gentle feelings of a son, a husband, and a father.

The principal champion of the Greeks was Achilles, who in many respects resembles Hector, but is drawn with more of the fierce and passionate, and fewer of the domestic traits. Achilles slays Hector in single combat; but the war is not thereby ended, and the Greeks begin to despair of ever prevailing in it, when, by the advice of Ulysses, they resolve to resort to stratagem. The Greeks pretend to be making preparations to abandon the siege, and a portion of their ships are withdrawn, and lay hid behind a neighboring island. They construct an immense wooden horse, which they give out is intended as a propitiatory offering to Minerva, but, in fact, is filled with armed men. The remaining Greeks then betake themselves to their ships and sail away, as if for a final departure. The Trojans, seeing the encampment broken up and the fleet gone, conclude the enemy to have abandoned the siege. The gates are thrown open, and the whole population issues forth, rejoiced at the long-prohibited liberty of passing freely over the scene of the late encampment. The great horse is the chief object of curiosity. All wonder what it can be for. Some recommend to take it into the city as a trophy; others feel afraid of it.

Among the rest Laocoon exclaims, "What madness, citizens, is this! Have you not learned enough of Grecian fraud, to be on your guard against it! For my part I fear the Greeks even when they offer gifts." So saying, he threw his lance against the horse's side. Immediately there appeared coming out of the sea two immense serpents. They came upon the land and the crowd fled scattering in all directions. The serpents advanced directly to the spot where Laocoon stood with his two sons. They first attacked the children, winding round their bodies, and breathing their pestilential breath in their faces. The father, hastening to their protection, is next seized and involved in their coils. He struggles to tear them away, but they overpower all his efforts, and strangle him and the children in their poisonous folds.* This was regarded as a clear indication of the displeasure of the gods at Laocoon's irreverent treatment of the wooden horse, which they at once concluded to be a sacred object, and prepared to introduce, with due solemnity, into the city. This was done with songs and triumphal acclamations, and the day closed with festivity. In the night the armed men, who were enclosed in the body of the horse, let themselves out, and opened the gates to their friends without, who had returned under cover of the night. The city was set on fire, the people, overcome with feasting and sleep, put to the sword, and Troy completely subdued and demolished.

The Grecian heroes retired from the scene of their triumph, to make the best of their way to their several homes. Ulysses sailed for his kingdom, Ithaca, but was destined to experience a variety of adventures before reaching it. The principal of them was with Polyphemus the Cyclops. Polyphemus was a giant, who, with his brethren, the Cyclopes, inhabited an island, of which they were the only possessors. The name "Cyclops" means "round eye," and these giants were so called because they had but one eye, and that placed in the middle of the forehead. They dwelt in caves, and fed on the wild productions of the island, and on what their flocks yielded, for they were shepherds. Ulysses left the main body of his ships at anchor, and with one vessel went to the Cyclopes' island to explore for supplies. He landed with his companions, carrying with them a jar of wine, for a present, and coming to a large cave, they entered it, and finding no one within, examined its contents. They found it stored with the riches of the flock, quantities of cheese, pails and bowls of milk, lambs and kids in their pens, all in nice order. Presently arrived the master of the cave, Polyphemus, bearing an immense bundle of firewood, which he threw down before the cavern's mouth. He then drove into the cave the sheep and goats to be milked, and, entering, rolled to the cave's mouth an enormous rock, that twenty oxen could not draw. Next he sat down and milked his ewes, preparing a part for cheese, and setting the rest aside for his customary drink. Then turning round his great eye, he discerned the strangers, and growled out at them, demanding who they were, and where from. Ulysses replied, most humbly, stating that they were Greeks, from the great expedition that had lately won so much glory in the conquest of Troy; that they were now on their way home, and finished by imploring his hospitality in the name of the gods. Polyphemus deigned no answer, but, reaching out his hand, seized two of the Greeks, whom he hurled against the side of the cave, and dashed out their brains. He proceeded to devour them, with great relish, and having made a hearty meal, stretched himself out on the floor to sleep. Ulysses was tempted to seize the opportunity and plunge his sword into him as he slept, but recollected that it would only expose them all to certain destruction, as the rock with which the giant had closed up the door was far beyond their power to remove, and they would therefore be in hopeless imprisonment. Next morning, the giant

* A group of statuary in the Athenæum gallery represents this destruction of Laocoon and his children.

seized two more of the Greeks, and despatched them in the same manner as their companions, feasting on their flesh till no fragment was left. He then moved away the rock from the door, drove out his flocks, and went out, carefully replacing the barrier after him. When he was gone Ulysses planned how he might take vengeance for his murdered friends, and effect his escape with his surviving companions. He made his men prepare a massive bar of wood, cut by the Cyclops for a staff, which they found in the cave. They sharpened the end of it, and seasoned it in the fire, and hid it under the straw on the cavern floor. Then four of the boldest were selected, with whom Ulysses joined himself as a fifth. The Cyclops came home at evening, rolled away the stone, and drove in his flock as usual. After milking them and making his arrangements as before, he seized two more of Ulysses's companions, and dashed their brains out, and made his evening meal upon them, as he had on the others. After he had supped, Ulysses, approaching him, handed him a bowl of wine, saying, "Cyclops, this is wine; taste and drink, after thy meal of man's flesh." He took and drank it, and was hugely delighted with it, and called for more. Ulysses supplied him once and again, which pleased the giant so much that he promised him as a favor that he should be the last of the party devoured. He asked his name, to which Ulysses replied, "My name is Noman."

After his supper the giant lay down to repose, and was soon sound asleep. Then Ulysses with his four select friends thrust the end of the stake into the fire till it was all one burning coal, then poising it exactly above the giant's only eye, they buried it deeply into the socket, twirling it round as a carpenter does his anger. The howling monster with his outcry filled the cavern, and Ulysses, with his aids, nimbly got out of his way and concealed themselves in the cave. He, bellowing, called aloud on all the Cyclopes dwelling in the caves around him, far and near. They on his cry flocked round the den, and inquired "What grievous hurt had caused him to sound such an alarm, and break their slumbers." He replied, "O, friends, I die, and Noman gives the blow." They answered, "If no man hurts thee, it is the stroke of Jove, and thou must hear it." So saying, they left him groaning.

Next morning the Cyclops rolled away the stone to let his flock out to pasture, but planted himself in the door of the cave, to feel of all as they went out, that Ulysses and his men should not escape with them. But Ulysses had made his men harness the rams of the flock three abreast, with osiers, which they found on the floor of the cave. To the middle ram of the three, one of the Greeks suspended himself, so protected by the exterior rams on either side. As they passed, the giant felt of the animals' backs and sides, but never thought of their bellies, so the men all passed safe, Ulysses himself being on the last one that passed. When they had got a few paces from the cavern Ulysses and his friends released themselves from their rams, and drove a good part of the flock down to the shore to their boat. They put them aboard with all haste, then pushed off from the shore, and when at a safe distance Ulysses shouted out "Cyclops, the gods have well requited thee for thy atrocious deeds. Know 'tis Ulysses to whom thou owest thy shameful loss of sight." The Cyclops, hearing this, seized a rock that projected from the side of the mountain, and, rending it from its bed, he lifted it high in the air, then, exerting all his force, hurled it in the direction of the voice. Down came the mass, just clearing the vessel's stern. The ocean, at the plunge of the huge rock, heaved the ship towards land, so that it barely escaped being swamped by the waves. When they had, with the utmost difficulty, pulled off again, Ulysses was about to hail the giant again, but his friends besought him not to do so. He could not forbear, however, letting the giant know that they had escaped his missile, but waited till they had reached a safer distance than before. The giant answered them with curses, but Ulysses and his friends plied their oars vigorously, and soon regained their companions.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

INCONSISTENCY.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

It is most base presumption for a man
To state that God, in angry, vengeful might,
Ordained from all eternity the plan
That some He'd save, and some to endless night
Forever slink; does He create to scan
And to destroy his works, and term it right?
Can He inflict such pain, who reigns above,
Whose name is goodness, and His nature love?

No! man alone creates this fiendish God,
And clothes Him in such fearful, dread array—
At times, 'tis true, we feel His chastening rod,
When we in error's paths are wont to stray;
But reason shapes a smooth and level road,
Lighted by hope, and faith points out the way
Leading to climes where all mankind will meet—
Not round a damning, but a mercy-seat.

WELLINGTON.—The Duke of Wellington never fought an offensive battle; he was always on the defensive, even in advancing and besieging, the capture of towns by storm, and route of armies by a gallant charge, being so many finales, for which everything had been prepared. Torres Vedras is the great monument of his military genius, great as Ansterlitz, as "Paradise Lost," as "Faust," or "Tancred!" It was as original as grand. Few comprehend it yet, which is one of the attributes of genius, but it saved an empire.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

When dissatisfied with ourselves, and exposed to the accusations of conscience, we are very apt to disturb those around us with our petulance and ill-humor.

EXPRESSMEN'S CELEBRATION.

The expressmen in New York have a pleasant custom of devoting the Christmas holiday to an excursion combining mainly sports with a "feast of reason and flow of soul"—of course the good things incident to a Christmas dinner are not left out of the programme. The various express companies in that goodly city made a splendid turnout last Christmas day, with their fine horses and neat-looking wagons, all handsomely decorated. Our artist seized the opportunity to gratify our readers with a very correct and beautiful sketch of the best portion of the procession. The fine view, which we give on page 101, is taken as the procession passed up Broadway, in front of that elegant structure known to all who have ever visited New York, as "Stewart's Marble Palace." It would be an impossibility to give a view of the whole procession in one paper; but the reader can easily imagine what a magnificent display some thirty or more such turnouts as those in the engraving made, passing through the streets, filled with a company of fine-looking, athletic, noble young men—men whose good character and perfect honesty lead the public to entrust them with millions upon millions of dollars yearly. The procession was formed at the corner of Wall street and Broadway; after passing through various streets, they proceeded to Elm Park. The party then engaged themselves in a variety of out-door sports, and after partaking of a splendid dinner, returned home.

The procession was made up, principally, as follows—the position in the line of each company having been previously determined by lot, viz.: Adams & Co.'s well-known Express, running from New York city to Boston, Philadelphia, the Southern States and California, represented by two four-horse establishments, and one driven tandem; Kinsley & Co.'s Express, running between New York, Boston and Philadelphia, represented by one four-horse establishment, and one driven tandem; the American Express Co., Wells, Butterfield & Co., represented by two four-horse establishments, and two establishments driven tandem (these we give in the engraving); Harnden & Co.'s Express, running between New York, Boston and Philadelphia, represented by one four-horse establishment, also one three, and one two-horse, driven tandem; Pullen, Virgil & Co.'s Northern Express, running through northern New York to Montreal, &c., represented by two establishments driven tandem. These were followed by several other smaller establishments, representing various expresses which we do not now call to mind.

The express business has grown into one of great importance and necessity to the public. A true account of its origin may not prove uninteresting to our readers. In 1839, Major Pullen—now of Pullen, Virgil & Co.'s Express—and Wm. F. Harnden (deceased), late of Harnden's Express, were both in the employ of the Boston, Providence, Worcester & New York Railroad and Steamboat Companies. Mr. Harnden's health was so bad at the time we speak of, that he was unfitted for his duties in the ticket office of the railroad company. His pecuniary circumstances were such that he could not remain idle. In this crisis of his affairs he knew not what to do to sustain himself and family. Speaking to his friend, Major Pullen (one of nature's noblemen), on the subject, who was then agent of the Steamboat Company at Boston, he asked his advice as to what he had better do. They were at the time in the office on board the steamer John W. Richmond; near them a number of small packages were lying about, which were entrusted to the care of the agent for delivery, as was the custom at that time. Major Pullen says to Mr. H. substantially as follows: "I think you can make a good living by taking care of these packages and delivering them. If you will try it, I will give you all the packages and errands that are left with me, and give you all the aid in my power to help you along in the business." Some friends standing by advised Mr. H. to do so. After some deliberation, Mr. Harnden commenced his new avocation.

From this small beginning expressing has attained its present prominent position as among the first class of business occupations in the country. Mr. Harnden died in 1845. Out of compliment to him as the originator of that line, and the first one in the business, the line still retains the name of "Harnden's Express," though none of his name or kin are now connected with it. Expresses now extend over all sections of the American continent by land and water communication; crossing the Atlantic and Pacific, they form not the least of the many important links in the great commercial chain which connects us with the old world. These expresses perform any and all kinds of services for the public. They carry the exchanges for the banks; they collect notes, bills, drafts, accounts, etc.; they carry all the small and large packages which are either too valuable, or otherwise unsafe to entrust to the uncertainty of the mails; but to go into a minute detail of its varied usefulness would be too tedious; we can sum up the business in a few words: the express tries to do everything for everybody; and it is a matter of great wonder that they succeed as well as they do in giving general satisfaction. It is only by never-tiring energy and faithfulness that the business can be carried on successfully.

At the head of the express companies doing a domestic business stands the American Express Company, Wells, Butterfield & Co., and Livingston, Fargo & Co., proprietors. Their messengers move from twelve to fifteen thousand miles per day, traversing some dozen or more different States and Territories. Their headquarters are at No. 10 Wall street, New York. It would be doing injustice to all the express companies, where all are so faithful and reliable, to place one above the other; but we can safely say, without fear of offence to the other good companies, that there is no more reliable and responsible company in the world than the American Express Company. The aggregate wealth of the firm is near five millions of dollars, and it deserves unlimited public confidence for its promptness and fidelity.

Wayside Gatherings.

Mr. Harry Hincken, the actor, died in New York, lately, in the 44th year of his age.

There is an inmate of the lunatic asylum, at Stanton, Va., the cause of whose insanity was indolence.

Boiling to death was made a capital punishment in the time of Henry VIII. In this way, Margaret Davis was executed.

The Cuban authorities are fortifying Cuba at all points. Four thousand Spanish troops and two generals are soon to arrive at Havana.

Old Bull was to have given a concert at Petersburg, Va., on the 20th ult. All the tickets were taken the day before at a premium of \$2.

Maine was so called as early as 1638, from Maine, in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor.

A petition has been presented to the Massachusetts Legislature for a new bank, to be located in State Street, and called the Webster Bank, with a capital of \$2,000,000.

Pea-nuts are raised in immense quantities in Virginia. One county in the State, Isle of Wight, realizes annually by their sale, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

More than \$2000 worth of sheep have been killed by dogs in West Hartford, during the past two years. The dogs are sly and cunning, and do the mischief principally in the night time.

Rev. C. B. Parsons, formerly an actor, now a distinguished Methodist preacher, was in attendance at the Louisiana Methodist Conference, lately in session at Baton Rouge.

Myron P. Morse has been sentenced to the State Prison for two years, at Burlington, Vt., for negotiating a sort of tripartite treaty with three women, and marrying them all.

Mr. Smith Walker, who was grinding scythes for Messrs. A. W. Crossman & Co., in Warren, Mass., was instantly killed on the 13th ult., by the stone bursting upon which he was grinding.

At New Orleans, the Supreme Court have decided the McDonough will case in favor of the cities of New Orleans and Baltimore, and against the States of Louisiana and Maryland.

We observe, by the Southern and Western papers, that the celebrated troupe of *Chinese Jugglers*, from California, are wending their way via the cities on the Mississippi to the North and East.

There is a bill before the New Jersey Legislature providing that a commission may be issued in the case of an habitual drunkard, to prevent him from wasting his property, in a manner similar to commissions for lunacy.

Two Frenchmen, brothers, residing near Bolivar, Ohio, were wrestling lately. The one that was thrown under flew into a violent passion, and struck his brother over the head such a blow as to produce death. The murderer is lodged in jail.

Turner, the artist, who recently died in London, did not appear to fear comparison with even the great masters. He bequeathed to the nation two paintings, on condition that they be hung in the National Gallery, by the side of the best specimens of Claude.

The Pittsburgh Post says, a man in that city is going from store to store soliciting alms, who, twenty-five years ago, was the leading merchant in that city, and whose name was known to business men in all the leading marts of the United States.

Foreign Items.

In 1825, M. Thiers was a printer's devil.

The Duke of Wellington was a free-mason; he was initiated while colonel of the 33d regiment.

A railway is to be established across the Simplon, in the Alps, to join Piedmont to France.

Lloyd's London Weekly utterly repudiates "glass walls" in horticulture, and says they are the "worst of all modern impostures."

A London paper, of December 19th, speaks of the "continued rain which has fallen for the last five or six weeks."

Ledru Rollin's wife, an English lady, has become the legatee of four millions of francs. She was before very wealthy.

Prof. Empson, lately deceased, is succeeded by Lord Montague, as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Lord Palmerston thinks that the only way to preserve Cuba from annexation to the United States, is to free the slaves!

Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, died at the age of 91; his son, 97; his great-grand-daughter, 95.

Dates from New Zealand to Sept. 14th, state that a considerable amount of emigration to Australia was taking place.

One million five hundred thousand persons were arrested in France from the 2nd of December, 1851, to June last, and yet not 300,000 voted "No" to the empire!

The Dramatic Register, for 1851, tells us that Rachel, on one occasion, fainted away in the last act of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," owing to a dog, introduced into the theatre, beginning to bark just at the moment she was receiving the poisoned bouquet!

The Leipzig papers, speaking of the performance of Ira Aldridge, the black tragedian, in that town, state that it is impossible to conceive a more powerful representation of the character of Othello than that given by this tragedian.

On the day following the Duke of Wellington's funeral the Times reached a sale of 70,000 copies—15,000 more than had ever been printed of any one number of the paper before. The 70,000 copies were printed off in six hours and a quarter.

Mrs. Mary Bagley recently died in prison, in London, where she was incarcerated for refusing to give evidence in the settling of her husband's estate. Her son refused to be sworn at her decease, and her daughter, aged 17, could not tell the Christian name of her father. A great country, that!

Five years ago, this day, says a writer in *Frazer's Magazine*, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was three years in arrears of rent in the Parish of St. James. He could not pay his tailor's, or his upholsterer's, or his wine merchant's bill, or meet one half his engagements in the city or at the West End.

It is denied, on behalf of the Belgian Government, that absolute refusal was given for Kossuth to visit his dying mother. The government conceded permission to visit her, but on the condition that Kossuth should be under the surveillance of the police during his stay in Belgium. He refused compliance with the terms.

At Julien's late Bal Masque, at Drury Lane, two singular incidents alarmed the audience. A lady (apparently) fell from the gallery upon a gentleman in the parquette, injuring him so that he was borne senseless, out of the house, and many others left, believing two persons had been killed; but it proved that the lady was a "dummy," or sham figure.

Sands of Gold.

.... It seems as if half the world were purblind; they can see nothing unless it glitters.

.... What home in after-life is beloved like the walls that girt round the innocent days of our childhood?

.... Had Tully himself pronounced one of his orations with a blanket about his shoulders, more people would have laughed at his dress than have admired his eloquence.—*Spectator*.

.... It is in disputes, as in armies; where the weaker side sets up false lights, and make a great noise, to make the enemy believe them more numerous and strong than they really are.—*Swift*.

.... We never are satisfied with our opinions, whatever we may pretend, till they are ratified and confirmed by the suffrages of the rest of mankind. We dispute and wrangle forever; we endeavor to get men to come to us, when we do not go to them.—*Sir J. Reynolds*.

.... To complain that life has no joys while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our counsels, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess, and is just as irrational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands.—*Fitzosborne*.

.... Humanity will direct to be particularly cautious of treating with the least appearance of neglect, those who have lately met with misfortunes, and are sunk in life. Such persons are apt to think themselves slighted when no such thing is intended. Their minds being already sore, feel the least rub severely. And who would be so cruel as to add afflictions to the afflicted!

Joker's Budget.

"I'll be round this way in a minute," as the second-hand said to the pendulum.

A ship has been at sea twelve days, she is provisioned for six months, and her mainmast is ninety feet. What is the captain's age?

A gentleman down South wants to know whether the "Maine law" interdicts the use of the "cotton-gin"? If so, he is dead set against it.

The latest news from Iowa states that "Apples are so plenty in Massachusetts and New York this year, that they will not pay for gathering and barrelling."

A magistrate of Chicago proposes to marry couples at one dollar apiece, if they will form clubs of twelve, and all get "fixed" at the same time.

Courting is an irregular active transitive verb, indicative mood, present tense, third person, singular number, and agrees with—it agrees with all the young girls in town.

"Hallo, there, how do you sell wood?" "By the cord." "Pshaw! how long has it been cut?" "Four feet." "How dumb! I mean how long has it been since you cut it?" "No longer than it is now." "See here, old fellow; you are too all-fired bright to live long."

A gentleman lately complimented a lady on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of flattery," said the lady. "Not so," replied he, "for I vow you are plump as a partridge." "At first," said the lady, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but you are now actually making game of me."

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PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

PHALON'S SALOON.

The miracle of comfort and taste in New York, is Phalon's sumptuous Hair-cutting Saloon; its fitting up has cost upwards of twenty thousand dollars. Phalon has long stood at the head of his business in New York, and has reduced it to an art of taste. He has made and spent upon it half a dozen fortunes. He is the Delmonico of his trade—the very *Barbiere di Siviglia* of New York. He studies the contour of every face and head as carefully as Thorwaldsen a bust. He follows slavishly none of the stupid fashions sent over from Paris. His ideal is exquisite taste, which adapts the length, and parting, and dressing of each man's hair to the shape of the head, the contour and expression of the face, and the spirit of the character. As the worshipper enters, he is arrested on the threshold first by the spectacle of a broad, high window, protected by colorless French plate-glass, where, upon a hemisphere of polished shelves, are arranged all the various oils, pomatums, and other articles which the skill of different nations has invented or prepared for the dressing of the head, with a thousand exquisitely ornamented instruments and appliances to aid in adorning the most impressive and important part of the human form divine. In entering the saloon, the visitor finds himself in a beautiful hall of two departments, the first of which is lighted by a brilliant chandelier, and provided with the most tempting Parisian delicacies of the toilet, adorned on all sides by a splendid mass of mirrors, thirty in number. The expenses for these alone were eight thousand dollars. He also finds frescoed ceilings in gold, by *De Lammo*, which of itself (at a cost of three thousand dollars) is not only magnificent, but not to be equalled. Beyond is the great hair-cutting and dressing room, with the luxuriously-soft and artistically-carved rosewood chairs, fifteen in number, costing three thousand dollars, by each of which stands an artist, like a sentinel on duty, ready to receive every visitor; the whole room decorated in the most superb and luxurious style; a tall, bright, clear mirror, reflecting the form of each one from the side of the wall as he takes his seat, and corresponding with another on the other side, thus multiplying image after image, and view after view, until the whole outline is lost in an endless perspective. Each artist—for Phalon's men are all worthy of that name—is clothed in black velvet coats, elegantly trimmed and cut in the latest style of fashion. Their hands are soft, clean and perfumed, and it is a luxury to have them laid on your face and moved through your hair. The shaving utensils (when not of steel) and the toilet services are of massive silver, with classic designs. The cost of this part of the paraphernalia was five thousand dollars. There is also a magnificent wash-stand and statuary, with a marble floor, at an additional expense of four thousand dollars. This department, at night is brilliantly illuminated by several elegant and costly chandeliers. The whole administers to the taste of the most refined, combined with the fact of their having the hair cut in the latest style of Phalon's fashions, which is so much admired and adopted. In addition, you find the system (adopted originally by Phalon) of giving to every visitor a clean hair-brush is strictly adhered to,—the pleasure of which needs no comment.



INTERIOR VIEW OF PHALON'S NEW SALOON, IN THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, NEW YORK.

Phalon's brushes number one hundred and fifty dozen of the best quality that is manufactured. While in this cool hall, the heated visitor of dog-days sits to enjoy one of the unspeakable luxuries of life—of feeling that the hair is purified, the skin of the head thoroughly cleansed, the beard cut close, so that the face laughs all by itself, while the genial freshness of the grotto air comes like a bath all around the tired body. The conversation is low, but cheerful; for these artists will talk to you—the French about the salons of Paris, and the nonchalance with which the Frenchman of the Boulevard has got disgusted with the world, and thrown himself into the Seine; the German about his universities, and socialism, and the Rhine, with the *Hockheimer*, the castles, and the forty princes with their little potato-patch dominions; the Italian about Michael Angelo and Pius IX., and old Genoa, with its palaces, and the Eternal City, with its St. Peter's! All luxury and comfort that taste, skill and money could crowd within the space, has been accomplished, and Phalon's Hair-dressing Establishment, in the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, is as great a lion, in its way, as the Palace of St. Mark, in Venice. The baths on the lower floor are fitted up at an expense of five thousand dollars, and are the finest in the city. The American who visits New York, and does not go to Phalon's Hair-cutting Saloon, is in infinite danger, during the next fifty years, of departing this life without having had the slightest idea of what it is to be shaved.—*Lester's Review*.

SHIPWRECK

OF THE CORNELIUS GRINNELL.

Our coast in the winter season is a fearful place for mariners to approach, and sailors always dread it. The present season has been characterized by the usual number of marine disasters, one of which our artist has faithfully represented below. It is the loss of the New York packet ship *Cornelius Grinnell*, a short time since on Squam Beach. Other wrecks occurred about the same time near this point. The *Cornelius Grinnell*, was under command of Captain Fletcher. She had 270 passengers—English, Irish and Germans—with an assorted cargo of bar iron, block and sheet tin, oil, dry goods, and chalk, and was consigned to Grinnell, Minturn & Co, who are also her owners. She struck the bar at twenty minutes to three o'clock, on the morning of Friday, 14th ult., in the heavy northeast snow storm which then prevailed. The bar being composed of quicksand, the force of the wind and sea caused her very soon to forge her way over on the beach; and Captain Samuel Curtis, with eight of his men, then went off in one of the wreck-boats, for the purpose of running lines and hawsers to secure the vessel, and to aid in passing and re-passing the life-boat. This having been accomplished, the work of conveying the people to the shore was begun and kept up, until, finally, at 8 P. M., all the passengers were landed, without one of them having received the slightest bruise. At 11 A. M. of the same day, Captain Pearce, wreck-master, and Captain Brown, agent of the underwriters, thought proper to relieve the vessel of her top-hammer, and accordingly her fore and main lower and mizzen topmasts were cut away. The vessel, which, until then, was considerably heeled off shore, was brought nearly on an even keel, and her position otherwise was so changed as to bring her larboard bow to the shore. During the whole day and the following night the sea ran very high, so as to make a clean breach over the wreck. Her false keel and part of her keel are gone, and these, with one of the garboard strunks, and several other pieces of her planking, came up alongside. They were torn off by her thumping, which she continued to do heavily at certain stages of the tide. Her back is said to be strained, if not broken, and a part of her deck split, fore and aft. It is supposed that all her cargo that is not perishable will be saved, but the vessel will probably be an entire loss. The disaster was produced by Captain Fletcher mistaking, in the darkness of the night, one of the Highland lights for that on Fire Island. On account of the thick weather he had not been able to get an observation for two days, and as but one of the Highland lights was then burning, he very naturally mistook it. Heading off, according to the supposed circumstances, he then raised some lights on the shore, ahead, which he concluded were the Highland lights. One of them was undoubtedly at the point where the pilot boat Washington is ashore, as the ship was stranded about as far to the northward as she would have been north of the Highland in passing Sandy Hook. The *Cornelius Grinnell* was a fine packet ship of 1200 tons burthen, and was built at Boston, in 1850, for her present owners. Mr. Wade has succeeded in giving us here one of his most vivid and life-like drawings.



SHIPWRECK OF THE PACKET SHIP CORNELIUS GRINNELL, ON SQUAM BEACH.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 8.—WHOLE No. 86.
6 CTS. SINGLE. }

THE LUNATIC ASYLUM, AT BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

The engraving below represents, most faithfully, the Lunatic Asylum and Mad House, situated on Blackwell's Island, New York. The Lunatic Asylum is located near the northern extremity of Blackwell's Island, nearly opposite the foot of Seventy-ninth street. The octagonal building is eighty feet diameter and fifty feet high, and the cupola on top is twenty-five feet diameter and sixteen feet high, making the whole height to the top of the cupola seventy-two feet. The wings, located at right angles to each other, are two hundred and forty-five feet long, and each comprises an end and intermediate building; the end building being forty-five by forty-six feet, and fifty-four feet high, and the intermediate building thirty-five by two hundred feet, and forty-three feet high. The octagonal and end buildings are each three stories high, exclusive of the basement and attic; while the intermediate building has only two stories besides the basement and attic. The

corresponding stories in each building are of the same height, the basement being nine and a half feet high, first and second stories each eleven feet high, the third stories nine feet, and the attics averaging about seven. The octagon is devoted to general purposes, the various offices, store-rooms, sewing-rooms, etc., and the residence of the resident physician. A stair-case of large dimensions and superior workmanship occupies the centre of the octagon, winding cylindrically from story to story to the upper floor, surrounded with a gallery at each floor, supported by a circular colonnade. The wings are occupied by the lunatics. On each floor a hall, ten feet wide, extends through the middle from end to end, entered from the octagon by folding doors, and terminated at the other extremity by a window of large size. The several rooms of the story have their doors opening at either side on this hall. The Lunatic Asylum is constructed of stone quarried entirely from the rock of the island, laid up in the style of supe-

rior rubble masonry. The building in which are confined the more turbulent and unruly of the lunatics is termed the Mad House, and is located in the vicinity of the Lunatic Asylum, on the eastern shore of the island; it is three stories high, and is constructed of the same material as the Asylum; in front the stone are squared and laid in courses; the basement story is mostly below ground, and is used for general purposes, cooking, washing, etc. At the front of the building a space twenty-two feet in depth of each of the three stories, is devoted to the public hall, stairs, and keepers' rooms; the remainder of these floors is occupied by the lunatics. On each of these floors are twenty-two cells. The windows are protected with iron sash. In the attics of both buildings large wooden cisterns receive the rain water from the roof, used for various cleaning purposes; these cisterns are filled with pumps driven by steam power, when the supply of rain water is insufficient. On page 124 this subject is farther spoken of.



VIEW OF THE LUNATIC ASYLUM AND MAD HOUSE, ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE OF WESTERN LIFE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

ROSALTHE:

THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.

A Story of Western Life.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

"Our nation," he said, slowly, "in the past was a great and powerful one; its warriors were as numerous as the trees of the forest, and its young maidens were as plentiful and as fair as the flowers. The glory of the Cherokees is passing away; their numbers have diminished—their power is being broken. They could once make war alone, and feel assured of victory; but now they are obliged to seek for allies among other nations! Why is this? Why are the Cherokees and other red races of men fading away from the earth? Why do they not increase in numbers until they are like the rocks and mountains that cannot be moved? I will answer, and my words shall be uttered in wisdom. The Great Spirit is angry with his red children because of their cruelties! He hides his face from them because they show no mercy; because they have slain helpless children, and tortured men and women with fire. The whole human race is but one great family, of which the Great Spirit is the father. He looks down upon his red children, and perceives that they are cruel—that they kill the innocent, and torture the young and the fair; and in his displeasure he will smite them until the arm of their strength is fully broken, and they shall not be able to make war any more.

"This is the curse that hangs over the red sons of the forest; this is the rod that will humble the Cherokee to the dust. Let us then learn wisdom from the past, and study to be merciful as well as brave. When we have learned to conquer by our generosity as well as by our arms, then shall we be indeed irresistible. I have never loved cruelty; I have never slain women and children; I have never put my prisoners to the torture. My soul seems to do so; it is unworthy of men, and it is a custom that is destined to pass away.

"It was my hand that liberated the young white woman. I rejoice that I did so, because it is a deed that will give me pleasure whenever I think of it. I sent away the Pale-Lily under an escort of my warriors; and by this time she is far beyond pursuit. If these wise chiefs and these brave warriors are angry, let them turn their displeasure upon me. I am strong, and can die like a man; but she was a weak young girl, whom it was our duty, as brave men, to protect, and not to inhumanly torture. I have spoken."

Otter-Lifter sat down, and there was a deep silence among the chiefs and warriors. At length a chief who had more than reached the period allotted to human life—threescore and ten—arose and said, in a voice of deep solemnity:

"The young chief has uttered words that have reached my heart. The spirit of Monedo rests upon the young man; he is worthy to be a chieftain among the red children of the Cherokees. I shall pass away, and the grave will hide me; but he will live to be great, and his name will be known among the nations. Young warriors and chiefs, imitate the bright example of Otter-Lifter; it is the advice of an old man, whose way is toward the receptacle of death, and to whose eyes the scenes of the happy hunting-grounds already open."

The old man took his seat, and all the assembled warriors were deeply affected. The current of opinion was changed. The council broke up; the warriors and chiefs pressed around Otter-

Lifter to shake hands with him and speak some words of applause; for their nobler natures had been touched, and the man "who cared only for his word, his rifle, and his honor," was never so popular among his people as then. It is thus that a noble act frequently raises the actor in the esteem of those, whom, in all human judgment, it would have deeply offended.

About the same time that the above scene was transpiring, Star-Light and White-Cloud were walking in the forest, upon the margin of the Indian village.

"I have seen one of your people," said Star-Light.

"Where?" asked Rosalthe, eagerly.

"Near," returned the Cherokee girl.

"Who was it?" continued our heroine, looking anxiously at her companion.

"A young man, and he was seeking you."

"Describe him," added Rosalthe.

"He was tall and handsome, with black hair and eyes," replied Star-Light.

"Did you speak to him?"

"I did," returned the other.

"Did you ask his name?" rejoined Rosalthe, with an earnestness that she made no attempt to render less apparent.

"I cared nothing for his name; but I told him to go back to Boonesborough and tell your friends that you were safe, and would be with them before another moon."

"I thank you for that!" exclaimed Rosalthe.

Before the Indian girl had time to reply, a rapid footstep was heard, and Allan Norwood stood before the maidens. The suddenness of his appearance caused Rosalthe to recoil a few paces, but Star-Light remained unmoved.

"What brings you here? Have you worn your scalp so long that you have got tired of it, and wish to lose it?" asked Star-Light.

"I have come to seek the maiden I spoke of; and I will never go back till I know what her situation is, and have some proof that you have told me the truth," replied Allan, firmly.

"I never speak falsely; it is the pale-faces that lie!" she replied, with dignity.

"I demand proof," returned Norwood.

"Again I ask, what is this young woman to you?" said the Indian girl.

"She is much—everything, and yet nothing," answered the young man, with much feeling.

"That is strange! 'much, everything, nothing,'—the young man has taken much strong water," replied Star-Light, with a contemptuous curl of the lip.

While this conversation was going on, our heroine stood partly behind Star-Light, partially concealed by her person; and the effect of the young man's words may be imagined by the reader. She had no difficulty in recognizing him as the same who had interposed to save her from the impetuosity of Le Bland. She stood like one spell-bound, and listened to his words with intense interest.

"She is much to me because I love her; and nothing to me because she does not know me, and reciprocate the sentiments which a single chance meeting called up," he added.

"You have met her, then? Why did you not tell her this pleasant story?" resumed the Indian maiden.

"I did not even address her," said Norwood. "I gazed upon her beauty only a moment, and she passed away from my sight like a fair but delusive vision of the night."

"And you were so foolish that you could not forget her! When our young men love the maidens, they go and tell them."

"I have already told you that she disappeared suddenly," said Norwood.

"You will tell her this pretty tale if you find her?" added Star-Light, with a scornful smile.

"Not until she is safely restored to her friends," replied Allan, firmly.

"Wabuna! listen—let your ears be open—the White-Cloud already loves!"

The young hunter grew deadly pale, and pressed his hand to his forehead, as if it were stricken with a sudden pain.

Rosalthe's fortitude gave way; the intensity of her emotions overpowered her; with a faint cry she sank into the arms of Star-Light; and her perceptions grew so confused, that the past, present and future were mingled in chaotic confusion.

CHAPTER XV.

INNIS MCKEE—BOONESBOROUGH FORMALLY SUMMONED TO SURRENDER.

INNIS MCKEE cast a lingering and anxious look after the scout, and then languidly resumed her seat by the dim and fitfully blazing fire. She reflected upon her own isolated and friendless condition. She wondered if the woodman really felt an interest in such an untaught being as she felt herself to be. He had given utterance to sentiments that sounded most pleasantly in her ears; she had never had such words addressed to her before.

While she recalled his earnest manner and subdued tones, she felt herself less wretched, and encouraged a trembling hope of a brighter future, to come at some very distant day. The kindly words of the scout were like so many notes of music elicited from what appeared to her, the disordered harp of human society.

Innis mused on; but her truant thoughts finally reverted to a less agreeable theme. That her participation in the scout's escape would bring down upon her head her father's displeasure, was a subject upon which she could feel no doubts. The name of Ballard was well known to the Indian tribes; his services as a spy had been such as to make him a dreaded enemy. McKee and Girty had good reason to fear him; his extraordinary skill in learning their plans, and in evading pursuit, was a subject often talked of by both white and red men. Associated with Ballard were several others (who had been selected by the settlers at Boonesborough for their courage and address), who acknowledged him as their head, and the director of their movements. Many plans had been laid by Girty, McKee and the Indians to entrap Ballard, but they had all failed; and accident or chance had at length accomplished what art and stratagem had failed to do.

However much Innis might dread the consequences, she did not for a moment regret what she had done. Restless and uneasy, she sat until the clouds were crimson with the dawning. Her mother awoke from her heavy slumber, and looked about the dim and gloomy cavern with a dull and vacant stare. She saw Innis sitting abstractedly and silently in the same place and position where she had seen her on the previous evening, before her senses had been overpowered by the intoxicating beverage.

Her eyes wandered mechanically to the spot where Ballard had been left by her husband; her apathy was gone—she was fully awake.

"He is gone," said Innis, in answer to her startled and inquiring look.

"Gone where?" asked Mrs. McKee.

"Where he lists—he's free," replied Innis.

"And you—" Mrs. McKee paused, as if afraid to finish the interrogatory.

"Assisted him," added the girl.

"Mimno Monedo!" exclaimed Mrs. McKee.

No more was said by either party. Mrs. McKee produced a pipe and exhaled columns after columns with Indian stoicism; and Innis endeavored to imitate her indifference.

"This mode of life does not please me, and I care but little what happens," said the latter, after a long interval of the deepest silence.

Mrs. McKee made no rejoinder, but buried herself in the fumes of the tobacco.

"The young women at Boonesborough lead a better life; they have been taught many things which I know nothing about. I shall go there and see them, perhaps."

Innis ceased speaking, for she heard her father's footsteps. The color forsook her face, and she instinctively pressed closer to her moth-

er's side. But the latter remained unmoved, and continued to emit dark wreaths of smoke.

As McKee drew nearer, however, and his steps resounded through the subterranean dwelling, she threw down the pipe, and folding her arms, calmly awaited the storm.

The renegade's eyes wandered quickly to the spot where he had left his victim.

"Where is he?" he asked, with a brow already clouded with wrath.

"Gone!" said Mrs. McKee, briefly.

"Gone!" he repeated, as if not fully comprehending such unwelcome intelligence. "When, and how?" he added, frowning fiercely.

"He's a brave man, and I gave him his liberty," replied the Indian spouse, in the same tones.

McKee's nostrils dilated with fury; he retreated a few steps and drew a pistol from his belt.

"I have borne with your Indian perversity and cunning long enough; I will rid myself of such an evil hag!" cried the renegade.

"Hold! stay your brutality!" exclaimed Innis, advancing until the levelled weapon covered her own person. "I alone am guilty of this deed; these hands released the scout while she slept."

Innis stood erect and firm before her father; she seemed like an accusing spirit sent to rebuke his wickedness; her form did not tremble, nor her voice falter.

"You!" said McKee, and returning the pistol to his belt, he raised his hand to strike.

"Beware!" cried his wife, in a threatening voice; "he guarded in what you do. Remember that my father is a powerful chief among the Shawanese. I have only to lift my finger thus, and you will be swept from the face of the earth. Strike, if you dare!"

The man's arm sank suddenly to his side. Fear for his own safety restrained him from acts of unmanly violence; but the demon was still raging within him.

"I am not master of my own wife and child," he muttered. "The one threatens me, and the other refuses to obey. All my plans are continually thwarted; I am always to be opposed both by mother and daughter. And so it has been with the Girty affair; he is good enough for Innis, and in that matter I will have my way, in spite of resistance, threats, tears, or entreaties."

"You never will never live to see Innis wedded to such a false knave," replied Mrs. McKee. "The moss will gather upon your bones first."

"It is for my interest, I tell you!" added McKee, violently.

"Hush!" exclaimed his wife, contemptuously.

"He will soon own a great deal of land on the south side of Kentucky River," he added.

"Just enough to bury his vile body in!" said Mrs. McKee.

"The Indians have promised it to him when Boonesborough, Harrodsburg and Logan are levelled with the ground, and not a white settler has a foothold in this country," rejoined McKee.

"That time never will be," responded the Indian spouse. "The white stations will remain long after the red men have lost their power. The descendants of Daniel Boone will build their houses in peace upon the graves of the Wyandots, the Shawanese, and the Cherokees."

"Accursed prophetic of evil! What will stop your dismal croakings! your hoding voice always sounds in my ear when any great project is started, that promises well to all eyes but yours. Even at this very moment Boonesborough may be in flames; for Girty and Du Quesne have already attacked it with hundreds of Indians."

"They'll fail, and go away like whipped dogs," responded Mrs. McKee.

"Croak on!" he retorted, angrily. "Croak on like an owl, and make yourself hoarse with your evil sayings, and see what it will all amount to. Innis may make up her mind as soon as she pleases, to take Girty for better or worse; for we've talked it all over between us, and decided on it. So mark what I say, both of you."

With these words and a threatening glance at each, McKee arose and left the cavern.

"Can Boonesborough hold out against so many enemies?" asked Innis, after a pause.

"Yes; it always has been able to defend itself; why shouldn't it now?" replied her mother.

"The odds are so great against it, that it don't seem to me possible," resumed Innis.

"Long-Knife (Daniel Boone) is there, and he is a very great warrior; the station can't be destroyed while he's alive."

"But it may be taken by stratagem."

"Possibly," rejoined Mrs. McKee.

"In that event, what would be the fate of the women and children?" asked Innis, earnestly.

"Some would be slain on the spot; some would be taken prisoners, and die on the long march; and others would perish by torture."

"It's dreadful to think of!" continued Innis.

"We'll go up there and see what they're doing," said Mrs. McKee.

"To Boonesborough?" asked Innis.

The Indian mother replied in the affirmative. In a short time they both issued from the subterranean dwelling, and walked in the direction of the station referred to; and to which it is necessary that we should now return.

We left the bold pioneers awaiting with painful anxiety the return of the heroic women who had descended the slope to procure water from the spring. Eliza Ballard and Matilda Fleming were the two last of the party to fill their vessels with the sparkling fluid. While they were in the act of doing so, half a dozen Wyandots, headed by Girty, rushed from the covert of the surrounding shrubbery, seized the two maidens, and in spite of their resistance and shrieks bore them away before the men at the fort were scarcely aware that anything had happened.

Joel Logston was the first to realize fully the new misfortune that had befallen them.

"Come on, men! to the rescue!" he shouted, running to open the gate; while several young men followed him with equal impetuosity.

"Stop, I command you!" cried Daniel Boone, in tones distinctly heard above the confused tumult of sounds.

"Away, away!" exclaimed Joel, with terrible earnestness.

"Pause, Joel! reflect, listen to reason."

"I hear only the shrieks of those females," rejoined Logston. "I listen only to their calls for help. Let me go—I am desperate!"

"And if you go with those who are ready to follow you, who will defend the fort? who will protect those who yet remain to us, and have equal claims upon our exertions?" replied Captain Boone.

This view of the case seemed to have some weight with Logston, and he stood irresolute.

"And what would it avail if we should attempt a rescue?" said Reynolds, who had been among the first to follow Logston. "We can effect nothing against hundreds of savages; we should be cut down in a moment, and thus would our lives be thrown away, without accomplishing anything. Let us remain and trust the two maidens to the care of God."

By this time the rest of the women were at the gate, which was instantly opened for their admission. Strange to relate, they had, with one or two exceptions, maintained their self-possession to such an extent as to bring with them the vessels of water which they had procured. While they were entering, a strong body of Indians, among which were several Frenchmen, attempted to rush in after them; but a well-directed fire from the fort forced them to retreat, with severe loss.

Joel Logston appeared unlike himself; he threw down his rifle and leaned against the stockades, gloomy, silent and dispirited. Daniel Boone attempted to comfort him.

"Look!" he said, pointing towards the parents of the girls who had been captured, "they are striving to bear their grief with Christian fortitude. They are struggling with Roman firmness to master their paternal instincts; to listen to the admonitions of duty, and bow to the stern admonitions of providence. Be a man, Joel."

"They don't know what I know," replied Logston; "they haven't any idea what the girls were stolen away for. But I heard Girty talk about it myself, and I know the fiery trial that's in reserve for the poor young creatures."

"Some way of escape will be provided for them," resumed Boone.

"Perhaps so; I feel pretty sure that neither of the girls will ever consent to throw themselves away upon such a vagabond; they've got too much sense for that," returned Joel.

"Rest assured of it," added the pioneer.

"All this trouble has come of that Frenchman," said Logston, bitterly. "I've never felt right since he's been among us. It is very clear to me that he's been nothin' more nor less than a spy upon us ever since he's been here, and you'll all find it so."

"Such remarks, Mr. Logston, are extremely offensive to me," said Mr. Alston, who had heard Joel's last observations.

"I can't help it," retorted Joel. "I know I'm right, and have good reason to say what I do. I never like to hurt nobody's feelings, nor nothin' of that sort; but I do like to tell the truth, and to see justice done to all. Why did Silas Girty speak about this Le Bland, if he didn't know his man, and what he was doin'. Your Frenchman talks a great deal about makin' his fort in Kentucky lands; and I know very well how he expects to get them. The lands he has so much to say about are right here where we stand; and if ever he gets 'em, Boonesborough 'll be a pile of ruins, and he'll walk over our graves. That's what will happen, Mr. Alston, think of it as you may. Twenty-four hours haven't passed since Girty offered me two thousand acres of land to join the Indians against the white stations."

"Le Bland has had my friendship and esteem; nearer relationship, it is well known, has been talked of; and I still find it impossible to believe all the dark reports which I hear of him. I hope you will all pardon me if I act the friendly part, until I have ocular evidence of his guilt," rejoined Mr. Alston.

Daniel Boone replied that he trusted they were all willing to make a proper allowance in the case, considering how great had been his friendship for the man; but so far as his own feelings were concerned, he had no doubt of Le Bland's guilt.

During the morning and the greater portion of the forenoon, the defenders of Boonesborough were constantly employed in repelling attacks made at different points, and in many instances conducted with much spirit and resolution; but about noon the assaults ceased altogether, which surprised the settlers not a little, for their foes were very numerous.

While each stood at his post, trying to assign some plausible reason for this sudden suspension of hostilities, a white man was seen approaching cautiously, bearing a flag of truce.

"It's Girty!" said Joel, raising his rifle.

"Don't fire!" exclaimed Boone. "Let us hear what he has got to say."

Finding that he was not fired upon, Girty mounted a stump and addressed the pioneers as follows:—

"I have come to summon you to surrender. It's of no use for you to resist; if you surrender promptly, no blood will be shed; but if you will not listen to reason, and give us instant possession, we shall batter down your works about your ears with the cannon that we momentarily expect; for, know that we are expecting, not only cannon, but reinforcements, also. What can you do against such numbers? Nothing; every man of you will be slain."

"Shoot him down!" cried several of the foresters; but Boone bade them forbear.

"Perhaps you don't know me?" added Girty, with much pomposity of manner.

"I should like to speak a word to yonder boasting rascal," said Reynolds to Boone.

"Speak on," replied the latter, with a smile.

"You have asked if we know you," said Reynolds, showing himself boldly. "Hear our answer: we know you well. We know you as the vilest of men living; we know you as a cowardly renegade, recreant to all that is noble in the human character; we know you as the enemy of women and children—as a monster of wickedness, and as a blood-stained villain. The name of Girty will be spoken with contempt by all those who shall hear of his treachery in all time to come. I have a worthless dog that kills lambs; instead of shooting him, I have named him Silas Girty, and he has never held up his head since; for he knows everybody despises him. You talk largely about reinforcements. What could you do with cannon? such cowardly wretches would be afraid to fire them, if you had ever so many. We also expect reinforcements; and it would be well for you to be off before they get here. Should you batter down our stockades, as you pompously threaten, we are fully prepared for that contingency; for we have roasted a score or two of hickory sticks with which we intend to sally out and whip you out of the country as we would thieving curs."

Reynolds's sarcastic speech put the renegade in a towering passion; he poured forth a volley of oaths that proved him a proficient in the art of profanity.

"I have two of your young women in my power," he added, "and it would be better for you to be a little more humble; but I shall en-

* We have thought it best to present this singular speech, and the rejoinder which it called forth, almost word for word. See Life of Daniel Boone.

ter your works, and pay you off for your insolence."

"It's a thousand pities I hadn't made an end of you out in the woods there!" cried Logston.

"Are you there, my fine lad?" asked Girty.

"How does your head feel?" rejoined Joel.

"It will never be well till yours is out of sight. I shan't soon forget the mean trick you served me; it will go hard with you for that, Joel Logston!" retorted Girty.

"Don't tempt me; you make a fine mark for my rifle at this particular time," said Joel, menacingly.

"I'm under a flag of truce," returned Girty.

"I wish you was under the ground," added Joel, impatiently.

"No doubt; you're thinkin' about the two girls, perhaps," replied the renegade.

"I am!" thundered Joel.

"O, the wind sets in that quarter, does it?" said Girty, with a laugh.

"Mind what you say, I warn you; for no human power shall prevent me from shooting you, if you provoke me farther. What cure I for a flag of truce, when it floats over the head of such a villain?"

It was easy enough to be seen that Girty began to feel uneasy and fearful of the consequences, if he was not more careful in his speech; he therefore prudently addressed himself directly to Daniel Boone, and asked for an answer to carry back to his army.

"Tell your red crew and your ruffianly French allies that Boonesborough will never be given up while two sticks of it remain together," replied the pioneer, promptly. "This is our final answer;—begone."

Girty leaped down from the stump in rather undignified haste, considering that he was under a flag of truce. Shouts of defiance and derision from the fort followed him until he was again with his friends.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SIEGE OF BOONESBOROUGH.

REYNOLDS and Mr. Fleming were in the block-house nearest the river. Andrew and Exquisite Ebony were standing within a few feet of them looking cautiously through the loop-holes. At different parts of the structure stern faces were seen, begrimed with powder and dust. Each heart felt that the danger was pressing, and every pulse throbbed with anxiety; a few brief hours would decide the fate of Boonesborough.

The attention of the pioneers was suddenly attracted by an exclamation of surprise from Exquisite Ebony.

"What now?" asked Daniel Boone.

"Will yer look dar?" said Ebony.

"Where?" inquired the forester.

"Why dar, rite afore yer eyes."

"I don't see anything but the river," rejoined the captain, after looking a moment from one of the loop-holes.

"Don't you see, Mass Boone, it am changed its color; it am just like mud as one durkey is like anudder," returned Exquisite.

The pioneer again looked from the block-house, and the truth of the negro's remarks was at once apparent. The waters of the Kentucky were no longer of their natural color, but deeply colored as when, swollen with heavy rains, the loose red soil is washed away. For an instant the pioneer was at fault.

"This is strange!" he exclaimed; "what can you make of it, men?"

By this time many anxious eyes were gazing upon the river.

"By heavens! I understand it all!" cried Boone. "They are digging a trench; they intend to let the water in upon us!"

"You are right," said Fleming, mournfully. "Boonesborough is no better than lost."

"And we are no better than lost men," observed Alston, with a sigh.

The pioneers looked gloomily at each other; they thought of their wives and children; brave men wiped away tears, that, perhaps, were never guilty of the like weakness before; but they were not selfish tears; they flowed for those unable to defend themselves from savage barbarity.

"Girty must have put this infernal idea into their heads," said Reynolds.

"Possibly not; for I heard Le Bland remark once, that Boonesborough might easily be undermined, and the whole of us drowned out like so many rats," replied Mr. Fleming.

"Gorra mighty! dey's gwine to let loose old Kentuck!" exclaimed Andrew, with dilated eyes.

"De women folks wont have to go arter no more water," observed Ebony, philosophically.

"No; de water'll come arter dem," rejoined Andrew.

"Dar's more of de mischief!" exclaimed Ebony.

"So there is; they're shootin' flamin' arrers at us to set the works on fire," said Joel Logston.

"We can have our choice, then, between fire and water," added Fleming.

"Or we can have both," retorted Joel.

The women and children had by this time learned what was going forward, and every part of the fort resounded with cries and lamentations. Husbands and wives, parents and children embraced each other tenderly, thinking that they would soon be parted forever in this world.

"Death must come to us all, in some form or another," said Boone, addressing the mournful and panic-stricken group, in a calm, subdued and solemn voice. "It is an irrevocable law of God that all created beings should die. Seeing that death is something that cannot be evaded, it becomes us to meet it with firmness and Christian philosophy. So far as I am now able to judge, the term of our earthly lives is drawing to a close. I must certainly regard it in this sad light, unless some means can speedily be devised to thwart the hellish ingenuity of our enemies. I enjoin upon you all to be calm in this terrible emergency. The women have once proved themselves heroines since this siege commenced, and I doubt not they will again. This is no time for grief and tears; such demonstrations discourage the men, and our fair companions should rather strive to produce a contrary effect, and stimulate them to deeds of greater daring. Let the women and children all take shelter in the block-houses, and be careful not to encumber and embarrass their brave defenders. I desire implicit obedience, and if it is accorded, all may yet be well."

The forester paused, and the effect of his words was instantly obvious; the females checked their tears, and the men grasped their arms with fresh resolution.

"Mr. Reynolds," added Boone, "take about half of our able-bodied men, gather up all the picks, shovels, etc., that can be found, and hasten to the enclosure on that side towards the river; if our foes mine, we must countermine."

This order was received with loud cheers, and the plan was so promising that every man felt new hope springing up in his bosom.

"Cut a trench eight feet wide and as long as you can, within the stockades, and we will baffle them yet. While you are digging, the rest of us will keep a sharp lookout that they don't set us on fire."

In a short time ten or a dozen sturdy men were at work with picks and spades, and the dirt went merrily over the stockades.

"They are still digging; the water grows muddier," said Fleming, who with Boone and the rest remained in the block-houses.

"If they were not sheltered by the bank, we would soon make them scamper away," returned the pioneer.

"There's a burning arrow upon the roof of one of the cabins," said Fleming.

"I will go and put it out," added Daniel Boone's son, who was yet but a mere lad.

"You'd better not; I will go," replied Fleming.

"I am younger than you," answered young Boone. "I am not afraid."

"Stay, my son; I prefer to go myself!" cried his father, nervously, more willing to expose himself than his son.

"Your life is worth more than mine," said James, bravely.

"For my sake—for your mother's sake!" cried the captain, earnestly; but before he had finished the sentence, James was running along the roofs of the cabins, exposed to the enemy's fire.

The old veteran of the wilderness stood watching his boy with a terrible anxiety for the result, which no heart but a parent's can understand. He heard a discharge of fire-arms, and the balls that whistled about his son seemed to wound his own person. James stooped down, and with his foot extinguished the flaming arrow, while a literal shower of lead cut the air, and perforated his clothes in many places. The fire being out, the bold boy turned to retrace his footsteps, when a ball too true to its aim struck him upon the breast, and he fell amid the shouts of an hundred ambushed foe-men.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF U. S. SENATORS.—No. 2.

[PORTRAITS GIVEN ON PAGES 120 AND 121.]

BY CHARLES H. BRAINARD.

GEN. SAM HOUSTON, Senator from Texas, was born in Rockbridge county, Virginia, March 2, 1793. When quite young his widowed mother removed with her family to the banks of the Tennessee, at that time the limits of civilization. In 1813, he enlisted in the army, and served under General Jackson in the war with the Creek Indians, after which he resigned his commission, and studied law in Nashville. In 1823, he was elected to Congress, and continued a member until 1827, when he became Governor of Tennessee. In April, 1836, he fought the celebrated battle of San Jacinto, in which the Mexicans were completely routed, while the Texans had but seven killed and thirty wounded. In October, 1836, he was inaugurated first President of the Republic of Texas, and in 1841 was a second time elected to the same office. In 1844, Texas became one of the States of the Union, and Gen. Houston was elected to the Senate of the United States.

JOHN H. CLARKE, Senator from Rhode Island, was born in the city of Providence, R. I., and is now about sixty-two years of age. Mr. Clarke was educated at Brown University, where he graduated with the highest honors. He subsequently studied law, and practised with great success for many years, during which time he was for several years a member of the Legislature of Rhode Island. Having abandoned the practice of his profession, he engaged in the manufacturing business, in which he continued until the year 1842, when the great pressure which operated so disastrously on the business community, compelled him to make an assignment of his property. After making a highly honorable settlement with his creditors, he retired from business with an ample fortune, and lived in retirement until the year 1846, when he was elected to the Senate of the United States for the term of six years.

SOLOMON FOOT, Senator from Vermont, was born in the county of Addison, Vermont, November 19th, 1802. He graduated at North Middlebury College, in August, 1826, and was preceptor of Castleton Academy for one year afterwards, and was a tutor for one year in the University of Vermont, and subsequently professor of natural philosophy in the Vermont Academy. In 1831, he commenced the practice of law at Rutland, Vt., and was elected a Representative from that town to the State Legislature in 1833. In the years 1836, 1837 and 1838, he was also elected to the Legislature, and during the last two years was Speaker of the House. From 1836 to 1842, Mr. Foot was State Attorney for the county of Rutland. He was a member of the House of Representatives of the United States during the 28th and 29th Congresses, and on retiring from Congress, resumed the practice of his profession. In 1847, he was again elected to the Legislature of Vermont, and again chosen Speaker of the House. In 1850, he was elected to the Senate of the United States for the term of six years.

JOHN B. WELLER, Senator from California, is a native of Hamilton county, Ohio, and is now thirty-nine years of age. He was educated at the Miami University. At the age of twenty-one he was elected prosecuting attorney for the county of Butler, and held the office until his election to Congress in 1838. He was a member of the House of Representatives for six years. Upon the breaking out of the war with Mexico, he was elected Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st regiment of Ohio volunteers, and served under General Taylor at the battle of Monterey. In January, 1849, he was appointed by President Polk, under the treaty of peace, Commissioner to run and mark the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, from which office he was dismissed by the Whig administration in 1850. In January, 1852, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, from California, for the term of six years.

JAMES SHIELDS, Senator from Illinois, was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1810, and emigrated to America about 1826. In 1832, he went to Illinois, and practised law at Kaskaskia. In 1836, he was elected a member of the Illinois Legislature, and Auditor of the State in 1839. In 1843, he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court; and in 1845, Commissioner of the General Land Office. At the commencement of the Mexican war he was appointed by President Polk a Brigadier-General in the United States Army, and for his distinguished services during the course of the war, promoted to the rank of Brevet Major-General. About 1849, he was elected to the Senate of the United States for the term of six years.

MOSES NORRIS, JR., Senator from New Hampshire, was born at Pittsfield, N. H. In the year 1828, he graduated at Dartmouth College. He studied law and commenced the practice of his profession at Bumstead, Strafford county, N. H., but in a few years returned to his native town, and was shortly after elected to the House of Representatives of New Hampshire. He was repeatedly re-elected, and chosen Speaker of the House. In March, 1843, he was elected Representative to Congress, and in 1845, was re-elected. Upon retiring from Congress he was again elected to the Legislature of New Hampshire, and again chosen Speaker of the House. In June, 1848, he was elected to the Senate of the United States for six years from March 4th, 1849.

CHARLES W. CATHCART, Senator from Indiana, was born at Funchal, Madeira, July 24, 1809. Though born abroad, he was a natural born citizen of the United States, his father and grandfather on the maternal side having served as officers in the Revolutionary war. The little education he received was at Cadiz, in Spain, and in the District of Columbia. At the age of twelve, he

left school, and from that time until he went to the West, he went to sea and worked at the trade of a carpenter. Twenty-two years ago he went to Indiana, making the journey on foot, and settled on lands then belonging to the Potowatamie Indians, and has resided there ever since. Mr. Cathcart was for three years a member of the Senate of Indiana; an Elector of President and Vice President in 1844, and a member of the United States House of Representatives for the 29th and 30th Congresses, and in 1852, was appointed United States Senator, to fill a vacancy, occasioned by the death of James Whitcomb.

CHARLES T. JAMES, Senator from Rhode Island, was born in West Greenwich, R. I., and is now about forty-seven years old. With but a common school education he commenced active life as a mechanic, and having, after a close application for a number of years, become intimately acquainted with the construction and operation of every species of machinery, he became an engineer and manufacturer, and in this capacity has constructed and put in operation some of the largest and best mills in the United States. In February, 1851, Mr. James was elected to the Senate of the United States, in which body he appeared at the commencement of the session of Congress in December following. As a scientific and practical engineer, Senator James has few equals in the country.

JOHN DAVIS, Senator from Massachusetts, is a native of Worcester county, and the son of a farmer. In the early part of his youth he worked upon his father's farm, and at a later period was sent to Yale College, where he graduated in 1812. He studied law, and entered upon the practice of his profession in Worcester, with health greatly impaired by chronic complaints, from which he has never fully recovered. In 1825, he was elected to Congress, and served in the House of Representatives about nine years, when he was elected Governor of Massachusetts. He was re-elected to the same office, and, while Governor, was elected to the United States Senate, where he served until near the close of his term, when he was again elected Governor, and continued in office, by successive elections, two years. In 1844, he was again returned to the Senate of the United States, and has remained in that body ever since.

JACOB W. MILLER, Senator from New Jersey, is a native of Morris county, New Jersey, and is now in the fifty-second year of his age, though he appears many years younger. At the age of sixteen he abandoned the study of the classics and engaged in mercantile pursuits, but three years after resumed his studies, and entered a law office. In September, 1823, he was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of law at Morristown, where he has ever since resided. In 1832, he was elected a member of the State Legislature. The next year he declined a re-election, and returned to the practice of his profession. In 1839, he was elected to the State Senate. In the winter of 1841, he was chosen United States Senator for six years, and first took his seat on the 4th of March, 1841. He was re-elected to a second term of six years, which commenced on the 4th of March, 1847.

ARCHIBALD DIXON, Senator from Kentucky, was born in the county of Caswell, South Carolina, April 2d, 1802, and removed to Henderson county, Kentucky, in 1805. He was admitted to the bar in 1824, and elected to the lower branch of the Legislature in 1830, and was a member of the State Senate for four years from 1836, and again elected to the lower branch of the Legislature in 1841. In 1844, he was elected Lieutenant Governor of Kentucky. In 1849, he was elected a delegate to the State Convention, to revise the constitution, and in 1851, was the Whig candidate for Governor of the State, but was defeated in consequence of Cassius M. Clay being run as an independent Whig. In 1852, he was elected, by the Legislature of Kentucky, to the Senate of the United States, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Hon. Henry Clay.

JOSEPH ROGERS UNDERWOOD, Senator from Kentucky, was born in Goochland county, Virginia, October 24, 1791, and removed to Kentucky in the spring of 1803. He graduated at Transylvania University, in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1811. In the spring of 1813, he was elected lieutenant of a volunteer company, and marched with Dudley's regiment. He was badly wounded, taken and sent home a prisoner of war, by the defeat of that regiment opposite Fort Meigs, May 5th, 1813. In 1814, he commenced the practice of law, in Glasgow, Kentucky. From 1816 to 1819, he was a member of the State Legislature. In 1820, he was a Presidential Elector, and voted for Mr. Clay. In 1823, he removed from Glasgow to Bowling Green, where he now resides. In 1825 and 1826, he was again a member of the State Legislature, and in 1828, appointed Judge of the Court of Appeals, of Kentucky. He resigned the office in 1835, and was in that year elected to Congress as a Representative, and continued to serve in that capacity for eight successive years, when he voluntarily retired in 1843. In 1844, he was again chosen Presidential Elector, and voted for Mr. Clay. In 1845, he was elected to the Legislature of Kentucky, and chosen Speaker of that body. In the winter of 1846-47, he was elected to the United States Senate.

BENJAMIN F. WADE, Senator from Ohio, was born at West Springfield, Mass., Oct. 27th, 1800, and at the age of 21, removed to Ashtabula county, Ohio, where he read law in the office of Hon. Elisha Whittlesey. He was admitted to the bar in 1829, and in the fall of 1835, elected Prosecuting Attorney. In 1837, he was elected to the Senate of Ohio, and continued in office four years. On the 2d of February, 1847, he was elected Resident Judge of the 3d Judicial District, and continued in office until March, 1851, when he was elected to the Senate of the United States for the full term of six years. Mr. Wade is a self-educated man. His father was a soldier of the Revolution, and served in the army from Bunker Hill to Yorktown.

THOMAS J. RUSK, Senator from Texas, was born in Pendleton district, South Carolina, on the 5th day of December, 1803. He resided in his native State until 1824, when he removed to Georgia. In 1835, he removed to Texas, and during the revolution in that country joined the army and was at the head of a company of volunteers, and was soon after made Inspector General of the regular forces. In 1838, he was elected a member of the Texan Convention, by which body he was made Secretary of War. General Houston having been disabled by a wound at San Jacinto, General Rusk was placed in command of the army as Brigadier General. In 1837, he was elected a member of the Texan Congress. In 1838, he was elected Major General, and, soon afterwards, Chief Justice of the Republic, which station he soon resigned, and returned to the walks of private life. When Texas was annexed to the United States, he was elected a member of the convention to form a State constitution, and was made President of that body. He was elected as one of the two first Senators to the United States Senate, and in 1850 was re-elected for six years, from March 4, 1851.

TRUMAN SMITH, Senator from Connecticut, was born Nov. 27, 1791, at Roxbury, Connecticut. His father, Phineas Smith, was a farmer, an elder brother of the late Nathaniel Smith, Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, and of Nathan Smith, who died in Washington, in December, 1835, a member of the Senate of the United States. Mr. Truman Smith graduated at Yale College in 1815; was admitted to the bar in 1818; settled the same year, in the practice of the law, at Litchfield, Connecticut, where he continues to reside. He was elected a member of the House of Representatives of the General Assembly of Connecticut in the years 1831, 1832 and 1834; was elected a member of Congress in 1839, and re-elected in 1841, 1845 and 1847. In the spring of 1848, he was elected a member of the Senate of the United States, for the term of six years from March 4, 1849.

PRESLEY SPRUANCE, Senator from Delaware, was born near Smyrna, State of Delaware, in 1785, and was bred to mercantile pursuits. In 1822, Mr. Spruance was elected a member of the Legislature of Delaware, and continued a member of that body for a period of twenty-five years, and was, for many years, President of the Senate. In 1847, Mr. Spruance was elected to the United States Senate for the term of six years, which term will expire on the 4th of March, 1853. He is a man of much character, high principle, and of large political experience; honored by his constituents, and respected and loved by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. Mr. Spruance retires from the Senate at a ripe age, being nearly 70 years old at this time.

JAMES ALFRED PEARCE, Senator from Maryland, was born on the 14th of December, 1805, of a family who settled in Maryland as early as the year 1765. Mr. Pearce was educated at Princeton College, where he graduated in 1822, at the early age of sixteen, with the highest honors of his class. He studied law in Baltimore, and was admitted to the bar in 1826. He settled in Louisiana in 1828, but returned to Maryland in 1829. He was elected to the Legislature of Maryland in 1831, and to the House of Representatives of the United States in 1835. Mr. Pearce was elected to the Senate of the United States in 1843, and in 1850 was appointed, by Mr. Fillmore, Secretary of the Interior, but declined the office.

JAMES W. BRAIDUNY, Senator from Maine, is a native of York county, State of Maine. He graduated at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, in that State, in 1825, in a class distinguished for the eminent men it has produced; amongst them the late Hon. Jonathan Cilley, Prof. Longfellow, Rev. Dr. Cheever, and others. He was employed one year as an instructor of the academy of Hallowell, and afterwards studied law with Judge Shepley, late of the U. S. Senate, and Hon. Rufus McIntire. He removed to Augusta, the place of his present residence, in 1830. In 1846, he was elected to the Senate of the United States. He was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention of 1844, and, placed that year at the head of the electoral ticket, and president of the electoral college of the State, he cast his vote for Mr. Polk.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TELEGRAPHS IN AMERICA.

The Superintendent of the Census has printed a report on the telegraphs of the United States, based on returns furnished in reply to special circulars. Through this report we realize that man, by telegraphic agency, is speedily extending his control over nature. The telegraphic network is spreading through every village, and binding in intimate relations every city. It is achieving the solution of the problem of an empire of States, for it is interlinking them together. Its office in the future will be the promotion of "peace on earth, good-will to men."

We find from the report that in 1844 an appropriation was made to Congress to test the practical operation of Morse's invention. The line ran from Washington to Baltimore; thence to Philadelphia and New York, reaching Boston in the following year. Two branches diverge from this line—one from Philadelphia to St. Louis, 1000 miles long; the other from New York, via Buffalo, to Milwaukee, 1300 miles long. One also, 1395 miles in length, goes from Buffalo to Lockport, and from thence through Canada to Halifax, N. S. The great southern link from Washington to New-Orleans is 1700 miles long. Another is 1500 miles, running to New Orleans from Cleveland, Ohio, via Cincinnati. The best paying link is that from Washington to New York, which, during the first six months of the past year, transmitted 154,513 messages, valued at \$68,499. The receipts on this line from July 1, 1851, to July 1, 1852, were \$103,860. The average performance of the Morse instrument is to transmit from 8000 to 9000 letters per hour. The cost of construction, including wire, posts, labor, etc., is about \$150 per mile. The Bain telegraphs in this country are 2012 miles. They are limited to New York State and New England. House's printing telegraph has about 2400 miles in operation, extending south to Washington, north to Boston, west to Buffalo, and promises a large south-westerly extension. Total of main and branch lines, 89; length, 16,729 miles. Yet the Electric Telegraph is but in its infancy.—*Plough, Loom and Anvil.*

SKATING SCENE.

It is an error to suppose that countries situated in southern latitudes are always exempt from the rigors of winter. Thus the inhabitants of Madrid almost annually enjoy the pleasure of skating at Buen Retiro, a place situated at the extremity of the most elevated point of the city of Madrid. The basin is generally, in the depth of winter, covered with ice, for it is exposed to the cold winds from the summits of the chain of the Sommo Sierra, which are covered with snow from the end of the month of October. Pulmonary complaints are not infrequent at Madrid, in consequence of these dangerously cold winds, which, according to a Spanish proverb, "cannot snuff out a candle, but can kill a man." The climate of Madrid is described by another proverb,—"Cinco meses de invierno, siete meses de infierno." (Five months of winter, seven months of purgatory.) Still this chilling atmosphere attracts pleasure-seekers to Buen Retiro. Situated at a short distance from the Prado, with which it is connected by an avenue of trees, the Retiro is still considered as the *Sitio Real*, or Royal Habitation, and it enjoys, under this title, numerous privileges. The territory of Retiro is nearly equal to a quarter of the city of Madrid; but a large portion of it is uncultivated. The comparatively small portion devoted to a public promenade, and planted with as fine trees as can be seen in Madrid, terminates in the basin *Estanque*. This basin is represented in the engraving, covered by skaters, exhibiting their skill before a large crowd of spectators of both sexes and all ages. The little steamboat at anchor is a royal pleasure-barge, and its crew may amount to about three men. As the depth of water is only three feet, neither navigators nor skaters incur any very great risk. The boundaries of Retiro contain a parish, a convent of Hieronimites, an observatory and a menagerie. Here was formerly a porcelain manufactory, founded by Charles III.



SKATERS AT BUEN RETIRO, IN SPAIN.

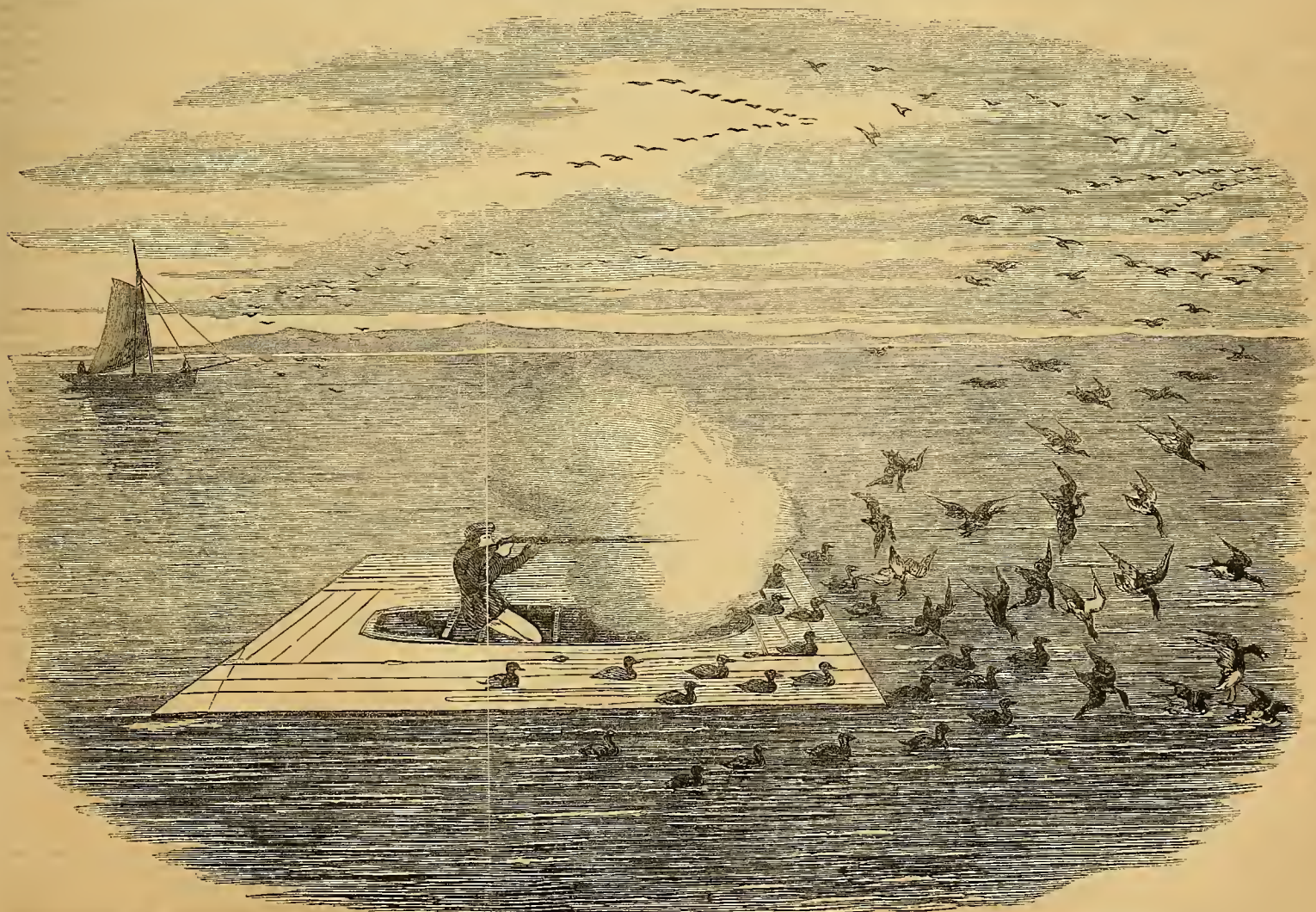
NEWSPAPERS.

Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and most amply remunerated is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes, it is next to impossible to fill a sheet fifty-two times a year, without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is off with him from school, should be supplied with a newspaper. I well remember what a difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had, and those who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always decidedly superior to the last, in debate and composition, at least. The reason is plain; they had command of more facts. Youth will peruse a newspaper with delight when they will read nothing else.—*Judge Longstreet.*

DUCK SHOOTING.

There is little game left for the sportsman on our Atlantic coast, which has become so thickly settled in these thriving, bustling times, and yet it has not entirely left us. The most profitable as well as agreeable sport now left seems to be that of duck shooting, a specimen of which is presented to the readers of the Pictorial herewith. In the autumn, the ducks, warned by the cold breezes and forbidding shores of the north that winter comes on apace, collect their families, which they have raised in safety on the lonely waters of the great lakes, and amid those marshes where the sportsman seldom penetrates, and commence their migration to the sunny shores of the south. Tempted by the still inviting shores of the Potomac, they linger awhile upon her waters, and give to the surrounding sportsmen opportunities for exercising their skill. No time is lost: every one at all imbued with the spirit of Nimrod shoulders his piece and betakes himself to the scene of action. At first, the ducks are easily approached and shot;

but they are soon rendered excessively shy by the incessant discharge of musketry from every nook and possible place of concealment. The sportsman then resorts to all manner of decoys, in order to approach them. Sometimes he covers his canoe with green bushes, and floats quietly with the current among the unsuspecting flock, and obtains a fair shot. The gun used is one made expressly for this sport, and bears the name of "Potomac duck gun." It is a short and very heavy piece, with a muzzle two inches in diameter, and is sometimes made to work on a swivel in the bow of the canoe. It carries a load of shot weighing five ounces, and the destruction dealt upon a flock just rising from the water can be imagined. As in the scene given herewith, it will be observed that the sportsman has out his decoy ducks all around him.



REPRESENTATION OF DUCK SHOOTING ON THE POTOMAC.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A DESERTED FARM.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

The elms were old, and gnarled, and bent—
The fields, untilled, were choked with weeds,
Where every year the thistles sent
Wider and wider their winged seeds.

Farther and farther the nettle and dock
Went colonizing o'er the plain,
Growing each season a plenteous stock
Of burrs to protect their wild domain.

The last who ever had ploughed the soil,
Now in the forrowed churchyard lay—
The boy who whistled to lighten his toil,
Was a sexton somewhere far away.

Instead, you saw how the rabbit and mole
Borrowed and forrowed with never a fear;
How the tunnelling fox looked out of his hole,
Like one who notes if the skies are clear.

No mower was there to startle the birds
With the noisy whet of his reeking scythe
The quail, like a cow-boy calling his herds,
Whistled to tell that his heart was blithe.

Now all was bequeathed with pious care—
The groves and fields fenced round with briars—
To the birds that sing in the cloisters of air,
And the squirrels, those merry woodland friars.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TERMS, CASH:

—OR—

THE EXPERIENCES OF PHILIP MARKHAM.

BY MRS. S. P. LOUGHTY.

"TERMS, cash," repeated Philip Markham, in a half-contemptuous tone, as he read the above words placed in a conspicuous position in a new grocery store recently opened in the flourishing town of which he was a resident,—"terms, cash," that will not bring them many customers, I reckon, that is, if they are all of my way of thinking. I am too fond of having the present use of my own money. But, I suppose, that notice is only meant as a bugbear to frighten away a certain undesirable class of purchasers; no doubt they would be glad to let me have goods to any amount on six months' credit."

"I think not," replied the friend to whom these remarks were addressed. "I am well acquainted with the partners in the concern, and I know them to be strongly opposed to the credit system. They are resolved to do a cash business."

"It will not succeed," was the confident reply. "They are attempting an impossibility. Opposed to the credit system! Why, my good friend, let them destroy that, and they strike the death-blow to the best interests of society. All the brilliant speculations of these modern times would be at an end. Our merchants would no longer be a set of enterprising and energetic men, but would dwindle into petty and insignificant tradesmen, counting their pennies and half-pennies with scrupulous care, and well satisfied with the sixpenny profits of the day."

"Your picture is overdrawn, Markham. You take but a one-sided view of matters and things. I will not deny that in the present state of the world there are great advantages resulting from the credit system, and I, as well as others, avail myself of them; but, nevertheless, my eyes are opened to the numberless evils which are also the result of this mode of doing business. You will not deny that warfare and contention, hard times and its long train of attendant woes, would in a great measure be obviated, were all men to adhere strictly to those two little words which have given rise to your displeasure."

"I am not so sure of that," replied Markham. "Some classes of society might fare better, but others would have cause to regret the change. There are the lawyers, for instance, you would take the very bread from their mouths."

"They must seek some other way of earning their bread, then. The fact that their services are now so constantly required, is not a very strong argument in favor of your position."

"We will not dispute the matter," was the somewhat impatient reply. "Neither you nor I shall live to see the credit system abandoned, and we may as well, therefore, use it to our own advantage. To my mind, it is as absurd for a man to post up that sign in his newly-opened store, as it would be for the landlord of a hotel to appropriate one room to the accommodation of passengers for balloons. It is altogether in advance of the age. The time has not yet come."

"Small beginnings, Markham, are said to make great endings. In every change some one must lead the way. But, as you say, we will not dispute on the subject. Indeed I am not myself prepared to suggest a remedy for the existing evils which I feel are the inevitable result of the present way of doing business, but my own experience has taught me that the old saying, 'Out of debt, out of danger,' is no less true now than formerly, and, on a small scale, I am resolved to act up to it."

"And my experience has taught me to keep my money in my own hand as long as possible," was the reply. "The longer the credit given, the better for my interests. The ten dollar bill which I owe to-day, may, if retained a few months, become a hundred, and then while my creditor is equally well satisfied, my own pocket is vastly benefited."

"But if the ten dollar bill should escape from your grasp,

where would you be then?" was the laughing rejoinder, as the friends parted for the morning.

"Where should I be indeed?" repeated Markham to himself, as he proceeded towards his place of business. "There is some truth in that last remark. The fact is, my affairs are in rather a peculiar position at this time. If my expectations are realized, this will be a profitable year for me, but if I should be disappointed, it will be hard to meet my engagements. I must husband my resources with the greatest care, until the result of my speculations is known."

At the door of his office an unwelcome face presented itself. A laboring man, who had for some months been employed by him as porter and in various other capacities, was awaiting his arrival, with a meaning expression in his face which was but too well understood.

"Good morning to your honor. I am after waiting for ye an hour or more. Will it be convenient to settle our little account, if ye please?"

"Money is as tight as a drum, my good fellow. It will be impossible for me to let you have anything to-day. Did I not give you an order on my own grocer some few days ago? Surely that is sufficient for the present."

"But it is the ready money that is wanting, yer honor. Credit is but a poor thing for poor folks; for do we not have to pay more for every article we buy than if the cash was in our hand? A dollar to-day is worth more than two dollars some months hence."

"The fellow is in the right," thought the employer, "and for that very reason I must keep the dollar. The money due him is in my pocket, to be sure, but there are more advantageous ways of using it than to pay him the moment that he demands it. Call again next week, Patrick," he continued, "and I will see what I can do for you."

"It is always 'call again,'" muttered the disappointed man, as he took leave. "In troth, an' I wish that the rich could but change places with the poor for the space of a day. Would it not tache them that every man is in need of his own?"

Another unwelcome intruder appeared as the merchant entered his office, in the shape of a cabinet maker, of whom, some weeks before, he had purchased furniture to a considerable amount.

"Good-morning, Mr. Markham," was his salutation. "Very fine day, sir."

"Delightful, Mr. Rogers. How are you prospering? Furniture in as great demand as ever, I presume?"

"Well, as to that, business is pretty brisk, but money is short. I called to see if we could have a settlement this morning."

"A settlement, my good sir? I thought that all was settled between us. I purchased furniture of you to the amount of two hundred dollars, payable in six months."

"Nothing was said as to the time of payment, sir. I make it a rule never to give more than three months' credit, and in the present state of my affairs, it would be a great convenience to me to have, at least, a part of the amount due at this time."

"Impossible, Mr. Rogers. It is hardly six weeks since I made the purchase. You must, at least, allow me the three months. Money is tight all round just now."

"You would really oblige me exceedingly by letting me have fifty dollars," urged the cabinet-maker, with some earnestness.

"It is out of my power," was the reply. "I would gladly oblige you if possible."

Strange that the merchant's conscience did not smite him as the unsuccessful applicant withdrew, and he smilingly turned to greet another more welcome visitor who entered at the same moment.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Leslie. Take a seat, sir. How do the land speculations prosper? Any prospect of a rise?"

"Everything looks favorable. But our chance of realizing a handsome sum would be greater if we extended our speculation a little. The lots adjoining ours are offered at a low rate. In my opinion we had better secure them at once."

"I am much of your mind. Is ready money wanted?"

"Nothing less will suffice. Two hundred and fifty for your share."

"No more? Let us purchase by all means. It is a bargain. I will give you the cash immediately, if it is desirable."

"If you please. There is no time to lose."

Mr. Markham drew forth his pocket-book, and deliberately counted out bills to the amount specified.

"Lucky for me that I did not let this money slip through my fingers this morning, or I might have found it difficult to raise the sum needed. I had a presentiment that it might be wanted," he remarked, as, without one remorseful feeling, he handed the amount due to poor Patrick and the cabinet-maker to his brother speculator, and, with a rejoicing heart, saw him depart on his mission.

"Prospects brighten," he said to himself, as, with a satisfied air, he turned to the business of the day. "Courage, Philip Markham; you may yet rank with the millionaires of this great city."

In the course of the morning, another speculator called in with a project for sending out certain desirable articles to California.

"The investment of capital will be small," he urged, in reply to some doubts suggested by Markham, "and the realization of enormous profits almost certain. Why, for the one hundred dollars, which is all I ask you to venture, you will surely receive one thousand at the most moderate calculation."

"True enough, Mason," was the reply; "but the fact is, there are certain ugly little debts due just now, and it is rather difficult to raise the ready money."

"Pshaw! Let the debts wait for the present. People must not expect us to cash up in these days. Money is too useful. Come, count out your two hundred dollars, and my word for it,

you will have no cause for regret that you have joined in the enterprise."

Thus urged, Markham yielded, though with a somewhat uncomfortable recollection that he had promised his wife that amount to discharge certain family bills which had been long due, and that he should now be obliged to disappoint her.

It was the knowledge of this, perhaps, which clouded his brow, as he took his seat at the table on his return to dinner, and his manner was more abstracted than usual as he listened to the remarks of his wife and the playful prattle of his children.

It was not until he again prepared to leave the house that his wife reminded him of the promise.

"Did you bring the money for nurse and Bridget?" she asked.

"I did not, Alice. It is quite impossible for me to pay them just now without great inconvenience. Cannot they wait a little? They have a comfortable home, and if they need clothing, I will give them an order on Marshall and Clark, where we purchase dry goods for our own use."

"I thought I explained to you, Philip, that this would not answer. Bridget has an aged mother to support, and needs her money, which has too long been due; and as for nurse, I am exceedingly dissatisfied with her habits, and am anxious to get rid of her as soon as possible. I have every reason to believe that she is decidedly intemperate, and I am not willing to trust the children to her care."

"Then she has not asked for her money?"

"She has not, but I am very desirous to give it to her. Of course I cannot dismiss her until she is paid."

"Keep her a little longer, then, Alice. It would be very inconvenient to pay her just at this time. You can keep a strict watch over her movements. And as for Bridget, try to put her off with five or ten dollars for the present."

Mrs. Markham sighed deeply. Her husband had promised faithfully that the money should be in readiness for her, and her disappointment was extreme.

"How comes it, Philip," she said, in a somewhat reproachful tone, "that now that we are getting rich, as you say, it is more difficult to pay our just debts than it was formerly, when we had barely enough to supply our wants?"

"For a very simple reason, Alice. As my capital increases, my business becomes more extended, and I need every cent that I can raise. If I paid every trifling debt at the moment that it was due, all my speculations would be at an end."

"But is it right to speculate with borrowed money?" queried the wife, half-doubtfully.

"Borrowed money, Alice? I have borrowed from no one."

"No, not exactly borrowed," was the smiling reply, "for you appropriate without leave. I mean, is it quite right to speculate with money which you owe to others?"

"Women know nothing of business," remarked Markham, in a very conclusive manner. "You had better rest satisfied with the result of my speculations, Alice, and not trouble yourself about the means. But I must hasten to my office. Arrange matters the best way you can in regard to nurse and Bridget. I will pay them before many weeks."

"Many weeks!" repeated Mrs. Markham, as he closed the door.

"Poor Bridget will be so sadly disappointed. And my dear little Willie, must he still be exposed to improper treatment from his unworthy nurse? I would take him from her entirely, but that would excite her anger, and she would demand her wages at once. In what complete thralldom am I held by this continual want of ready money! This very morning I lost an excellent opportunity of purchasing the dry goods which we shall need for winter at an exceedingly low rate, and of excellent quality, merely because I am obliged to buy at one shop where long credit is given. I wish Philip would make a rule to pay cash for everything."

This soliloquy would undoubtedly have aroused Mr. Markham's indignation could he have heard it, but he was now far on his way to the office, with his mind filled with dim visions of brilliant results to certain late speculations, and all thoughts of unpaid debts had vanished from his memory.

The disagreeable subject was too speedily recalled, however, by a how of recognition from a gentleman passing, and a hand laid upon his arm as if to arrest his progress.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Markham. I called at your office, but found you missing. I came into town to settle accounts with you to-day."

"The time is not up, surely," was the somewhat startled reply.

"Exactly; as you will find by consulting your books. I am much in need of the money."

"And I have none to give you, Mr. Aiken. You will have to oblige me by extending the note. Give me another three months' credit."

"Impossible, Mr. Markham. I have a particular call for ready money at this time, and have depended upon you."

Further arguments were used, and the creditor at length yielded. Markham was a valuable customer, and he did not wish to lose him, and he therefore submitted, though with an ill grace, to the proposed extension of credit.

"It seems as if every one was thinking of me and my purse," ejaculated Mr. Markham, in an irritated manner, as he entered his office and found two bills to a considerable amount placed in a conspicuous position on the desk. "This continual dunning is excessively annoying," he continued. "I really wish there were no such thing as debts in the world."

But alas! there was but one remedy, and this our friend Markham was not disposed to adopt. Three months passed away, and the aspect of affairs was still more unfavorable. Some of the most important of his creditors had indeed had their claims satisfied, but numerous others had arisen who were not to be easily put

off; and the result of land and California speculations still looked like a dim shadow in the distance. The constant demand for ready money was perplexing in the extreme, and Markham's natural good temper had given place to a nervous irritability very detrimental to domestic peace and happiness. It certainly was very annoying not to be able to turn a corner without encountering some obsequious-looking tradesman, the very glance of whose eye seemed to show that he was measuring the depth of your purse, and meditating an attack upon its contents.

"I have absolutely become afraid of my own shadow," muttered Markham, as the creaking of his new boots caused him to start and look hastily over his shoulder, half expecting to see the face of some well-known creditor. "I half promised to pay that stupid tailor to-day, but the money would be very convenient just at present, so I think he may wait a few weeks longer. He deserves it for giving such a miserable fit in my last coat. I would have given him a piece of my mind, if there had not been so long an account between us. That is slavery, as my wife would say, but if it is, all men are slaves."

His train of thought was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Bridget, who was still in their employ in the capacity of cook and maid of all work.

She had never before been seen at his place of business, and as she stood at the door, pale and breathless, Markham's very blood seemed frozen with alarm, and his tongue refused to perform its office when he attempted to ask her errand.

"Will you please to come home directly, sir. The mistress has sent me for you in haste. Nurse has let little Willie fall from the window, and we fear he is killed entirely."

The father stopped not to question the messenger, but seizing his hat, traversed the streets with hasty steps, and was soon bending anxiously over his darling boy, who lay motionless in the arms of his distracted mother.

"My Willie, my sweet pet!" she almost shrieked, as she pressed her lips again and again to his cold forehead. "Will you not speak one word to your mother?"

"He is not dead, Alice. He cannot be dead, surely!" groaned Markham, as the little hand which he had clasped in his dropped powerless from his grasp.

"God forgive me for leaving him!" replied his wife, mournfully. "For months I have hardly trusted him from my sight, but nurse has done better for a week past, and I thought I might venture out for a few hours. There were duties to attend to, which seemed important."

"Was she—was she—" gasped Markham.

"Intoxicated? Yes, to such an extent that she does not now realize what has happened. O, my boy, how could I leave you with such a wretch!" and again in agony the mother clasped that lifeless form to her heart.

The entrance of a physician prevented further conversation; but the words still rung in his ears. Intoxicated! Had he not been warned of this? Months before had his wife told him of the increasing habit, of her constant fear of accident, and had begged for the money due to the nurse that she might at once dismiss her from their service. Time and again had the necessary sum been in his possession, but as often had it seemed more profitable to devote it to some other purpose. And this was the result. Almost paralyzed with horror, he turned to the medical adviser, who was closely examining the child.

The question which was looked, but not uttered, received a soothing and hopeful reply.

"There is yet life, and I trust no serious injury is sustained. Compose yourselves, my friends. In cases of this kind, there should be as little excitement as possible."

Suitable remedies produced returning animation, but a more careful examination showed that the boy had not escaped unhurt. His right arm was badly broken, and several severe bruises had been received on various parts of his person.

Expressions of thankfulness were mingled with tears for the suffering which he must undergo, and vain regrets that he had been thus exposed to peril.

The mother, entirely engrossed with the sad remembrance that she had left her darling in the charge of one in whom she had not full confidence, dwelt not on her husband's fault, and, indeed, thought not of him as the procuring cause of the sad disaster; but his own conscience whispered that he was the guilty one, and bitter reflections filled his mind as he listened to the cries of the little sufferer.

But weeks and months passed on, and Willie had regained his usual health, and the accident was numbered among the things gone by. Still its consequences were seen and felt, though few knew the change which it had wrought. There was a wonderful alteration in Markham's appearance. His countenance had entirely lost that care-worn expression which it had so long worn. Cheerfully he went to his daily business, and cheerfully he returned to the dear ones at home. His wife, too, seemed to have recovered the gay spirits of her girlish days, and with bright smiles welcomed his coming.

"It is a mystery to me what has happened to the Markhams," remarked the friend whom we introduced at the commencement of our story. "I never saw people so changed for the better. Some lucky speculation, I suppose, but it is strange that Philip has not mentioned it to me. He is not generally so reserved."

The mystery was solved a few evenings after, when the friends again accidentally met at the very grocery store where the conspicuous notice that all purchasers must pay *cash*, had at one time excited his indignation.

The offensive words still retained their position, but Markham was evidently purchasing to a considerable amount, when his old friend laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Are you here, Philip Markham? I thought you made it a rule never to pay cash where it was possible to avoid it."

"That was in old times," was the smiling reply. "My present rule is to pay as I go. My old debts are all settled, and I will not willingly incur any new ones. Experience is a stern teacher, and I have had some hard lessons on this subject; but they were needful, and I do not regret them. I am now quite ready to adopt your good old motto—'Out of debt, out of danger.'"

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WELLINGTON FUNERAL SONNETS.

No. III.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

He hath left none behind to fill his place
In council, or in camp. He was the last,
Of who through revolution's furnace passed,
On whom the fires had left no small nor trace.

For Chatham, Pitt, Burke, Castlereagh, behold
The patriots of to-day, who would give o'er
To the first foe, disarmed, our English shore,
For slavish leave to spin, and save their gold—

Who cry "Peace! peace!" when no peace, but a sword,
Meets every eye—not that they hope or feel
Peace possible, but that to toll and board
Is liberty to them, and country. England's weal,
And England's throne, and England's self all nought—
Thrive Manchester, and British goods be bought!

WOMEN IN CHINA.

Woman is in a more degraded position in China than in any other part of the globe, and her humiliation is rendered more conspicuous by the extent to which civilization and education have been carried in the empire. In no rank is she regarded as the companion of man, but is treated solely as the slave of his caprice and passions. Even amongst the females of the highest ranks, few are found who can read or write; their education is confined to the art of embroidery, playing on a horrid three-stringed guitar, and singing; but the obligation of obedience to man is early inculcated, and the greater portion of their time is spent in smoking and playing at cards. The women of the poorer classes have no education, and can be considered but little better than beasts of burden. A man of that rank will walk deliberately by his wife's side, while she totters unyoked to a plough, while her husband guides it! Those of the lower classes who are good-looking, according to Chinese ideas of beauty, are purchased by the rich at about twelve or fourteen years, for concubines, and are then instructed according to their master's ideas.

The Chinese cannot at all comprehend the European mode of treating ladies with respect and deference, and being naturally superstitious, attribute to devilish arts practised by the fair sex, the just appreciation we entertain of their value; in short, they consider European ladies have an influence somewhat similar to that ascribed to an evil eye by Italian superstition. Chinese domestics have a very great objection to residing in a European family, over which a lady presides; and a tradition of theirs coincides with their superstition about our females,—"That China should never be conquered until a woman reigned in the far West." Some say that this prophecy was never heard of until they were conquered by the army of Queen Victoria. Be this as it may, they all contend that it is to be found in some of their oldest works.—*Travels in China.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ARE THE GOLDEN THREADS ALL WOVEN?

BY MRS. R. H. E. KENDERSON.

Are the golden threads all woven
In the changeful web of life,
So oft fraught with joy's glad sunlight,
Then, anon, with sorrow's life?
Hath the gorgeous, wild brightness
Of childhood's glorious day,
And of youth's first, rosy dawn,
Forever passed away?

Are the golden threads all woven
In the web of destiny?
Hath light from the soul departed?
Is there no more joy for me?
Is the shadow my lone pathway
Forevermore to darken?
Is the strange, wild spell that binds me,
Never to be broken?

SOCRATES.

Socrates probably knew almost all of the fourteen thousand male dwellers in Athens. At one time, we behold him holding friendly converse with the priest of the dominant religion there. And next we see him arguing with the lawyers, or merchants, or laborers. Perhaps we may best realize his relations to Athens, if we fancy him returned to earth, and behold him walking the streets of New York, and taking up here his mission of reformation. Behold him walking down Wall street in the morning and arguing there with the bankers and brokers upon the transient and paltry worth of stocks in Morris Canals and Erie Railroads, and endeavoring to impress upon their minds the truth of a destiny for man somewhat higher than this. And then he catches a lawyer by the button, and tells him that there will be call for subtle eloquence at the last assize. At half past one, he saunters into the Exchange, and is soon found addressing a group on the nature of the Beautiful. At two, look for him at Delmonico's, arguing the foolishness of this habit of eating—that it is a mere gratification of a want, and that the part of wisdom is to keep as far as possible from the want! At four, you shall find him in close communion and conversation at some prominent residence on Fifth Avenue. After entering into all their various pleasures and amusements, he will not fail to wind up with some good advice upon the true life—which is one of temperance, sobriety and simplicity, etc., etc. Imagine him in all these various phases, and you shall then know what Socrates was to Athens, and how he would be welcomed among us.—*Rev. Thomas Starr King.*

One cannot always be a hero, but one may always be a man.

POWER OF CONVERSATION

His conversational powers were most remarkable,—remarkable because ever tempered with such a fund of logical clear-sightedness, such profound common sense, and such convincing argument upon the topic under discussion; then we have to add to this the effect of his speech, so distinct and impressive. Hazlitt's remark of Coleridge, that he was an "excellent talker,"—very,—if you let him start from no premises and come to no conclusion," would in no way apply to the subject of these memoirs; for at the outset of Mr. Ballou's conversation, you would at once divine the end he aimed at, and would only be surprised at the velocity with which you found him leading you to the desired result, always established in his own mind, though he addressed you with the calm and collected expression that was a second nature to him. No mountain of error seemed too lofty for him to surmount, with giant strides and unbroken strength; and you would find his white flag of truth waving from its summit, and yourself breathing freer and deeper at the consummation of the rough ascent, before you had fairly found time to realize the power of reason necessary to surmount the rugged obstacles of the path. And once elevated above the murky haze of error, his descent with you again to the lowlands and plains of every-day life, was as easy and graceful as his ascent had been majestic and lofty. Often, in private conversation with those who had come to his own fireside to meet him, he was most efficacious. In the grandeur of his conception, the glory of his theme, and the unequalled sincerity with which he advocated it, his soul would seem to expand, his eyes to kindle in the expression to a surprising brilliancy, his lips and countenance seemed like those of one inspired, while you would have been almost awed at the man, had not his theme so much more power over your heart. But, having uttered such language as few could frame, having challenged your admiration and wonder by the adaptiveness of every word, and the conviction that he forced upon you, he relapsed again into the quiet, peaceable, domestic soul that he was, and you would seem to look around instinctively to behold the spirit which had so entranced your faculties but a moment before, it seeming impossible that it was he who sat so quietly beside you.—*Life of Hosea Ballou.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WOMAN'S RIGHTS—WHAT ARE THEY?

BY MARY W. GLOVER.

The right to worship deep and pure,
To bless the orphan, feed the poor;
Last at the cross in suffering sweet—
The right to sit at Jesus' feet.

To fold an angel's wings below;
And hover o'er the couch of woe;
To sing the Bethlehem babe to sleep—
First at the sepulchre to weep.

To form the bud for bursting bloom,
The hoary head with joy to crown;
The right to labor and to pray,
To point to heaven and lead the way.

Be this her Cleopatra's pile,
To win from vice by virtue's smile;
Her dazzling crown—her sceptred throne—
Affection's wreath—a happy home.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

I have seen one die: she was beautiful: and beautiful were the ministries of life that were given her to fulfill. Angelic loveliness enrobed her, and a grace as if it were caught from heaven, breathed in every tone, hallowed every affection, shone in every action, invested, as a halo, her whole existence, and made it a light and a blessing, a charm and a vision of gladness, to all around her; but she died! Friendship, and love, and parental fondness, and infant weakness, stretched out their hands to save her; but they could not save her: and she died! What! did all that loveliness die? Is there no land of the blessed and the lovely ones for such to live in? Forbid it, reason, religion! bereaved affection and undying love forbid the thought! It cannot be that such die in God's counsels, who live even in frail human memory forever. I have seen one die—in the maturity of every power, in the earthly perfection of every faculty; when many temptations had been overcome, and many hard lessons had been learned; when many experiments had made virtue easy, and had given a facility to action, and a success to endeavor: when wisdom had been learned from many mistakes, and a skill had been laboriously acquired in the use of many powers: and the being I looked upon had just compassed that most useful, most practical of all knowledge, how to live, to act well and wisely. The dead carry our thoughts to another and a nobler existence. They teach us, and especially by all the strange and seemingly untoward circumstances of their departure from this life, that they and we shall live in a future state forever.—*Oreille Dewey.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

"FADING, STILL FADING!"

BY JOHN W. BRAZELL.

Fading, still fading! is traced on each flower,
And written with gold in the west,
When crimson-tinged clouds, at sunset's sweet hour,
Raise the heart to the land of the blest.

Faded and gone are the hopes of our youth,
That painted the future so fair;
And O, how impressive these three words of truth—
Fading, still fading!—ah yes, every where!

Fading, still fading!—wherever I turn,
Some beautiful thing is passing away;
For death claims the fairest to sleep in his urn,
Far down in the graveyard's cold clay.

A FOOL'S DECISION.

A poor beggar, in Paris, being very hungry, stayed so long in a cook's shop who was dishing up of meat, that his stomach was satisfied with only the smell thereof. The choleric, covetous cook demanded of him to pay for his breakfast. The poor man denied it, and it was referred to the decision of the next man that should pass by, who chanced to be a most notorious idiot. He determined that the poor man's money should be put betwixt two empty dishes, and the cook recompensed by its jingling, as he was satisfied with only the smell of the cook's meat.—*Fuller.*



Sam Houston

HON. SAM HOUSTON, OF TEXAS.



John B. Weller

HON. JOHN B. WELLER, OF CALIFORNIA.



Charles W. Cathcart

HON. CHARLES W. CATHCART, OF INDIANA.



John H. Clarke

HON. JOHN H. CLARKE, OF RHODE ISLAND.



James Shields

HON. JAMES SHIELDS, OF ILLINOIS.



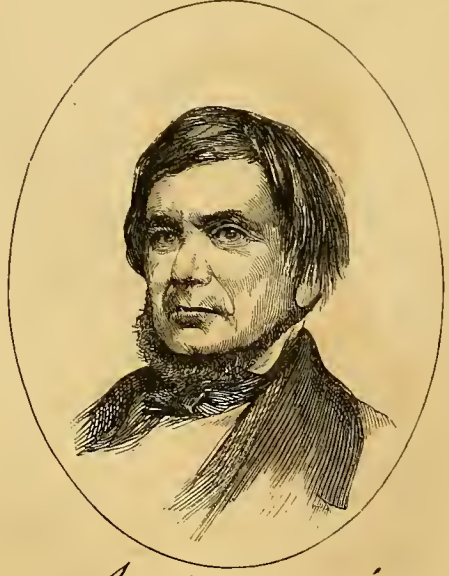
Charles T. James

HON. CHARLES T. JAMES, OF RHODE ISLAND.



Solomon Foot

HON. SOLOMON FOOT, OF VERMONT.



Moses Norris

HON. MOSES NORRIS, JR., OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.



John Davis

HON. JOHN DAVIS, OF MASSACHUSETTS.



J. W. Miller

HON. JACOB W. MILLER, OF NEW JERSEY.



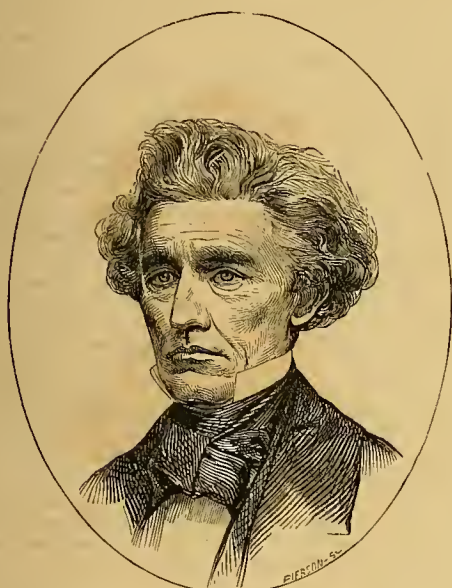
B. F. Wade

HON. BENJAMIN F. WADE, OF OHIO.



P. Spruance

HON. PRESLEY SPRUANCE, OF DELAWARE.



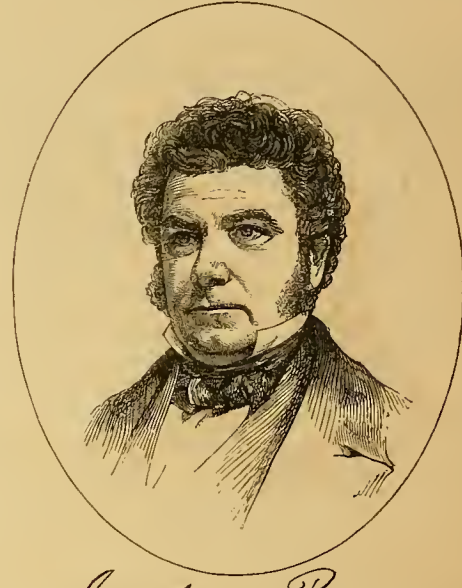
Arch^d Dixon

HON. ARCHIBALD DIXON, OF KENTUCKY.



Tho J. Rusk

HON. THOMAS J. RUSK, OF TEXAS.



James A. Pearce

HON. JAMES A. PEARCE, OF MARYLAND.



J. R. Underwood

HON. JOSEPH R. UNDERWOOD, OF KENTUCKY.



Truman Smith

HON. TRUMAN SMITH, OF CONNECTICUT.



J. W. Bradbury

HON. JAMES W. BRADBURY, OF MAINE.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ANGEL FACES.

BY JOHN E. GOODWIN.

Two sweet faces now are beaming
On me from the spotless blue;
Ne'er in working, or in dreaming,
Lovelier vision blessed my view.

There, amid the cloudless azure
Circled by the trembling eyes,
Hesper's purest, brightest treasure,
Jewels gleaming in the skies.

Those two angel faces, peering,
Seem to bless me as I gaze;
Waking joys to heart endearing,
Melting it to prayer and praise.

Waking memories sweet and tender
Of two little ones of yore,
Who, with tears, I now remember,
As they prattled by my door.

Still they beam and smile to bless me—
Angel twin-ones in the sky!
Yielding balm when griefs oppress me,
Writing hope with golden dye—

Pointing to that radiant Aiden,
To that bright, eternal throne,
Where the heart, with sorrow laden,
May bring and lay its burdens down.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

How rarely is an absent one mentioned with commendation, that a fault of character is not immediately set forth to qualify the good impressions. "Mr. A.— is a man of fine talents," you say; and forthwith is responded, "O yes, a man of fine talents, but he has no control over his passions." "Mr. B.— is a man of excellent principles." "But," is answered, "I don't like some of his practices." "Mr. C.— is a kind father and husband." "But if all I have heard be true, he is not over-nice in regard to his word." And, ten chances to one, if the commendation is not forgotten, while the disparaging declarations find a prominent place in the memories of all who heard them, and color their estimation of A.—, B.— and C.—.

It is remarked by Swedenborg, that whenever the angels come to any one, they explore him in search of good. They see not his evil, but his good qualities, and, attaching themselves to these, excite them into useful activities. Were they to see only the man's evils, they would recede from him, for they could not conjoin themselves to these; and thus man would be left unaided, to be borne down by the powers of evil.

If, then, we would help our fellow-man to rise above what is false and evil in his character, let us turn our eyes, as far as possible, away from his faults, and fix them steadily upon his good qualities. We shall then aid him in the upward movement, and give external power to the good he really possesses. And now, by way of illustration.

A young man named Westfield was the subject of conversation between three or four persons. One of these, a Mr. Hartman, had met Westfield only recently. The first impression formed of his character was quite favorable, and he expressed himself accordingly. To his surprise and pain, one of the company remarked: "Yes, Westfield is clever enough in his way, but—" And he shrugged his shoulders, and looked a world of mystery.

"No force of character," said another.

"I have never liked the way he treated Mr. Green," said a third. "It shows, to my mind, a defect of principle. The young man was well enough in his way, I suppose, and I wouldn't say a word against him for the world, but—"

And he shrugged his shoulders. Ah, how much wrong has been done to character, and worldly prospects, by a single shrug.

From no lip present came even the smallest word in favor of the young man. No one spoke of the disadvantages against which he had struggled successfully, nor portrayed a single virtue of the many he possessed. No one looked at the brighter qualities of his mind. And why? Poor, weak human nature! Quick to mark evils and defects, but slow to acknowledge what is good in the neighbor. Prone to flatter self, yet offering only extorted praise at the shrine of another's merit. How low art thou fallen!

A few evenings after the little conversation we have mentioned, Mr. Hartman was thrown in company with Westfield. The latter, remembering his first interview with this gentleman, whose position in society was one of standing and influence, met him again with a lively glow of satisfaction, which showed itself in countenance and manner. But the few disparaging words spoken against the young man had poisoned the mind of Mr. Hartman, and, instead of meeting him with the frank cordiality expected, he received him with a cold repulse.

Disappointed and mortified, Westfield turned from the man towards whom warm feelings and hopeful thoughts had been going forth for many days, and, in a little while, quietly retired from a company, in mingling with which he had promised himself both pleasure and profit.

"That hope blasted!" exclaimed the young man, striking his hands together, while a shadow of intense pain darkened his countenance. He was now alone, having returned to his chamber for self-communion.

There existed, at this time, an important crisis in the young man's affairs. He was a clerk, on a very moderate salary. His own wants were few, and these his salary would have amply supplied; but a widowed mother and a young sister looked to him as their only support. To sustain all, was beyond his ability; and, much to his anxiety and deep discouragement, he found himself falling into debt. His offence towards Mr. Green, which had been alluded to as involving something wrong on his part, was nothing more nor less than leaving his service for that of another man, who made a small advance in his salary,—a thing which the former positively refused to do. He had been with Mr. Green from his boyhood up, and, somehow or other, Mr. Green imagined that he possessed certain claims to his continued service, and when the fact of Westfield's having left him was alluded to, gave to others the impression that he was badly used in the matter. He did not mean to injure the young man; but he had been valuable, and the loss fretted him, and produced unkind feelings, and these found relief in words. Selfishness prevented him from seeing, as he ought, the bright side of Westfield's character, and so he injured him by throwing a shadow on his good name.

"That hope blasted!" repeated the unhappy young man.

And what was this fondly cherished hope, the extinguishment of which had moved him so deeply? A few words will explain. Mr. Hartman was a man of considerable wealth, and had just closed a large contract with the State, for the erection of certain public works, to be commenced immediately. On that very day Westfield had learned the fact that he was quietly in search of a competent, confidential, disinterested clerk, whose salary would be double what he was receiving; and it was his purpose to see him immediately, offer himself, and endeavor, if possible, to secure the situation. He had called at his office twice during the day, but failed to see him. The manner in which Mr. Hartman met his advances in the evening, satisfied him that to ask for the situation so much desired, would be altogether vain.

Westfield was a young man of integrity—competent in business matters, and industrious. He had his faults and his weaknesses, as we all have; but these were greatly overbalanced by his virtues. Yet was he not above temptation. Who is? Who has not some easily besetting sin? Who can say that he may not fall?

To Mr. Hartman, as a private clerk, Westfield would have been invaluable. He was just the kind of a man he was in search of. Moreover, he was thinking of him for this very position of private clerk, when the poison of ill-natured detraction entered his mind, and he turned his thoughts away from him.

The more he brooded over his disappointment, and pondered the unhappy condition of his affairs, the more deeply did the mind of Westfield become disturbed.

"I cannot hear these thoughts," he said, starting up from a chair in which he had been sitting in gloomy despondency, and, in the effort to escape his troubled feelings, went forth upon the street. It was late in the evening. There was no purpose in the young man's mind as he walked, square after square, with hasty steps; and he was about returning, when he was met by a man with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and who seemed particularly well pleased to see him.

"The very man I was thinking about," said Mr. Lee—that was his name. "Quite a coincidence. Which way are you going?"

"Home," replied Westfield, somewhat indifferently.

"In any particular hurry?"

"No."

"Come with me then?"

"Where are you going?"

"To the Union House. There's to be a raffle there, at ten o'clock, for six gold watches—chance in each watch only one dollar. I've got five chances. They are splendid watches. Come along and try your luck."

"I don't care if I do," said Westfield.

He was ready to catch at almost anything that would divert his mind. Under other circumstances, this would have been no temptation. So he went to the Union Hotel, ventured a dollar, and, most unexpectedly, became the owner of a gold watch. New thoughts and new feelings were stirring in his mind, as he took his way homeward that night, excited as well by some things seen and heard at the Union House, as by the good fortune which had attended his first venture of a small sum of money in the hope of gaining largely on the deposit.

The effect of his cold treatment of Westfield, did not escape the observation of Mr. Hartman. He saw that the young man was both hurt and troubled; that he kept aloof from the rest of the company, and soon retired.

"Do you know young Westfield?" he inquired of a gentleman, with whom, sometime afterwards, he happened to be in conversation.

"Very well," was the answer.

"Has he good business capacity?"

"Few young men excel him."

"Do you know anything of his character?"

"It stands fair."

"I have heard that he did not treat his former employer, Mr. Green, very well."

"He left him for a higher salary; and as he has a mother and sister to support, he was bound, in my opinion, to seek the largest possible return for his labor."

"Had Green no particular claim on him?"

"No more than you or I have."

"I heard the fact of his leaving the employment of Mr. Green commented on in a way that left on my mind an unfavorable impression of the young man."

"Some people are always more ready to suppose evil than good of another," was replied to this.

"I am in search of a competent young man as a private clerk, and had thought of Westfield; but these disparaging remarks caused me to decide against him."

"In my opinion," said the gentleman with whom Mr. Hartman was conversing, "you will search a good while before finding any one so well suited to your purpose, in every respect, as young Westfield."

"You speak earnestly in regard to him."

"I do, and because I know him well."

A very different impression of the young man was now entertained by Mr. Hartman. It was past eleven o'clock on that night as he rode homeward, passing on his way the Union House, and just at the moment when Westfield, in company with several young men, came forth after the closing of the raffle. They were talking loud and boisterously. Mr. Hartman leaned from the carriage window, attracted by their voices, and his eyes rested, for a moment, on Westfield. The form was familiar, but he failed to get a sight of his face. The carriage swept by, and the form passed from his vision; but he still thought of it, and tried to make out its identity.

Not many hours of tranquil sleep had Westfield that night. As he lay awake through the silent watches, temptation poured in upon him like a flood, and pressing against the feeble barriers of weakened good principles, seemed ready to bear them away in hopeless ruin. In a single hour he had become the possessor of a gold watch, which could readily be converted into money, and which, at a low valuation, would bring the sum of fifty dollars,—equal to a month's salary. How easily had this been acquired! True, to raffle was to gamble. And yet, he easily silenced this objection; for at religious fairs he had often seen goods disposed of by raffle, and had himself more than once taken a chance. Another raffle for valuable articles had been announced for the next night at the Union, and Westfield, urged by the hope of new successes, resolved to be present and again try his luck.

The following morning found the young man in a more sober, thoughtful mood. He did not show his watch to his mother, nor mention to her the fact of having won it. Indeed, when she asked him where he had been so late on the night before, he evaded the question.

On his way to the store in which he was employed, Westfield called in at a jeweller's, and asked the value of his watch.

"It is worth about seventy-five dollars," answered the jeweller, looking very earnestly at Westfield, and with a certain meaning in his countenance that the young man did not like.

"It is perfectly new, as you can see. I would like to sell it."

"What do you ask for it?"

"I will take sixty dollars."

"I'll buy it at fifty," said the jeweller.

"Very well, it is yours."

Westfield felt like a guilty man. He was certain that the jeweller suspected him of having obtained it through some improper means. The money was paid over at once, and thrusting the sum into his pocket, he went hurriedly out. As he was leaving the store, he encountered Mr. Hartman, who was entering. He dropped his eyes to the ground, while a crimson flush overspread his face.

"Ah, Mr. Westfield," said Mr. Hartman, detaining him, "I am glad to meet you. Will you call at my office this morning?"

"If you wish me to do so," replied the young man, struggling to overcome the confusion of mind into which the sudden encounter, under the circumstance, had thrown him.

"I do. Call at eleven o'clock—I wish to see you particularly."

"Do you know that young man?" inquired the jeweller, as Mr. Hartman, to whom he was well known, presented himself at his counter.

"What young man?" inquired Mr. Hartman.

"The young man to whom I saw you speaking at the door."

"Yes. His name is Westfield; and a very excellent young man he is. Do you know anything about him?"

"I know that he has just sold me a watch for fifty dollars, which I sold for seventy-five, yesterday, to a man who told me he was going to raffle it."

The jeweller didn't say this. It came in his thoughts to say it. But he checked the utterance, and merely replied:

"Nothing at all. He is a stranger to me."

Had that first impulse to produce an unfavorable impression in regard to a stranger been obeyed, the life prospects of Westfield would have been utterly blasted. The evening that followed, instead of finding him at home, rejoicing with his mother and sisters over the hopeful future, would have seen him again in the dangerous company of unscrupulous men, and entering in through the gate that leads to destruction. He saw clearly his error, the danger he had escaped, and wondered at his blind infatuation, while he shuddered at the fearful consequences that might have followed, had not a better way opened to his erring footsteps at the very moment when, in strange bewilderment, he was unable to see the right path.

Mr. Hartman never had cause to regret his choice of a clerk. He often thought of the injustice which the young man had suffered at the hands of those who should have seen his good qualities, instead of seeking for, and delighting in, the portrayal of bad ones. And he thought, too, of the actual injury this false judgment had come near inflicting upon a most worthy, capable and honest person. He did not know all. The reader can penetrate more deeply below the surface, and see how a few carelessly-uttered, disparaging words proved hidden rocks, on which the hopes of a fellow-being, for this life and the next, were near being wrecked.

The history is one full of instruction. It is but to look at the bright side of character—to search for good in others, instead of evil.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LILLIE MAY.

BY HENRY C. POPE.

Hark! her fairy laugh is ringing,
Gladness to the mourner bringing,
Grief and care to darkness flinging.
Sweetest Lillie May!

Golden sunshine ne'er was brighter,
Never yet was young heart lighter,
Than our Lillie May.

Bounding over dewdrops gleaming,
Each dark tress in sunlight streaming,
Rosy cheeks with pleasure bounding,
Lovely Lillie May!

Like a fount of music gushing,
Like a limpid streamlet rushing,
Is our Lillie May.

Carlo she has wreathed with roses,
On his shaggy coat reposes,
Tired of play our Lillie dozes,
Lovely Lillie May!

O, how beautiful and holy,
Slinking into calmness slowly,
Dearest Lillie May!

Lost the sad command be given,
That the silver cord be riven,
Let us cherish her for heaven,
Angeli Lillie May!

Loving fondly in the present,
Fearing that but evanescent
Is our Lillie May.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON.

No. VII.

BY DEN: PERLEY POORE.

EXCEPTIONS have been taken, by two esteemed editors, to my opinion of Greenough's Statue of Washington. Well, the Pictorial is not a vehicle for controversy, neither feel I any disposition to engage in any personal discussions; but I must endorse what I have said, and protest against the propriety of representing Washington as a classical hero. No scholastic rules, no arguments drawn from the beau-ideal, can reconcile me to the destruction of individuality and identity, that an artist may hide his incompetency under the folds of antique drapery. A half-naked man, with a toga, sandals and Roman sword, cannot be Washington—the citizen general of '76. And if the ancient sculptors used this garb, it was because it was the costume of those whom they reproduced in marble. If they had clothed their statues in the costume of Egypt—the country to which they were indebted for their alphabet of the art—we should laugh at their poor taste, and scoff at their servile and merely imitative excellence. Grecian sculptors were original and independent, only because they allowed their genius to combine from all around them. Proportion, beauty, costume—all were natural. If Praxiteles were now alive, and had to execute a statue of Washington, the same principle and sentiment which made him original in his life-time, would preserve him original now, and he would reject the pedantic flourish of drapery around the limbs of the Western Cincinnatus. Like Clarke Mills, he would feel that his grand aim ought to be to characterize the man, and to stamp him with his own unique individuality. This Mr. Greenough failed to do, and by substituting another identity, he imposed upon a nation, which ordered a statue of Washington. So much for "my sentiments" upon this vexed question of art; and I will "conclude" with a *jeu d'esprit* suggested by a naked statue of Apollo crowning Merit:

"Merit, if thou art blessed with riches,
I pray thee, buy a pair of breeches!
And give them to thy naked brother,
For one good turn deserves another."

Clarke Mills proposes to make his equestrian statue of the great chieftain thirty feet high, which will render it imposing indeed. Some four centuries before Christ, bronze statues abounded in Greece, where the art of casting them was ultimately brought to the highest degree of perfection by Lysippus and his disciples. The art of casting bronze was then lost, and statues were constructed of hammered metal, rivetted together, but Mr. Westmacott revived it in England in 1822, and now a self-taught American comes into the field of art, to bear away the palm.

The most faithful representation of Washington's majestic head, is the bust by a French artist named Houdon, at Mount Vernon, where it was modelled from life in 1785. A fine copy of it, cast in bronze by a foreign artist now in the city, has been recently purchased by that noble-hearted musician, Ole Bull. Declaring that the artist should be generously repaid for such an excellent re-production of a faithful likeness, he gave him eight hundred dollars for the bust, and has sent it to his Norwegian colony.

George Washington P. Custis, the adopted son of the chief, is an amateur painter of no common ability, and in a recent visit to "Arlington House," he showed me a large and spirited representation of the "Surrender of Yorktown," then on his easel. Although possessing some artistic defects, the picture interested me far more than many a "classical work of art." Familiarly acquainted with the prominent actors in the great Revolutionary drama, Mr. Custis has given their features, forms and uniforms with faithful exactness, and his grouping is admirable.

Mr. W. B. Boggs, a landscape painter of celebrity hereabouts, has received an appointment as Purser in the Navy, and been

ordered to join the expedition now being fitted out to explore the northwest coast. This is the more gratifying to his friends, as it is understood that he is to illustrate Capt. Ringold's narrative of the voyage. No one could be better qualified for the double task.

Consul Clements, whilom stationed at Messina, has opened an atelier in Washington, and is painting meritorious landscapes, which show the advantages of careful study. Henley's portrait of the president elect is much admired, and hundreds visit the Smithsonian Institute to inspect Stanley's Indian Gallery, therein exhibited.

This Smithsonian Institute, by the way, is becoming very unpopular among all visitors here who do not bow the knee to incomprehensible super-erudition. Instead of really "diffusing knowledge among men," the professors squander the money in supporting fellow-pundits, who occasionally print a ponderous volume on "the perceptible agitation of the final joint of a flea's proboscis," or, "the vestiges of capillary growth upon the summit of the venerable Uncle Edward's cranium," or some equally abstruse subjects. These "reports" are liberally sent to Europe, but never seen among the American people, who might be largely benefited, in their practical avocations, by this fund. Agricultural surveys, chemical investigations, mechanical experiments, or intelligible statistics would do good, instead of the present system of "diffusing knowledge," which is as irregular and reproachful, as was the origin of the founder of the institution.

Caleb Lyons, of Lyonsdale, a member elect of the next Congress, was here a few weeks since, and is now far on his way to Egypt, intending to ascend the Nile and return ere the session commences. He is a poet of no ordinary merit, and has been an extensive traveller.

Albert Pike, another native poet, has been here, arguing a case before the Supreme Court, from his Arkansas home. Mr. Pike is a native of Newburyport, Mass., original and rather eccentric in his personal appearance, and wears, in addition to his poetic wreath, laurels won on the bloody field of Buena Vista.

The regular "Inauguration Ball" has been given up—ostensibly on account of Gen. Pierce's bereavement, but really because on previous occasions the managers have been minus considerable sums. There will, however, be any amount of dancing, especially among the military, who will have many guests from abroad.

California will have a "delegation" in the procession, and it is said that New England will take a manifest part in the escort. I even hear it whispered that a Boston Band will discourse stirring notes on the occasion. So mote it be!

Office-seekers have been sadly perplexed by the delay in forming the cabinet, not knowing on which side of the "compromise" to jump, for fear of offending the secretary for whose sign-manual they were sighing. Some of them, between two opinions, will fall sadly to the ground, and remind me of a good story told about an estimable ex-president, who is famed for non-committal opinions. Wishing, last fall, to take out-of-door exercise, he borrowed a double-barrelled gun from his son John, and went a-shooting. Birds were plenty, and at every few steps he would halt, as a covey flew up before him, and raise his fowling-piece. "But somehow," so says son John, "the old gentleman could not make up his mind which trigger to pull, and while he deliberated the game would escape."

To chronicle the private amusements around which the fashionables have fluttered like butterflies, would be a task which I have neither time nor space for. The entertainments given by Mr. Corcoran have surpassed all others in magnificence, but in point of intellectual interest they were eclipsed by the unceremonious round of dinners, graced by the presence of Washington Irving, Edward Everett, J. P. Kennedy, Mr. Crittenden, and other gentlemen of ripened intellect. Mr. Fillmore's farewell entertainments have been better attended than his former receptions were.

Mr. Thackeray's lectures were highly spoken of by some, while others condemned their tone and the choice of subjects. Madame Bishop's operatic engagement at the theatre was a successful one, and I have not heard of a single concert, book-auction, or exhibition that has not been well attended. *Au Revoir.*

VOLCANOES.

The lecture in the regular course at the Mercantile Library Association, was delivered on Tuesday evening by Prof. SILLIMAN. The subject was a highly interesting one; being on the volcanoes of Vesuvius and Etna. The lecturer illustrated his discourse with pictures of the scenery in the neighborhood of the volcanic regions; and imparted much pleasure to a large and attentive audience. He rejected the theory, that Herculaneum and Pompeii had been submerged by molten lava; they were buried in ashes and dust ejected from the mountain by an explosion of steam. In speaking of Etna, he corrected a popular error, that the current of lava in the overflows was rapid and instantaneous, it being so slow, on one occasion, as to be twenty-one days in descending thirteen miles. He narrated the interesting fact, that the Catanians built a wall sixty feet high to prevent the overflow, in 1669, of their village; but it overleaped the wall without destroying it, and the crystalline arch now spans that wall without touching it. He narrated his own experience in ascending the mountain of Etna from the village of Nicolosi, at nine at night, May 29th, 1851. With one companion and guide, he travelled through the fertile zone, being the first distinct belt, a territory of the beautiful verdure of the olive groves, the fig and aromatic herbs, large trees of the beech and oak—next through the sterile desert zone, where the weary way was trod with danger over huge masses of black lava, and by the margin of frightful chasms. Having reached the belt of snow, the mules were discarded, and the further ascent made on foot. At 4 1-2 in the morning, having reached 9700 feet above the sea, and passed from a temperature of 98 deg. at the base, to 20 deg. at their then elevation, they were compelled to rest until the impenetrable clouds, that encircled the dome, had passed away, and the weary traveller, having gained the summit, was regaled with the most magnificent sight—the most unique view that can be enjoyed by a traveller in Europe—a view of sunrise from Etna on one side, and on the other a view of the immense cavity of the crater, 3000 feet deep.—*Pen and Pencil.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HAPPINESS.

BY EDWARD STAAG.

Ay, there are times when the glad soul seems filled
To overflowing with a love for all
That is about it; when the spirits go
Leaping and laughing, like some mountain-stream
That late was hindered, but has clambered o'er
Its tyrant barrier, and its freedom gained;
Once more rejoicing going on its way.
And this is happiness—so says the world.

But how, my heart, dost thou respond to this?
Thou dost say, rather, that true happiness
Is in that calm serenity of soul,
Not high elated, never much depressed;
A heart that nothing hates, that has a throbbing
For suffering beings wheresoever found;
Where current flows all noblescent, like some
Deep, quiet stream that unobstructed glides
To ocean's breast.

Thus let it ever flow,
My own life's stream—fit symbolized by this!—
Till it shall find its emptying place, and cast
Its thoughtful waters in the sea of Love.

THE BELL OF SAFETY.

In Dickens' *Household Words* is an interesting account of a visit to a silver mine in Saxony, twelve hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth. The following is an extract:

We follow our guide across a dusty space towards a wooden building with a conical roof; and, as we approach it, we become conscious of, rather than hear, the sweet melancholy sound of a bell, which, at minute intervals, tones dreamily through the air. Whence comes that sound? In the centre of the shed is a square box, open at the top; and immediately above hangs the small bell; thence comes the silvery voice.

"For what purpose is this bell?" we inquire of our guide.

"It is the bell of safety."

"Does it sound a warning?"

"No, the reverse; its silence gives the warning. The bell is acted upon by a large water-wheel, immediately below the surface. By means of this wheel, and others at greater depths, the whole drainage of this mine is effected. If, by any means, these water-wheels should cease to act, the bell would cease to sound, and the miners would hasten to the day, for no man could tell how soon his working might be flooded."

"And can it be heard throughout the mine?"

"Through this portion of it. Probably the water acts as a conductor of the sound; but the miners listen earnestly for its minute tolling."

Toll on, thou messenger of comfort! May thy voice ever tell of safety to the haggard toiler, deep in the earth!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

UNLEARNED TO LOVE.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

He bath unlearned to love; for once he loved
A being whom his soul almost adored,
And she proved faithless—turned in scorn upon
His heart's affections; to another gave
The love she once did pledge as all his own.
And now he doth not love. Within his heart
Hate dwells in sullen silence. His soul broods
Over its wrongs, over deluded hopes.
Fancy no more builds airy castles;
Amid the crowd he passes on alone.
The branches wave no more to please his eye,
And the wind singeth no sweet songs to him.
The murmuring brook but murmurs discontent,
And all his life is death since love hath fled.

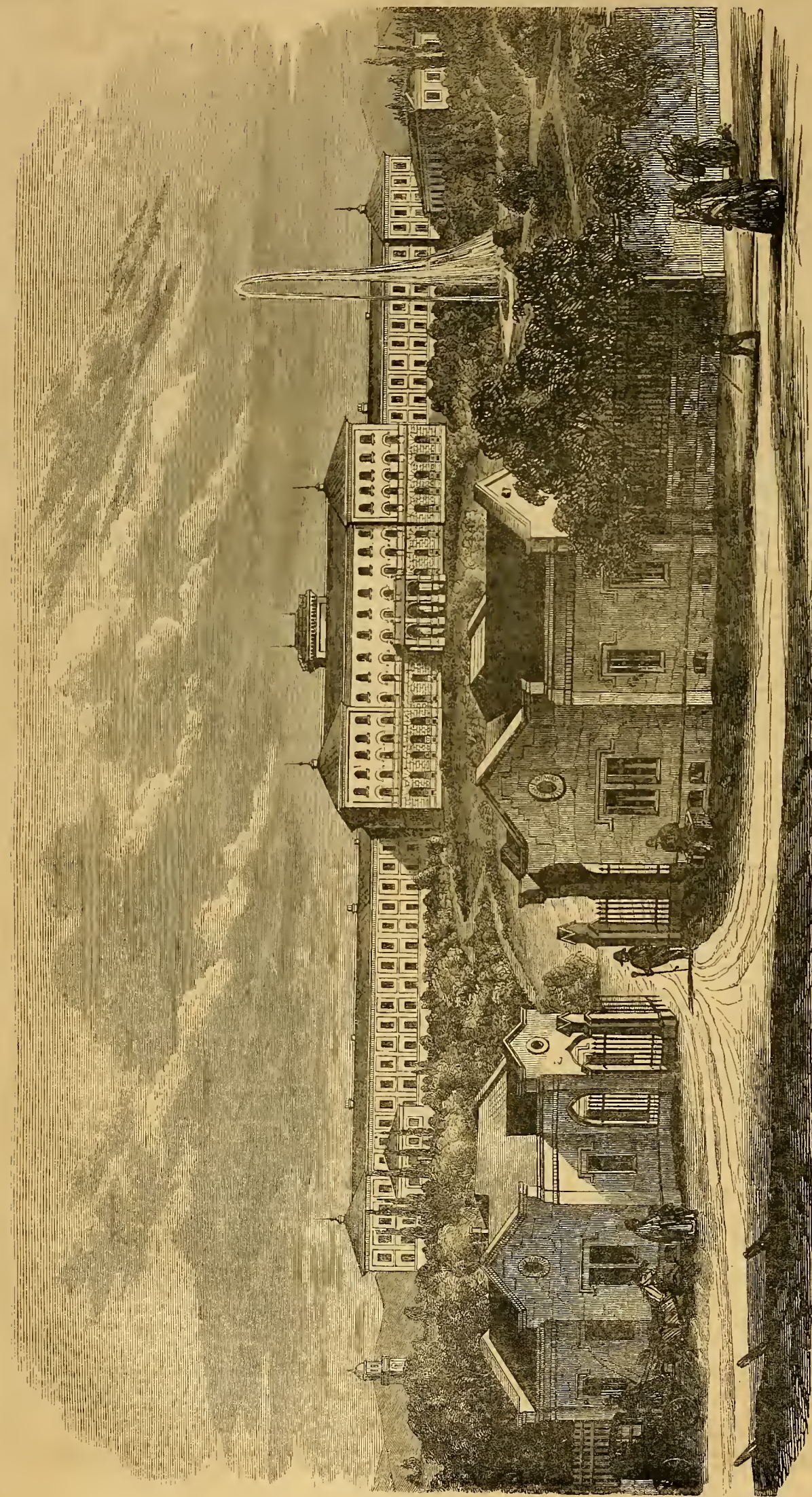
O, who shall count his sorrows? Who shall make
An estimate of his deep, burning woes,
And place them all in order, rank on rank?
Language is weak to tell the heart's deep wrongs.
We think, and muse, and in our endless thought
We strive to grasp with all the mind's vast strength
The undefinable extent of spirit grief,
And fail to accomplish the herculean task.

DON'T KILL THE SMALL BIRDS.

The little painted songsters follow man and attend upon him. It is their mission to clear his ground and trees of insects which would otherwise destroy his fruit and grain. What would the country be without its birds? Their innocent notes gladden the ear, and their beautiful forms and plumage delight the eye. A pair of robins have been known to consume two thousand caterpillars in one week; and what an amount of service to that farm was that week's work! The farmer who shoots the small birds that confidently surround his dwelling, errs both in economy and benevolence. We speak not of the hawk which devours the chickens, or of the king-bird which swallows the bees; let him use his shot on them if he will. What if the songsters take title of the ripened produce of field and garden; it is nothing but their due. They present their bills some mouths after the labor was performed, and are fully entitled to their living. Honesty in this, as well as in other matters, is always the best policy; and it has invariably been found that the farmer who encourages, instead of repelling the visits of these tiny workmen, is more than repaid for his forbearance.—*Plough, Loom and Anvil.*

THE GREEKS.

The Greeks, with their bright, creative imagination, and their high sense of beauty, living surrounded by a scenery which nature had touched with the most brilliant tints of the rainbow, boldly took up the hint thus given them, and adorned their sanctuaries with bright and glittering colors, in perfect harmony with the natural objects around them. The Goths, the Danes, the Anglo-Saxons, beneath their cold and cloudy sky, admired the immense gray and gloomy piles of their Christian churches, the vaulted aisles of their convents, and their battlemented castles. The Greeks, on the contrary, were fond of light and life; they consecrated darkness and death to the austere deities of the infernal regions, and called the Furies the sable sisters of night!—*Professor Koopen.*



A SPLENDID VIEW OF THE NEW MAD HOUSE, IN VIENNA.

NEW MAD HOUSE IN VIENNA.

We are here presented with a view of the magnificent building for the insane, lately completed, in Vienna. It is calculated for the reception of 400 patients, of either sex, in separate divisions of the building; also the curable and incurable. The inmates are divided into three classes, according to rank and pecuniary circumstances. Those who can afford to pay accordingly, are provided with from one to three rooms well furnished and quite comfortable in the second story. On the first story and ground-floor are such as pay well, and also in rooms containing from seven to sixteen beds—poor sick people who cannot pay anything are well accommodated and cared for. This establishment is not confined to the insane, but provision is also made for bodily sickness and ailments. The building is situated on the so-called *Brundfeld*—on the ramparts of the suburbs of the city of Vienna—from whence there is a fine view of the city, its environs, and the circumjacent country to the Hungarian and Styrian Mountains. It covers with the grounds an area of three hundred and sixty thousand feet. We have before us a beautiful sketch of the grand front which faces the city, and is entered through pleasant grounds, ornamented with flowers, shrubs and a *jet d'eau*. The grounds, as will at once be perceived, are spacious, and beautifully laid out, and everything seems done that good taste and sound judgment can dictate, to beautify and improve the spot. The idea of the institution is a dismal one, and any external or internal arrangement that will tend to please the eye and occupy the mind of the poor creatures confined here, is certainly a most desirable matter. It is a high mark of civilization that the insane and idiotic are now so well cared for. The picture on our first page, like the one given herewith, is a very beautiful one, and both relating to the same subject, are of united interest. The United States is not one tithe behind the countries of the old world, as these pictures will show, in its care of this class of unfortunates; and, indeed, in many matters of the policy adopted in the treatment of the insane, our institutions are far in advance of those of Europe. In scanning the statistical records of Vienna, we find that few capitals are so abundantly supplied with charitable institutions as this city. Many of the principal ones, such as the general hospital, house of invalids, deaf and dumb asylum, etc., were founded by Joseph II. The general hospital is a vast building, ranged around seven quadrangles, having 2000 beds. It is said to receive annually from 10,000 to 16,000 patients. It partly answers the purpose of a *sanatorium*, there being separate bed-rooms, which, with medical attendance, and every comfort necessary for an invalid, are within the reach of persons of limited income, on the payment of a small sum daily. The hospital of the charitable brethren, supported partly by voluntary contributions, is a monastic establishment, but open equally to Jews, Turks, and Christians of all persuasions. The house of invalids is similar in its kind to Chelsea (England) hospital, having been founded for 800 old soldiers. In its great hall there are two large pictures of the battles of Leipzig and Aspern. The deaf and dumb asylum is well conducted; and those among the pupils who evince intelligence are often afterwards employed in state affairs requiring secrecy. There are also schools for the blind, etc. Attached to the general hospital are the *maison d'accouchement* and foundling hospital. In the former of these not even the name of the applicant is demanded; she may enter veiled or masked, and remain incognito the whole time she continues in the house; she has merely to deliver a sealed paper to the superintendent, containing her name and real address, that, in the event of death ensuing, her relations may be apprised of her fate. The person who brings a child to the foundling hospital receives a ticket, by presenting which, the child may at any time be reclaimed: if it be not taken away, it is, at the proper age, brought up to some employment. It is probable that an institution of this kind may prevent a few cases of infanticide; but the mortality is quite excessive, and it no doubt acts as a powerful incentive to vice and immorality. The appearance of the Mad House will show on what an extensive scale such institutions are conducted at this splendid capital of Germany.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

- "The Hypochondriac," a story, by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
"Walls from Washington," No. VIII., by BEN. PERLEY POORE.
"Diana," a story, translated from the French, by Miss ANNE T. WILBUR.
"Gods and Goddesses," relating to the Adventures of Eneas, No. IX., by T. BULFINCH.
"The Truant," poem, by T. BUCHANAN READ.
"A Domestic Wife," verses, by ALICE CAREY.
"The Sunday School," lines, by LIZZIE PARLEE.
"Happy Hours," verses, by OWEN G. WARREN.
"Wellington's Funeral Sonnets, No. IV.," by HENRY WM. LEADERS.
"The Sea Shell," verses, by R. A. WRIGHT.
"Upward and Onward," lines by J. E. SMITH.
"Headache," sonnet, by J. STARR HOLLOWAY.
"A Monthly Rose," poem, by J. HUNT, JR.

THE FASHIONS OF THE DAY.

What absurdities fashion doth lead us into! It melts us in summer with needless garments, and freezes us in winter for the want of them, and often makes the human figure appear like a burlesque on humanity. One of the modern extremes is the exceedingly tight pants that our nice young men wear, and the extraordinary short overcoats, with the skirts put into the sleeves, collars and cuffs, in place of sustaining their legitimate position. We have no doubt but that the knowing ones could introduce a fashion to put these coats on with the collar downward and the skirts over the shoulders, by a little exertion. But of all follies, Heaven save us from these *abridged* garments,—these contracted fits! The lower limbs of young gentlemen, ranging from fifteen to twenty-two, are generally quite sufficiently awkward-looking when neatly and easily covered; but when fitted with the tightness of a glove, they absolutely appear deformed!

MAYOR AND ALDERMEN.—We shall furnish our readers, in next week's paper, a very fine full page design, representing the present board of Mayor and Aldermen, each head forming a perfect likeness. On the opposite page will be given a full page design depicting the Public Garden as it should be. This will be a very beautiful number.

THE OPERA.—Mr. Le Grand Smith, as manager of the Alboni troupe, in Boston, shows himself to be master of his business; and the whole arrangement of this lady's professional visit to our city was conducted with skill and excellent good taste. We found time to attend only the personation of the "Child of the Regiment," in which Alboni was most brilliant and successful.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—We give in the present number the second lot of likenesses of the members of the U. S. Senate. Let the reader remember that the honorable gentlemen sat especially for these likenesses, and as the greatest care has been taken by the artists, they are very perfect in the resemblance.

SPLINTERS.

- The citizens of West Roxbury are taking measures for the establishment of a public library. One person has given \$1000.
- The new town of Lawrence, Mass., having a population of 12,186, is about to become a city. Thrifty place is Lawrence.
- It is said that Mr. Ericsson has received three hundred orders for engines to work machinery by caloric power.
- Pennsylvania is shipping coal to Australia, and the business is said to pay well. Black diamonds, these coals.
- It is rather a queer way of doing business, but in Bremen people carry round gas in casks for sale, from house to house.
- Mr. Prescott, the distinguished historian, has been elected Honorary Member of the Royal Irish Academy.
- Professor Anderson, the necromancer, is still engaged on his Southern tour; he was last announced at Savannah.
- It is stated on good authority that there are fully two millions of Catholics now residing in the United States.
- The English papers announce that Kossuth is again about to visit the United States on the same mission as before.
- Mr. Meagher has a most unpleasant lisp in his articulation that at times is almost painful to the listener.
- Science has met with a severe loss in the demise of Mr. Sears C. Walker, the well-known astronomer of Cincinnati.
- Late accounts from Russia represent the emperor as being quite ill. He has long suffered from bad health.
- The census of Prussia represents that country to contain at this time eighteen millions of inhabitants.

PUBLIC LECTURES.

Public lectures are as old, almost, as creation itself. There must have been public lectures as soon as groups of men congregated together on the face of the earth, and some individuals knew, or fancied they knew, more than the "rest of mankind," and were determined to enlighten them. During the golden age of the Grecian mind, instruction was orally conveyed. The great masters of philosophy lectured to their pupils, and the poets recited their rhapsodies at the public games. The reason was pretty obvious—there were no books; and long after the discovery of printing, owing to the costliness of books, people listened far more than they read. But the system of public lectures, such as is now pursued at our lyceums, sprang up into fashionable vogue, at a time when books and papers, libraries, and means of instruction were quite plenty and cheap.

Many lecturers tell their hearers nothing they cannot find in books, and yet lecture-rooms are generally crowded. The reason of this is obvious—man is a social animal, and his gregariousness lends him to find pleasure in crowds. It is natural to find pleasure in an assemblage of both sexes and of different ages; the sympathy running through a large mass, gives a spur to the faculties, and awakens the attention of all. The human countenance is more, far more interesting than the leaves of a book, and men are far more apt to remember what they hear than what they read. A lady will be apt to repeat word for word all the gossip she hears in the course of her morning calls, though the greater part of it may possess no particular interest for her; yet she may read a whole morning a volume of French memoirs—equally gossiping, and far more witty—and she would be sadly puzzled to repeat a tenth, or even less part of it.

The lecture system has enlisted, among us, the most brilliant intellects of the land. No man can escape the vortex; it is very difficult for any to escape dabbling a little in lecturing. When such men as Webster, Everett, Choate, Millard, Silliman, Agassiz, Thackeray, and a host of others adopt this mode of communicating with the public mind, we are compelled to admit that the lecture system has attained a dignity hitherto monopolized by the printed essay. Of course, there are many wretched lecturers, and many shockingly bad lecture productions, but to every rule there are exceptions. We have been led to these reflections, by reading the following severe "hit" from a master pen, which we cannot refrain transferring to our columns:

"I have heard—woe's me—the Classical Lecturer, who will riot a whole evening in ancient mythology, and put all his cruel gods and wanton goddesses, and transcendent heroes, under contributions for tropes and figures, beginning with Pausanias, and never stopping until he has raved his prettiest about that Jove-driven, rock-chained heathen, Prometheus, with his vulture-feeding vitals; the Historical Lecturer, reeking with spoil from the sack of Rome Gibbon and Guizot, and strewing the wilted leaves of decayed metaphor on the hearse of dead nations; the Geographical Lecturer, describing countries which nature never saw, and cities which man never made. In a series of lies which would shock Mendez Pinto, and raise the envy of Baron Munchausen, the Storm and Pressure Lecturer, raving furiously about liberty, locomotion, legislation, and the progress of the species, and lashing himself into a passion for no imaginary cause; the Patriotic Lecturer, rattling among the decayed bones of departed revolutionists, at twenty dollars an hour; the Flowery Lecturer, with a botanic style, laboring under a constipation of thought, and flux of metaphor; the Hypocritical, Gauding, Smiling Lecturer, whom 'children cry for,' and who are thus, indirectly, a 'real blessing to mothers'; and, above all, and over all, the Philosophical Lecturer, with his bad grammar, jerking gait, unnatural hair, panoramic heavens, double stars, miniature steam-engines, stalling in an air pump a younger and better rat than himself. All this long and illustrious line of lecturers have I seen with mine own eyes, and heard with mine own ears, and I understood not with mine own head—and I still live!"

FORREST AT THE NATIONAL.

The critics do not fail to point out numerous faults in this gentleman's performances; but still he draws crowded and overflowing houses wherever he goes; no matter what attraction was offered in the way of public entertainments while he was at the National, still every seat was filled. Forrest is an actor to please the million; much of his style will not stand the test of criticism, but it is popular, and does not outrage propriety. In some parts he has no equal. There is so much difference, for instance, between his "Othello" and his "Hamlet," that we can hardly realize that it is the same actor. In the latter character, and that of Richelieu, Mr. Forrest is incomparably excellent.

"THE STORM CHILDREN: or, The Light-Keeper of the Channel."
—We commence, in this week's number of the Flag of our Union, a very admirable original novelette, thus entitled, by that talented writer, Austin C. Burdick. This is one of the most interesting stories we have ever published, and one and all cannot fail to read it with absorbing interest. It will be remembered that we furnish the Flag and Pictorial together, to one address, for \$4.

"FERNANDO: or, The Moor of Castile; a Romance of Old Spain."
—The novelette, thus entitled, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and which has just been completed in the Flag of our Union, is now published in book form, and is for sale at all of the periodical depots throughout the country.

THE WASHINGTON NATIONAL MONUMENT.—The lofty obelisk has already attained a height of some one hundred and twenty feet of its destined five hundred feet, containing about six millions of cubic feet of solid masonry.

A COSTLY EDIFICE.—The New York Catholics are to commence a cathedral this year, to cost about \$500,000. It will be three hundred feet long, the largest church in the United States, and half as long as St. Peter's at Rome.

CLUBS.—We are still receiving clubs from all parts of the country, and as we are constantly re-printing, we can supply any and all numbers of the Pictorial from the commencement of the work.

SO THEY SHOULD.—The English papers seem, generally, to disapprove of the ladies' address to the ladies of America.

MARRIAGES

- In this city, Mr. Thomas Caswell to Miss Susan Magee; Mr. William Brown to Miss Sarah Fagan; Mr. Charles Lucas to Miss Eliza Sutton; Mr. William H. Woodbury to Miss Margaret Morris, both of Manchester, Mass.; Mr. Francis Harney to Miss Catherine McLaughlin.
At the Farm School, by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Thomas M. Thompson, Esq., to Miss Annie E. Morrison.
At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Bartlett, Rector of St. Luke's Church, Mr. James Mahan to Miss Isabella Mahaffy.
At Haverhill, by Rev. Mr. Sanford, Mr. Benjamin F. Cunningham, of Raynham, to Miss Mary Wood, of Taunton.
At Haverhill, by Rev. Mr. Train, Mr. Asa H. Herring, of Sangerville, Me., to Miss Mary Ann Kelley, of Haverhill.
At Salisbury, by Rev. Mr. Sawyer, Mr. William H. Currier, of Amesbury, to Miss Roxanna Reed.
At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Davis, Mr. James C. Bradford, of Fall River, to Miss Sophia Sampson, of Duxbury.
At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Smalley, Major William Saunders to Miss Lucy L. Putnam, both of Salem.
At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Osgood, Mr. Orren Wright to Miss Mary Tice, both of Westfield.
At Hanson, by Rev. Mr. Hewitt, Mr. John A. Dunpho, of Bridgewater, to Miss Lucy W. Parris.

DEATHS

- In this city, Miss Ellen Amanda Vilkins, 19; Major David S. Townsend, Paymaster United States Army, 62; Mrs. Abigail Buffington, 28; Miss Caroline D. White, 17; Mrs. Mary Gardner, 60; Mrs. Catherine Seymour, 29; Mrs. Mary Fisher, 83; Mrs. Cordelia Lathrop, 42; Miss Catherine P. Wright, 15; Mrs. Hannah I. Allen, 46; Miss Sarah Augusta Gaffield, 19.
At Haverhill, by Rev. Mr. Snow, Esq., 35.
At Charlestown, Mrs. Sophia J. Burr, 34.
At Chelsea, Mrs. Dorothy, widow of Deacon Eldred, of Portland, 50.
At West Cambridge, Mrs. Abigail W. K. Smith, 41.
At West Needham, Capt. William Brown, 70.
At Dorchester, Capt. William M. Rogers, 92.
At Salem, Mrs. Joanna Webb, 80.
At North Davenport, Mrs. Henrietta M. Sears, 32.
At Beverly, Mrs. Sally Ann, wife of Mr. Stephen W. Woodbury.
At Marblehead, Mrs. Sarah Girdler, 20.
At Haverhill, Mr. Thomas Beane, 52.
At Plymouth, Mrs. Harriet, wife of Rev. Russell Tomlinson, 33.
At Newburyport, Mr. Daniel Carr, 48.
At Salisbury Point, Capt. Benjamin Batchelder, 77.
At Dartmouth, Mrs. Sarah, widow of the late Joseph Weaver, 91.
At Portland, Me., Mr. Nathan Chapman, 50.
At Durham, N. H., Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of Capt. Ebenezer Thompson.
At Gilsen, N. H., Mr. Samuel Smith, a revolutionary pensioner, 95.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ON SEEING THE PICTURE OF ONE BELOVED.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

This is *her* picture! Fair and bright,
Invoked by this enchanting spell,
She rises from the realm of light—
She whom I loved, and loved so well!

This hair, that droops in sunny rings
Down her soft neck—these cheeks of rose,
These eyes, from which such lustre springs,
These lips, thus shut in mute repose—

This brow—white throne of happy thought—
This pensive, quiet, earnest gaze,
With tender trust and feeling fraught—
All these were hers in former days.

But now beneath the marble cold,
This form, these features waste and wear,
And, mingled with the earthly mould,
Is all of what was once so fair!

She put her youth and beauty down,
And passed to that celestial place,
Where her sweet spirit found a crown
Not brighter than her angel face.

Th *is her* picture! To my view
Commons Mary from the tomb,
And lovely as when first I knew,
She starts from time's surrounding gloom.

And y *ours* roll off, like mists at dawn,
And, in her girlish glory free,
I see her dancing on the lawn,
I hear her laugh's wild melody.

I see her, too, in that dear time,
When, unto woman's stature grown,
She blushed to read the ardent rhyme
That breathed of love to her alone.

I see her, too, alas! when pale
And bowed like lilies wet with rain—
When all love's tears could not avail
To bring her rose-hues back again

She left her semblance in my heart,
Not as she faded from my arms,
But as immortalized by art,
In all her youth's unwitting charms.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STORIES OF GODS AND GODDESSES.

No. VIII.

THE RETURN OF ULYSSES.

BY T. DULFINCH.

ULYSSES next arrived at the island of Æolus. To this monarch Jupiter had entrusted the government of the winds, to send them forth or retain them at his will. He treated Ulysses hospitably, and at his departure gave him, tied up in a leathern bag, with a silver string, such winds as might be hurtful and dangerous, commanding fair winds to blow the barks towards their country. Nine days they sped before the wind, and all that time Ulysses had stood at the helm, without sleep. At last, quite exhausted, he lay down to sleep. While he slept, the crew conferred together about the mysterious bag, and concluded it must contain treasures given by the hospitable king Æolus to their commander. Tempted to secure some portion for themselves, they loosed the string, when immediately the winds burst forth. The ships were driven far from their course, and back again to the island they had just left. Æolus was so indignant at their folly, that he refused to assist them more, and they were obliged to labor over their course once more by means of their oars.

After some other adventures, they arrived at Circe's island. Ulysses climbed a hill, and gazing round saw no signs of habitation except in one spot, at the centre of the island, where he perceived a palace embowered with trees. He sent forward one half of his crew, under the command of Eurylochus, to see what prospect of hospitality they might find. As they approached the palace, they found themselves surrounded by lions, tigers and wolves, not fierce, but tamed by Circe's art, for she was a powerful magician. These dreadful animals fawned upon them, wagging their tails and rising on their hinder feet, playful as dogs. The sounds of soft music were heard from within, and a sweet female voice singing. Eurylochus called aloud, and the goddess came forth and invited them in; they all gladly entered, except Eurylochus, who suspected danger. The goddess conducted her guests to a seat, and had them served with wine and other delicacies. When they had feasted heartily, she touched them one by one with her wand, and they became immediately changed into swine, in "head, body, voice and bristles," yet with their intellects as before. She shut them in her sties, and supplied them with acorns, and such other things as swine love.

Eurylochus hurried back to the ship and told the tale. Ulysses thereupon determined to go himself, and try if by any means he might deliver his companions. As he strode onward alone, he met a youth, who addressed him familiarly, appearing to be acquainted with his adventures. He announced himself as Mercury, and informed Ulysses of the arts of Circe, and of the danger of approaching her. As Ulysses was not to be dissuaded from his attempt, Mercury provided him with a potent antidote, by which he might resist her charms, and instructed him how to act.

Ulysses proceeded, and reaching the palace, was courteously

received by Circe, who entertained him as she had done his companions, and after he had eaten and drunk, touched him with her wand, saying, "Hence—seek the sty and wallow with thy friends." But he, instead of obeying, drew his sword and rushed upon her, with fury in his countenance. She fell on her knees and begged for mercy. He dictated a solemn oath that she would release his companions, and practise no further harm against him or them; and she repeated it, at the same time promising to dismiss them all in safety, after hospitably entertaining them. She was as good as her word. The men were restored to their shapes, the rest of the crew summoned from the shore, and the whole magnificently entertained day after day, till Ulysses seemed to have forgotten his native land, and to have reconciled himself to an inglorious life of ease and pleasure.

At length his companions recalled him to nobler sentiments, and he received their admonition gratefully. Circe aided their departure, and instructed them how to pass safely by the coast of the Sirens. The Sirens were sea-nymphs who had the power of charming by their song, all who heard them, so that the unhappy mariners were irresistibly impelled to cast themselves into the sea, to their destruction. Circe directed Ulysses to fill the ears of his seamen with wax, so that they should not hear the strain; and to cause himself to be bound to the mast, and his people to be strictly enjoined, whatever he might say or do, by no means to release him till they should have passed the Siren's island. Ulysses obeyed these directions. He filled the ears of his people with wax, and suffered them to bind him with cords firmly to the mast. As they approached the Siren's island, the sea was calm, and over the waters came the notes of music so ravishing and attractive, that Ulysses, by cries and signs to his people, begged to be released; but they, obedient to his previous orders, sprang forward and bound him still faster with added cords. They held on their course, and the music grew fainter, till it ceased to be heard, when with joy Ulysses gave his companions the signal to unseal their ears, and they relieved him from his bonds.

CALYPSO.

After escaping the Sirens and many other dangers, Ulysses was thrown, the sole survivor of all his ship's crew, on Calypso's island. Calypso was a sea-nymph, which name denotes a numerous class of female divinities of lower rank, yet sharing many of the attributes of the gods. Calypso received Ulysses hospitably, entertained him magnificently, became enamored of him, and wished to retain him forever, conferring on him immortality. But he persisted in his resolution to return to his country and his wife and son. Calypso at last received the command of Jove to dismiss him. Mercury brought the message to her, and found her in her grotto, which is thus described by Homer:

"A garden vine, luxuriant on all sides
Mantled the spacious cavern, cluster-bung
Profuse; four fountains of sereneest lymph
Their sinuous courses pursuing side by side,
Strayed all around, and everywhere appeared
Meadows of softest verdure, purpled o'er
With violets; it was a scene to fill
A god from heaven with wonder and delight."

Calypso with much reluctance proceeded to obey the commands of Jupiter. She supplied Ulysses with the means of constructing a raft, provisioned it well for him, and gave him a favoring gale. He sped on his course prosperously for many days, till at length when in sight of land, a storm arose that broke his mast, and threatened to rend the raft asunder. In this crisis he was seen by a compassionate sea-nymph, who in the form of a cormorant alighted on the raft and presented him a girdle, directing him to bind it beneath his heart, and if he should be compelled to trust himself to the waves, it would buoy him up and enable him by swimming to reach the land. This is probably the first life-preserver recorded in history. By its aid, Ulysses safely reached the island of the Phæacians, by whom he was hospitably received, and finally conveyed in a vessel to his long-sought native land. All his companions had perished in the various adventures which they had encountered, and he alone reached his home, and that by the kindness of strangers. The Phæacians landed him asleep and sailed away.

He had now been away from Ithaca for twenty years, and when he awoke he did not recognize his native land. Minerva appeared to him in the form of a young shepherd, and informed him where he was, and also told him the state of things at his palace. More than a hundred nobles of Ithaca and of the neighboring islands had been for years suing for the hand of Penelope, his wife, imagining him dead, and lording it over his palace and people, as if they were owners of both. That he might be able to take vengeance upon them, it was important that he should not be recognized. Minerva accordingly metamorphosed him into an unsightly beggar, and as such he was kindly received by Eumæus, the swine-herd, a faithful servant of his house.

Telemachus, his son, was absent in quest of his father. He had gone to the courts of the other kings, who had returned from the Trojan expedition. While on the search, he received counsel from Minerva to return home. He arrived and sought Eumæus to learn something of the state of affairs at the palace before presenting himself among the suitors. Finding a stranger with Eumæus, he treated him courteously, though in the garb of a beggar, and promised him assistance. Eumæus was sent to the palace to inform Penelope privately of her son's arrival, for caution was necessary with regard to the suitors, who, as Telemachus had learned, were plotting to intercept and kill him. When Eumæus was gone, Minerva presented herself in disguise to Ulysses, known only to him, and directed him to make himself known to his son. At the same time she touched him, and removed at once from him the appearance of age and penury, and

gave him the aspect of vigorous manhood that belonged to him. Telemachus viewed him with astonishment, and at first thought he must be more than mortal. But Ulysses announced himself as his father, and accounted for the change of appearance, by explaining that it was Minerva's doing.

"Then threw Telemachus
His arms around his father's neck and wept.
Desire intense of lamentation seized
On both: soft murmurs uttering, each indulged
His grief."

The father and son took counsel together how they should get the better of the suitors and punish them for their outrages. It was arranged that Telemachus should proceed to the palace and mingle with the suitors as formerly; that Ulysses should also go as a beggar, a character which in the rude old times had different privileges from what we concede to it now. As traveller and story-teller, the beggar was admitted in the halls of chieftains, and often treated like a guest; though sometimes, also, no doubt, with contumely. Ulysses charged his son not to betray, by any display of unusual interest in him, that he knew him to be other than he seemed, and even if he saw him insulted, or beaten, not to interpose otherwise than he might do for any stranger. At the palace they found the usual scene of feasting and riot going on. The suitors pretended to receive Telemachus with joy at his return, though secretly mortified at the failure of their plots to take his life. The old beggar was permitted to enter, and provided with a portion from the table. A touching incident occurred as Ulysses entered the court yard of the palace. An old dog lay in the yard almost dead with age, and seeing a stranger enter, raised his head, with ears erect. It was Argus, Ulysses's own dog, that he had in other days often led to the chase.

"Soon as he perceived
Long-lost Ulysses nigh, down fell his ears
Clapped close, and with his tail glad sign he gave
Of gratulation, impotent to rise,
And to approach his master as of old.
Ulysses noting him, wiped off a tear
Unmarked."

"* * * Then his destiny released
Old Argus, soon as he had lived to see
Ulysses in the twentieth year restored."

As Ulysses sat eating his portion in the hall, the suitors soon began to exhibit their insolence to him. When he mildly remonstrated, one of them raised a stool and with it gave him a blow. Telemachus had hard work to restrain his indignation at seeing his father so treated in his own hall, but remembering his father's injunctions, said no more than what became him as master of the house, though young, and protector of his guests.

Penelope had protracted her decision in favor of either of her suitors so long, that there seemed to be no further pretence for delay. The continued absence of her husband seemed to prove that his return was no longer to be expected. Meanwhile her son had grown up, and was able to manage his own affairs. She therefore consented to submit the question of her choice to a trial of skill among the suitors. The test selected was shooting with the bow. Twelve rings were arranged in a line, and he whose arrow was sent through the whole twelve, was to have the queen for his prize. A bow that one of his brother heroes had given to Ulysses in former times, was brought from the armory, and with its quiver full of arrows was laid in the hall. Telemachus had taken care that all other weapons should be removed, under pretence that in the heat of competition, there was danger, in some rash moment, of putting them to an improper use.

All things being prepared for the trial, the first thing to be done was to bend the bow in order to attach the string. Telemachus endeavored to do it, but found all his efforts fruitless; and modestly confessing that he had attempted a task beyond his strength, he yielded the bow to another. He tried it with no better success, and, amidst the laughter and jeers of his companions, gave it up. Another tried it and another; they rubbed the bow with tallow, but all to no purpose; it would not bend. Then spoke Ulysses, humbly suggesting that he should be permitted to try; for, said he, "beggar as I am, I was once a soldier, and there is still some strength in these old limbs of mine." The suitors hooted with derision, and commanded to turn him out of the hall for his insolence. But Telemachus spoke up for him, and merely to gratify the old man, bade him try. Ulysses took the bow, and handled it with the hand of a master. With ease he adjusted the cord to its notch, then fitting an arrow to the bow he drew the string and sped the arrow unerring through the rings.

Without allowing them time to express their astonishment, he said, "Now for another mark!" and aimed direct at the most insolent one of the suitors. The arrow pierced through his throat and he fell dead. Telemachus, Eumæus, and another faithful follower, well armed, now sprang to the side of Ulysses. The suitors, in amazement, looked round for arms, but found none, neither was there any way of escape, for Eumæus had secured the door. Ulysses left them not long in uncertainty; he announced himself as the long-lost chief, whose house they had invaded, whose substance they had squandered, whose wife and son they had persecuted for ten long years; and told them he meant to have ample vengeance. All were slain, and Ulysses was left master of his palace and possessor of his kingdom and his wife.

THE MAN OF WEALTH.—Fearful are his responsibilities. He has committed to him, by the Almighty, a trust which requires all of human wisdom to manage wisely and discreetly. He is looked upon by his fellows as one who has been highly favored; but I cannot view him in that light alone.—I remember his cares, his responsibilities, and his duties. Fellow mortals, I would counsel you not to look on wealth as a great panacea for earthly woes. Let your language be, "Give me neither poverty nor riches;" this is what you should aim at. The possession of wealth brings with it other things than the luxuries of the world.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

EDITORIAL MELAUGE.

Rumor speaks of the forthcoming appearance of another Irish prima donna, a pupil of Emanuel Garcia. "The lady is Miss Ellen Courran, daughter of the eminent Dublin pianist. — Any quantity of counterfeit ten-cent pieces are in circulation in Boston and New York. — In one of the courts of Pennsylvania, a stage driver has been fined the monstrous sum of \$10 for upsetting his stage while intoxicated, killing one passenger and injuring several others. — Mr. Freeman Milliken, of Block Island, R. I., had his hand blown off, a few days since, while he was blasting rocks. — It is said that a new hotel is to be erected in New York, to be larger than any in the world. It is designed to accommodate three thousand persons, or all the inhabitants of a large sized town at once. — There were five hundred and ninety-nine deaths in Lowell, last year. — Twenty-seven heroes of the Revolution passed away during the year 1852. David Kinnison, the last of the Boston Tea Party, died in Chicago, at the age of one hundred and seventeen. — Mr. Ericsson, the inventor of the new propeller, is a Swede by birth. — The price of kissing a lady without her consent, in Rochester, N. Y., has been fixed by the mayor at seven dollars. It is not every one that can afford to indulge daily in so costly a luxury. — During the rise of the river in Madison, Iowa, laborers were paid one dollar per hour. — A new bank lock, called the Chronometer, has been invented. When it is locked at night, it is set so as to be unlocked at a given hour, and cannot be opened before that time. The cost is \$600. — A young man, named Leander Wells, was frozen to death in Louisville, lately. — Temperate. — The Oregon Statesman says, that lumber is worth, in Oregon city, seventy dollars per thousand feet at the mills. Flour commands fifteen dollars per hundred pounds, and sales brisk. — There are, at the present time, one hundred and six post-offices and postmasters in California. — A correspondent of a San Francisco paper, writing from the South, says: "Me, my horse and I, started to—." Very modest. This puts us in mind of—"the dog, and I and dad!" — Eighty houses are now in process of erection in Chelsea, Mass. This town is fast growing in wealth and importance. — A few years ago, at a country town in Canada, an exhibition of "the identical serpent which tempted Eve," raised no small contribution towards building a church, thus rather turning the tables on the mischievous reptile. — Forrest's engagement at the National Theatre, in this city, has been a most triumphantly successful one. — Haven't the Hutchinson Family nearly faded out?

RATHER SHARP BEALING.

Queen Victoria, it seems, looks sharply after the expenses of her household. Sometime ago, her Majesty ordered a piano-forte for one of the royal children to be sent from a London maker's to Windsor, and not arriving as speedily as she expected, she summoned the comptroller of the household to "know the reason why." "Please your Majesty, it has arrived," said Cecil Forrester, "but there is 5s. 9d. carriage to pay, and it has not been unpacked yet." "Then pack it back again!" exclaimed his royal mistress; adding, "were I a private customer, they would have been too glad to send it free, and they shall not impose on a queen." Back, accordingly, went the instrument.

AN AMERICAN PRINTER IN CHINA.—Richard Cole, twenty years ago a compositor in the office of the National Intelligencer, and more recently publisher of a paper in Indiana, and State printer, sailed for China in 1843, in the service of the Presbyterian Board of Missions. He has ever since resided at Hong Kong, and under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, is engaged in the manufacture of printing types and the publication of books in Chinese, using types from his own foundry.

LIBERAL.—The French Government has offered four prizes to dramatic authors. A long or short piece at the Comedie Francaise, and a long or short piece at any other theatre, are to be the works of competition; and which ever authors, having achieved a success, are found to have complied most with the conditions of a moral purpose, will be entitled to one of the four prizes—that is to say, to 5000 francs or 3000 francs, according to the dimension of the play.

SCULPTURE.—Henry Kirk Brown has nearly completed a colossal statue of De Witt Clinton in bronze, to be placed in Greenwood Cemetery; he has also a commission to execute an equestrian statue of Washington in bronze, at a cost of thirty to forty thousand dollars, to be placed in or near Union Square, in New York.

BIGOTED.—"You never hear of a North Carolinian out of his own State, unless he is sent to Congress," said Rev. Mr. Parker, in a late sermon; "all the people do there is to raise corn, lazy sons, and trade in negroes." What ridiculous language for a minister to hold in the pulpit!

THE FASHIONS.—Almost all styles of dress are now in favor. The tight corsage, the jacket with gilet and basquine, the Watteau waist, with a point in front, and the corsage, a la Grecque, are all in equal vogue.

IN LUCK.—Lola Montez, it is said, will receive an accession of fortune by the death of Mr. Heald, her sometime "husband," who was drowned, recently, in the south of Europe.

A PROFITABLE BUSINESS.—The daily sales of liquor, in Bangor, by the city agent, amount, as we learn by his published report, to about ninety-seven gallons.

Wayside Gatherings.

Shakspeare defines a newspaper reporter thus:—"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Mrs. Daniel Webster is in New York, stopping with her relatives.

The Sacramento State Journal, a few days since, said that the Sacramento river "fell upwards" of six feet the night previous.

The city of Glasgow, Scotland, had a population at the beginning of this century of only 77,000. It now numbers 376,000.

San Francisco at present is said to contain a population of over 35,000 souls. In 1847, her entire population did not exceed six hundred.

The mining industry of Chili is in a high state of development. The yield of silver for 1852, is estimated at a sum equal to £2,000,000 sterling.

Street peddling and organ-grinding seem to be profitable now-a-days, judging from the increased number engaged in these laudable pursuits.

Ten cents is the price paid by some furnishing stores in New York, for making a shirt. "Men, 'tis not shirts you are wearing out, 'tis human creatures' lives."

The Governor and Council of Massachusetts have refused to ratify the recent sale of the State lands lying in Maine, for \$600,000, that being the sum bid.

The English stage has recently lost one of its veterans, in the person of Mr. Bartley, who for the last half century has been one of the cleverest respectabilities of its theatres.

The King of Bavaria is travelling in Italy under the name of the Count de Werdenfels. His Majesty is to pass some days at Modena, and thence will proceed to Rome, where he is to occupy the Villa Malta, belonging to his brother.

Sewing machines threaten to effect a complete revolution in thread and needle operations. No less than five hundred are now in operation in the Atlantic States, and they are ordered from the manufactories faster than they can be supplied.

In London all traces of the enormous Palace of Crystal constructed in Hyde Park are now removed; the ground upon which it stood is levelled, and prepared for sowing grass in the spring; the spot will soon regain its original appearance.

A U. S. soldier named Davis, recently deserted from Jefferson Barracks, and during the short time he was at large, stole six horses in Illinois. He has been arrested and the horses all recovered by their owners.

From all parts of the world people are rushing to the gold mines of Australia. A late Buenos Ayres paper states that three vessels are filling up with passengers at that port for the gold mines in that country.

The property in Broadway, N. Y., known as the Society Library, cost the society in 1836, \$112,500. It was sold at private sale a few weeks ago for \$110,000, and was resold, by auction, on Thursday week, for \$121,000.

The Sonora Herald advertised, among other Christmas amusements, that one Daniel Fremont, an old California bear-hunter, would fight one of the fiercest California grizzlies with a knife; after which a bear and bull-fight, and then a dog and bear-fight, in which ten of the largest dogs in the country would be engaged.

Foreign Items.

The late Duke of Wellington's speeches in Parliament are about to be collected and published.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany has prohibited the use of masks during the present Carnival.

Mr. Hind, the astronomer, has been assigned an annuity of £200 a year by government.

Auber is to be created musical director to the Emperor Napoleon the Third, and is busily engaged with a grand symphony in his honor.

At Basle, in Switzerland, an unsuccessful attempt has been made to light the town with gas obtained from the carbonization of wood.

Marshal Haynau has been residing at Florence, where he has been received with great distinction by certain Austrianized aristocratic Italian houses.

Cerito has recently "sensationalized" the Parisian public in a new ballet, *Oufa*. The scene is laid in Iceland; and Fanny Cerito makes her entree wrapped in furs, and reclining on a sled.

In Paris, on Sunday, January 2d, the Pantheon, after having been so many years devoted to profane uses, was solemnly re-dedicated to religious worship as the Church of St. Genevieve.

The Quarterly Review, in answer to the question "What is man?" says: "Chemically speaking, a man is forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailfuls of water."

The Boston Post publishes an extract from a private letter, intimating that the Japanese are prepared with a million of soldiers, forts, war-junks, etc., to give the American Expedition a warm reception.

Mulle de Montigo, who is said to be looking towards the throne of France, is a Spanish beauty, with golden hair, large, black eyes, and £100,000 a year. A gipsy has told her she would be an empress, and Paris begins to credit the prophecy.

The Duke of Wellington died possessed of an estate and funds not far short of ten millions of dollars. He was considered miserly and mean, and as closely calculated the value of one pound as any London shopman.

A meeting of American women recently held in Milan, Italy, have sent a spirited reply to the Duchess of Sutherland's Committee, suggesting that English ladies have reforms to accomplish at home before extending their philanthropy to America.

The reception at the Tuileries on New Year's day was brilliant. Some idea of the splendor of the furniture and decorations may be formed from the fact, that the price of the carpets alone of the three great salons de reception amounted to a million of francs.

In London, Mr. Scarlett has perfected a most seasonable invention, in the shape of mock-turtle soup, which is so portable that it may be wrapped in brown paper, as an ordinary parcel. It is, besides, a delicious soup; and can be made ready for table in two minutes.

A prospectus has been issued by a Spanish company—a serious, bona fide company, of known names—proposing to the French government to found in Paris, a *cirque* for the celebration of bull-fights, which they assert are by no means dangerous, inasmuch as that men are very rarely killed in them!

Sands of Gold.

.... Rhymes should sit as lightly on verse as flowers on plants.

.... Though virtue gives a ragged livery, yet she gives a golden cognizance.

.... Tranquillity of mind, and temperance of body, are the complete felicities of life.

.... To be happy is a blessed state; and that every man may have, if he pleases.

.... It is better to sit down with honor, than to attend the changes of an inconstant fortune.

.... Let a prudent man accommodate himself to the present, though the past may seem better to him.

.... As the members of the body make one person, so before God all good men make one humanity.

.... Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to be.

.... If you ever promise at all, take care, at least, that it is so nobody may suffer by trusting you.

.... When our desires are fulfilled to the very letter, we always find some mistake which renders them anything but what we expected.

.... Ah! we love perhaps a lively child, and think it impossible that our love for it can increase. But it becomes sick—and we then know, for the first time, how much more intensely and also painfully we can love it!

.... Of all vanities and fopperies, the vanity of high birth is the greatest. True nobility is derived from virtue, not from birth. Titles, indeed, may be purchased; but virtue is the only coin that makes the bargain valid.

.... If you would have your son be something in the world, teach him to depend on himself. Let him learn that it is by close, strenuous personal application that he must rise—that he must, in short, make himself, and be the architect of his own fortune.

Joker's Budget.

A secret warranted to keep in any climate—A woman's age.

A measure of Iniquity—A quart bottle holding little more than a pint.

Why is an egg like a colt? Because it is not fit for use until it is broke.

Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest ever known? Because it had no Eve!

"I beat my stove because my stove beats me," as the chap said when he kindled a fire in his stove.

"Ma, whereabouts shall I find the state of matrimony?" "You will find that to be one of the United States," was the answer.

"Mr. Jones, don't you think marriage is a means of grace?" "Certainly, my dear, anything is a means of grace that breaks up pride, and leads to repentance."

The pumpkins grow so large out west that they are obliged to turn them over by putting the ends of rails under them. One of them scooped out forms a very good meeting house for a small society.

The mere fact that children are born with their fists doubled up, is a strong proof that nature intended that our success in this world should depend on the courage with which we "fight our way" through it.

A cante Down Easter says he saw a fellow who could lie down and jump over himself, stand up and jump under himself, turn round and jump beside himself, and then turn back and jump Jim Crow.

A petulant old lady having refused a snitor to her niece, be expostulated with her, and requested her plainly to divulge her reasons:—"I see the villain in your face," said she. "That is a personal reflection, madam," answered the lover.

A lady of high rank and exquisite taste having read an advertisement of a London silversmith, in which it was stated that by the electrotype process, *waiters* and other articles might be plated so that by no possible test they could be distinguished from real silver, sent her three footmen and page to be electrotyped by the advertiser.

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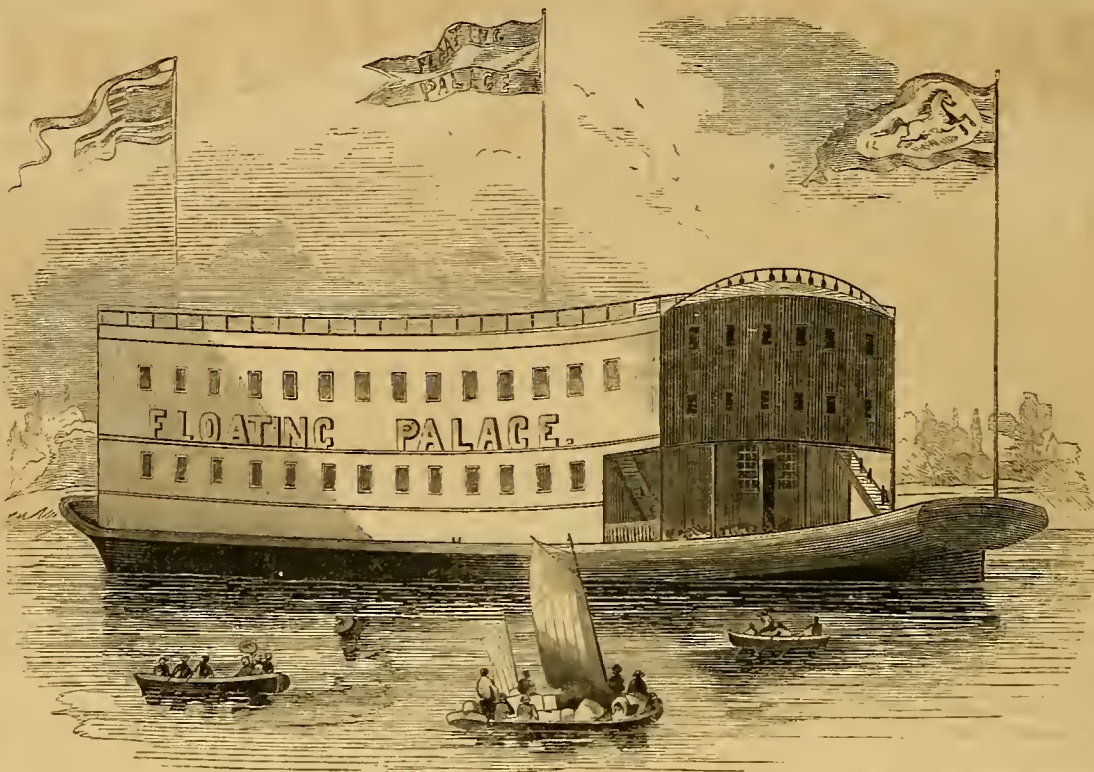
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F. GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

FLOATING CIRCUS.

The picture which we give herewith is an accurate representation of what is called the Floating Palace, as it lately appeared at Mobile, Ala. It was built for the purpose of equestrian exhibitions, and it has been improved at the Levee, in New Orleans, and at various places on the Mississippi River, during some length of time.—It was rather a novel idea to construct such a curious ship—a regular moveable theatre; but it is said to have succeeded far beyond the expectations of its owners. It is not a sham build affair, but it is really very finely fitted, and perfect in every respect. The interior is a most commodious amphitheatre.—The "dress-circle," as it is termed, consists of eleven hundred cane-bottom arm-chairs, each numbered to correspond with the ticket issued.—The "family-circle," comprises cushioned settees for some five hundred persons, while the residue of the accommodations are comprised in nine hundred gallery seats. The amphitheatre is warmed by means of hot water pipes or steam, and altogether it is an exceedingly comfortable and pleasurable exhibition-room. The interior is lighted by over a hundred brilliant gas jets, forming a great ornament in their construction, and supplied by a gas apparatus on board—this furnishes the entire light for vestibule, the halls, offices, saloons, green rooms, dressing-rooms and the stable. A chime of bells is attached to the structure, and discourses most eloquent music previous to each performance, while Drummond-lights render the neighborhood of the floating palace brilliant during the exhibition. Every deception to delude the visitor into the idea that he is in a spacious theatre on shore is used, and it is difficult to realize that one is on the water during the performance. The whole is improved by Spalding & Rogers's united circus companies. Taken altogether it is a most curious, original and interesting affair, and we have therefore selected it as something that would interest our readers. It is now in active operation in the waters of Alabama, and attracts as many visitors to see the structure itself, as to witness the excellent performances that are conducted within its walls by the enterprising managers.



SPALDING & ROGERS'S FLOATING CIRCUS PALACE.

EXTRAORDINARY FILIAL SACRIFICE.

In the severe winter of 1783, which was a time of general distress in New York, an aged couple found themselves reduced to their last stick of wood. They had been supported by the industry of a daughter who lived with them, but who now found herself unable to procure them either fuel or provisions. Overcome with grief at their destitute situation, she yet devised a plan by which they might be rescued from the emergency. She had accidentally heard that a dentist had advertised to give three guineas for every sound fore-tooth, provided only that he was allowed to extract it himself. The generous girl remembering this, came to the resolution of disposing of all her fore-teeth, and went to the dentist for that purpose. On her arrival, she made known the circumstances which had induced her to make so great a sacrifice. The dentist refused her offer, and presented her with ten guineas, to relieve the pressing distress of her parents.—*Traits of Woman.*

If not the flow'et budding fair,
And mild effulgence of the air,
It gives the glow of indoor mirth,
And social comfort round the hearth.

The gloomy Winter—who is he?
I never saw him on the sea,
I never met him in my path,
Or traced old stories of his wrath.

The Winter is a friend of mine.
His step is light; his eye-balls shine,
His cheek is ruddy as the morn,
He carols, like the lark in corn.

His tread is brisk upon the snows—
His pulses gallop as he goes;
He hath a smile upon his lips,
With songs of welcome jests and quips.

A charitable soul is he,
His heart is large, his hand is free,
He brings the beggar to his door,
And feeds the needy from his store.

The friend of every living thing,
Old Winter—sire of youthful Spring—
The glooms upon his brow that dwell,
Are glories when we know them well.

'Tis he that feeds the April buds,
'Tis he that clothes the summer woods;
'Tis he matures the autumn grain,
And fills with wealth the noisy wain.

Pile up the fire! and ere he go,
Our blessings on his head shall flow.
The hale old Winter, blank and serene,
The friend and father of the year.

A WINTER SCENE.

Below, we have depicted a very timely and interesting representation; it needs not a word of explanation; it is full of meaning, and one can fully realize its force. The following poem is dedicated to the picture:

The snow lies thick upon the ground,
In coat of mail the pools are bound;
The hungry rooks in squadrons fly,
And winds are slumbering in the sky

Drowsily the snow-flakes fall;
The robin on the garden wall
Looks wistful at our window-pane,
The customary crumb to gain.

On barn, and thatch, and leafless tree
The frost has hung embroidery,
Fringe of ice, and pendants
Of slagge and crystalline.

The sheep, well clad in garment warm,
Feed, unobscured of the storm;
And sleepy Dobbin hangs his head,
Or winks, and dozes, in his shed.

Pile up the fire! the winter wind,
Although it ope, 'tis not unkind;
And dark mid-winter days
Are many pleasures as the spring.

Pile up the fire! when storms are rude,
We feel the joy of gratitude;
And, thankful for the good possessed,
Have welcomes for the poorest guest.



A CHARACTERISTIC REPRESENTATION OF A WINTER SCENE.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 9.—WHOLE No. 87.
6 Cts. SINGLE.

LITTLE FALLS, HERKIMER COUNTY, N. Y.

The fine view which we have engraved of Little Falls, from the pencil of Mr. Miller, is a truthful representation of one of the most romantically situated villages in this country. The Mohawk River has, either by constant attrition, or through some awful convulsion of nature, hurst the rocky barrier which checked its course, and now goes dashing and bubbling, leaping and tumbling, from rock to rock, through the narrow gorge which seems to have been cut expressly for its passage by artificial means. The Falls extend upon the river for nearly a mile, in that distance falling some forty feet, and consist of two distinct rapids, separated by a stretch of deep water, nearly half a mile in length. The upper rapids are the most considerable. Above them, a dam has been thrown across the river, over which the river falls into a deep pool beneath, thus making the fall greater than it was originally; and adding to the beauty of the scene by introducing artificial objects to relieve the ruggedness of nature. The Erie Canal and the Utica and Syracuse Railroad, both pass through the village. The former descends the pass by five locks, with a fall of forty feet in a distance of one mile; and the time occupied in locking gives the traveller ample time to behold the sublime beauty of the surrounding scenery and the artificial improvements. Here he will see vast works of art, as well as of nature, costly viaducts, aqueducts, locks, race-ways, water-falls, mills, machinery, and a noble river urging its way over its rocky bed in the midst thereof, and giving life and animation to the scene. It

is worth the time for the traveller to stop here for a day to view the noble aqueduct which spans the Mohawk in three arches of fifty and seventy feet span, and then, climbing to the top of the mountain, to enjoy the view which may be obtained of the Mohawk valley for some twenty or thirty miles, in its winding course.

The village is a thriving little place, owing to the facilities afforded by the river, the railroad and canal, and contains a population of about 3000. It is supplied with water from springs in the mountains adjacent, at an elevation of some 300 feet above the tops of the houses. The name of Little Falls was given it in contradistinction to the Great Falls, at Cahoon on the Mohawk. This river is one of great beauty, from its rise to its mouth, flowing through the midst of much delightful scenery. It rises by its extreme source in Lewis county, but chiefly in Oneida county, near the tributaries of Black River. It flows south about twenty miles to Rome, where it suddenly turns to southeast, and proceeds thirty-seven miles to the Little Falls. Two miles from its mouth are Cahoon Falls, where the river descends perpendicularly about seventy feet, presenting, in high water, a sublime and interesting spectacle. Both the above Falls afford an extensive water power. Three quarters of a mile below the Cahoon Falls, is a bridge across the river, from which is a fine view of the cataract. The river at the Falls is 900 feet wide, and the banks below it have a height of eighty or ninety feet. The Erie Canal passes along the south bank of the river as far west as Rome. The valley of the Mohawk, particularly the river bottoms, is distinguished for its

fertility. There is no part of our country, perhaps, which affords to the lover of the beautiful and grand in nature, a richer treat than this section of Northern New York. It is the constant resort of the artist and the tourist, in search of natural beauties. It is comparatively but thinly settled; one seems often to be in the wilderness, though but a short league from some thriving town. The aborigines have scarcely yet entirely disappeared from some of the northern counties of the State, and when they do appear, it is to add vastly to the romance of the view. But railroads, the telegraph, and steam upon the great lakes, have revolutionized the scene, and are gradually changing the scenery of this section, from uncleared forests and solitary vales, to thrifty townships and crowded manufacturing villages. The red man is fast disappearing here, as he does everywhere before the advance of civilization, and but a few of these untutored children of nature are left to sing the requiem of nations once so mighty and now no more. Our artist could hardly have chosen a more beautiful locality to depict, inasmuch as there is so much of legendary interest about the spot, as well as the fine view it presents to the most careless observer. We shall continue to give these truthful pictures of American localities, and thus enrich the columns of the Pictorial. As an inducement to preserve the paper for binding (which is now almost universally done by our subscribers), we would ask the reader to consider for a moment what a valuable collection each volume affords of American scenes and scenery, which it is impossible to collect and preserve in any other way.



REPRESENTATION OF LITTLE FALLS, HERKIMER COUNTY, NEW YORK.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE OF WESTERN LIFE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

ROSALTHE:

THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.

A Story of Western Life.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

The pioneer staggered and groaned as if his heart had burst, and would have rushed forth to cover his son's body with his own, had not Fleming held him, while Joel Logston, regardless of danger, leaped out upon the roof, raised the fallen youth in his athletic arms, and bore him back to the block-house.

The shaft had been well sped—the wound was mortal. Joel laid the lad down gently upon the floor. The bereaved father bent over the dying boy in tearful agony, and taking up King David's lament, cried out in the bitterness of his wounded spirit:

"My son, my son, would to God I had died for thee!"

For a space all stood silent, too much affected to speak.

"Be a man, cap'en; be a man," said Logston.

"Ah, Joel, things have changed since I bade you master your griefs," said Boone, in a choked voice. "This makes two darling sons and a brother that I have lost by savage hands."

"Others have felt the same heavy losses," said Mr. Alston, covering his eyes to shut out the affecting spectacle.

"James, James! my dear boy! look at me; it is your father that calls!" cried the captain, frantically.

Contrary to all expectations, the boy opened his eyes languidly and smiled faintly.

"He lives! he lives!" exclaimed Boone.

"Don't hope," said Joel. "The brave boy has got his death; them drops come from the heart."

"Unhappy father! unhappy father!" added Boone, kissing the pale lips of his son.

"He's goin' to speak," added Joel, and all bent eagerly forward to hear what he would say.

"I'm goin', father!" said James.

"I cannot give you up," replied the father, with a groan.

"Where's mother and Lizzie? I must see them before I go," continued the dying lad.

"It will break their hearts—it will kill them!" cried Boone. "I would I had never lived till this fatal hour."

"Be brave, dear father—we shall meet again," resumed James.

And now ensued a scene so tender and affecting that the stoutest heart turned away unmanned. The boy's mother and sister had come to gaze upon him their last, and to share his agonies quite down to the rolling river of death.

"It's all over now—the pain of dying is past—the darkness has disappeared, and the light flows in. Farewell, loved ones—I go—I go; I go to the land where there are no warfares and fightings, and where God himself shall wipe all tears from all faces."

The boy smiled and died; and an expression of serene joy inexpressible tinged sweetly upon his young face.

"I have done struggling with destiny," said Boone, in heart-broken accents. "I yield now to my fate; I relinquish all earthly hopes. I shall command no longer among you; this last blow has destroyed my manhood. Choose a new leader, and leave me to my private griefs."

"No new leader will we have," answered Joel.

"My voice will be heard no more in battle," added Boone.

"Daniel, Daniel!" exclaimed Mrs. Boone, in

a voice of solemn earnestness, wiping away all traces of recent tears, "is this like you? Have you ceased to be the iron-nerved man chosen by God to people this wilderness? Are you not to these heroic men what Moses was to the Hebrews? Will you falter now when the hopes of all are centered upon you?"

The hardy pioneer still stood irresolute, his eyes fixed sadly upon the body of his son.

Mrs. Boone approached and laid her hand softly upon his arm. "Daniel, it is Rebecca that speaks. Arouse yourself! shake off this manly despair! Women and children appeal to you for help."

"You are right, Rebecca; I must master myself," answered the forester, like one just awakening from sleep.

"Here is your rifle, Daniel," added Mrs. Boone, placing the trusty weapon he loved so well in his hands. The touch of the faithful steel, and the beloved voice of Rebecca seemed to bring him to himself. He passed his hands over his forehead, and his spirit was once more alive to the sound of battle.

"To your posts, men!" he shouted, and with a firm step he walked round the works and re-committed the enemy.

The settlers continued the defence with great obstinacy, shooting down all those who had the hardihood to show themselves within gunshot of the fort. When the night set in, the digging was still progressing, judging by the muddy hue of the water; and the inhabitants of Boonesborough remained in suspense until morning, expecting hourly to hear the spades of the enemy in their underground approaches.

With the first light of the dawn eager eyes were turned toward the river. The sun came slowly up, and they discovered to their joy that the project had been abandoned, for the water rolled on clear and tranquil. While the oldest of the pioneers were speculating in regard to what new mischief might be expected, another flag of truce appeared; but it was not borne by Girty.

"Who is he?" asked Mr. Alston.

"It is McKee, the friend and counsellor of Girty," said Joel Logston, handling his rifle nervously, and looking wishfully at Boone.

"No, Joel; it won't do," replied the latter, in reply to the woodsman's earnest look. "He deserves death, but let us respect the flag, and not set a bad example for our foes."

"It's very hard," answered Joel, "that we can't give such wretches their deserts when they are within our reach. Just think of the mischief them two rogues have done us first and last, off and on."

"Too true, friend Logston; but it is the best policy to forbear, and look after the general good. To slay him under such circumstances would provoke our enemies without any particular gain on our part."

"Hallo, there, you fellers in the fort!" cried McKee, stopping and waving his flag.

"What's your business?" asked Captain Boone.

"Captain Du Quesne has sent me to invite you to make a treaty," answered McKee.

"What kind of a treaty?" asked the captain.

"One that will be greatly for your advantage," added McKee.

"In what respect?" continued Boone.

"In several; to prevent bloodshed, and save the lives of your women and children."

"A great deal you care for women and children!" muttered Logston, biting his lips with impatience.

"You know Du Quesne and Girty have got a great army, and will soon succeed in destroying this little station; they can sit down before it and starve you out, if they can't do it in any other way," added McKee.

"That remains to be proved," retorted Boone.

"Du Quesne says he has killed enough of you, and is very willing to save the rest from the fury of the Indians. He wants you and three or four of your principal men to meet him and some of the chiefs outside the fort, where the terms of your surrender will be arranged in a very friendly manner."

"We are afraid to trust such fellows," said the captain.

"You don't do Du Quesne justice; he really wants to do you a good turn; for he knows it will be impossible to restrain the savages when they once get the upper hand."

"What do you think of what this fellow says?" asked Boone, addressing himself to Alston, Reynolds, Fleming, Logston, and others.

"It is my opinion it would be well to consider the subject; it may possibly be for our advantage, the enemy exceeding us so greatly in numbers," replied Alston.

"They are treacherous rascals; you can't trust them," said Fleming.

"It's a dangerous experiment," added Reynolds.

"It's a trap laid to catch us; let us stay where we are," said Logston.

"Go back and tell Du Quesne and Girty that we will consider the matter and give them an answer in one hour," continued Daniel Boone, addressing McKee.

"I hope you'll come to your senses, by that time!" retorted McKee; he then returned to his friends again.

Considerable debate now followed; some of the settlers opposed the measure proposed by McKee, and others were strongly in favor of it. The subject was discussed with much warmth. While the matter was under consideration, Elizabeth Boone had been standing at one of the loop-holes of the block-house in which the pioneers were assembled. The aperture was on that side opposite the river, and commanded a view of the large forest on the right of the recent clearings.

The firing had ceased long before in that direction, but knowing that their foes were full of artful devices, Miss Boone resolved to keep a good watch upon that point, while the men were deliberating in regard to the proposed treaty. She was thus laudably employed, when she beheld a female figure emerging from the woods.

"What do you see, Miss Boone?" inquired Joel Logston, who perceived by her eagerness that some object attracted her attention.

"A female who appears desirous of approaching the fort," replied Lizzie.

"It's a young gal!" exclaimed Joel; "and she seems timid like about comin'."

"Perhaps it's an Indian in disguise," said Reynolds.

"Look and see," returned Joel.

Reynolds did as requested, and blushed at his own awkward suggestion, for it was easy enough to see that the person cautiously approaching was a young and pretty maiden.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN INTERVIEW IN THE FOREST.

"Go!" said Star-Light; "I hear footsteps." But Allan still lingered, looking inquiringly at the unconscious form of Rosalthe.

"My cousin is ill; she will soon recover; be gone, I say!" added Star-Light, impatiently.

The sound of footsteps aroused Norwood to a sense of danger, and turning from the singular scene, he plunged hastily into the forest.

The next moment Monon stood beside Star-Light.

"The young pale-face I spoke of has been here," said the latter; "he has talked of White-Cloud until her soft heart was moved; but her strength is coming again."

"What did he say of White-Cloud?" asked Monon.

"*Minewawa*! 'twas a pleasant sound; he talked of love," returned her sister.

"She sighs—she breathes—she comes back again to the earth," resumed Monon.

"It would be better for her to stay in the land of dreams," replied Star-Light, thoughtfully.

"The world of shadows must be better than this."

Rosalthe opened her eyes and smiled faintly upon the two maidens.

"I have been weak and foolish," she said.

Monon pressed her hand slightly, and no other answer was made.

"Is he gone?" asked Rosalthe, timidly.

"Never to come back," returned Star-Light.

"Is he a prisoner?" exclaimed Rosalthe, grasping Star-Light's arm nervously, while the paint upon her cheeks failed to hide the sudden pallidness that overspread them.

"Peace, silly maiden!" said the Indian girl, with a smile. "The white hunter is safe."

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated Rosalthe, and blushed at her own earnestness.

"Leave me alone a few moments, and I shall soon collect my confused thoughts, and recover my calmness," she added.

"Do not try to escape," said Star-Light.

"I will not," replied our heroine.

The Cherokee maidens moved slowly away, and Rosalthe's wish was gratified; she was alone. Like one in a dream she stood gazing at the beautiful scenery around her; but her thoughts were not occupied with what she beheld; she was thinking of Allan Norwood, and the words which she had heard him utter. To her the declarations which he had made were far from offensive; she could not but confess to herself that she had experienced a secret pleasure in listening to his earnest avowals. Her situation had been indeed a singular, and, in many respects, a trying one. She had been obliged to hear a sincere declaration of the tenderness of all sentiments; and also to remain unknown to the person who had risked his life for her.

The late excitements through which she had passed, the thought of home, and the new love-dream that was opening so romantically before her youthful vision, rendered her feelings so intense that her physical system had for a moment yielded to the overpowering current. The balmy breezes blowing upon her brows reanimated her being; her fortitude and courage revived, and with a more tranquil step she walked among the wild flowers and green plants that margined the narrow foot-path that wound its verdant way through forests of lofty oaks.

Rosalthe's dreamy meditations were disturbed by the hurried tramp of a horse's feet. She stepped quickly from the path; but not before the horseman was in sight, and had caught a glimpse of her person. Our heroine became faint with terror, for in the advancing horseman she recognized Le Bland; and she most cordially hoped that she should not be known, but pass for just what she seemed in exteriors—an Indian maiden.

"Is it you, Star-Light?" said Le Bland.

Rosalthe partially turned her face towards the Frenchman without making a reply. He immediately discovered his mistake.

"Ah, no; it is not Star-Light; but, upon my word, one quite as pretty," he added.

Rosalthe dared not trust herself to make a rejoinder, fearing her voice might betray her; she therefore imitated the coyness and taciturnity highly characteristic of the race to which she apparently belonged.

"Although I mistook you for Star-Light, in good faith I am but little disappointed. What matters it! Come, girl, where is your tongue? Be not coy, but social—if you know what that means—I am in a mood to chat awhile with some one of your complexion."

Rosalthe raised her hand and pointed significantly toward the village.

"You mean to say that I shall go my way; but I am not disposed to obey you."

Rosalthe assumed an air of offended dignity, and looked in another direction.

"What are you called, my wild beauty?" asked Le Bland, urging his horse close to her side.

The easy impudence of the Frenchman began to have its effect upon Rosalthe; but she wisely controlled her feelings. She pointed once more to the path he had been pursuing, and then with a frown passed her fingers round her temples, describing very accurately the circumference of the scalp-lock.

"That they dare not do!" exclaimed Le Bland. "Not one of your race would presume to harm a hair of my head. And why should they wish to? Am I not one of them? Do I not espouse their cause, and lead them on to battle against the white stations, that the red tribes may possess their lands in peace? No; my pretty flower of the wilderness, I have nothing to fear. I will be gallant, if thou wilt be loving."

With an expression of the deepest scorn upon her countenance, Rosalthe turned from Le Bland and walked hastily away. He dismounted and followed her, when Star-Light, who had been an unseen witness of the meeting, stepped from her hiding place and confronted him.

The Frenchman stopped, and for a moment lost his assested air and easy self-possession, and appeared confused. Star-Light stood erect and calm, perfect mistress of herself. Not a muscle betrayed disappointment, jealousy, or anger. With folded arms she waited for Le Bland to speak.

"Well, you really startled me at first," he said, with a careless laugh.

Star-Light smiled scornfully, but made no other answer.

"All you red maidens are in the same ungente mood to-day, I believe," he added.

The face of the Cherokee girl grew more unfriendly in its expression.

"Come, come, Star-Light, give me a better greeting; you know I have been dying to see you," resumed the Frenchman, in tones more insinuating.

"I believe not the tale," said Star-Light, coldly.

"I will tell it you so sweetly that you cannot help believing it," continued Le Bland, in his most agreeable manner.

"Say on, and you shall see, Smooth-Tongue," answered the maiden.

Her cold, calm manner disconcerted even Le Bland; but he quickly recovered his accustomed assurance.

"I have ridden from the great fort on purpose to sun myself in the soft light of your eyes," he resumed. "See; my horse is panting with exertion."

"Where have you been so long? Why did you not come for eye-light before?" inquired the Indian girl.

"Because, light of my life, I have been suspected and shut up like a captive, which delayed the fulfillment of my designs somewhat; but I escaped from Boonesborough, and have attacked it with a great army."

"Why have you attacked the white station?"

"To drive them out of the country, so the red men can possess the whole."

"I believe Smooth-Tongue lies!" said Star-Light.

"What says my eye-light?"

"My people call you Smooth-Tongue; they do well; for your speech is smooth, and your ways deceitful. Begone! I love you no longer!" continued Star-Light, with energy.

"This is strange! what evil thing have I done to offend the light of my eyes!" exclaimed the Frenchman, much astonished at what he heard.

"Go, Smooth-Tongue, go! The Great Spirit has opened my eyes to your deceitfulness. Your voice is no longer music, your smiles no longer sweet. My heart will warm toward you no more; it will be colder when you are near. I have no more eye-light for Shoiska; the past has melted away from my soul like the dews which the morning sun dries up. Away, and hiss your falsehoods in the ears of the pale-face maiden."

Le Bland stood silent and confounded.

"Star-Light will smile no longer upon Smooth-Tongue," added the Cherokee girl.

"Some one has amused himself by telling you lies," said the Frenchman.

"If a spark of love ever animated the heart of Star-Light, she has crushed it as she now crushes this fair flower."

While the maiden was speaking, she placed her foot upon a beautiful wild flower and remorselessly crushed it.

"Thus has it been, and thus ends it all!" she continued, bitterly. "But your own hour of darkness draws near; the Great Spirit seems to whisper to my soul of a sudden death, and an unwilling journey to the land of shadows that lieth towards the west. I see the figure of justice mirrored in the sunny sky; it holds a bow in one hand, and a quiver of arrows in the other. Let Shoiska tremble! Let his heart become weak and his cheeks grow pale!"

Star-Light ceased speaking, raised her finger warningly, and instantly glided away, followed by Rosalthe, who had been a party to this strange interview.

Le Bland stood rooted to the spot, and made no attempt to detain the maiden. * * * Allan Norwood retraced his footsteps to the lodge where he had left Simon Kenton. He found the latter sitting at the door, patiently awaiting his return.

"What tidings do you bring?" asked Kenton. Allan related what he had heard and seen during his recent interview with Star-Light.

"This seems to be rather a mysterious affair, but I trust it will end well," said Kenton.

"How does your wound feel to-day?" inquired Allan.

"Much better; I have been into the forest since you left me. As I returned (which was but a few moments ago) I struck a trail which I feel a strong desire to follow."

"Is it far from here?"

"Less than a mile," returned the woodsman.

"If you think the exercise will not irritate your wound, lead the way; I am ready," answered Norwood.

The two friends having carefully examined their weapons, set off in the direction where the trail had been discovered.

"This is the spot," said the forester, after a short and silent walk through the woods.

"The tracks are quite easily seen, although they follow a beaten buffalo path," he added.

"It appears to be the trail of a party on horseback," observed Allan.

"Yes, and not less than six in number. Let us go on a little way."

The hunters moved forward some distance, examining the trail minutely. An exclamation from Norwood induced Kenton to ask what he had discovered.

"The imprint of a white man's foot."

The forester was quickly at Norwood's side.

"You are right, for the feet toe out instead of in. The next question that naturally arises, did he belong to the party, or was he a prisoner?" resumed Kenton.

"By the signs," returned Allan, "I should say that he was a prisoner; for you observe that tracks commence here, and by walking a few steps in this direction, I imagine I discover some indications that a struggle or scuffle took place. In this spot the grass and wood-plants are trampled considerably."

"Correct again," said Kenton. "The unfortunate white man was doubtless tied to one of the Indians' horses and compelled to keep pace with them; for as I proceed, I perceive that his steps are very long, like one obliged to run."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Allan, with a sigh.

"It's a pity we couldn't do something for him," added Kenton, looking wishfully at Allan.

"I only wish your arm was well," resumed Allan.

"Never mind that; I feel like a new man to-day," replied Kenton.

"There are two of us, and probably as many as half a dozen of the enemy," continued Norwood, musingly.

"You have the same ideas about this matter that I have. I'm glad you have, for I always like to assist a fellow-creature in distress. I think, with boldness and cunning combined, we can do all we feel so strongly inclined to."

"Let us follow the dictates of humanity," responded our hero, warmly. "So well armed as we are, if we can surprise the party, the work will easily be accomplished, and a fellow-being saved, perhaps, from a most appalling fate."

"Such feelings are honorable, and accord well with my inclinations. The trail is fresh, and you may be assured that we shall not go far before the affair will be decided in one way or another. This business requires caution, and in its execution, we must be, in Bible phrase, 'as wise as serpents.'"

The sentiments of the young men being the same upon the subject, the pursuit was immediately commenced. It is well known that to follow an Indian trail requires all the sagacity and skill of the most practised woodsman. At the period of which we are writing, a thousand arts were employed to evade pursuit, when some successful foray upon the white settlements had been made; but luckily in this particular instance, no uncommon precautions had been taken; the trail was distinct and bold, as if no pursuit was expected or feared.

The greatest danger, as Kenton justly remarked, was not that of losing the trail, but of coming so suddenly upon the party, that they themselves would fall into their hands. Accordingly, bearing this important item in mind, they proceeded very slowly, never speaking above their breath, and never treading incautiously upon the dry twigs.

The prediction of Kenton that the party was not far off, proved true. They had followed the trail about an hour when the neighing of a horse was heard. The young men crept forward upon

their hands and knees, resolved at all hazards to learn how far their conjectures had been just.

"There they are," whispered Allan, as sheltered by a thick network of grape-vines, he obtained a full view of the party.

"They are Shawanese; one, two, three, four, five, six in number. Yonder are their horses; but where is the white man?" returned Kenton.

"Look to the left of that fellow who is in the act of lighting his pipe, and you will see him," replied Allan.

"Right, right! I see him, and if I can trust the evidence of my sight, it is Ballard the scout!" said Kenton.

"It is no other," answered Norwood, scarcely able to repress an exclamation of surprise.

"He's a lost man, if we don't save him," added Kenton.

"I believe they are making preparations to kill him now," resumed our hero.

While Allan was making this remark, two of the savages approached the spot where the unfortunate scout was lying bound, and compelled him to arise. He was then led to a small tree and firmly lashed to it with a wild grape-vine. One who appeared to be the chief of the party now approached Ballard with a tomahawk in hand.

"They mean to make quick work of it," whispered Kenton.

"Yes; there is not an instant to lose. Let us fire and then rush upon them with our pistols and other weapons; take the one on the right of Ballard, and I will pick off the one on the left. Are you ready?"

"All ready!" said Kenton.

The savage with the tomahawk raised the weapon to deal a deadly blow; but a bullet whistled through his heart, and he fell at the feet of his victim. At the same instant the one nearest him shared the same fate.

"Come on, men!" cried Allan, at the top of his voice, and followed by Kenton, flung himself among the astonished survivors, discharging his pistols with effect. Two more fell, and the others received severe wounds, but succeeded in making their escape. Before a minute had elapsed, the two young hunters were masters of the field.

With his knife Norwood quickly liberated the scout. He looked at his deliverers a moment, and then taking a long breath, said solemnly:

"I knew somethin' would break!"

"Your top story would have been broken by this time, I reckon," returned Kenton, pointing significantly at the savage nearest him, whose hand still held the handle of the tomahawk in the rigid grip of relentless death.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEW PHASES IN THE LIFE OF ROSALTHE.

THE deportment of Star-Light was more friendly after her return to the village. The reasons for this change were to be attributed to the occurrences of the day; we mean those relating to Allan Norwood and Le Bland.

Our heroine's emotions while in the presence of the former, and her evident repugnance to the latter, had produced a favorable impression upon the jealous Indian maiden.

Rosalthe took advantage of Star-Light's mood, to refer to the promise which she had made to conduct her back to Boonesborough. The subject gave no apparent displeasure, and the assurance was given that the matter should not be long delayed.

Rosalthe was much surprised at the calmness exhibited by the Cherokee girl, when she obviously felt so deeply on the subject. That the Frenchman had made the strongest professions of love to her, there could be no ground of doubt; and that Star-Light still distrusted his sincerity was equally sure.

"What does White-Cloud think of Smooth-Tongue?" she asked, abruptly, upon the morning following.

Rosalthe felt that it was her duty to deal truly and frankly with Star-Light; she therefore replied that she considered Le Bland a dangerous man, to whose protestations of love or friendship it was not safe to trust; that, if he had professed to love her (Star-Light), the truth compelled her to say that he had not acted in good faith, for during the last few weeks he had not ceased to persecute and render her miserable with his avowals, to which she could not listen without the deepest repugnance.

While Rosalthe was making this statement, Star-Light kept her eyes fixed searchingly upon

her. When she had ceased speaking, her companion shook her head and smiled faintly.

"And White-Cloud is sure that she had no happiness in the words of Shoiska?" replied Star-Light.

"Very sure," said Rosalthe; "his society was not agreeable to me from the first; and when I began to be suspicious that he was leagued with our enemies, I not only disliked, but feared him. I have told you this before, but you would not listen."

"The spirit of the lying Machiavito is in him. Gezha Moneda! the clouds of his sky grow dark; they are heavy with storm and tempest; I hear his *bainwawa* (passing thunder) in the air."

Star-Light's eyes flashed, and her chest heaved with emotion as she spoke.

"Let my red sister be strong," said Rosalthe.

"Let her soul rise above sorrow. Smooth-Tongue is unworthy of her thoughts, therefore let her forget him. Otter-Lifter is brave and humane; and his heart sighs for Star-Light."

The maiden made no answer, and soon after Rosalthe and Monon left the lodge and walked into the forest together. They had gone but a short distance from the village when they were again met by Le Bland. He assumed the same easy, assured and arrogant tone which had characterized his conversation on the previous day.

"Yesterday you were coy; to-day I trust you will be kind," he said.

"Our cousin of the Wyandots talks but little," replied Monon.

"So I should think," added the Frenchman.

"She seems to be a perfect mute. Is the gift of speech denied her?"

"She speaks to those who please her," replied Monon.

"Indeed!" said Le Bland, drily.

Monon did not think proper to make any reply to this not very gallant rejoinder.

"I would speak a few words to you," continued the Frenchman, again addressing Rosalthe, but in a more respectful tone.

"Speak on," she replied, disguising her voice as much as possible.

"What I would say is for your ears alone."

"I am willing that this person should hear whatever you may wish to communicate," replied Rosalthe.

For a moment the Frenchman was silent; a significant, sarcastic smile played over his features.

Think; reflect one single moment; is there not some secret connected with your present situation which you might not wish to be known in certain quarters?" replied Le Bland.

"None in which I wish you to feel interested," returned Rosalthe.

"You are injuring your own cause," resumed Le Bland.

"I do not wish to have any farther conversation with you," added our heroine.

"There is a place called Boonesborough," said the Frenchman.

"Who does not know it?" replied Monon.

"There is a family there by the name of Alston," he continued.

Our heroine made no rejoinder, but felt herself trembling in every limb.

"Mr. Alston had a fair daughter whose name was Rosalthe."

"I know what you would say," replied Rosalthe. "I know the words that hang upon your lips for utterance. Whatever my present situation may be, it cannot be bettered by you. I would not trust myself with one who has proved himself so recreant to all that is honorable."

"You speak proudly and bitterly, Rosalthe Alston. Captivity has not turned your haughtiness and intractability of spirit. I find you the same; but more cold, if possible. It was your father's wish that you should cultivate a far different deportment towards one who is but too willing to be your slave."

"Monsieur Le Bland, the time has passed when such language could be received with even the semblance of courtesy. Since your true character has been revealed to me in the light of day, and there can no longer be doubt in relation to that subject, I shrink from you with unspeakable repugnance."

It has come to this, then!" exclaimed Le Bland. "You speak out at last; you throw aside the flimsy mask imposed by respect to your parents, and stand before me as you are; and I cast off mine. The period of dissimulation has gone by forever. Gentle speech and the soft fooleries of love cannot affect you; I must woo

you as the gallant knights of the olden time sometimes wooed fair lady—by sterner arts."

"I cannot for a moment doubt your inclination to commit any species of villainy, since you have betrayed those who have loaded you with kindness. Alas! those most dear to me may already be bleeding in savage hands! Boonesborough may even now be wrapped in red hot flames."

"Yes, Boonesborough is invested by a great army. Du Quesne has sat down before it; it is threatened by fire and water. Many of its defenders have fallen. All faces there are as white as those of the sheeted dead; all hearts feel the icy touch of despair. Women and children are quaking with horror; tears flow like rain; cries and prayers go up to Heaven like a burden of terrible agony," said Le Bland.

"And you, the author of this great wrong, can speak of it calmly!" cried Rosalthe.

"I can."

"I would that I could see this Captain Du Quesne," added our heroine. "I would throw myself at his feet and entreat him to have mercy on the helpless and innocent."

"But little would you move him," replied Le Bland, with a sarcastic smile.

"He could not resist the appeals of mercy; his soul is not so hardened."

"I know him better than you."

"If he can bring such misery upon Boonesborough, he is not a man; he is a fiend!"

"He was ready to fire the station when I came away."

"Merciful Heaven! how cruel is the heart of this man!" exclaimed Rosalthe, deeply moved.

"There is yet a solitary hope of saving Boonesborough, although invested by four hundred savages, led on by Du Quesne, and stimulated by the arts of Girty and McKee."

"What is that solitary hope?" asked Rosalthe, eagerly.

"It is a hope as slender as the finest thread ever spun into the web of the spider's web."

"Name it—be quick!"

"It is a hope fainter than the breath of the dying zephyr."

"This suspense is dreadful—it fills me with horror."

"It is a hope as distant as the far-off planets; as cold as the frozen ocean."

Rosalthe clung convulsively to Monon for support, looking wildly at Le Bland.

"It is this; if you will listen to the wishes of your father (and duty to parents is strictly enjoined in the Book of books), the army shall be withdrawn from Boonesborough," said the Frenchman, calmly, bending upon Rosalthe a keen and penetrating glance.

"Merciful Father! can this man be trusted?" she exclaimed.

"No, no! Tho bad Monito is with him," said Monon, earnestly.

"It is terrible to think of being this man's wife!" added Rosalthe, wringing her hands.

"And is there not something equally appalling in the fate of Boonesborough?" asked the Frenchman, whose hopes in this new device momentarily grew stronger.

"I doubt your power to do this. Bring me face to face with Captain Du Quesne," returned Rosalthe.

"You have your wish; I am Captain Du Quesne," answered Le Bland, drawing himself up proudly, and smiling coldly at the amazed expression that passed over the face of Miss Alston.

"You, Du Quesne!" cried the latter.

"Ay, Miss Alston, I am that monster," was the ironical rejoinder.

"It only required this declaration to make my repugnance complete. If you have no other conditions to offer, Boonesborough must indeed perish!" returned Rosalthe, in despairing accents.

"Think of all those you love; have respect to the gray hairs of your father; to the cherished wishes of the kindest of mothers."

"Dare you hold such language, in the face of heaven, and in the sight of God! Do you feel no fear? do you not tremble at your own enormity?" replied our heroine.

"You talk like a woman; I have gone too far to recede. I feel no remorse, none of the lashings of conscience you speak of. I have but one desire—one absorbing wish—that swallows up all other thoughts—the ambition to call you mine—to know that you are indissolubly connected with my destiny—that fate itself cannot take you from me!"

"I am not so silly as to be deceived by your protestations; I know the baseness of the heart from whence they spring. If my life would redeem Boonesborough from the danger that now threatens it with annihilation, I would willingly yield it; but this other condition you talk of, is too horrible."

"To know the danger to which your friends are exposed, you must go with me; you must look upon the painted faces; you must witness upon their red visages the impatience which they feel to dip their hands in gore. If the spectacle does not move you, you are composed of sterner material than I imagine."

"Go with you? God forbid! I would not look upon the doomed station."

"But I shall not consult your wishes; you shall see Boonesborough assailed with fire and sword, and behold the destruction of all the inhabitants by hands that know no mercy!"

Du Quesne gave a shrill whistle, and three savages appeared, who instantly seized the two maidens. Both called for assistance, but their cries were immediately stopped; they were placed on horseback. In a few minutes they were moving off through the forest, at a rapid rate, in the direction of Boonesborough. Monon bore her fate with stoical firmness; but Rosalthe was less resigned, and sighed for the gentler captivity of Star-Light, from which she was being conveyed, to a condition which might prove a thousand times more wretched.

On the way Du Quesne informed her that a small party which had accompanied him to the Cherokee village, had been attacked on the previous day by Simon Kenton and young Norwood; the fellows, he said, who had officiously interfered with his affairs on several occasions. Some of his faithful allies, he added, had been slain, and a prisoner of much importance set at liberty. To punish such an audacious outrage, he had instantly despatched a messenger to Boonesborough for a larger party, which would pursue the offenders until they overtook them, when strict justice would be meted out.

He then referred to his imprisonment at the station, attributing the same to the agency of Allan, who had artfully contrived to poison the minds of his friends against him. In the most unequivocal terms he vowed the destruction of Norwood. His escape, he averred, was a thing impossible, when it was considered how many warriors he could let loose upon him. The wilds of Kentucky were not large enough to admit of his hiding himself away from his wrath. He would send so many savages after him, that they would be as numerous as the trees of the forest, providing the party he had already despatched did not succeed.

These menaces Rosalthe was obliged to hear in silence, and it added not a little to her unhappiness to think that Allan might soon be in the power of her persecutor.

"How mutable are things human!" thought Rosalthe, as she pursued the way towards the fated station. "How uncertain is the future! how weary the journey of life, when circumstances conspire against us. Yesterday elated with hope, to-day cast down with despair!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TREATY.

THE maiden approached the station, and Reynolds and Joel Logston hastened to open the postern for her admittance. It was Innis McKee; she entered, pale and agitated, and asked to be conducted to Captain Boone. Elizabeth, who had hastened to meet her, took her kindly by the hand and led her into the block-house.

"This is Captain Boone," said Lizzie.

"Let me breathe a moment; I am excited; my heart beats very fast," replied Innis.

"No wonder," said Joel. "It's a mystery to me how you managed to get here alive."

"I have come to speak about the treaty proposed by Captain Du Quesne, Girty and others," said Innis, when she had grown somewhat calmer.

"Then you were sent here?" returned Boone, quickly.

"No, no! I came of my own accord," answered Innis, earnestly.

"And for what purpose, young woman?" inquired the captain.

"To save you all from destruction; the treaty talked of, is but a trap to destroy you. If you go out from the fort, you will never come back; you will be seized and perhaps slain on the spot!" added Innis, with increasing fervor.

"Who are you?" asked the captain, in a more kindly tone.

The young girl hesitated, and then covering her face with her hands, replied:

"My name is Innis McKee."

"That's unfortunate!" muttered Joel to himself. "And you have risked your life to tell us this!" exclaimed Elizabeth, embracing Innis warmly.

"Ah, what is life to me!" she replied. "What pleasant hopes does it hold out?"

"Sure enough," added Joel, in the same tone, "with such a father!"

"Be silent, Joel," said the captain. "Now, Miss McKee, be good enough to tell us the particulars of this plot; and in doing so, you need not implicate your father unless you choose."

"Alas, sir, why should I attempt to conceal what is so well known? the perfidy of my father fills me with shame. The plot is simply this: when you go out to make terms with Du Quesne, you will be seized and not allowed to return to the fort. A large party of warriors will surround you, and effectually cut off retreat. The principal men being captured, the station will be greatly weakened and forced to surrender, when a horrible scene of butchery will follow. Knowing this, I have hastened hither, in order to prevent a catastrophe so dreadful."

"You have acted nobly, and all these helpless women and children will thank you; and not they only, but these gallant men, who are their natural defenders," said Boone, feelingly.

"Do you know anything of the two young women who were carried away by Girty?" asked Joel.

"I have seen them," returned Innis.

"What is their condition?" inquired Mr. Fleming, anxiously.

"Why do you ask their condition, when you know into whose hands they have fallen?" asked Innis, quickly.

"Too true! too true!" exclaimed Fleming, turning aside to hide a tear that glistened in his eye.

"Alas, my child! my child!" cried Mrs. Fleming.

Captain Boone sighed, and pressed his hand to his brow.

"Do not give way to despondency," said Mrs. Boone. "This is no time to weep for the dead, or grieve for the living! Let us think only of the general good. Have I not cause of sorrow, also? Could I not weep with you all? Hath not the hand of death touched me?"

"Cheer up, wife—cheer up! trust in Him who doth not willingly afflict us," said Fleming, in a calmer voice.

"Perhaps something can be done to liberate the girls," added Joel, thoughtfully.

"I think so," replied Innis.

"This affair of the treaty must first be attended to," resumed Boone, recovering his wonted serenity of expression.

"Let us hear your opinion," said Mr. Alston.

"Knowing as we do their intentions, I think we may safely meet them, under certain conditions."

"Name them," said Fleming.

"Send them word that we will meet them sixty yards from the block-house."

"Go on," added Alston.

"In the block-house we will station our sharpest shooters. If they attempt to seize us, let them shoot down the first who lifts a hand."

"Very good," said Logston.

"They'll object to meeting you within sixty yards of the fort," said Reynolds.

"Then we will not attempt to treat with them," returned the pioneer.

"If they should accede to this, who will go?" asked Mr. Fleming.

"I will, for one," replied the captain.

"And I, for another," said Fleming.

"I'll go, for a third," added Logston.

"No more will be necessary," said Boone.

"Now the next question to be decided is, when shall we meet them?"

"To-morrow morning," said Reynolds, "for, by putting it off till that time, we may have a more quiet night, and obtain some rest."

"The idea is a happy one," rejoined Mr. Alston.

"Mr. Reynolds, take a white flag, mount to the top of one of the cabins, and tell them we will meet them to-morrow morning early, in order to fix the terms of a treaty," added Boone.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Losers are always in the wrong.

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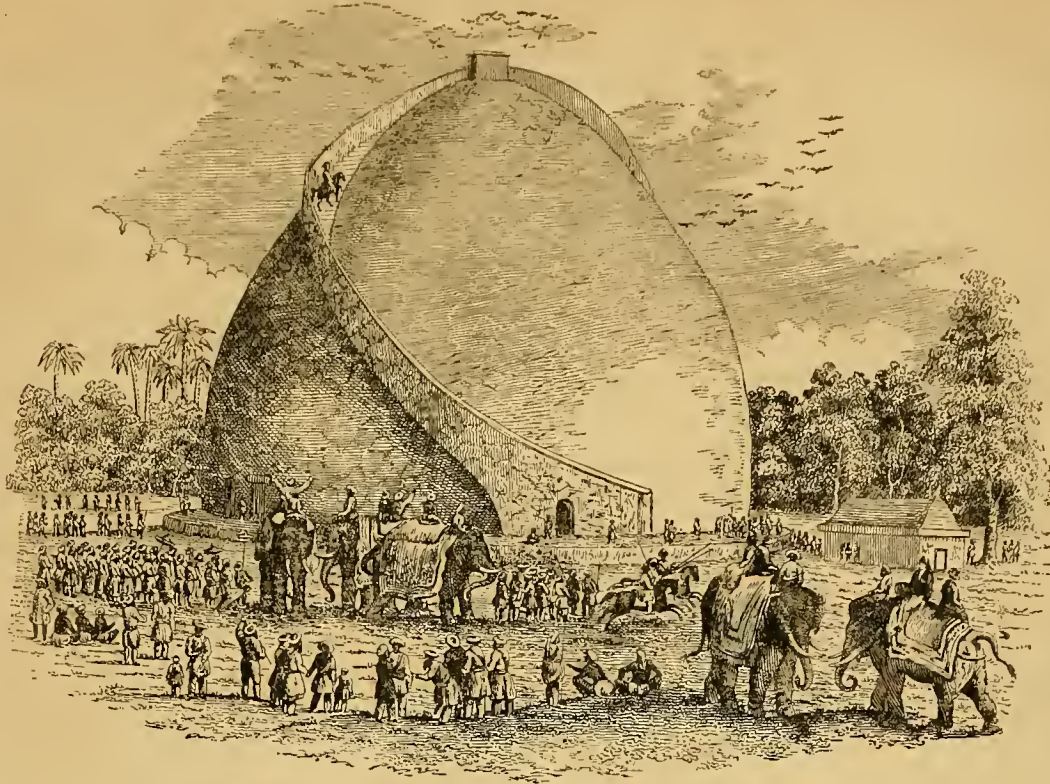
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EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.

Herewith we give a representation of an extraordinary feat performed by His Excellency Jung Bahadoor, Commander-in-Chief and Prime Minister of Nepal, during his stay at Patna. The exploit consisted in riding to the summit of a large masonry granary on the back of a hill pony, which animals are famous for their sure-footedness; and a more trying experiment, both to the rider's nerves and to the pony's paces can scarcely be conceived; the height of the dome is about two hundred feet, with two most peculiarly awkward and dangerous staircases leading to the summit. This granary was the first of an intended series proposed to be built at all the principal towns in the province of Behar, in order to avert famine and want during the years of excessive drought; the occasion of its being built was the dreadful famine of A.D. 1770, when nearly one-third of the population of Behar was swept away—men eating men, and mothers their children. What prevented the completion of the intended series of these granaries, does not appear. Fortunately, since A.D. 1770, no such famine has again occurred in Behar.

AMERICAN BEAUTY.

There are two points in which it is seldom equalled, never excelled—the classic chasteness and delicacy of the features, and the smallness and exquisite symmetry of the extremities. In the latter respect they are singularly fortunate. I have seldom seen one, delicately brought up, who had not a fine hand. The feet are also generally very small and exquisitely moulded, particularly those of a Maryland girl; who, well aware of their attractiveness, has a thousand little coquettish ways of her own of temptingly exhibiting them. That in which the American women are most deficient is in roundness of figure. But it is a mistake to suppose that well-rounded forms are not to be found in America. Whilst this is the characteristic of English beauty, it is not so prominent a feature in America. In New England, in the mountainous districts of Pennsylvania and Maryland, and in the central valley of Virginia, the female form is, generally speaking, as well rounded and developed as it is here; whilst a New England complexion is, in nine cases out of ten, a match for an English one. This, however, cannot be said of the American women as a class. They are, in a majority of cases, over-delicate and languid,—a defect chiefly superinduced by their want of exercise. An English girl will go through as much exercise in a forenoon, without dreaming of fatigue, as an American will in a day, and be overcome by exertion. It is also true that American is more evanescent than English beauty, particularly in the south, where it seems to fade ere it has well bloomed. But it is much more lasting in the north and northeast,—a remark which will apply to the whole region north of the Potomac and east of the lakes; and I have known instances of Philadelphia beauty as lovely and enduring as any that our own hardy climate can produce.—*Mackay's Western World.*



HIS EXCELLENCY JUNG BAHADOOR'S EXTRAORDINARY FEAT, AT PATNA.

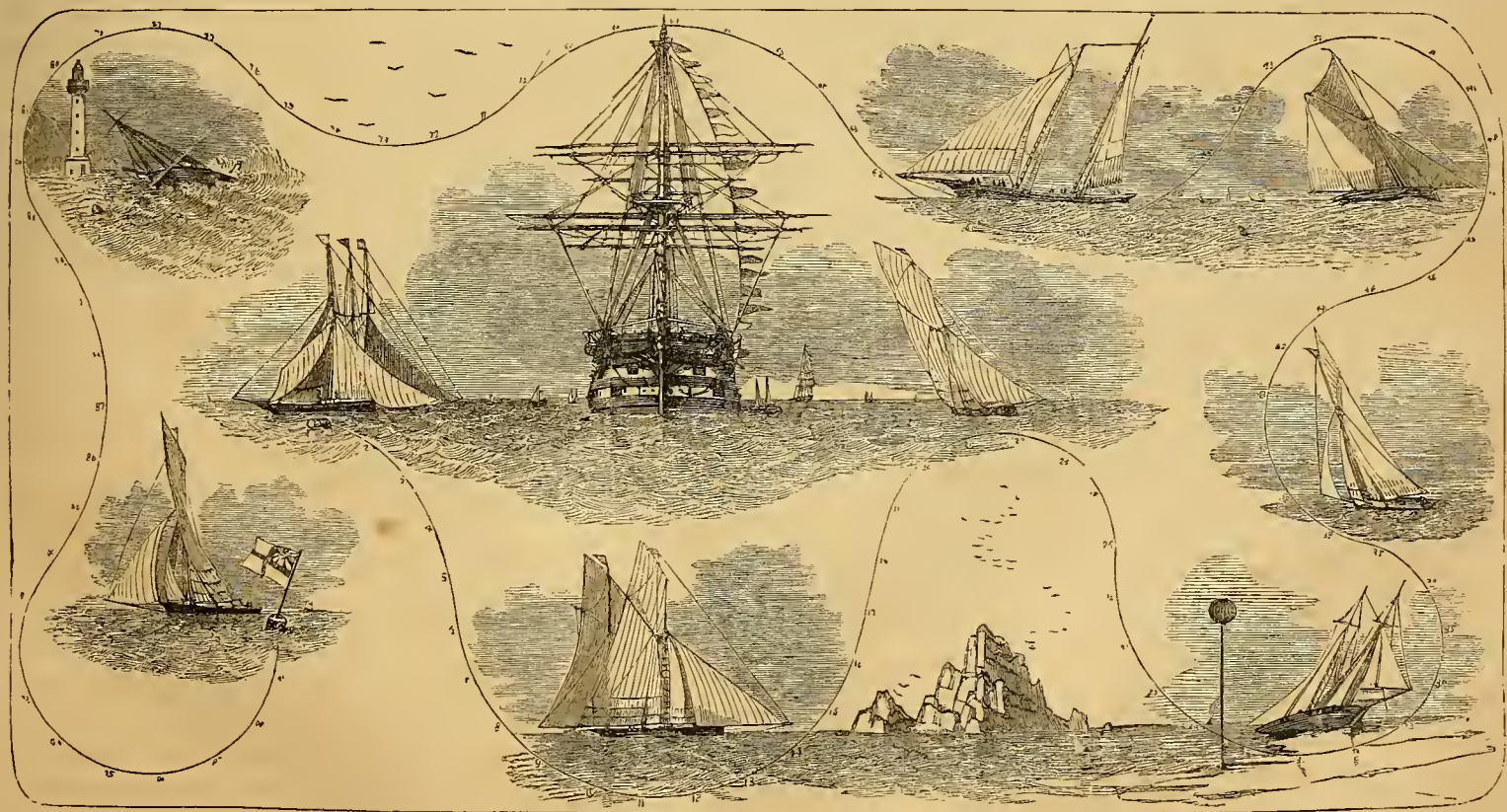
THE MISSISSIPPI BOATMEN.

The "Alligators"—the boatmen of the Mississippi—were a part of the transient population of New Orleans, about whom I had long felt a curiosity. In story and in common parlance, they occupy somewhat the position as to the West, that the Bedouin Arabs do to the East,—though, with a home three thousand miles long, and with a life which compels them to "combine the accomplishments of the sailor, the whaler, the backwoodsman and the Yankee," they are vastly superior to those mere mounted loafers of the desert. Probably no vocation in the world so taxes every kind of bodily dexterity, so disciplines the courage, so calls upon the sharpness of the wits. Their constitutions are not only subjected to the changes of all climates, but their intercourse is with the inhabitants of all latitudes. They vibrate between the icicle and the sugar-cane, familiarized on the way with every variety of produce, of soil, of merchandise and of character. They eat anything, toil anyhow, sleep anywhere. The particular neighborhood to which any of them is responsible for character—the spot in the wilderness where his chimney smokes and his wife waits for him—are trifles lost in the vastness of his range. His credit is the length of his visible purse, his reputation the length of his visible shadow. From the overlapping reciprocities and influences that sustain other men, he is completely isolated. His strength is in what he can show, what he can do, what he has got, and what he is—for the moment. He depends wholly and habitually on himself.—*N. P. Willis.*

NEW GAME, REGATTA.

This game, a fine representation of which is given below, is played with dice, on a piece of painted canvass, three or four feet square, representing the sea, placed upon a table, and numbered as in the engraving. The guard-ship (pool) should be from eight to ten inches long; breadth in proportion; the hulls of the yachts, from two to two and a half inches, cast in brass or lead; and the lighthouse of wood, three or four inches in height. When the stakes are agreed upon, and the pool made, each member must then select his yacht, and enter her at the starting-buoy. All the players must then throw; the highest thrower, with the letter A marked on his die, superintends the game, and is to be styled Admiral, and may or may not enter a yacht; but if he should enter one, he commences, unless he be a gallant Admiral, when he allows the ladies to commence. If the letters G-S should turn up, every one in the fleet pays one counter to (pool) guard-ship. If the letter A turn up, every one pays to the Admiral. But if the letter F turn with any of the above letters, it is vice versa, viz.: G-S, all pay one to the guard-ship; A, all pay one to Admiral; G-S and F, guard-ship pays one all round the fleet; A and F, Admiral pays one all round the fleet. The Admiral must keep all the counters he receives from the fleet separate from his own; for, should his yacht be wrecked on the lighthouse rock (81,82), he has to give them all up to

the possessor of the leading yacht, who then becomes Admiral, and remains so until the end of the game, unless he also gets wrecked. Any yacht running aground on the sandbank (31, 32, 33), not only pays half stakes, but goes back ten. Any yacht getting on the lighthouse rock (81, 82) must withdraw from the game, as wrecked. The yacht that first reaches the buoy marked 100 gains the pool. All yachts that pass the lighthouse are to throw but with one die. In reaching the winning buoy, the number thrown must amount exactly to 100. This amusement, like all other games, may be made subservient to the purposes of chance and skill. It is somewhat singular that the world has never outgrown such a propensity. It was so in ancient times. Among the amusements of most nations, games of chance have ever held an important place, and are undoubtedly of very ancient origin. The invention of dice is attributed to the Greek Palamedes; that of chess to the people of India. Both games were known to the Greeks and Romans. The games of mixed chance and skill are also of early origin. These were known to the Romans, but they were principally attached to games of chance, although they were prohibited by law, and the players reputed infamous. The ancient Germans, according to the description of Tacitus, were passionately devoted to gaming. Cards are of modern invention; and the games at cards are some of them purely games of chance, others of chance and skill combined. The laws of some countries prohibit gaming; those of France, and some other countries of Europe, license gaming-houses.



REPRESENTATION OF THE NEW GAME OF REGATTA.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A DOMESTIC WIFE.

BY ALICE CARET.

"Tis you, my love, I knew that bell!
How chilly you must be!"
"Bring up the rocking-chair, Estell,"
"Kate, hurry on the tea."

"Now glad I am!" "Now make haste, Kate,
And have things nice—d'you hear?
Use the new China and the plate
As if six guests were here."

"Be sure the toast's an even brown—"
"My love, you like it so?"
"What news is stirring down in town?"
"Estell, just run below,"

"And tell the girl she may prepare
Some oysters and prunes,
(We've had of late such wretched fare),
And to rub up the spoons."

"Kate? a tidier table-cloth,
And not the one we're had,
All stained with coffee and with broth,
It really was too bad."

"Twist prettily the napkins up,
And O, for mercy-sakes,
Don't, Katy, call us down to sup,
Until you're baking cakes."

"D'you say what news there was? Now there!
She's gone, and I forgot
To have her carry back your chair;
You miss it, do you not?"

"Dear, I've been mending up your clothes,
Trying to care for all
Your little wants—how hard it blows!
Just hand me that old shawl."

"Not wrongable-out—no matter, sweet—
It looks so old and poor,
I hate to wear it in the street
Another time, I'm sure."

"Shopping to-day—(but you're asleep),
Buying shirts and things, you know,
I saw a cashmere—O, so cheap!—
That would become me so."

Poor man, he heard the supper cook,
He thought the shirts were new,
And, taking out his pocket-book,
He muttered—"Will that do?"

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

WALTER WORTHINGTON was in truth a hypochondriac. At the age of twenty-one he had come into possession of an immense fortune, and at the age of twenty-five he found himself one of the most miserable fellows in existence. Every source of amusement that New York could afford, had been drained to its dregs, and even the gaming-table had begun to draw its fatal shroud around the youthful millionaire; but all could not arouse his spirits from the deep slough of despond into which they had become plunged. In his bosom he had cherished the feeling that he was doomed to irredeemable melancholy, and though he endeavored by all the means in his power to throw off or submerge the complaint, yet it stuck to him with the tenacity of a leech. Day by day did he grow more and more melancholy,—the bloom had faded from his cheek—the blood began to course sluggishly through his veins, and he actually entertained the idea that the gates of the grave alone could shut out his wasting malady. The gaudy butterflies of fashion fluttered around him, but he derived no pleasure in their company. The scheming misses and the flashing belles hovered about him with their flatteries and their smiles, but he turned from them in loathing.

It was in the middle of the forenoon, that young Worthington was stretched out upon his damask lounge, gazing vacantly at a spider that was industriously at work over his head, while in his right hand he held a volume of Byron's works, open, and turned bottom-side up. He was in this position when old Dr. Pottsdam entered, but in a moment more he arose lazily to a sitting position, and languidly held out his left hand for the visitor to shake.

"Doctor, I'm glad to see you," said the hypochondriac, "and I hope you'll be able to do something for me. I shan't live long in this way."

"Then why do you stay here in the city?" asked the doctor.

"Because I've nowhere else to go."

"But why don't you travel?"

"I've travelled all over the country,—what more could you ask?"

"Go to Enrope."

"A voyage across the Atlantic would kill me outright."

"Then go into business."

"There's no need of it—and I can't bear it."

"Then there's only one resource."

"Ah,—name it."

"Marry."

"Bah! Why, Pottsdam, the sight of a woman is perfectly hateful to me."

"Such women as you have associated with, I grant. I don't mean for you to marry a load of silks, satins, jewelry and red paint,—go and find a real woman."

"That would be wicked, to curse a lovely female with my deadening presence. No, doctor, I won't marry."

"Then," said the doctor, in a somewhat peevish tone, "what in heaven's name, would you do?"

"Give me something to cure me."

"I'll physic you."

"I don't care for that, so that you can cure me. The tooth-ache, the ear-ache, the cholera—anything, would be preferable to this everlasting deluge of darkness that's rolling over my heart."

For five minutes Dr. Pottsdam sat and reflected. At the end of that time, a half-hidden smile passed over his face, and a peculiar twinkle played in his sharp gray eyes.

"Worthington," said he, "I can't cure you."

"Then go to the —"

"Stop," interrupted the doctor. "I know of a man who can, though."

"Egad! that's good. Send him along."

"But you'll have to go to him."

"Where is he?"

"A hundred miles from here, just beyond the Catskill mountains."

"I should die on the way."

"No, you won't. There lives one old Doctor Forbush there, and I sincerely believe he can cure you. In short, I'll warrant a cure. Say you'll go, and in six months from now, you shall be a well man."

"Just tell me how I shall have to travel."

"Take the steamer as far as Catskill, and from there you'll take a first-rate stage-coach."

"Doctor Pottsdam," exclaimed young Worthington, in a like manner as a drowning man would catch at a straw, "I'll go. But remember, you say this Forbush can cure me."

"I'll stake my reputation on it."

"Then I'll start to-morrow."

"Not till day after to-morrow, and then I will give you letters to him. Just make yourself as comfortable as possible till that time, and then you shall be off."

"Comfortable as a dying convict," uttered Worthington, sinking back once more at full length upon his lounge. "But I'll try to live through it. Good day, doctor."

In due time, the poor hypochondriac found himself sailing up the Hudson. The journey was tedious and monotonous enough to one like him; but by spreading himself in his berth on board the steamboat, and securing a seat in the stage where he could lay out at full length, he managed to reach the dwelling of Dr. Forbush in a living condition. The old doctor was expecting his patient, and with a volume of smiles he assisted him into the house, where everything was prepared for his reception.

"Anything in particular that you'd like for supper?" asked the doctor, after Worthington had disposed of himself upon three chairs and a pillow.

"I saw some little chickens running around in the yard. I wish you'd catch one of them and broil it. Butter it well, and let me have a dry toast with it."

A smile passed over the old doctor's face, but without any remark, he went to obey the wish of his patient, and in half an hour the hypochondriac was seated before the dish he had named. Travelling had somewhat sharpened his appetite, and he ate more heartily than he had done before for months.

When Worthington expressed his desire to retire, the doctor took a lamp and led the way up stairs. The room into which the young man was ushered, was at the front of the house; a plain carpet covered the floor, the furniture was simple and neat, a small book-case hung against the wall, and the bed, covered with its snowy clothing, was enopied by light dimity curtains, and bore a tempting aspect to the weary traveller.

The next morning Walter Worthington arose from his bed, but he felt weak and sick, and at noon he retired again, and on the morning following that, he felt utterly unable to get up.

"Doctor," said he, "I'm worse."

"Your constitution is weaker, I admit," returned Forbush, "but you'll soon get over that, and at the same time you'll be recovering from your strange malady. Your journey hither has somewhat upset you."

"I knew it would, and I told Pottsdam so," uttered Worthington, as he turned heavily on his pillow. "But I won't die if I can help it."

"Another day passed, and Walter Worthington was utterly unable to sit up in his bed. There was no pain in his system, nor did he feel much sickness at the stomach—but a general debility, a total weakness, and utter want of appetite had possessed him. The doctor examined his tongue, felt his pulse, and then told him that he should have a nurse, and that with care he would soon be well. Had the invalid been stronger, he might have cursed the doctor and cursed the journey, but he was too weak to feel any such emotions, and with a commendable docility he resigned himself to his fate.

That forenoon the promised nurse was introduced to him, under the simple, musical name of Mary Holworth. She was somewhere about nineteen, light and graceful as a fairy, with a face radiant and lovely, all beaming with smiles and roguish dimples, her hair flowing in soft, sunlit curls, and her eyes of that peculiarly rich hazel that seems a bottomless fount of melting, sparkling light. The patient was startled to new life for a moment by this lovely presence, but he soon sank back upon his pillow, and

gazed at her with a half-vacant, meaningless look, as she moved about the room. Walter was directed to request the presence of the doctor or one of his students whenever he desired, and thus were matters arranged for his treatment.

A week passed away, but the invalid grew no stronger. Mary almost anticipated his every wish, as with the care and tenderness of a sister she hovered about his couch. The light of her happy smiles, and the music of her sweet voice, made a little paradise of that sick chamber, and at length Walter seemed to notice it, for when, after an absence of half an hour, she would re-enter the room, his countenance would brighten up, and a soft look of gratitude would beam forth from his eyes.

"Mary," said he one day, after he had become able, by the aid of a bolster and two pillows, to retain a sitting position, "methinks one with such a sweet voice as yours should be able to sing."

"O, I can sing, sir. Would it please you to hear me?"

"By heavens!" exclaimed the invalid, with more earnestness than he had evinced for weeks, "you are the first woman I ever saw who didn't have a cold when music was on the docket."

"It must be a strange fatality indeed that imparts colds so easily," returned Mary, with a smile. "It appears to me that I should not wish to hear one sing who had a very bad cold; and, on the other hand, if they pretended to have colds when they had them not, the palpable falsehood would make their music distasteful. But if you would like a little music, sir, I will get my harp."

"Get it, and sing to me," said Walter, and after she had gone, he murmured to himself:

"May I never get off from this bed, if that isn't the first sensible girl I ever saw," and so saying he fell into a fit of deep meditation.

In a few minutes Mary returned with her harp, and having swept her fingers over the strings for a moment, she began to warble forth a sweet song. The rich melody of her voice filled the room with its melting cadence, until it seemed to the sick man as though he dwelt in an atmosphere of celestial music.

"More! more! Sing again," he murmured, as the maiden ended her song.

Again and again she sang, and when at length she laid her harp aside, Walter regarded her with such a strange look, that she blushed and turned away towards the window.

"Mary," said the young man, "you must sing to me often. You will, won't you?"

"Yes," she replied, in a half-finished voice,—"I will either sing for you or read to you, for Doctor Forbush says it would help to relieve your mind."

"Never mind Doctor Forbush. You must sing and read because I want you to. Now sit you down by my side and read to me. Let it be from Byron."

"I will read to you from Gray, or Beattie, or Burns, but I don't like Byron."

"Don't like Byron? And why not?"

"Simply because he falsifies humanity, and maligns the better principles of human action. He does not write of the human heart as it beats in love and sympathy, but he portrays it as it beats in his own unfortunate bosom. I will read you something better."

Mary went to the book-case and returned with a volume of Goldsmith's works, from which she read that beautiful gem of literature, "The Deserted Village." The same voice that had sung so sweetly, read equally as well, and Walter drank in every word, as it fell from her lips, and a feeling, such as he had never before experienced, began to creep over his soul.

Thus passed the time for another week. Walter was not yet able to get out of his room, nor could he sit up for any length of time. Mary sang and read—then read and sang,—and when she would read or sing no more, she would laugh and talk, or talk and look serious, just as the case might be, for she possessed a most happy faculty of sympathizing with all her patient's moods.

Nearly a month had elapsed since Walter Worthington had been confined to his bed, when he found himself able to sit up in his chair all the day long, and at length old Dr. Forbush told him that he might walk out in the garden. He received the permission with pleasure, but he first made Mary Holworth consent to accompany him. The sweet flowers and the fragrant air lent an invigorating influence to his system and to his mind, and nature had never before appeared so attractive and so lovely. His strength was not sufficient for a long walk, and at the end of half an hour he returned to his room. Mary arranged a few things about the apartment, replaced the books in the case, and then turning to the invalid she said, in a tone made tremulous by some emotion she could not suppress:

"Mr. Worthington, you are now so far recovered that my services will be of no further need, and I will return to my own dwelling. Since I have been with you, I have endeavored to do all that lay in my power for your comfort, and I trust that I have so far succeeded that when you call my image to your mind, it will be with a grateful remembrance. Adieu, sir, and may health soon give you all its blessings."

"But you are not surely going to leave me," uttered Walter, to whose mind such a result of his returning strength had not occurred.

"Certainly, I must, sir. I can help you no more."

"Wait a moment," said the young man, as the maiden turned towards the door, and as he spoke he bent his head in earnest thought. At length he raised his eyes, and a change had come over his pale face.

"Mary," said he, in a soft, low tone, "come here and sit for a moment by my side."

Tremblingly she obeyed, and Walter took one of her fair hands in his own.

"You say you can be of no further service to me," he continued, gazing ardently into her sweet face. "You can be of service to me through life. Now be honest, Mary,—tell me the truth. My heart has learned to live a new life in your presence, and I fear that in your absence it would sink back again to its former darkness. Mary, I cannot part with you now, for you are the first earthly thing I have loved for years. I do love you, and if you can love me in return, and be my wife, be honest, and tell me so."

"Indeed," replied Mary, while her hand trembled violently in its voluntary prison, "I should have time to think of this."

"No, no, Mary,—the heart does not take its impulses of love from long thought. You can tell me now, and then I shall be happier. O, I know you love me. You would not have been so kind, so faithful,—you would not have chained my heart with your music and your pure thoughts—and your hand would not tremble so, nor would your cheek burn with that bright glow,—nor would that tear stand thus upon your eyelid, if you did not love me. You do love me, Mary,—come, tell me so at once."

"You have guessed my secret," murmured Mary, and as she spoke, she laid her head upon young Worthington's bosom.

"And you will not leave me?"

"I must go now, but I will come back again."

"Mr. Worthington, here are two letters from New York," said Dr. Forbush, as he entered the room where Walter and Mary were sitting.

The young man took them, and breaking the seal of the first, he read as follows:

"MR. WALTER WORTHINGTON:—Sir,—Excuse me for the painful intelligence I have to communicate. The banker in whose hands your funds were placed has failed. The late panic caused a run upon his banking house, and ere he could redeem himself he had sunk all. Not a cent has he to pay over, or if he has, it would hardly pay the trouble of getting it. You have of course learned ere this of the fearful conflagration that has visited our city, and you probably know that your extensive block of buildings is in ashes. The insurance policies expired a month ago, so that there is a total loss. The land, however, is still left, and I await your orders with respect to the matter, or, if you desire it, I will come on and see you.

Yours truly,

JAMES FESSENDON, Agent.

New York, June —, 18—."

"Well," uttered the young man, after he had read the letter through the third time, "that's a good beginning, at all events. Read it, Mary, while I see what old Pottsdam has to say, for this superscription looks wonderfully like his scrawling."

Mary took the proffered letter, while Walter opened the second, and read as follows:

"New York, June —, 18—."

DEAR WALTER:—You will see by your agent's letter how you are situated. I have made all necessary examinations, and you will come out in the end the owner of about eight thousand dollars, which can be sent on to you, for, if you will take my advice, you will not throw yourself into the whirl of city life for the present. There is a splendid farm and accompanying mansion in the town where you are stopping, that can be purchased for six or seven thousand dollars, and if your fancy would lead you to like it, Dr. Forbush will aid you in obtaining it. You had better send for Mr. Fessendon, however, and consult with him, for in your present state you would not run the risk of coming here.

Yours, as ever,

JOTHAM POTTS DAM."

"Well, what do you think of that, Mary?" asked the young man, as he saw that she had read the letter.

"'Tis surely a heavy loss," returned she, not a little surprised at the utter coolness of her companion.

"Do you feel its loss, Mary?" asked Walter, in a meaning tone.

"In so far as it may make you unhappy,—no farther, for now I can better prove my love by helping you on through life."

"Then, thank God 'tis gone," exclaimed the young man, as he clasped the fair girl to his bosom. "I never derived one moment's happiness from its possession, and I shall not mourn now that it is gone. Dr. Pottsdam tells me in his letter that I have yet some eight thousand dollars left, and that there is a good place here which I can buy. The crowded city has been the scene of all my miseries, and this quiet village has been the scene of all my happiness. Here will I stay. You are an orphan, and I am the same, and together we will choose us a home and be happy; will we not, Mary?"

"Yes—yes."

Mr. Fessendon came on, and deposited in the hands of Walter Worthington eight thousand three hundred dollars, the full amount he held in his hands, and with it the young man purchased the place to which reference has been made. It was a pretty spot, located upon the banks of a lovely stream, and within the walls of its neat dwelling, young Worthington was united to his sweet Mary.

A year passed away, and to Walter and Mary had been given a sweet child—a little blue-eyed boy. It was at the close of a pleasant day,—Worthington and his young wife were seated in their comfortable parlor, when the door of the apartment was

unceremoniously pushed open, and the jolly face of old Dr. Pottsdam appeared at the entrance. Both Walter and his wife sprang forward to bid the old man a welcome, and ere long he was seated and engaged in a spirited conversation.

"Mary," said Walter, as a legitimate idea seemed for the first time to cross his mind, "I was not aware that you were acquainted with my old friend."

"O, yes,—he was my father's best friend. I have known him long. It was he that made me promise to attend you in your sickness, though I dreamed little then what was to have been the result."

"Yes, yes, Walter," said old Pottsdam, while a merry twinkle played in his gray eyes, "she loved me before she loved you, and if she has not told you about it, it is because I made her promise not to. But tell me, my boy, have you been thoroughly cured of your disease?"

"Most thoroughly."

"There's none of it left?"

"Not a shade."

"And you do not now hate all mankind?"

"Doctor, if you love me, don't mention that again, for it makes me feel how miserable I might have continued."

"And you would not sigh for the wealth you have lost?"

"See what treasures I have gained," uttered Walter, as he drew his wife to his bosom, and pointed to the cradle, where slept his darling boy.

"Then, my boy, you really love life, and find joy and happiness in living?"

"Yes, yes, my old friend, and every night and morning I thank God for it all."

For several moments the old doctor remained silent, but there was a succession of strange emotions visible upon his countenance, and at length he placed his hand in his bosom, and taking therefrom a sealed packet, he handed it to his young friend.

"Dr. Pottsdam, what is this?" uttered Walter, as he gazed in astonishment upon the contents of the package.

"If you examine it, you will find it to be bank notes to the amount of five hundred thousand dollars."

"I do not comprehend this, sir."

"It is simply the money due you from the various insurance offices at which your buildings were insured, together with rents due, some cash which Fessendon had on hand, and the accumulation of interest."

"But my policies had expired."

"And did you think Fessendon such a fool as not to have them renewed? But here is another package."

As the old man spoke, he placed a second parcel in Walter's hands, remarking, as he did so:

"There are notes, bonds, deeds, mortgages and certificates, to the amount of half a million more. They are from your old banker."

"But my banker failed," murmured Walter, now utterly astounded.

"So he did, but Fessendon looked out for your affairs ere the blow fell," returned Dr. Pottsdam, and then taking the young man's hand in his own he continued:

"Come, Walter,—I will now clear up this affair at once. That dreadful malady that affected you—dreadful in its very snake-like insidiousness—had taken such a hold upon you that no common measures could have removed it, and under its influence you might now have been in your grave. You knew nothing of your pecuniary affairs, and you cared less, and a less honest man than your agent might have robbed you of half a million of dollars, and you would not have known it. I found that all the means within my direct power had failed to restore your lost balance of mind, and as a last expedient I resolved to send you down here. I wrote to Forbush, minutely explaining your case, and giving him exact modes for your treatment. One great source of hope was in being able to bend your heart to some legitimate affection, and I knew of no one better calculated for this than this same little fairy that you now call your wife. She knew not the end I had in view, nor did she dream of nursing you more than a week at the furthest, but the same means that made you sick was able to keep you so. That little chicken that you ate for your supper on the first night of your arrival, contained the seeds of your subsequent weakness, placed there by my instructions, and the same weakening potion was continued to you for three weeks. At length Forbush discovered, not only that Mary was beginning to love her patient, but that you were also beginning to love your nurse, and the result was certainly very natural. As soon as this became apparent, your medicine was discontinued, and you were allowed to recover. You arose from your bed, little dreaming that every grain of medicine you had taken had been administered for the very purpose of making you sick, and in your ignorance you blessed God and the doctor that you had recovered. The kind heart and the sweet smiles of Mary had done their work, for they had dragged your own heart up to something like joy; but yet I dared not trust you back amid your old scenes till you had learned something of real life, and as soon as I became convinced that you would make Mary your wife, the work was easy. I resolved to practise a wholesale deception upon you in order to throw you for a time back upon your own resources. And your unpardonable ignorance of your own pecuniary affairs rendered this an easy matter, for your faithful agent at once joined me in the plot. Time fled on, and I saw that my plans had succeeded even better than I had hoped, for you were completely happy. Then, when God gave you this sweet child, and you had loved it as the object of your future care and tender regard, I knew that the HYPOCHONDRIAC was most perfectly cured. Walter, my course of treatment has been somewhat harsh, but I

trust that the loving smile of your fond wife, and the sweet face of your innocent babe, will speak pardon for what I have done."

A moment Walter gazed into the face of his old friend, and, as a full comprehension of the affair rested in his mind, he sank upon his knees and grasped his preserver by the hand.

"Kindest, best of friends," he uttered, "I cannot speak my thanks in words. I see it all, I see it all, and may Heaven bless you for what you have done. My dear wife loves you now, and my child shall be taught to bless you."

"There," murmured the old man, as he put Mary's arms away from his neck, and raised Walter from his knees, "let us all thank God for what we enjoy, and at the same time remember the simple fact, that there are none more miserable than they who see nothing on earth worth living for and loving."

Long years have passed away, and Walter Worthington and his wife are grown old; but their lives have been made happy and peaceful, for they have spread ivy about them on all hands,—their children honor them for their bright example, and their neighbors love them for the good they have done.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HAPPY HOURS.

BY OWEN G. WAERREN.

I only count the happy hours,
Moments with pleasure rife,
Seasons that bloom with joyous flowers,
For these are all of life.
I soon forget the troubles past,
Nor future ones would borrow;
My pains behind my back I cast,
I would not heed my sorrow.

An hour of pleasure more is worth
Than months consumed in tears;
Even moments to such joys give birth,
They live and grow to years.
The darkness is a blank to me,
I only see the light;
And thus in joyous memory,
Existence all is bright.

Give me the light, although it be
The twilight of the past;
Better one ray the soul should see,
Than gloom be on it cast.
Thus count I but my happy hours,
Nor think of cares or strife;
Spring, blooming fresh with fragrant flowers,
Shall be my only life.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

RANDOM PEARLS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH AND GERMAN.

— To conceal a fault by a lie, has been said to be substituting a hole for a stain.

— Do you wish to learn how to give anything? then fancy yourself in the place of the receiver.

— Were absolute perfection enthroned, courtiers would certainly discover some way to flatter it.

— The idle should not be classed among the living; they are a sort of dead men who can't be buried.

— The soul of liberty is the love of law, says the German philosopher Klopstock. A truly noble sentiment.

— No one is obliged to think beyond his lights, and we never leave good sense behind, till we wish to get beyond it.

— "If," says Pythagoras, "you receive the hospitality of a friend, and if, in the frequent interviews to which this relation gives birth, you hear this friend call his daughter the most beautiful of girls, beware of comparing yours to his. Comparisons are fatal to friendship."

— We live in the midst of an infinity of pleasures and disappointments, with senses capable of being touched by the former and wounded by the latter. A little reason will cause us to enjoy the good as gently as possible, and to accommodate ourselves to the evil as well as we can.

— The last words of Pestalozzi were: "Let me be buried under the spout of the school-house, and let my name only be inscribed upon the stone which covers me. When the drops which fall from heaven shall have worn it half away, they will show themselves more just to my memory than they have been during my life."

— It does not depend upon yourself to free your life from all suffering; but it will depend upon yourself to raise your heart from all despair. However opposed to your tastes it may appear, it will not always be vouchsafed to you to change the position which Heaven has placed you in; but you may always, by the help of your reason, resign yourself to your lot.

— Not only does the health of mankind depend much upon their cleanliness, but cleanliness is one of the principles of their activity, their good humor, their internal satisfaction, and even, in certain respects, their morality. Uncleanly villages and huts are the favorite abodes of idleness, degradation, bad faith, theft, and all the vices. A want of cleanliness injures not only the purity of the body, but that of the soul itself.

— It is painful to grow old, to lose by degrees the suppleness, strength and activity of the body; to perceive each day our organs growing weaker; but when we feel that the soul, constantly exercised, becomes daily more reflective, more mistress of herself, more skilful to avoid, more strong to sustain, without yielding to the shock of all accidents, gaining on the one hand what we lose on the other, we are no longer sensible of growing old.



LIKENESSES OF THE MAYOR AND ALDERMEN OF THE CITY OF BOSTON.

[For description, see page 113.]



OUR PLAN OF THE PUBLIC GARDEN, BOSTON, AS IT SHOULD BE. RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED TO THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

[For description, see page 138.]

(Written for Gleason's Pictorial.)

THE TRUANT.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

Where is the truant? This should be the place,
Where even now we heard him laugh outright,
To greet the sun, as if he saw the face
Of some bright angel smiling in the light.

Surely the morn hath beckoned him away,
Enticing him with glory from afar:
Arise! and we may find him in his play,
Shining amid the sweetest flowers that are.

His little eyes, so full of bright desires,
Could not withstand yon orient space of flowers;
And he hath 'scaped the intervening briars,
The field for bleeding feet which we call ours.

It cannot be he wandered out alone;
O, rather that dear friend of many charms,
Who wooed him in each light that round us shone,
Won him at last into his careful arms.

O, look back again, a little further look,
And weep no tear unless it be for joy,
Toward yon sweet field, where flower, and bird, and brook,
Beguile the glad heart of our truant boy.

Look closer still, until your gaze has won
And passed the barriers overflowed with stars,
Those morning-glories closing in the sun,
And you shall see him through the golden bars.

Watch where he goes, still making toward the light,
Our angel truant gladly nearing home,
While a deep voice from that celestial height
Bids us be calm and suffer him to come.

(Translated from the French, for Gleason's Pictorial.)

DIANA.

BY MISS ANNE T. WILBUR.

CHAPTER I.

On a fine summer morning, in the year 1656, a company of soldiers, on their way to Paris, halted beneath the walls of Fontaine le Henry, a handsome edifice of La Renaissance, situated near Caen. As almost always happens in similar cases, these soldiers, who were not as well disciplined as those of the present day, gave themselves up to disorderly conduct, which their officers in vain sought to check. The ruffians unceremoniously seized the cottage of a peasant, and pillaged it with a brutality which would be scarcely tolerated in a conquered country. While they were breaking open the cider barrels of the poor man, and killing his cattle, notwithstanding his resistance and his remonstrances, a pedler appeared at the other extremity of the road. At sight of the soldiers, he would have turned back, for he comprehended that the pack he carried would not be safe from these plunderers. But they had seen him. Four of them immediately ran towards him, seized him and brought him before the chateau. Though a Jew, as might be easily recognized by his costume and his beard, it was not for his pack that the merchant manifested most anxiety; his glance, full of alarm, rested upon a young girl of rare beauty, hanging to his arm and pressing closely to his side with lively manifestations of terror.

Whether they wished to amuse themselves with the fears of the travellers, or intended to pillage the merchant and insult his companion, the soldiers ordered the old man to open the box which he carried on his shoulders, and to show them its contents. While the poor Israelite began to obey, tremblingly, and with as much delay as possible, he suddenly abandoned the pack to hasten to the assistance of the young girl who was uttering piercing cries and repulsing the embrace of a drunken soldier. The latter, far from yielding to the entreaties of the poor man, only became more insolent. The merchant had drawn his poignard, and was preparing to use it, when a third traveller arrived. At sight of the young girl struggling with the soldier, he sprang from his horse, drew his sword, and with the habitual tone of command, ordered the drunkard to let go his victim. The latter instinctively obeyed, and the pedler, supporting in his arms his almost fainting companion, hastened to take her away from this dangerous spot; this he did with such precipitation that he left his pack to the mercy of the pillagers.

The traveller who had come to the assistance of the merchant, resolved, if possible, to save also his merchandize. He, therefore, went to the soldiers, and ordered them not only to pause in their depredations, but to restore the articles they had taken.

This order was received with angry murmurs and ironical laughter.

"Since when," exclaimed he, showing the insignia of military command which adorned his breast,—"since when have French soldiers refused to obey an officer of his Christian Majesty?"

"Since they have had a captain to give them orders, and to respond to those who meddle with what does not concern them," replied one of the officers of the company.

The stranger turned, saluted the captain, and said, politely:

"You are right, sir. If I had perceived you, I should have addressed myself to you to obtain justice of these *drols*—"

"My soldiers are not *drols*," interrupted the captain, assuming a loftier tone as he saw the mildness with which the officer addressed him.

The latter smiled, and beckoned to the Jew to approach.

"Come here," ordered he. "Fear nothing; shoulder your

pack, and take this purse to indemnify you for the losses which these soldiers may have occasioned."

The Jew looked by turns at the officer and the purse. After a brief hesitation, he was about to stretch out his hand for the money; the young girl prevented him by a movement of indignation.

"My father thanks you," said she. "The damages the soldiers have occasioned him are trifling. May God bless you for your generous intentions, and especially for the kindness and the courage with which you have succored an old man and his child."

The officer, surprised at so much delicacy, and at the readiness with which the pretty traveller expressed herself, saluted her more profoundly, perhaps, than the humble costume of the young girl seemed to justify, and advised them to return to Caen as speedily as possible. Then turning to the captain, who was looking somewhat sarcastically at the scene passing before his eyes, he said:

"Now, sir, I am at your service. My name is the Marquis Philippe de Senancourt; like yourself, I have the honor to serve his most Christian majesty in quality of captain. Two of your officers will, I hope, do me the honor to act as my seconds."

"Be it so," replied the captain, saluting his adversary. "I am the Count Etienne de Maurevers."

He drew his sword, and ordered two of his officers to act as seconds to his adversary. Two other witnesses regulated with the latter the conditions of combat, and measured the swords.

At sight of these preparations for a duel, the young girl, instead of leaving the spot, as her deliverer had recommended, took her father's arm and immediately stopped.

"He is about to fight!" exclaimed she; "and it is for us, my father,—it is for me that he exposes his life!"

She would have hastened to the officer, but was prevented by the soldiers; nothing, therefore, interrupted the duel, which was not destined to last long.

Hardly had the combatants crossed swords and exchanged a few blows, when the captain of the company fell, pierced with a slight wound in the breast.

"Well done!" exclaimed he. "Monsieur le Marquis, you are as skilful as brave. Gentlemen," added he, turning towards the officers, "let no one of you speak of this encounter. I alone have been in the wrong, and I would not, on any pretext, cause the slightest annoyance to so honorable a cavalier."

He extended his hand to Philippe, who aided the officers to transport him into the cottage of the peasant, which the soldiers, as we already know, had pillaged.

At this moment, the gate of the castle opened; a man, clad in black, appeared, and directed his steps towards the combatants.

"Gentlemen," said he, saluting them profoundly, "I am grand provost of his majesty in the province of Normandy. Notwithstanding the edicts of the king, who has prohibited duelling under a capital penalty, you have just fought. I find myself with regret obliged to fulfil the severe duties of my charge. Deliver to me your swords, and give me your names."

"Count Charles de Maurevers," replied the wounded man.

"The Marquis Philippe de Senancourt," added the other.

"Monsieur the Count de Maurevers, you are the king's prisoner on parole; as soon as the state of your wound permits, you will repair to Paris, to the Bastille, to await my orders."

The captain bowed.

"As for you, Monsieur Marquis, you will accompany me to the castle of Fontaine le Henry. To-morrow morning we will set out together for Paris, whither I have orders to conduct all duellists surprised in the act. His most Christian majesty is determined to put an end to single combats, which shed blood uselessly, and outrage the laws of religion and morality. I am sorry to say so, gentlemen, but I think no chances of safety remain to you. Young as you are, I advise you to think seriously of becoming reconciled to God, and preparing to appear before his justice!"

The young girl listened to these words with terror. Pale, trembling, she could scarcely stand. When the grand provost had ceased speaking, she fell at his feet, exclaiming:

"Monsieur, a noble and courageous young man ought not to be punished with death, because he has undertaken the defence of a poor woman and an old man, who but for him would have been subjected to cruel insults. The king cannot will such injustice. Pardon for Monsieur le Marquis,—pardon!"

The provost did not even take the trouble to reply to her; he directed his steps towards the chateau of Fontaine le Henry, beckoning to Philippe to accompany him.

The young girl followed, weeping and continuing her entreaties to the provost. She did not cease until she had seen the gate close rudely before her.

Then she fell back almost swooning, and abundant tears came to her relief. When she had given them free course, she wiped her eyes, and taking the arm of the old man, who had placed his pack on his shoulders, and who, leaning on a staff, was looking at his daughter in silence, she said:

"Let us depart for Paris, my father."

"For Paris!" repeated the old man. "But we have just arrived from thence, my child. We have just purchased merchandize there, which I have come to sell in Normandy. For Paris! What should we do at Paris?"

"Obtain his pardon!"

The old merchant shook his head sadly.

"His pardon! Alas! my poor child, you would need a thousand times more power and protection than you possess, to reach the feet of those who could grant this pardon. Only the king or Cardinal Mazarin has power to annul a decree of death. Their palaces would not open to the daughter of a pedler and a Jew."

"I will save him," said she, "in spite of all obstacles. Yes, I will save him, or die! It shall not be said that Diana weakly

abandoned her liberator, and sought not to save him who had risked his life for her."

While the merchant continued by new arguments to dissuade her from her project, she suddenly left him, boldly passed through the soldiers who had resumed their arms, and addressing herself to the officers, said:

"Is it not possible, gentlemen, to obtain the pardon of the Marquis de Senancourt?"

"Flight alone can save his head," replied one of those to whom she addressed herself. "His majesty has sworn to pardon no duellist. Last night, eight young noblemen paid with their heads their disobedience to the royal edict."

"Is there, then, no means of saving him?" exclaimed she. She was going away in despair, when suddenly retracing her steps, she went directly to the servants of the company, for the most part vagabonds, ruffians surpassing in pillage and in cruelty the most formidable soldiers.

She took two of them aside:

"Are you the men to earn a hundred louis d'or?"

"Say rather a thousand," replied they.

"Well, I will give you that sum if you will aid the escape of the Marquis de Senancourt this evening, at the moment of his leaving the castle with the provost."

"A hundred louis is little for the risk of a man's life."

"Well," said she, drawing from her bosom a rich diamond necklace, "these stones are worth three times the sum I have offered you. If you succeed, I will give them to you."

"And the hundred louis also?"

"And the hundred louis," repeated she, with a smile of scorn.

"One moment, one moment," said the Jew, wringing his hands and giving the most lively manifestations of despair,—"one moment, I pray you, Diana; do not act so hastily—indeed! the necklace—"

"Do not hesitate to sacrifice all for him!" exclaimed she.

"What is a little gold when the life of a man to whom we owe our lives is at stake? What would have remained of this gold, if the captain had not defended you against the soldiers?"

The merchant, over whom Diana seemed to exercise absolute authority, uttered a profound sigh, and was silent.

"Nothing now remains but to devise the means of saving the marquis," resumed Diana, addressing the men she had gained over.

"They are very simple. At half a league from this, there is, in a wood, a cross road, which the grand provost will take without fail, since it shortens the journey by two hours; we will cut down a tree, and place it across this road. The carriage of the provost will stop; we will cry out to the marquis to descend, he will mount a good horse which we will have in readiness, and may escape."

"I have the horse you need," continued one of the two men, "one which could run for two hours without taking breath. I will give it to you, for a bargain so unfavorable for me cannot be called a sale; I will give it to you for the paltry sum of fifty louis."

The Jew bounded with anger.

"You will ruin me!" murmured he.

"I accept all your conditions without hesitation," replied Diana. "Fulfil your engagements with the same loyalty and punctuality as myself."

"We will do so, be assured, my pretty damsel. Who pays well, should be served well."

"Come, then, and prepare with me the ambuscade."

They looked at each other with surprise.

"What, would you be of the party, and incur the chances and the perils of the expedition? But do you know that you are risking your life?"

"My life! what matters it? Has he hesitated to expose his own for me—for me, a poor, obscure and unknown girl? And should I fear, to save him, to expose myself to danger,—I, the only cause of his misfortune? O, no! such cowardice,—such weakness be far from me!"

"In this case, mount the horse and come with us, for time presses."

The young girl, heretofore so timid and fearful, did not hesitate to mount a fiery horse and confide herself to a couple of ruffians, at sight of whom alone she had turned pale two hours before. She embraced her father, and said:

"Repair to Caen. If Elias does not hear from his adopted daughter this evening, he will pray to God for her; she will have been killed, or taken prisoner."

"I will not leave you a moment," interrupted the merchant. "What is life to me without you?"

At midnight of the same day, a carriage emerged from the gate of Fontaine le Henry, took the route to Paris, and as the soldiers had foreseen, by the cross road of which they had spoken. It was dark when the carriage reached the wood.

Judge of the emotions of Diana when she heard the sound of wheels and of horses' footsteps; when by degrees the sound approached, especially when the coachman uttered an exclamation of anger and of fear, at seeing himself forced to stop before this unexpected obstacle.

In the disorder caused by the surprise of such an event, one of the two men came out from his ambuscade, sprang upon the road, opened the carriage door, and murmured:

"Monsieur le Marquis, a good horse awaits you. Fly."

"Sir," replied the young officer, aloud, "whoever you may be, do not expose yourself for my sake to useless perils. I thank you for the devotion with which I have inspired you, but cannot profit by it. I am a prisoner on parole. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the uselessness of your brave attempt to save me, believe that my heart will be grateful to you as long as it continues to beat."

The two men had taken flight at the first words of the marquis.

Diana alone heard them, for the terror of Elias was so great that he was found almost in a swoon.

M. de Senancourt himself assisted the grand provost and his people to remove the tree which prevented the carriage from advancing; so after a few moments delay, it resumed its journey.

Diana heard it depart sorrowfully; then taking her father's hand, she exclaimed:

"For Paris; we must save him or die!"

Elias obeyed with a sigh; this was the only resistance he ever made to the will of the young girl.

After a journey of three days, they reached Paris. It was in one of the humblest and most solitary dwellings of the Rue Geoffroi l'Asnuer that they sought a lodging. An old woman, seated on the doorstep, uttered an exclamation of surprise on seeing them, and raised her arms to heaven.

"By St. Martha, my patroness!" said she; "I shall not henceforth be surprised to see the swallows before spring; for here are Elias and his pretty daughter, Diana, returning to Paris, two months after having left it. I hope no misfortune has happened to you."

Elias shrugged his shoulders and shook his head, but at a look from Diana the expression of his countenance changed.

"We were in want of several kinds of merchandise which we had sold in large quantities," replied the young girl. "We have come to complete our assortment, and shall soon leave."

"Whatever may have brought you," added the hostess, "you are welcome. I will give you the two rooms whose windows open upon the garden, and which your daughter Diana loves so much. And the supper," added she, with a smile of intelligence, "you may eat fearlessly, for there is not a morsel of lard in it, and the meat was purchased of your old friend Samuel, who kills oxen in the Israelitish manner, and whose shop is behind the Place Royale."

An hour afterwards, Dame Martin carried up to the rooms of the travellers the supper of which she had spoken, and which exhaled an inviting odor. Elias did honor to it with the appetite of a man in whom fatigue had aroused sharp hunger; he did not perceive that, notwithstanding her declarations, his hostess had prepared the gravy of the ragout with the fat of pork, and that the meat had not been deprived of blood, as the Israelitish precepts require. As for Diana, she scarcely tasted the supper, to which had been added, evidently for her, a plate of cherries as rosy as the lips of the pretty merchant, as their hostess, who lost no opportunity of flattering her guests, did not fail to remark.

When Dame Martin had left Diana and the Jew, the young girl came and sat down on the knees of her father, and gently stroked with her white and delicate hands the gray beard, hale cheeks and bald forehead of the old man.

"God will bless you for having fulfilled the duties which gratitude imposes," said she, as she read in her father's eyes anxiety and uneasiness.

"May Jehovah hear thee!" replied he, with his habitual sigh of resignation; "I desire it ardently, but I do not hope it. We have ventured in a project of which the issue may be fatal."

"The issue will be happy," interrupted she, without sharing in the confidence which she wished to inspire.

"We are poor and unknown; I belong to a despised sect; what efforts can we make to save a great nobleman whose fate depends on the king?"

"David, a poor and feeble shepherd, overthrew Goliath, and wore the diadem of Saul."

Elias sighed, did not reply, and rose.

"My father, before you retire to your room, I would request of you one service."

"Speak."

"You must procure for me to-morrow morning a mule, with a woman's saddle; let the harness be neat but not showy; I shall need this for my visit to the Louvre."

"I will hire two mules."

"Only one, my father; for I will attempt alone to save the marquis, without exposing you to the fatigues and annoyances of this enterprise."

"This enterprise may expose you to perils, perhaps, my child, and for this very reason I would accompany you. The protection of an old Jew may not be of use, I acknowledge, but, at least, he may share your fate."

"You have the noblest of hearts!" exclaimed Diana, with her eyes full of tears.

"You are my child, and I love you, that is all," replied the old man.

CHAPTER II.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fatigue of a long journey, Diana passed a sleepless and agitated night. As soon as day appeared, she rose, offered a fervent prayer, and afterwards set about her toilet.

When Diana descended in the morning, Dame Martin could not suppress an exclamation of surprise, for she had never seen the young girl look so lovely. She was clad in her holiday attire, and though it was only that of a country woman, she had arranged it with so much taste that it added to the naive charms of her person.

A few moments after, the two mules arrived. The hostess uttered another exclamation:

"By St. Martha, my patroness! here is a princely equipage."

"I have some jewels to carry to a rich citizen of the Rue St. Denis," said Elias, prudently, "and I thought that if we would be received honorably, we must present ourselves honorably."

The old man assisted his daughter to mount one of the mules, sprang upon the other with an agility which would not have been expected in a person of his age, and gave the signal of departure.

On arriving before the gate of the Louvre, Diana sprang to the ground with a determined air, and attempted to enter. The two sentinels crossed their halberds before her.

"You cannot enter," said one of them.

"I must speak to the king," replied Diana, boldly.

"The king cannot be approached in this manner; if you have not some great nobleman to protect and introduce you, all your efforts will be useless."

A sergeant advanced, and addressing the sentinel, reproved him for speaking while on duty. Elias approached, and, saluting the sergeant, said:

"Sir, here is a gold piece which has fallen from your pocket."

"Did I not let fall two?" replied the sergeant, evidently softened and pocketing the ducent.

"Three, if you please; only let this young girl enter the palace."

The sergeant reflected for a few moments.

"It is a question of life and death; it is to save a soldier like yourself," Diana hastened to add, in order to give to the hesitation of the soldier a favorable issue.

"And this soldier is—"

"The Marquis de Senancourt."

"It is time; he is to be beheaded to-morrow morning."

"You see, then, that I must speak immediately with the king."

"The thing is not easy. I will, nevertheless, name it to the captain; he has a kind heart, and, besides, knows the marquis; they have both served in the same corps."

Diana saw the soldier in conference with the captain. The latter addressed himself to several officers of the palace in succession; a negative gesture accompanied their replies.

"There is no hope!" said the sergeant, returning to Diana. The latter could not restrain her tears.

At this moment the drums beat, the soldiers presented arms, and a young woman, borne in a litter and surrounded by five or six attendants only, emerged from the Louvre. Diana hastened to throw herself at her feet.

"I know not who you are, madame," exclaimed she; "but you are powerful; you have access to the king, and you will take pity on my despair."

As she said these words, she clung to the litter to prevent its advance. The lady beckoned to the bearers to stop.

"What would you of me, young girl?" asked she, looking Diana in the face, and putting her question in a tone of severity.

"That you would obtain the pardon of the Marquis de Senancourt," boldly replied Diana, who did not cast down her eyes beneath the imposing look of her interrogator; for the peril of her protector gave courage and strength to this feeble and timid child.

"What has the marquis done?"

"He has fought a duel."

"In this case, all hope is useless. The king will not pardon a duellist."

"But it was to protect me, madame, that he fought. It was to save me from insult that he braved the orders of the king. Would not a man who wears a sword be a coward, if he did not defend an unprotected woman?"

"I can do nothing for your lover," replied the lady, who, nevertheless, seemed to take an interest in Diana.

"My lover!" said Diana, rising with dignity,—"my lover! Monsieur le Marquis has seen me but once in his life—on the day he undertook my defence."

The lady, who did not cease to look at Diana, had fallen into a profound reverie. She started when the young girl, again falling on her knees, clasped her hands and murmured in a voice interrupted with sighs:

"Save him, madame,—save him!"

The lady beckoned to Diana to rise and approach her; then, bending towards her, said:

"Listen to me, and answer all my questions seriously."

"I will," replied the young girl.

"In order to save the marquis," asked the lady, "do you feel sufficient courage to obey passively all the orders you may receive from me? Perhaps you will expose yourself to difficult trials, to formidable perils; perhaps I shall even demand your life. If I obtain the pardon of M. de Senancourt, you belong to me henceforth, body and soul; we form an indissoluble compact."

"I swear to obey you blindly, and to accept joyfully all the perils to which I may expose myself for the sake of my benefactress."

"It is well. From this moment you will commence. Reply—how long have you been in Paris?"

"Since last evening."

"Does any one here know you?"

"Only five or six persons."

The stranger knit her brow, and seemed anxious and dissatisfied.

"Who are these persons?"

"My father—"

"Who is your father?"

"A travelling merchant, who arrived last evening with me."

"And the other persons are—"

"Our hostess of the Rue Geoffroi l'Asnuer, who keeps the inn of the *Golden Sun*,—Dame Martin; her husband also, and a few merchants with whom my father trades."

"It is well," interrupted the lady. "Cover your face with this veil; return to your inn, and let no one see your features until you reach the Rue Geoffroi l'Asnuer. There, shut up in your room, you will await the orders I may transmit to you. The person by whom I send my message will ask for my veil. You will follow him without hesitation, after having bid adieu to your father."

Tears shone in the eyes of Diana.

"You hesitate?" asked the lady. "There is yet time to break our compact if you wish it."

"No," replied the young girl, in a firm voice,—"no! I ought to sacrifice everything for his safety."

"Adieu, then! I shall re-enter the palace; do you return to the *Golden Sun*."

Diana kissed the hand of her benefactress; concealed her face beneath the veil of the lady, and went to rejoin her father, who was uneasy at this long conference.

When they had reached the *Golden Sun*, Elias, after having committed the mules to a servant, followed his daughter to her room. There she related to the old man the singular compact she had made with the unknown lady.

"Well," said he, "we will both fulfil it. Instead of one slave, our mistress shall have two. Ah! she knows not what old Elias can do. You have but to tell her this, and she will not separate us. I shall die if you leave me! Save this marquis, then; but let me live!"

"My father!"

"Thy father! I am no longer thy father. I will not be so. I am not. I, the father of an ingrate! God forbid! You are but an orphan, purchased by me of a gipsy, who had stolen you from your parents. I have never told you this secret, because it has seemed to me that on learning it you would be less my daughter."

"I love you but the more tenderly," said she, "and I will ask my mistress to associate you in my trials and perils."

They were conversing thus, when the door opened hastily. A veiled woman entered. She did not need to uncover her features; her mien and the sound of her voice revealed to the young girl the presence of her protectress.

"I have kept my promises; are you ready to fulfil yours?" asked she.

"I await the orders of my sovereign mistress," replied the young girl, kneeling.

"Do not separate me from my daughter," said Elias. "I will be an intelligent and faithful servant."

The unknown beckoned to the old man to rise. She looked at him a few moments in silence, and at last said:

"Be it so. I take you also into my service. You love this young girl, and experience has whitened your locks; you may assist my projects. Follow me!"

A few seconds sufficed for Elias to close his valise carefully, and to take a purse of gold.

"Leave that gold in your coffer," said the lady; "if you are faithful and intelligent,—if you succeed in the mission I have confided to you, I will give you wealth enough to satisfy even the avidity of a Jew."

Elias obeyed, and followed the mysterious personage with Diana on his arm.

The lady left the inn, and reached the Rue St. Antoine, preceding Elias and Diana by a few steps. Arrived behind the Place Royale, she beckoned to them to enter a carriage, which was stationed near an obscure corner. They seated themselves beside her, and the carriage started on a gallop, without the coachman having received any order from her, whom Diana was tempted to take for a fairy, and Elias for a demon.

After having travelled a few minutes, the carriage stopped behind a high wall, before a little door which seemed to open of itself. A servant came to raise the curtain of the carriage (for doors were used only for long journeys). The lady descended, beckoned to Diana and her father to follow, and traversed a long corridor which was lighted only by a lantern in the hands of the servant. They reached, at last, a solitary apartment, of which the unknown carefully drew the bolts, after having ascertained that no spies were near. When she had taken all these precautions, she approached Elias and Diana, and ordered them to be seated. Then looking at them for several minutes with penetrating eyes, she said:

"Do you know me?"

"No, madame," replied Diana, with her frank simplicity.

Elias raised his head, and darted upon the stranger a glance swift as an arrow; then he cast down his eyes, resumed his habitual attitude of deference, and replied:

"I have not the honor of knowing madame."

"And who do you suppose that I am?"

He looked at her doubtfully.

"Speak plainly, I hate deceit," said she, sternly.

"I suppose that madame is powerful and of high rank."

"And have you divined nothing respecting my name, my fortune, my country?"

"Nothing."

"Well, I forbid your suppositions and inquiries on this subject. I wish you to know nothing of me but from myself, and when I think it proper to inform you. Think of this: the head of this child, whom you love with tenderness, shall answer for your obedience and fidelity."

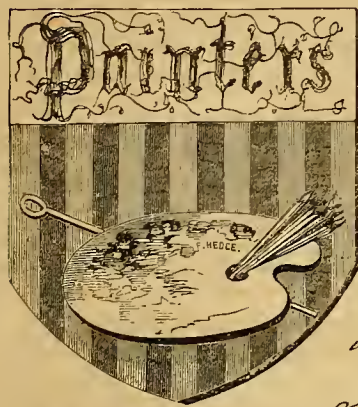
At the name of his daughter, Elias started and trembled.

"I am sure of him," added the lady, who had noticed this movement. "Now, Diana, take this man's hat, wrap yourself in this cavalier's cloak, and follow me. Here is a similar disguise for your father."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

— To awaken within ourselves readily the secret remembrances of our past enjoyments; to put an imprint on vague thoughts; to give solidity and totality to these half sentiments; to fill the vacuum in our knowledge; to get a stone, a chair, a ladder on which we can stand to see farther than it is possible to see from the ground; all this we call a benefit. The object of all reading, all travel, all society, all visiting, is something of this kind.

Types of Mind: or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 8., BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.



Our vignette chronicles the prominent European schools of painting, whose students find, fresh from the heart of antiquity, the master-pieces of those who hold high rank in the empire of art. Portraits by Titian, scintillating with life—ideal groups, by Murillo, full of Spanish passion—lustrous landscapes, by Claude Lorraine—high-glowing heads, by Rembrandt and Raphaelle—angelic beauty, by Guido and by Caracci—artistic fidelity, by Dow and by Ostade—breathing beasts, by Cyp and by Potter—female loveliness, by Giorgione and by Rubens—tragic horrors, by Veronese and by Salvator Rosa—all are there, and with them the works of other great masters. Here, without charge, the student can copy, and study, and freight his mind with the glories of his profession. Yet we do not believe that every young painter must necessarily copy Guidos and Rembrandts—Poussins or Lawrences, to attain a high rank in his profession, even although conventional connoisseurship hath so decreed. Many of those who follow in this beaten path imitate the style of the "masters;" their figures are arranged with skill, their coloring is harmonious, their effects of light and shade are pleasing. But below this "glazing" of "high art," there is but little true vitality—everything is cold, formal and passionless—and the spectator is reminded of the sublime vision of the valley of dry bones, when the skeletons had been clothed with flesh, and skin and beauty, but had not received that Divine breath which inspired them with life, and feeling, and heart-animation. Such painting is but an embodiment of elaborate monotony, instead of a vivid representation of varied feeling, natural beauty, and heartfelt sentiment. While, then, we admire the master-pieces of art, we do not recognize the supremacy of scholastic or of academical education, to the exclusion of nature and of passion. The real eclipses the ideal.

My Dear Sir,

I never paint on a picture unless I feel in the right spirit. When I go into a painter's studio I never turn his canvas free round, without a permit from the artist. I always pay my debts, and now and then play a tune on the violin. I am not fond like some artists of telling about difficulties. I try to be happy and wish to see others so. Truly I think more of health than fame.

Yours very truly
W. S. Mount

W. S. MOUNT is one of the few American artists who are not victims to the tyranny of prejudice, in favor of "schools" and of "old masters." It may be heresy, so far as connoisseurs are concerned, but his FAITH is that of nature—his "models" are American yeomen—his scenes are amid the homesteads around his atelier. The rustic amusements of his Long Island neighbors are the themes in which his pencil delights, and he portrays them with such artistic spirit, as to win the applause of all who can relish the simplicity of rural life. Like his manuscript and his composition, his pictures are clear, open, original—and must be looked at again and again to be properly appreciated. Each one is replete with genuine humor, truthful touches of character, and dainty detail of accessories. Mr. Mount is now in the prime of life, and is rapidly taking the position among American artists to which he is entitled.

BENJAMIN WEST stands at the head of American native-born artists, although he won and wore his laurels in England. His bold hand, and the addition of the titular initials (President Royal

Academy), is indicative of his ambitious desire to illustrate Scripture, portraying the effulgence of God's glory, and the terrors of the last judgment, and like grand and inspiring subjects, worthy of his genius and his charmed pencil.

J. VANDERLYN, like West, won high honors in Europe, and there acquired a coldness of imagination which nipped the blossoms of history. He had a perfect knowledge of his art, and a power adequate to express his knowledge, yet he rarely awakened a scene into vivid life. Some of his earlier productions were far more effective than his latter works, painted when his mind had become soured by disappointments.

Trumbull
G. Catlin T. Cole
Durand
B. Champney
R. W. Weir
Charles Lanman
John J. Audubon
E. Leutze
D. Huntington
W. S. Mount

Col. TRUMBULL's autograph indicates the open-hearted, impetuous soldier. We have, in former numbers of the Pictorial, expressed our admiration of his works, and of the national pride which led him to hunger and thirst for a record of the glorious phases of the Revolutionary struggle. Let those who sneer at his coloring or his arrangement, paint pictures which can attract a tithe of the popular applause, and we will no longer combat their unnatural prejudices.

CATLIN paints as he writes, in a hurried, cramped manner, nor are his pictures remarkable as works of art. Yet no one questions their fidelity, and all respect the pioneer in the delineations of forest life, and of the original lords of the soil. His gallery should have a place at Washington; it is so purely national in its character, that the nation should own it.

A. B. DURAND commenced his career as an engraver, in which department he has never been equalled on this continent, as his exquisite rendering of Vanderlyn's "Ariadne" conclusively proves. For a few years, he painted historical subjects with marked success, but of late, he has turned his whole attention to landscape painting, in which he excels.

T. COLE, as his autograph shows, was an artist of original and marked talent, which will be recognized as long as the canvases endure which reflect his genius. Many and unequalled on this side of the water were his paintings of glorious segments cut from Nature's landscape.

BEN. CHAMPNEY writes as he sketches, with a bold, free hand, and is destined to attain a high rank in his profession. Many of his pictures are fine renderings of New Hampshire scenery, cleverly pencilled, harmonious in color, and of a graceful, pleasing character.

R. W. WEIR's autograph is clear and graceful, as becomes the professor of drawing at West Point. His pictures and his pupils are numerous, and reflect equal credit upon the master, although we cannot include, in this eulogium, the painting in the rotunda of the Capitol.

CHARLES LANMAN is one of the few American artists who have won literary honors, although he is now relinquishing the pen for the pencil. Pleasing conception, accuracy of description, and finished execution, are characteristic of his paintings as of his books.

JOHN J. AUDUBON was the greatest enthusiast in ornithological art which the world ever produced, and but for his works, his appearance and actions might oftentimes have been cited in proof of mental alienation. His works have an original and unborrowed air, which mark an artist who thought for himself, and sought the materials of his pictures in the living world around him, rather than in the dusty portfolios of the past. Simple-hearted as he was, there was much about him to captivate in society, and he possessed what all men reverence—simplicity of heart.

LEUTZE, a pupil of the Düsseldorf school, manages historical subjects with great skill and dexterity of composition. His correctness of detail, color, depth and execution, constitute an assemblage of rare qualities. Group, form and contrast are subordinate to the event, and while he pleases the fancy, he satisfies the judgment and wins the heart. A "mannerism" is indicated by his constrained autograph, but it is redeemed by his exquisite execution and full command over every implement of his art.

D. HUNTINGTON is equally famed as an historical and as a landscape painter, whose works display a vigorous imagination, and a varied acquaintance with his profession. His autograph shows

Lewis Wilkie
Thos Lawrence
Wm. M. Chantler
J. W. Verelst

that he is not the servile follower of any school, and his forte lies in boldness of effect, vivid portraiture of nature, and gorgeous coloring. Few American paintings have excited as much admiration as his "Mersey's Dream," or his "Christiana"—the principal of his illustrations of the Pilgrim's Progress.

DAVID WILKIE is known as one of the most original and vigorous and varied of British painters—the darling artist of the humble subjects of Queen Victoria, to whom his name is as familiar as "household words," for engravings of his works deck almost every cottage. His delineations of "Village Politicians," "Blind Fiddlers," "Chelsea Pensioners," and others in the lowly walks of life, are unsurpassed.

THOMAS LAWRENCE was the most successful portrait painter of the past generation, and his career was a brilliant one. His coloring was warm, his pencil flattering, and no price or honor was

deemed too great a reward for his labor. We cannot refrain from giving a few lines from his biography here. His portraits are striking likenesses, and display a bold and free pencil; but they are, particularly his later ones, chargeable with mannerism, and are not considered to be successful in expressing the nicer shades of character. In his drawing, there is a want of accuracy and finish. His income, for the last twenty years of his life, was from £10,000 to £20,000; but he died poor, owing to his zeal to possess the first-rate productions of his art, which he purchased at any price. The personal appearance of Sir Thomas Lawrence was striking and agreeable. His countenance bore a marked resemblance to that of Canning, and he was always pleased when this resemblance was observed. He was studious in dress, and went beyond the limits of correct taste in this particular. A look of settled melancholy was always upon his features.

CRUIKSHANKS's quaint autograph is typical of his fancy, which has enabled him to take a strong hold of the popular fancy, and to provoke more laughter than any other artist now living. His illustrations are often far more interesting than the accompanying text.

VERNET, grandson and son of eminent French artists, is the idol of the glory-loving Frenchmen, for he has portrayed, upon acres of canvases, the victories of the Empire. As a delineator of martial scenes, an effective colorist, and a master of composition, Vernet stands high in his profession. His pictures are praised for giving prominence to the chief aim of the victorious army, and for indicating the event of the battle by the movements of the lines. He labored with equal success in delineating nature, and seems to have excelled in many departments. His pictures are the more impressive on account of their freedom from affectation.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATHEW M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

T. ROGHANAN READ,
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ANNIE T. WILBUR,
DR. J. H. ROBINSON,
HENRY WM. HERBERT,
J. HUNT, JR.,
BEN: PERLEY POORE.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

- "The Merchant-Prince's Will," a story, by HENRY WM. HERBERT.
 "Waifs from Washington," No. VIII, by BEN: PERLEY POORE.
 "Diana," concluded, by ANNE T. WILBUR.
 "Oods and Goddesses," No. X, by T. BULFINCH, referring to The Infernal Regions.
 "Rosalthe: or, The Pioneers of Kentucky," concluded, by DR. J. H. ROBINSON.
 "Childhood," poem, by WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.
 "Two Days of a Lover," valentines, by PARK BENJAMIN.
 "Nelly," poem, by ALICE CAREY.
 "The Nun," verses, by MISS HANNEY N. HADWAY.

SIGNIFICANT LANGUAGE.

Do not straws show which way the wind blows? A Mr. Muntz, M. P., who presided at the Birmingham dinner, given to the American minister, remarked that he had often said that all his predilections were in favor of a republic. If he had to form a new government, it would be based on republican principles, and he stated this to be his opinion almost immediately after he took his seat in parliament; but he said then, and repeated it now, that, with an old aristocracy, and a powerful church, he would be the last man to make any such proposal in that country. Who does not respect the gentleman for his manly and straight-forward expression of such sentiments?

CONDITION OF MEXICO.

We fairly behold the condition of this distracted land with pity, and only review its situation from time to time, to be more clearly impressed with its weakness and unfitness to take care of itself. Hardly a twelvemonth passes without its realizing the horrors of a civil war; while robbers and brigands are masters of its cities and highroads. Its leaders are hot-headed, ignorant and selfish, to the last degree; and, as if fate were not satisfied with the present deplorable condition of Mexico, we are told that Santa Anna is on his way once more to place himself at the head of the state. Alas, poor Mexico!

DENTAL TOILET ARTICLES.—Dr. Cummings, at No. 23, Tremont Row (up stairs), has got one of the neatest and most admirably arranged set of dental toilet articles to be procured, containing particularly an admirable tooth wash of his own invention. Our readers should look in upon him, and serve their own interests thereby.

SPLINTERS.

.... There are already a large number of gold diggers operating in Australia, who have emigrated from Boston and vicinity.
 A clipper ship of 1600 tons burden has just been finished at Taylor's shipyard, Chelsea. She's named the Storm King.
 The Russian government is about to send a large and well-organized expedition for exploration and research in Siberia.
 Sir Walter Scott's nearest of kin now living, is a grand-daughter. His last grandson has just deceased, aged 27 years.
 During the past year 950 books have been issued by United States publishers, treating upon as many different themes.
 The authorities of Cuba are still resorting to every species of tyranny, as it regards the domestic comfort of the people.
 Jenny Lind, at last accounts, was at Dresden, doing ample public charities, and singing for the same object at concerts.
 Australia is getting to be quite a place of trade with this country, and large quantities of flour are sent from our ports.
 The negro tragedian, Aldridge, has been successful in Germany, and is said to be under a regular engagement at Paris.
 Forrest is said to have cleared nearly \$10,000 by his late Boston engagement. Rather severe on managers!
 They seem to be hanging people by the score in New York city. It is a very bad use to put a man to, we think.
 The importation of slaves is still carried on by Cuba. This is shameful, and would cease with annexation.
 We are gratified to learn that all executions in New York State have been ordered to be private for the future.
 Was there ever a greater farce, publicly performed, than the French Emperor's late marriage with Mlle. Montego?
 Hundreds of persons were unable to gain admission to Warren's benefit at the Museum. He deserves the compliment.
 We are pleased to learn that Hon. Robert J. Walker is recovering from his late dangerous indisposition, at Washington.
 All parties seem to herald the incoming of President Pierce with the most liberal expressions of feeling.

THE CITY OF PARIS.

Paris is in some respects the most interesting modern city on the face of the globe. It is to France more than London is to England, Madrid to Spain, or even Rome to Italy; because in France the system of centralization is more successful and inflexible than in any other city in Christendom. The boast of its inhabitants that "Paris is France," is unquestionably true in its fullest acceptation. In Great Britain, other cities than London, as Edinburgh, Liverpool and Manchester, have high claims to distinction; in Italy, Venice, Florence and Naples divide the empire with Rome, but Paris absorbs and swallows up all that is most ancient in talent, all that is most brilliant and seductive in art and literature, all that is grandest and most refined in civilization, or most imposing in authority, in all France. In Paris, all provincialism is ignored as vulgar, and with some degree of justice, since every talent that rises fully above mediocrity, can only find a fair field and high appreciation in the capital. This fact is at once the glory and misfortune of France. It renders Paris the most brilliant and the most despotic of European capitals. A popular triumph in Paris, is a popular triumph in France—a popular defeat in the capital, is a popular overthrow of the nation.

But the despotic absorption and sway of the great city, renders it a most interesting spot to travellers, and it is universally acknowledged to be the focus of European civilization. How changed from the Latetia of the ancients—a miserable group of huts on the borders of a muddy stream that would hardly be termed a river in America! Rising a little above the marshy abodes of the earlier inhabitants, the first French kings inhabited palaces in Paris, that would now-a-days be deemed hardly respectable as stables. In the 11th century, the streets were hardly passable, on account of the filth and mire. The chivalric Philip Augustus improved its appearance; Francis I. embellished it, till under the reign of the subsequent monarchs and potentates, always in the van of European elegance, it has become the splendid city of to-day. To the historian, it is deeply interesting from association with so many stirring scenes. The philosopher finds in its records the progress of the human race; the artist finds it full of galleries and works of art; the antiquarian beholds it enriched with ruins and relics of the past, while the student meets with libraries and every facility for study.

Paris is emphatically the home of elegance and of luxury. In modern times, no revolution, however bloody, can long dim the splendor of its aspect. The people rise in their might against outrageous tyranny, streets are unpaved and barricades erected, cannon-shot sweep the squares, the pavement is strewn with dead and dying, the window-panes are shattered to pieces with bullets—you are ready to exclaim, "It is all over with Paris!" Not so; go back two days after the strife is over, and you will find no trace of the tragedy that has been enacted. The streets have been paved again, the sidewalks washed from blood-stains, the glaziers have been busy and have reaped a harvest, the wounded have been carried to the hospitals, and the dead buried and forgotten! Theatres are in full blast, the cafes and boulevards and gardens are crowded, and Paris is as gay, as smiling, and as splendid as ever.

Verily the Parisians are a strange people, and their city is a most strange and interesting place. No wonder that it is the first spot towards which the traveller turns his steps, the first to tarry in, and the one he longest makes his home abroad.

THE GEN: OF PICTORIALS.—The last number of "Gleason," which is for sale by R. B. is indeed a *chef d'oeuvre* of the "art of arts," and its array of splendid embellishments and gorgeous letter-press, surpasses anything, as we believe, that has thus far been issued in America. In addition to a host of elegant pictures, illustrative of various departments of nature and art, this number contains a series of eighteen lifelike portraits of distinguished Senators of the United States, with brief yet succinct and faithful biographical sketches of each, forming an interesting group of the great men of the nation. Among the worthies who have found a place in this gallery of statesmen, are Lewis Cass and Alpheus Felch, whose familiar features are delineated with great fidelity, while the prominent events in their career are briefly enumerated. As a specimen of the perfection to which we have attained in this branch of literature and art, Gleason's Pictorial deserves the favorable regards of the public throughout the Union.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE ALBONI TROUPE.—The delightful operatic season at the Howard, which our citizens have so thoroughly enjoyed, will long be remembered. The public are largely indebted to the experience and good taste of her manager, Le Grand Smith, for the perfect arrangement of all that could conduce to their pleasure and comfort at the opera, during Alboni's stay in Boston.

IS THIS THE NINETEENTH CENTURY?—The editor of Zion's Herald calls upon the ministry and the religious press to put down the new theatre, by proclaiming and commencing a crusade against it.

LIKENESSES OF THE U. S. SENATORS.—In our next week's number we shall conclude our gallery of likenesses of the members of the U. S. Senate. We are gratified to know that this expensive series of illustrations have proved so highly popular with all.

SPEECHES OF HAYNE AND WEBSTER.—Fetridge & Co. have issued the second edition of this pamphlet, in a cheap and convenient form, for preservation, or sending by mail.

MUSICAL.—Castle Garden has been secured by the celebrated Julien, and his promenade concerts are to commence there in August, after the close of an opera season by Madame Sontag.

THE DIFFERENCE IN COST.—A telegraphic message, which could be sent in the United States for one dollar, would be charged, for the same distance, seven dollars in England.

MIDNIGHT MASS.—Midnight Mass, at Christmas, was performed at Paris, for the first time in twenty years.

MARRIAGES

In this city, D. Y. Messer, Esq., of Sandusky, Ohio, to Miss Eliza I. Dean, of Boston; Mr. Henry A. Wetherbee, to Miss Clara R. Matthews.
 By Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Peleg Nye, of Sandwich, to Miss Eliza L., daughter of Mr. James Marchant, of Barnstable.
 At Chelsea, Jan. 29, Mr. Samuel Southall, to Miss Nancy Sproul, both of Boston.
 At South Malden, by Rev. F. O. Pratt, Mr. Henry Cook, of Salem, to Miss Margaret Green, of South Malden.
 At Lynn, Jan. 31, Mr. Peter Parks, to Miss Sarah Eliza Woodward, of South Reading.
 At Salem, by Rev. William Horton, Mr. Richard Thornton, to Miss Ann Naylor, both of Brookfield, Danvers.
 At Marshfield, Mr. Alexander E. Perry, to Miss Sarah A. Henshaw, formerly of Nova Scotia; Mr. Robert Knight, to Miss Sarah M. Ballard.
 At Essex, Mr. Daniel Burnham, 24, to Miss Martha Butler; Mr. Osmond Burnham, to Miss Lavina Lord, all of Essex.
 At Haverhill, Mr. Moses M. Chase, to Mrs. Hannah A. Winchell.
 At Barnardston, by Rev. Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Field W. Cushman, to Miss Maria H. Bagg, all of Barnardston.
 At Ashburnham, Mr. Stephen C. Hastings, to Miss Emily N. Stowell.

DEATHS

In this city, Mrs. Anna W. Johnson, formerly of Middlebury, Vt. 66; Mr. Edward Gilmore, 20; Emma F., youngest daughter of Mr. Daniels Smith, 3; George Washington, only child of Mr. Hiram Wentworth, 9; 8th inst., Susan Frances, 4 years and 4 months, and on the 9th, Nancy Maria, 2 years and 5 months, daughters of Ezra O. F. and Susan M. Farrar.
 At Charlestown, William Henry James, 18.
 At Cambridge, Benjamin D. Bartlett, M. D. 62.
 At East Cambridge, Garrison M., daughter of John A. and Nancy Locke, 8.
 At Watertown, Mrs. Sarah T., wife of Mr. Charles H. Coolidge, 29.
 At Lynn, Mrs. Rebecca Green, 77; Mrs. Sarah B. Clough, 83; Mrs. Elizabeth B. Mansfield, 63; Mr. George O. Pratt, of the firm of C. Robinson & Co., 22.
 At Salem, Pamela F., daughter of Samuel and Margaret J. Johnson, 18.
 At Marblehead, Capt. Nathaniel Lindsey, 68.
 At Newburyport, Mr. Joseph Thurber, Jr., 63.
 At Haverhill, Mrs. Abigail Sawyer, 82.
 At Fitchburg, Mrs. Eliza Riley, 75; Miss Elizabeth D. Brown, 29.
 At Fall River, Miss Bathsheba Holmes, 73; Mr. Mark A. H. Crank, 27.
 At New Bedford, Edith Russell, 52, relict of the late Joseph Russell.
 At Barre, Mrs. Charlotte Paige, wife of Mr. Jesse Paige, 61.
 At Springfield, Mr. Henry Adams, 51.
 At Nantucket, Capt. Peleg West, 58.
 At Portland, Mr. Miss Ellen Augusta, daughter of Mr. Joseph Hay, 20.
 At Newton N. H., Mr. William H. Colby, of Boston, 42.
 At the Hartford Retreat, John I. Fish, Esq., 59.
 At Jackson, N. Y., Isaac Merriam, a revolutionary soldier, 91.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SEA SHELL.

BY H. A. WIGHT.

I loved to hold, in childhood, to my ear,
The rose-tipped sea shell—from its heart to hear
The low-voiced moaning, which, they said to me
Was the deep whisper of the far off sea.
And much it tasked my wondering muse to tell
Why thus the wave kept singing in the shell.

Say,—wast thou lonely, parted from the shore,
And mourning for the deep sea evermore?
And hadst thou listened to its solemn tone
Until it echoed ever in thine own?
And is it thus that in thy softest strain
We yet may hear the music of the main?

Thus in the soul a voice keeps singing, lone,
A wailing like the sea shell's restless moan;
And strange, and vague, and undefined it seems
To childhood in its first and fairest dreams.
When hope and joy in gladdening music roll,
We wonder at this sad voice in the soul.

We too are lonely from our native shore,
And in our hearts a longing evermore;
A mourning for that distant, boundless sea,
Which changeth to our spirits ceaselessly.
And this is why we will not here be blest,
Our distant home calls to its deeper rest.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STORIES OF GODS AND GODDESSES.

No. IX.

ADVENTURES OF ÆNEAS.

BY T. DULFINCH.

WE have followed one of the Grecian heroes, Ulysses, in his wanderings, on his return home from Troy, and now we propose to share the fortunes of the remnant of the conquered people, under their chief Æneas, in their search for a new home, after the ruin of their native city. On that fatal night when the wooden horse disgorged its contents of armed men, and the capture and conflagration of the city were the result, Æneas made his escape from the scene of destruction, with his father, and his wife, and young son. The father, Anchises, was too old to walk with the speed required, and Æneas took him upon his shoulders. Thus burthened, leading his son and followed by his wife, he made the best of his way out of the burning city; but, in the confusion, his wife was swept away and lost.

On arriving at the place of rendezvous, numerous fugitives, of both sexes, were found, who put themselves under the guidance of Æneas. Some months were spent in preparation, and at length they embarked. They first landed on the neighboring shores of Thrace, and were preparing to build a city, but Æneas was deterred by a prodigy. Preparing to offer sacrifice, he tore some twigs from one of the bushes. To his dismay the wounded part dropped blood. When he repeated the act, a voice from the ground cried out to him, "Spare me, Æneas, I am your kinsman, Polydore, here murdered with many arrows, from which a bush has grown, nourished with my blood." These words recalled to the recollection of Æneas, that Polydore was a young prince of Troy, whom his father had sent with ample treasures, to the neighboring land of Thrace, to be there brought up, at a distance from the horrors of war. The king to whom he was sent had murdered him, and seized his treasures. Æneas and his companions, considering the land accursed by the stain of such a crime, hastened away.

They next landed on the island of Delos, which was once a floating island, till Jupiter fastened it by adamantine chains to the bottom of the sea. Apollo and Diana were born there, and the island was sacred to Apollo. Here Æneas consulted the oracle of Apollo, and received an answer, ambiguous as usual,—"Seek your ancient mother; there the race of Æneas shall dwell, and reduce all other nations to their sway." The Trojans heard with joy, and immediately began to ask one another, "Where is the spot intended by the oracle?" Anchises remembered that there was a tradition that their forefathers came from Crete, and thither they resolved to steer. They arrived at Crete and began to build their city, but sickness broke out among them, and the fields, that they had planted, failed to yield a crop. In this gloomy aspect of affairs, Æneas was warned in a dream to leave the country, and seek a western land, called Hesperia, whence Dardanus, the true founder of the Trojan race, had originally migrated. To Hesperia, now called Italy, therefore, they directed their future course, and not till after many adventures and the lapse of time sufficient to carry a modern navigator twenty times round the world, did they arrive there.

Their first landing was at the island of the Harpies. These were disgusting birds, with the heads of maidens, with long claws and with faces pale with hunger. They were sent by the gods to torment a certain Phineus, whom Jupiter had deprived of his sight, in punishment of his cruelty; and whenever a meal was placed before him, the Harpies darted down from the air and carried it off. They were driven away from Phineus by the heroes of the Argonautic expedition, and took refuge in the island where Æneas now found them.

When they entered the port the Trojans saw herds of cattle roaming over the plain. They slew as many as they wished, and prepared for a feast. But no sooner had they seated themselves

at the table, than a horrible clamor was heard in the air, and a flock of these odious harpies came rushing down upon them, seizing in their talons the meat from the dishes, and flying away with it. Æneas and his companions drew their swords and dealt vigorous blows among the monsters, but to no purpose, for they were so nimble it was almost impossible to hit them, and their feathers were like armor impenetrable to steel. One of them, perched on a neighboring cliff, screamed out, "Is it thus, Trojans, you treat us innocent birds, first slaughter our cattle, and then make war on ourselves?" She then predicted dire sufferings to them in their future course, and having vented her wrath flew away. The Trojans made haste to leave the country, and next found themselves coasting along the shore of Epirus. Here they landed, and to their astonishment learned that certain Trojan exiles, who had been carried there as prisoners, had become rulers of the country. Andromache, the widow of Hector, became the wife of one of the victorious Grecian chiefs, to whom she bore a son. Her husband dying, she was left regent of the country, as guardian of her son, and had married a fellow-captive, Helenus, of the royal race of Troy. Helenus and Andromache treated the exiles with the utmost hospitality, and dismissed them loaded with gifts.

From hence Æneas coasted along the shore of Sicily, and passed the country of the Cyclopes. Here they were hailed from the shore by a miserable object, whom by his garments, tattered as they were, they perceived to be a Greek. He told them he was one of Ulysses's companions, left behind by that chief in his hurried departure. He related the story of Ulysses's adventure with Polyphemus, and besought them to take him off with them, as he had no means of sustaining his existence where he was, but wild berries and roots, and lived in constant fear of the Cyclopes. While he spoke Polyphemus made his appearance. He walked with cautious steps, feeling his way with a staff, down to the sea-side, to wash his eye-socket in the waves. When he reached the water, he waded out towards them, and his immense height enabled him to advance far into the sea, so that the Trojans, in terror, took to their oars to get out of his way. Hearing the oars, Polyphemus shouted after them, so that the shores resounded, and at the noise the other Cyclopes came forth from their caves and woods, and lined the shore, like a row of lofty pine trees. The Trojans plied their oars, and soon left them out of sight.

Latinus had cautioned them to beware of Scylla and Charybdis. These were monsters who lurked in the strait that divides Sicily from Italy. Scylla was a fearful monster, barking like a dog, with six long necks and heads, armed with formidable teeth. Charybdis, on the other side of the strait, dwelt in a cavern, and thrice every day swallowed down the waters of the sea, and thrice threw them up again. Ulysses had here lost six of his crew; for while he was watching Charybdis and keeping off to avoid the danger of being engulfed by her, Scylla reared her six heads over his deck, and in each mouth seized a man, and plunged with them back into her cavern. Æneas, cautioned by Helenus, avoided this dangerous pass, and coasted round the island of Sicily.

Juno, seeing the Trojans speeding their way prosperously toward their destined shore, felt her old grudge against them revive, for she could not forget the slight that Paris had put upon her, in awarding the prize of beauty to another. Accordingly she hastened to Æolus, the ruler of the winds,—the same who supplied Ulysses with favoring gales, giving him the contrary ones tied up in a bag. Æolus was easily persuaded to oblige the goddess with a storm, so his sons, Boreas, Typhon and the rest, were sent forth to toss the ocean. A terrible storm ensued, and the Trojan ships were driven out of their course toward the coast of Africa. They were in imminent danger of being wrecked, and were separated so that Æneas thought that all were lost except his own.

At this crisis, Neptune, hearing the storm raging, and knowing that he had given no orders for one, raised his head above the waves, and saw the fleet of Æneas driving before the gale. Knowing the hostility of Juno, he was at no loss to account for it, but his anger was not the less at this interference in his province. He called the winds, and dismissed them with a severe reprimand. He then soothed the waves, and brushed away the clouds from before the face of the sun. Some of the ships which had got on the rocks, he pried off with his own trident, while Triton and a sea-nymph, putting their shoulders under others, set them afloat again. The Trojans, when the sea became calm, sought the nearest shore, which was the coast of Carthage, where Æneas was so happy as to find that one by one they all arrived safe, though badly shaken.

Dido, the queen of Carthage, received them kindly, and entertained them hospitably. Æneas related to her his whole story, and inspired in her such admiration and love, that she tried every way to detain him with her, and induce him to give up his quest for Italy. He lingered nearly a year, till roused by a message from Jupiter himself, he resumed his voyage. Dido, in grief at his departure, destroyed herself.

Æneas at length arrived on the soil of Italy, and joyfully did the adventurers leap to land. It was near the abode of the Sybil, or priestess of Apollo, who uttered oracles, under the inspiration of the god. Æneas had been directed, in a dream, to apply to her, and by her aid to seek the abode of the dead, where his father Anchises would reveal to him his future fortunes, and those of his race. The Sybil instructed him to seek in a certain wood a tree with a golden branch. This branch he was to hear away, and it was to be his passport to the infernal regions. By the assistance of Venus, who sent two of her own doves to fly before him and show him the way, he penetrated the wood, and found the golden branch, seized it, and hastened back to the Sybil.

Æneas now prepared to descend into the infernal regions. We

must not apply the name of *hell* to these regions, because they were not exclusively the place of punishment. The virtuous dead dwelt there, according to the Pagan belief, as well as the condemned. The description which the great Roman poet, Virgil, gives of it, is curious, as showing what ideas were entertained by enlightened heathens on this subject, just previously to the coming of Christ. But we must not forget that it is a poet that speaks, and not a philosopher. It is as if we were to seek in Milton's *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, the faith of Christians on this subject. While a general conformity to the prevalent belief would be found, there would also be discovered some things which must be regarded as merely poetical embellishments.

We shall endeavor to give faithfully every material trait in the poet's description, in our next number.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WELLINGTON FUNERAL SONNETS.

No. IV.

BY HENRY WM. HERBERT.

O, England! O, mine England, can it be
That thou hast fallen upon evil days,
And men more evil, thou who hadst the praise
Of wise, unconquered, queen of earth and sea?

O, England! can it be that one old man
Departed, all that kept thee great is flown,
And that one passing hell hath dwarfed quite down
Thy giant compass to an infant's span?

O, England! mine own England! give thou heed
To what he counselled. To thyself be true,
Whatever chief betray, or bend, or bleed!
Foes thou hast had, crewlike, and traitors, too,
Called patriots, at thy councils. They are gone,
But thou still livest,—mayst thou still live on.

MUSCULAR STRENGTH.

The muscular strength of the human body is indeed wonderful. A Turkish porter will trot at a rapid pace, and carry a weight of six hundred pounds. Milo, a celebrated athlete of Crotona, in Italy, accustomed himself to carry the greatest barbens, and by degrees became a monster in strength. It is said that he carried on his shoulder an ox four years old, weighing upwards of one thousand pounds, and afterwards killed him with one blow of his fist. He was seven times crowned at the Pythian games, and six at the Olympic. He presented himself the seventh time, but no one had the courage to enter the list against him. He was one of the disciples of Pythagoras, and to his uncommon strength that learned preceptor and his pupils owed their lives. The pillar which supported the roof of the house suddenly gave way, but Milo supported the roof of the building, and gave the philosopher time to escape. In old age he attempted to pull up a tree by its roots and break it. He partially effected it—but his strength being gradually exhausted, the tree, where cleft, reunited, and left his hand pinched in the body of it. He was then alone; and unable to disengage himself, died in that position. Haller mentioned that he saw a man, whose finger caught in a chain at the bottom of a mine, by keeping it forcibly bent, supported, by that means, the whole weight of his body, one hundred and fifty pounds, until he was drawn up to the surface, a distance of six hundred feet. Augustus II., King of Poland, could roll up a silver plate like a sheet of paper, and twist the strongest horse-shoe asunder. A lion is said to have left the impression of his teeth upon a piece of solid iron. The most prodigious power of muscle is exhibited by the fish. The whale moves with a velocity through a dense medium, water, that would carry him around the world in less than a fortnight; and a sword fish has been known to strike his weapon through the plank of a ship.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TO A MONTHLY ROSE.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

O, had my lot, like thine, been cast,
To flourish fair in fadeless bloom,
Thus placed beyond the fading blast,
Which sweeps me to the torpid tomb,—
How joyful would I shout and sing,
With those who've passed life's silent sea:
"Grim Death, where is thy dreaded sting?
And Grave,—thy boasted victory?"
Then every pointed pang of pain,
That's hurled at me, would fly in vain,
And I, like thee, be smiling seen,
Robed in a garb of evergreen;
By angel minds held high above
The price of sordid, selfish love,
And feel, like thee, no chilling woes,
Thou heavenly, favored, Monthly Rose.

THE PALM TREE OF SCRIPTURE.

Palm tree, a tree remarkable for loftiness, straightness and productiveness, and hence made an emblem in Scripture of uprightness, fruitfulness and victory. Its fruit is the date, very sweet and nourishing, and a large portion of the inhabitants of Egypt, Arabia and Persia subsist almost entirely upon it. Camels are fond of the stone. This fruit is of the size of an olive. Palm branches were signals of joy and triumph. The leaves are six or eight feet long, and proportionally broad when spread out, and are used to cover houses, and make canopies, baskets, bags, fences, hats, etc. From the fibres of the branches are made thread, ropes, rigging, etc. Indeed the natives (says Gibbon) celebrate, either in prose or verse, three hundred and sixty uses to which the trunk, branches, leaves, juice and fruit are applied. The palm tree attains maturity in thirty years from planting the seed, and continues in full strength for seventy or eighty years, bearing annually three or four hundred pounds of dates; and finally dies about two hundred years old. From its sap, palm-wine is made, called by the natives *arak*. It is a beverage which easily intoxicates, and is thought by Bishop Louth to be the "strong drink" mentioned by Isaiah. —*Jewish Chronicle.*

That is a fine imagination of the Danes, in which they see the spirits of their ancestors play in the beams of the northern lights.

MAYOR AND ALDERMEN OF BOSTON.

On page 136, we present a view, giving comely the likenesses of His Honor the Mayor, and the present Board of Aldermen of the city of Boston. The likenesses are excellent, being all originals, and the subject is one that cannot fail to gratify our host of subscribers, since the gentlemen herein represented, without a single exception, share the entire confidence and respect of our citizens, and are universally and deservedly popular. In the matter of the undoubted resemblance of each picture to the person it is designed to represent, we are indebted to those excellent daubing artists, Messrs. Southworth & Hawes, 5 1-2 Tremont Row, to whom the gentlemen kindly sat, and to the pencil of Mr. Rowse, artist and designer, for these accurate portraits. Without rendering this article personal, we may refer to Mr. Seaver, as one of the most worthy chief magistrates this city has known; devoted to the discharge of his official duty, impartial, patient, observant, and emphatically a gentleman in every association of life. Long may he continue to serve this honorably the interests of our good city.

It would be impossible, in an article of this character and length, to refer particularly to the duties of this board, so various and numerous are they found to be. The executive powers, generally, of the city and corporation, are vested in the Mayor and Aldermen, who are chosen annually; also the administration of police, the making of all necessary by-laws for the government of the city, independent of any other authority, and the proper enforcing of the same; the granting of licences for public exhibitions, the deciding of vexed questions arising under the city ordinances, and, in short, a variety of other duties as constant as multifarious. In a word, the Board of Mayor and Aldermen are the same in this country as in England, constituting the municipal government of the city over which they preside.

The board consists, as represented on page 136, of Hon. Benjamin Seaver, James Whiting, Benjamin F. White, Sampson Reed, Thomas P. Rich, Oliver Frost, Benjamin James, Jacob Sleeper, and Isaac Carey,—all gentlemen of ability and large experience.

BOSTON PUBLIC GARDEN.

We have had Mr. Billings sketch for us, on page 137, an artistic design of what the Public Garden, opposite the foot of the Common, should be. Various plans are now being urged upon the city authorities for improving this delightfully situated spot, and now we would offer the plan herewith presented, as worthy of notice. Could this be carried out, it would be a great ornament to the city, would form a charming place of resort, and would evince, on the part of our city government, liberality and good taste. The view from this point, as the picture shows, is delightful, and very comprehensive. The ideas of the plan are briefly as follows: A wide avenue, ornamented with trees, communicates on three sides with Boylston, Charles and Beacon streets. In the centre of the ground is a large square area surrounded by an ornamented wall, crowned with vases, and in the middle of each of the four sides of this enclosure, is a large opening for the great avenues which run from the sides to the centre area.

In accordance with our plan, in the centre of this great enclosure it is proposed to place a colossal statue of Daniel Webster, elevated upon a high pedestal, decorated at the angles with appropriate figures, and the faces ornamented with scenes in relief. Around the statue the enclosure is laid out in parterres, with vases, etc., interspersed. Other statues might with propriety be placed at different points in this enclosure. The four great avenues running across the Garden it is proposed to line with forest trees of all kinds indigenous to New England, and the spaces between are to be laid out in picturesque lawns, groves, etc., with fountains, as shown in the drawing. West of the centre enclosure the ground is laid out as a flower garden, with hedges, clumps, etc., of the smaller trees and shrubs. Fountains, vases, etc., etc., would appropriately embellish this portion of the ground which continues to the esplanade or terrace, a long walk, forming the western border of the garden, and ornamented on the water side with a balustrade with alcoves and seats.

Having explained the picture, let us call the attention of our readers to its artistic character, as well as the beauty and appropriateness of the idea, and we sincerely hope the city government may give our plan a serious consideration.

PROGRESS OF GENIUS.—Only a few years ago, Mr. Mills, whose equestrian statue of Gen. Jackson was lately inaugurated at Washington, worked as a day-laborer at the plastering business in Charleston. There he produced the bust of Mr. Calhoun, which the city of Charleston has caused to be placed in one of its public buildings, and thus encouraged the artist to higher efforts.

MONUMENTAL.—Among the projects of the day in New York, is one to erect, at Washington, a marble group, designed by Professor Costoli, of Florence, in honor of the discoverer of this continent.

DEAD LETTERS.—It is stated that in the Dead Letter Office, in Washington, five millions of misdirected letters are annually opened and burnt. All letters containing money are retained and filed. The amount recovered last year exceeded \$40,000.

ANCIENT.—The organ in use at Dr. Peabody's church, in Boston, was selected by Handel more than a century ago. It is still, in some respects, a fine instrument.

MUSICAL.—There were seven hundred performers in the orchestra, at a late performance of the Messiah in London. Among the instruments were sixteen double basses.

Wayside Gatherings.

The Batemans are performing in the Southern States.

There were in the port of Honolulu, on the 4th of December, seventy-two whalers and sixteen merchantmen.

A letter from Acapulco states that the late earthquake there gave vegetation a start.

During the month of December, 26 ships with 8200 passengers left Liverpool for Australia.

Florida advises state that the Seminoles have taken themselves to swamps inaccessible to white men, and cannot be got at.

Over one hundred sewing machines are employed constantly in Lynn, in binding shoes for that place alone.

Three fishermen from Chicopee recently caught 95 pounds of pickerel and 50 pounds of perch at West Brookfield.

Rice's Theatre, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has lately been destroyed by fire.

The State of New York has placed nearly 8500 copies of Webster's Quarto Dictionary in the district schools of the State.

It is rumored that Mr. Rives is about to return from France, and be succeeded by Mr. Crittenden.

The death of Herr Klengel, organist to the Court of Saxony, is advertised as having just taken place at Dresden.

A boy, only ten years of age, succeeded in raising several dollars in New Bedford, by forging his father's name. A precocious genius, that.

Mdme. Biscaccianti was residing in San Francisco when the last steamer left that city. She had announced that she would give a series of concerts at San Francisco Hall.

Miss Catherine Hayes has given twelve concerts in San Francisco with great success. Her last concerts have been given in San Francisco Hall.

Abraham Corsi, the last of the Westchester Guides, who rendered such important services to the American army in the Revolution, recently died at Fordham, N. Y., 91 years of age.

The iron suspension bridge at St. John, N. B., is now completed, and is found to be very strong and substantial. Foot passengers are charged one penny each.

There is nothing like digging into the past, if you would dissipate romance. Who would have supposed that epaulettes were originally padded protection against sabre cuts?

A responsible business firm in Cincinnati has contracted for the building of a first class packet boat, to run to St. Louis or New Orleans, which is to be propelled by a caloric engine.

The New York Economist computes that immigration of the last four years added 27,000,000 of yards to the regular annual demand for cotton goods.

An Ecuadorian national vessel arrived at Panama on the 4th of January with thirty-two *Je nits* who had been expelled from Ecuador by order of the government. The authorities of Panama refused to allow them to land excepting under the surveillance of a guard.

A German M. D. is writing a scientific stricture on the loose sleeves now worn by the ladies, which, he contends, are promotive of rheumatism and other diseases. We hope the doctor will say a word or two about bare arms and shoulders, and not forget thin slippers.

Foreign Items.

In Paris, the theatres have resumed the titles they bore during the reign of the first Napoleon.

The Baltic is open at Riga. A ship has been chartered for London. Unprecedented weather has been experienced there.

The French papers are occupying themselves a good deal with Mr. Everett's letter relating to Cuba, and with Ericsson's Caloric Engine.

Accounts from Table Bay represent that there are at present not less than thirteen vessels there destined for the gold regions of Australia.

The French government has contracted for fifteen trans-Atlantic screw steamers, of one thousand tons each, to ply between Cherbourg and ports in America.

The *Journal pour Rire*, of Paris, has of late ventured to give some sketches of passing events, and for this offence, it has been fined 47,000 francs, or nearly £2000 sterling!

Private letters from the seat of war in India report that the protracted Burmese disturbances are not expected to be settled for at least another year.

Gold in some quantity has been found at Bangalore, India. The Madras Presidency has long been known to be rich in the precious metal, and the search for it is now being extensively carried on.

The London Examiner says: "We profess to be in great alarm about the Americans swallowing Cuba; but they are making far more rapid and certain advances towards absorbing Mexico, which is literally falling piecemeal into their jaws."

A letter from Rome states that the College of Cardinals has under consideration a proposition to relieve in some degree the financial difficulties of the Papal States, by selling the legation or province of Beneventum to Naples for eight million ducats.

Jenny Lind, who is now in Dresden, has just made a large donation to two hospitals in Stockholm, and promised to visit that city and sing at a concert to be given for charitable purposes during Holy Week.

A letter from Rio Janeiro states that on the 22d Dec., one thousand slaves were landed from a slaver at Dios Rios, and sold for 800 milreis each. A war-steamer was despatched to the spot, but when she arrived, the slaves had been sent into the interior, and the slaver had disappeared.

A very important measure will be introduced in the House of Lords on the re-assembling of Parliament, by Lord Brougham, by which the present tedious system of divorces will be abolished, and a new statute framed, doing away entirely with the enormous fees which are now paid.

A gentleman writing from St. Petersburg, in December, says that "A universal thaw prevails throughout Russia—all the ice is broken up—the weather mild and close—and a deluge of rain falling. In consequence, the sledges in common use at this season are abandoned for carriages, where boats are not required."

The Earl of Aberdeen is the first prime minister who has not been a member of the Church of England, since the expulsion of James II. from the throne and the restoration of Protestant ascendancy by the revolution of 1688. His lordship professes the faith of his forefathers, and is a member of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland.

Sands of Gold.

.... The mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.

.... Avoid the man who says the world owes him a living.

.... Modesty is a handsome dish-cover, that makes us fancy that there must be something good underneath it.

.... If you dislike people, shun their society, but do not express your dislike, or utter complaints against them.

.... Truth is a rock of strength sufficient to bear the universe; error, a mire in which bodies sink in proportion to their gravity.

.... But for pride many a man who sits in the poor-house porch to-day, might have rested in the shadow of his own household tree.

.... It is hard to be civil to an unthankful person; it is like feeding an ill-natured dog that snarls, while he takes food from your own hands.

.... A coquette treats a lover like a bouquet—carries him about a certain time for amusement or show, and then picks him quietly to pieces.

.... It is the common custom of the world to follow example rather than precept; but it would be the safer course to learn by precept rather than example.

.... A great philosopher says there are three things which are very difficult—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

.... Nothing does more to cultivate and embellish a man than the conversation of the wise. Man is born barbarous—he is ransomed from the condition of beasts only by being cultivated.

.... It was a good reply of Plato, to one who murmured at his reproving him for a small matter: "Custom," said he, "is no small matter. A custom, or habit of life, does frequently alter the natural inclination, either to good or evil."

.... Avarice has been termed "the vice of little minds." And so it is, in the sense in which that is generally understood. But though the vice of a little mind, it is by no means a little vice, but one of the largest, as it is insatiable in its desires and unlimited in its cravings.

Joker's Budget.

How to get rid of a bore—Break an anger.

"Roast beef," said a boarder to a waiter. "How will you have it, sir?" "Well done, then good and faithful servant!"

Goethe says: "I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself." Had the gentleman ever committed suicide?

David Fender, "popping the question," in a letter, concluded thus: "And should you say 'yes,' dear Mary, I will truly be your D. Fender."

A locomotive on the Rochester and Syracuse railroad, has been adorned with the title, "I still live." That is more than many of the passengers can say, at the end of their journey.

The art of economy is drawing in as much as one can, but unfortunately young ladies will apply this "drawing in" to their own bodies, when they wish to avoid anything like waist.

It is a question whether being called the "son of a gun" should not rather be taken as a compliment than as a term of abuse, as it is well known that no gun is good for anything unless it descends in a straight line from a good stock.

A butcher was lamenting to his Irish landlord, that the people of his village were so few and so poor that he was unable, as formerly, to find customers for a whole bullock. "Kill half a one at a time," replied the squire.

A writer in this month's number of Bentley's Miscellany, says that the late Duke of Wellington when in Portugal was very regular in attending divine service at the church parade, but always limited the time of its duration, saying to the chaplain: "Briscol, say as much as you like in five and twenty minutes, I shall not stay longer!"

"My opponent, Mr. Speaker, persists in saying that he is entitled to the floor. Whether this is so or not, I shall not inquire. All I have to say is, that whether he is entitled to the floor or not, he'll get floored if he interrupts me again." Here the gentleman from Bloody Creek pulled up his sleeves and took his necktie off.

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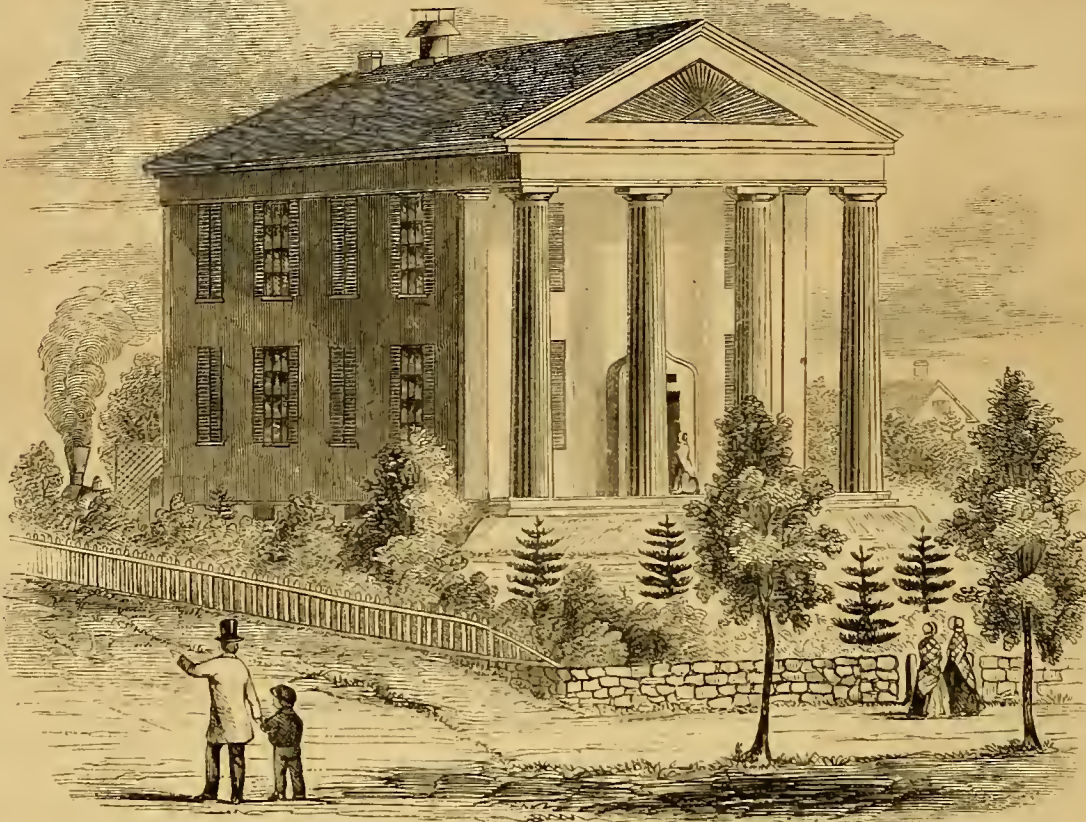
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F. GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

NORMAL SCHOOL.

We give herewith a fine picture of the State Normal School, situated at West Newton, Massachusetts.—Its avowed purpose is the education of such persons as in turn desire themselves to become school teachers. The institution is in a most flourishing condition, as may be seen by the report of the Visiting Committee, of last year. As a picture, those acquainted with the locality can at once bear testimony to its faithfulness. Let these institutions be multiplied, and let strangers who visit us from abroad be forced to say, as did Kossuth, this is surely the land of school-houses. The committee, in their report, say, "During the year now past, the whole number of pupils has been 154; the number admitted at the two previous examinations for admission, 60; the number dismissed, for various reasons, 22; the number of those who have left the school after completing their course, 28; there having been only one such class this year. The examinations for admission have been somewhat exact; and many of those who have applied for admission have not been found sufficiently well qualified, in the studies pursued at the common schools. It seems desirable that the standard of requirements for admission should be annually raised, and that those only who have faithfully used their opportunities at the lower schools be admitted to the higher privileges of the Normal Schools. The number of those who had, for a longer or shorter time, been engaged in teaching, before entering the Normal School is 41. The average number of pupils, for each of the three terms, has been 95; the greatest number belonging to the school, at any time, 110. During the year, the Normal School has been visited by large numbers of teachers, accompanied, in some instances, by their committees, from the schools in other parts of the State, with the most gratifying appreciation of the advantages of this institution. It has the honor of being the first and oldest institution of this class in the New World. Originally established at Lexington, July 3, 1832, it was transferred, in May, 1844, to West

Newton. The building which it occupies was the gift of Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr. This edifice was fitted up at an expense of more than \$600 by the inhabitants of West Newton, who have ever felt and manifested a deep interest in the welfare of the Normal School. It has always been an exclusively female school. The whole number of pupils that have been connected with it is 686, of whom 539 have completed the prescribed course of study and attendance. Nearly all of this number, five hundred and thirty-nine, have become teachers in our Public Schools."



VIEW OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, WEST NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

FORT ARMSTRONG.

For the accompanying sketch, and the following description of Fort Armstrong, we are indebted to Albert G. Brackett, of Rock Island, Illinois. Fort Armstrong, situated on Rock Island, in the Mississippi River, is an old fortification erected in the year 1816, by Lieut. Col. Lawrence, of the United States army. It was then in the heart of the Indian country, and was the scene of many wild exploits, both before and during the progress of the Black Hawk war. The old chief, Black Hawk, or as he was called in the Sauk language, Mue-katash-mish-a-kia-kia, was on Rock River in the year 1768, about three miles from where the fort now stands. From the time it was first built until the commencement of the war above alluded to, the fort was used as a depot of supplies, etc., and was commanded for a long time by Col. Zachary Taylor. The Sauk and Fox Indians were first driven west of the Mississippi in July, 1831, by Gen. Gaines. Black Hawk with his warriors returned to the east side of the Mississippi, early in 1832, and joined the Winnebagoes at Sycamore Creek. Here he was attacked by Maj. Stillman, whom he defeated. Gen. Dodge next gave him battle on the Wisconsin River, and after a spirited engagement, he retreated towards the Mississippi, losing many of his warriors on the way. While his whole force was concentrated on the Bad Ax River, he was attacked by Gen. Atkinson, and totally defeated. Black Hawk was here taken prisoner, and sent to the Eastern States.

Gen. Scott and Gov. Reynolds, in September, made a treaty with the Indians, at the fort, by which a large tract of territory now embraced in the State of Iowa was ceded to the United States. The Indians then removed farther west, and the fort was evacuated by our troops 4th of May, 1836. The fort is even now a picturesque object, and in summer is thronged with visitors, who are attracted thither by its beautiful scenery and the old Indian legends connected with it. Mr. George Walter, the artist, has presented a correct view of it, taken from the Illinois side, in 1852.



A VIEW OF FORT ARMSTRONG, ROCK ISLAND, MISSISSIPPI RIVER.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1853.

33 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 10.—WHOLE No. 83.
6 CTS. SINGLE.

CARRIAGE AND HORSES PRESENTED TO GEN. PIERCE.

The picture, which we give below, is a correct representation of the superb vehicle which the President's Democratic friends in Boston have had expressly built for him, and of the horses, that were procured at great cost and trouble. The carriage was manufactured by Jason Clapp & Son, Pittsfield, Mass. It is designed for an open or close carriage, and admirably adapted for either. Its weight is about 1300 pounds, and unlike any coach ever before built in this country for a similar object, is composed of materials of American growth and manufacture solely. The timber in it, which is now so handsomely shaped, was taken from the lofty mountain tops which surround Pittsfield; the axles are of the manufacture of the celebrated Pomeroy, and made exclusively from gun iron, which renders their breaking an utter impossibility; they are set in bronze boxes, and are so perfectly case-hardened that the sharpest file cannot produce an impression upon them. The cloth with which it is trimmed is of a light fawn drab, made expressly by the Pontoosuc Company from American wool, and is of the finest texture,—it does not look so showy or luxurious as a French brocatelle, but will be vastly superior in point of durability. It is very beautifully squabbed, and the lace and tufts put

on with exquisite skill. The glass is from the house of Caleb G. Loring & Co., Boston, and not a flaw can be detected upon its crystal surface; a delicate sprig is artistically carved out on each corner of the windows, which produces a very fine effect. The lamps are of very elegant form, rich silver plating, and on either side of them an eagle is superbly chiseled out, surrounded by stars, which, to the beholder, assume the appearance of so many glittering diamonds. The color of the body is a drop lake with a contrast of black, and the paint is so perfectly laid on, the hottest tropical sun could not crack it. In fact, all the appointments are carried out in good keeping, and in every respect, it correctly represents what the committee who had its construction in charge intended it should be, a plain, nontentatious republican carriage. The harnesses are of the finest quality, and were made by F. W. Hannaford, Boston, fully sustaining the reputation of this excellent workman; the silver mountings are from the establishment of Jones, Ball & Co., who have exercised their usual skill and judgment in their finishing. Major John C. Boyd superintended the getting up of a complete set of trappings for the horses, which were purchased at Jordon, a beautiful town situated in the western part of the State of New York, by Col. Peter Dunbar, of Boston,

who has been untiring in his exertions to procure them, and has succeeded in obtaining one of the finest pair in the country. Their color is bright bay, perfectly matched, both foaled by the same dam, and their sire is the celebrated Golden Farmer; they have frames of great strength, and, at the same time, are most symmetrically proportioned; are sixteen hands high, weigh 1200 pounds each, seven and eight years old, travel very spiritedly and gracefully together; have a short natural pony gait of eight miles an hour, which they can perform on a journey without the least urging; very docile and manageable, and for beauty of figure and action are unsurpassed. It is very gratifying that this whole business has been so perfectly consummated, and that so elegant a gift has been made to one whose position deserves the respect and confidence thus manifested. If we mistake not, Gen. Pierce is a man who will do justice to the post that a great people have called him to; he seems to share the good wishes of all parties, and very little of sectarian bitterness is evinced in any quarter. The picture which we give of this costly and elegant present, is an accurate one; especially has the artist studied the horses, the "near" one being a playful, gay creature, prances constantly, and shows much of the life he exhibits in the engraving.



REPRESENTATION OF THE CARRIAGE AND HORSES PRESENTED TO GEN. PIERCE BY CITIZENS OF BOSTON.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE OF WESTERN LIFE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

ROSALTHE:

THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.

A Story of Western Life.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XIX.—[CONTINUED.]

"What shall I do for a flag?" queried Reynolds.

"Take my handkerchief," said Elizabeth.

"Thank you," responded Reynolds, with a smile.

"Tie it to your ramrod, and you'll have as good a flag of truce as ever a man stood under," suggested Joel.

After the lapse of a few minutes, the clear voice of Reynolds was heard hailing the enemy. He delivered his message, but it failed to give satisfaction; they would not consent that the meeting should take place within so short a distance of the fort.

The night which followed was by no means a quiet one, as the pioneers had hoped; for there were much firing and bravado on the part of the savages. In the morning the overtures of Girty were renewed, and considerable parleying ensued; he said Du Quesne was at that time absent, hurrying up the reinforcements and cannon, but would be with them by noon. Girty affirmed, moreover, that Du Quesne left highly indignant that his merciful offers were so obstinately and foolishly rejected; and the moment of his return would be the signal to batter down their works, and let four hundred furious savages upon them. The scene that would inevitably follow, he would leave to the imagination of the good people of Boonesborough; but he (Girty) could not reasonably be blamed, for he had done all that mortal man could do to avert the dreadful calamity; he had even shed tears of compassion when he thought of the poor women and children, not one of whom would ever see the sun rise again. He had always been a merciful man, notwithstanding the many slanderous reports that had been circulated in regard to him. He differed from the people of Boonesborough in political sentiments; but, great and good men had differed on these subjects ever since the creation of the world.

"If you have any regard for me, cap'n, I hope you'll let me fire," said Joel Logston, in a persuasive tone.

"Be patient, Joel," returned the captain.

"The measure of his sins is full and runnin' over," added Logston.

Girty ceased speaking, and nothing of importance took place on either side until a little past noon, when he again appeared, with the announcement that Du Quesne had returned, and the reinforcements and cannon had reached them. The noble captain had commissioned him to say that the following persons would be permitted to leave Boonesborough before they commenced the assault, which would be final and decisive, and result in the total destruction of the station, viz.: Mr. Alston and family, Mr. Fleming and son, and my relatives of Eliza Ballard who might be there, save Bland Ballard, the scout. These generous and humane terms he advised the persons above named to accept, as they held out the only chance of life that now remained to them.

He pledged his word, most solemnly, that not a single shot should be fired while they were leaving the station, and the very best of treatment should be extended to them.

"Gentlemen, you hear his offer; you are at perfect liberty to accept or reject it," said Daniel Boone.

"Do me not the gross injustice to imagine

that I shall listen to such proposals for a moment," replied Alston, quickly.

"I'd rather stay and perish where I am," said Fleming, with a glow of honest indignation. "When I leave Boonesborough, I'll leave just as the rest do; I never left my friends yet in the hour of trouble, and by the help of God, I never will!" he added, impressively.

"But your families!" resumed Boone.

"We will share the fate of our dear neighbors and defenders!" exclaimed Mrs. Alston and Mrs. Fleming, simultaneously.

"Noble souls! noble souls!" cried Captain Boone, passing his stalwart hand across his eyes. "Where such a spirit prevails, no enemy can conquer," said Reynolds, enthusiastically.

"Whose comin' out?" cried Girty.

"Not a single soul, you contemptible cretur!" replied Joel.

"To prayers, then, every one of ye, for the sun of your lives is a settin', and wont never rise on ye agin. Let your dyin' speeches be short, or many on ye wont get off from your knees afore your scalps 'll be called for in a hurry; I reckon most on ye'll be loth to lose 'em!" retorted Girty.

Joel again entreated the captain to let him fire, but with no better success than before.

Girty disappeared, and in about an hour McKee came out and affirmed that Du Quesne, still considerate and merciful, had finally concluded to accede to their most unreasonable terms, and would meet them within sixty yards of the fort, when he and the principal chiefs and leaders of the expedition would hear what they were willing to do; and it was arranged that the meeting should take place immediately.

Captain Boone, therefore, as previously determined upon, stationed his men on that side of the block-house which would command a view of the parties, and where they could cover them with their rifles.

"If they lay hands on us and attempt to detain us, fire, and we willingly incur the risk of being hit. And, mark me, remember Girty and Du Quesne!" said the pioneer, when with his two companions, Fleming and Logston, he was ready to leave the fort.

"If we effect nothing more, we can at least learn whether they have really got cannon and reinforcements," he added.

"I think it would be well," said Joel, "for each of us to conceal some kind of weapon under our hunting-frocks. I've an idee that we shall feel the need on 'em afore we get back."

"It is well thought of," replied Boone. "Our hunting-knives will answer the purpose."

Enjoining it upon the men to observe well their instructions, the gate was opened and the three men passed out; and their friends who remained watched their footsteps with intense interest. They were met within the specified distance by a numerous party, among whom were seen three Frenchmen, Girty, McKee, and several chiefs.

"That does not agree with my notions of a friendly and honorable treaty," said Reynolds, who, with his rifle at a loop-hole, was observing all that was transpiring. "There are too many there; they mean no good; keep a sharp lookout."

A discussion of considerable length now ensued; and so far as those at the station could judge by appearances, everything was going on

in the most amicable manner. But Reynolds did not relax his vigilance; he declared that on this occasion he would not be deceived by Indian cunning and French duplicity; and the settlers being left under his command, he ordered every man to cover with their rifles the bodies of those nearest the captain and his associates, and not to take their eyes for a moment from the sights.

The wisdom of this advice was soon apparent. The good humor of the Frenchmen and the principal warriors seemed to increase. Ionis McKee drew near to Reynolds and looked eagerly forth.

"They will shake hands soon," she said, "and that was to be the signal for seizing them."

Ionis stood pale and anxious at a loop-hole; for she had at that instant caught a view of the form of her father, and he was very near Captain Boone. Reynolds quickly perceived her agitation and guessed its cause.

"Don't fire at McKee," he said, in a low voice to his comrades.

"I thank you very much!" exclaimed Ionis; "for I know he does not deserve mercy at your hands."

"The service you have rendered us, fair Ionis, justly entitles you to consideration," replied Reynolds.

"Alas! he is so different from what I wish him to be, that his death could scarcely shock me more than his life; and yet I cannot see him within range of your rifles without a feeling of horror," she added.

"Such feelings do you no discredit. Mercy, kindness and affection would appear to be natural to the female heart," resumed Reynolds.

"Look! look! they stretch forth their hands!" cried the maiden.

Instantly the women screamed with alarm, for they beheld the captain and his men seized by the savages; for the moment they had extended their hands they were grasped by powerful warriors, who attempted to drag them away.

A desperate struggle had already commenced, when the sharp crack of more than a dozen well aimed rifles scattered their enemies like autumn leaves. The athletic pioneers dashed down those nearest them, and ran towards the fort under a heavy shower of balls.

Andrew and Ebony, who had been stationed at the gate for that purpose, opened it in all haste, and the brave men threw themselves in, bleeding from a few slight wounds, and panting with exertion.

"Well done, my gallant boys!" cried the captain, as he precipitately entered the block-house. "That fire was a leveller!"

"They fell down strungly," said Mr. Fleming.

"Little-Turtle's gone under, I rather reckon," added Joel, casting from him a knife stained with deep crimson spots.

"You've made a fine treaty, I suppose!" said Alston, with a smile.

"We will leave you to draw your inferences from what has just happened," replied Fleming. "Did you see Captain Du Quesne?" asked Mr. Alston.

Captain Boone colored, and appeared pained and embarrassed.

"Yes, we've seen him! we've seen him!" exclaimed Logston, emphatically. And then, as if to divert his thoughts from the subject, he trod on Vesuvius's tail, putting him into a towering passion, and making him more than ever anxious to worry Andrew or Ebony.

"The fact of the case is," said Boone, seriously, "that our friend Logston believes he has made a singular discovery."

"He's famous for discoveries," returned Mr. Alston, somewhat ironically.

"Yes, I am," said Joel, drily.

"Friend Joel has discovered on this occasion," added the pioneer, calmly, "that Captain Du Quesne and Monsieur Le Bland are the same."

"The same!" cried Alston, turning pale.

"Identically the same," returned Joel, with a scowl.

"It cannot be! it cannot be!" he exclaimed.

"What do you think, Captain Boone?"

"I am of Joel's opinion," replied the latter, gravely.

"And you, Mr. Fleming?" resumed Alston.

"I'll venture to make the assertion that if Du Quesne were to die at this moment, there wouldn't be such a man as Le Bland on the face of the earth."

A dark frown passed over the usually placid countenance of Mr. Alston. "If this is indeed true," he said, at length, "this very hand shall punish the perfidy of the villain!"

"Pervidin' I don't git my eyes on him fust!"

muttered Joel, while Vesuvius growled in concert, and Andrew and Ebony withdrew to the farthest part of the fort, influenced by the most prudential motives.

Boone remarked that it was certain Du Quesne, notwithstanding all the vaporings of Girty, had no cannon, and therefore he should not think of surrendering, as he was of the opinion that they could not take the place without ordnance.

CHAPTER XX.

END OF THE SIEGE—HAPPY CONCLUSION.

THE ensuing night set in dark and stormy. A fine, misty rain distilled from the gloomy clouds, and fell continuously upon the earth. The enemy, fatigued with their past efforts, had ceased to make hostile demonstrations, and were evidently resolved on resting until morning.

Captain Boone, having placed a guard, had prevailed on the weary defenders of Boonesborough to lie down and sleep, to strengthen them for the contingencies of the morrow. The pioneer had himself lain down for a couple of hours, but at eleven o'clock arose and walked around the works to see that all was safe, and to take care that the guard was duly relieved and vigilant.

As he was passing the gate, he heard a gentle knocking upon the outside.

"It is some Indian trick," thought Daniel; "but I am too old a bird to be caught with chaff."

The captain paused and listened, and the knocking continued.

"Who knocks?" he asked, at length.

"Bland Ballard," was the reply.

"Doubtful," said Boone.

"There are three of us," added the voice.

"Let the other two speak," returned the pioneer.

"Simon Kenton," said another voice.

"Allan Norwood," added a third.

"It's all right," resumed the scout. "There's no Legin trick about this."

"So I begin to think," answered Boone, undoing the fastenings of the gate.

"No three men were ever more welcome to any place!" he continued, as the parties entered.

"You've had a fine time of it here, I reckon," said Ballard.

"The hand of sorrow has pressed heavily upon us," replied Boone, sadly.

"I know in the course of nature that some confounded thing or other would break!" added the scout, sentimentally.

"How has it fared with you, my lads? What news of Miss Alston?"

"It has fared but indifferently with us," rejoined Allan.

"Been continual breakages!" said Ballard.

"Our enterprise hasn't by any means proved an entire failure," remarked Kenton.

"Miss Alston, we have every reason to suppose, is safe, although now in the power of Le Bland," observed Allan.

Mr. Alston, who had also been walking about the works, heard the name of his daughter mentioned, and hastened to join the parties.

"It appears," continued Allan, "that your daughter was carried away by a jealous Indian maiden, who intended her no serious harm."

"But where is she? Where have you left her? Why have you not restored her to my arms?" exclaimed Alston, deeply moved.

"Softly, softly!" said the scout; "we have done all that men could do. We haven't been afraid to risk our lives in her service."

"The Cherokee girl," resumed our hero, "had witnessed an interview between her lover and your daughter, which excited all her jealousy and hatred, and was the cause of her sudden and mysterious disappearance."

"But who was the Indian maiden's lover?" asked Alston, a new light streaming in upon his brain.

"He was called while here Le Bland."

"Good heavens! The weight of my folly and stupidity will crush me to the earth!" cried the unhappy father.

"Before I made this important discovery, Miss Alston had been found by Le Bland, and carried away. We pursued him with hot haste; but he reached his friends, who are keeping you besieged here, before we could effect a rescue," said Norwood.

"This young man has acted nobly," added the scout, with great warmth. "He has saved my life, and Kenton's, also. I abused him at the outset, and I'm sorry for it; he's as brave a young feller as ever walked, and I'll make my words good agin a dozen, armed with any kind

o' weapons whatever. If there should be any sort o' blame attached to his name now or hereafter, this year or next, or the year arter, I don't care when, I warn everybody in particular that in the course of natur somethin' will break!"

"It is no more than what justice demands, to say, that all the success that has attended this enterprise, is due to Mr. Norwood," said Simon Kenton, with manly frankness. "He has been coolest in the hour of danger, and his active mind, and fertile imagination, and physical daring have been the first to open a way of escape. I say, with Ballard, that he has conducted himself with a wisdom and prudence beyond his years, and deserves the warmest thanks of Miss Alston and her friends."

"We've got good news for you all," resumed the scout. "Otter-Lifter is coming to your aid at the head of his warriors, and is now close at hand."

"And we called at Harrodsburg," added Allau, "on our return, and Colonel Harrod is coming with two pieces of cannon. I think we shall not only be able to make good the defence, but defeat the enemy and rescue Miss Alston."

"We have only bad news to tell you in return for these glorious tidings," returned Boone. "Matilda Fleming and your sister Eliza, Mr. Ballard, have been carried off by Silas Girty, and are now in his hands."

"If we can only get them two cannon into this place afore sunrise, and Otter-Lifter reaches us with his warriors, it's my opinion there'll be a confounded breakage!" exclaimed Ballard, knitting his brows, and grasping his rifle nervously.

"As much as that!" said Joel Logston, who had joined them in time to hear the last part of this conversation. "I feel pooty certain that I shall make my breakfast on about a dozen o' em, more or less, take 'em as they run, off an' on, by and large, and so on to the end of the subjek."

The news which Allan and his companions had brought soon circulated through the station, awakening new hope in every heart. The most experienced of the pioneers doubted not but the cannon could be brought to the fort under cover of the thick darkness.

"We shall have to go out and reconnoitre a little, and see which will be the safest way to bring in the big dogs," said the scout, referring to the cannon.

"It's rather a delicate piece of work," added Kenton, "but the darkness of the night is greatly in our favor. Be on the watch, captain, to let us in." With these words the three men left the station once more, and glided away, while their friends awaited their return with a suspense which can only be imagined by those who have been placed in an analogous position.

In a little time Ballard came back to say that the enemy had relaxed their vigilance, being, doubtless, tired out with the length and obstinacy of the siege; that twenty men from Harrodsburg were at a short distance from the fort with the ordnance, which they would now endeavor to drag into the station.

The rain was descending in torrents, and the night, though more inclement, was more favorable than ever to their purpose. After incredible toil and exertion, the efforts of Colonel Harrod were crowned with success, and the much coveted cannon were at last safely lodged in the block-house, which commanded in the most perfect manner the enemy's position and favorite point of attack. Every heart was gladdened by the sight of the formidable engines of destruction, and the brave company who came with them. They were immediately loaded with grape-shot, the terrible effects of which, when fired into a body of men, are well known to those at all acquainted with the art of war.

This being done, they were properly placed, and pieces of canvass thrown over them to hide their frowning muzzles from the observation of the enemy, when they should recommence offensive operations on the morrow.

The scout was both surprised and pleased when he discovered, among the females, the pretty figure of Innis McKee; and the particulars of her appearance at the station, as related by Joel Logston, gave him genuine feelings of admiration and satisfaction. He affirmed, in the hearing of Allan and others, that she was without question the finest girl in the whole world, and he stood ready, then and there, to make good the assertion.

Soon after Ballard had freed his mind by making this important statement, he was observed in earnest conversation with Miss McKee; that is,

as earnest as his embarrassment would allow of; for the scout on this occasion did appear to have lost his usual boldness, and in the estimation of Kenton and Elizabeth Boone, he was really awkward at times, bashful and hesitating. Before the dawn of day, Allan and his two friends had related their several adventures since they left the fort; while those who remained, in their turn, rehearsed what had transpired during the siege.

It may be a fact worthy of note, in this connection, that Simon Kenton had much to say to Elizabeth Boone; but as nobody took the trouble to listen, we regret that we shall not be able to explain it all to the reader. It was remarked, however, by Joel (the fellow ought to have been minding his own affairs), that Miss Boone's pale cheeks thereupon assumed a ruddier glow.

The subject of Miss Harrod's capture and singular return to Harrodsburg was then spoken of, as the news of that event had not reached the station. As soon as the name of Fanny Harrod was mentioned, the attention of young Reynolds was instantly fixed upon the speaker. With changing color and varying emotions he listened to the tale, and exclaimed:

"Thank Heaven!" in such an emphatic tone, when he heard the happy termination of the affair, that all eyes were instantly turned towards him.

"She's safe now, my lad!" said Colonel Harrod, in a low voice to the young man.

In answer to this assurance, Reynolds pressed the colonel's hand warmly.

"It would have been impossible to have kept him hived up here, if he had known that Fanny was in danger," remarked a man from Harrodsburg, to Allan.

"He's somewhat sentimental towards the young woman, I suppose," observed the latter.

"Sentimental don't seem to me exactly the word; but he's very fond of her company, and people say that something will come of it by-and-by," replied the settler. * * *

The morning so anxiously expected by the inmates of Boonesborough, dawned brightly and clearly at length; and anon a few random shots from the enemy told that they also were astir. Presently the firing ceased, and Girty once more, and, as he said, for the very last time, hailed the fort. Captain Du Quesne, he went on to state, whose forbearance he considered really surprising, had a few more words to address to the infuriated people of Boonesborough. Some of the young women belonging to the station, had, unfortunately, fallen into the hands of his friends, the Miamis; the names of these unhappy captives were as follows: Rosalthe Alston, Matilda Fleming, and Eliza Ballard; all of whom would be put to death, providing the station did not immediately surrender unconditionally. Captain Du Quesne had seen an intimate friend of Mr. Alston, whose name was Le Bland, who entreated him (Alston) in the most earnest manner, to advise Captain Boone to yield without further delay.

These, Girty added, were the last offers that Du Quesne would make, and he would allow them half an hour to think of them.

Captain Boone replied that they did not wish to think of such a proposition for a moment; and Captain Du Quesne was at liberty to do his worst without delay. Moreover, if he (Girty) appeared before them again, he would instantly be shot down, if he stood under as many flags as he could hold up.

This reply sent the notorious white man off in a great rage, and the pioneers perceived by the unusual bustle, that preparations were being made for a grand assault.

"I wish to speak a few words to Du Quesne before the attack is made," said Alston.

"You are at liberty to do so," replied the captain.

Mr. Alston immediately availed himself of the permission, and with the flag which Reynolds had used, presented himself to the enemy in a conspicuous place, and signified his desire to communicate personally with Du Quesne, the leader of the expedition. After some demurring and a multitude of excuses, Du Quesne reluctantly appeared and demanded to know what was wanted, since all his merciful overtures had been rejected.

"I wish to say that I know you; and knowing you, hold you in the deepest abhorrence," replied Alston. "You came under my roof like a villain, as you are, under an assumed name, and in an assumed character. You won my confidence, and thereby had it in your power to do

me the greatest possible injury. Henceforth the name of Le Bland will be associated with all that is infamous. As the only reparation which you can now make to a deeply injured father, I ask the restoration of my daughter, and those young women whose names have been already mentioned."

"Give your resentment to the winds, and attend to the safety of yourself and family. Come over to me with your wife, and instead of a dreadful scene of slaughter, there shall ensue a wedding; your daughter shall become Madame Du Quesne, and you shall own half the lands on the southern bank of the Kentucky River—all that portion included in the purchase of Major Henderson," returned Du Quesne.

"I would rather see my daughter slain in the manner already threatened, than to witness such a consummation as you have the hardihood to speak of!"

"Come in, come in!" exclaimed Boone. "Let us waste no more time!"

Du Quesne now attended to the arrangement of his forces without further delay, for he was both angry and disappointed at his ill success. The present disposition of his army was most favorable to the use of the two pieces of ordnance.

"He is dividing his red rascals into two large parties, in order to attack us at two points at the same time," said Colonel Harrod.

"I think it would be well to open our fire upon them while they are so compact," said Boone.

"Otter-Lifter, who is doubtless concealed in the forest yonder, will attack them the moment he hears our fire," observed Allan.

"Let me point one of those guns, if you please; I belonged to an artillery company once," said Alston.

"He stands right at the head of the column there," whispered Joel Logston, in his ear. "Bring down the sight fair and square upon him, as you would level a rifle."

Mr. Alston looked deliberately along the gun, and Joel, obeying the motions of his hand, adjusted it to his satisfaction. Reynolds stood near, holding a blazing brand; Alston stepped back and gave him a significant look; the next instant the block-house shook and trembled to the thunder of cannon, and the head of the column sunk down, while yells of consternation arose from many savage throats, and rent the air with discord.

The pieces had been well aimed, and did terrible execution; before the enemy had time to recover from their first panic, both the cannon had been discharged the second time, while the sound of musketry on the left, told that Otter-Lifter had commenced the attack.

"To the rescue of the maidens!" shouted Allan Norwood, and followed by thirty gallant Kentuckians, he rushed from the fort.

Du Quesne had fallen at the first fire, and Girty was trying to rally the Indians. The quick eyes of Joel Logston singled him out.

"Here's for you!" cried Joel, and the crack of his rifle reverberated up and down the green banks of Old Kentucky. The infamous renegade staggered and fell, to rise no more till the tramp of doom summons all men to judgment.

The tall figure of Otter-Lifter with his warriors was seen struggling for a brief period in the midst of the flying savages; and then joined by the Kentuckians, the enemy were routed in all directions.

The siege of Boonesborough was ended; and Otter-Lifter announced in a loud voice that the maidens were rescued. The body of Du Quesne was found among the slain. The victory was complete, and the joy consequent upon the successful termination, though subdued by the remembrance of their losses, was deep and heartfelt. Rosalthe and the other maidens, unexpectedly restored to the arms of their anxious friends, expressed their thanks to their deliverers with grateful, eloquent looks, and tearful, expressive eyes.

Allan Norwood grew rapidly in the good opinion of Mr. Alston, and an intimacy of the most tender and interesting nature soon became apparent between him and the fair Rosalthe.

Early in the following spring, just as the flowers were expanding, she consented to make him the happiest of men. And thus blest to the summit of their hopes, we leave them to glide calmly and blissfully down the ever-rolling stream of life.

Star-Light gave her heart, finally, to Otter-Lifter, and kept, thereafter, his lodge-fire bright. Among Norwood's visitors none were more truly welcome than the humane chieftain and his Star-Light.

As for young Reynolds, is it not written in the chronicles of Old Kentucky, that he was so fortunate as to persuade Fanny Harrod to become Mrs. Reynolds? And upon the next page is it not also written that Bland Ballard, the scout, offered his hand and varying fortunes to Innis McKee, and was accepted? It is very certain that something of this kind should have been made a matter of authentic record, if it was not; and possibly it was lost with other important missing archives of the "dark and bloody ground."

Joel Logston did not long defer his happiness, but was wedded to Eliza Ballard sometime during the year, although we do not now remember the precise date.

It would be well to remark, perhaps, that McKee was never heard of after the siege, and was probably among the slain.

Of Daniel Boone we feel that it is unnecessary to add more. His name is so intimately associated with the history of that flourishing State, where he passed a great part of his remarkable life, that it needs no eulogy from our pen to add to its renown. He was the first and most distinguished among the Pioneers of Kentucky.

THE END.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

CHILDHOOD.

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

O, happy days of childhood,
When all is bright and fair,
The sparkling eye, the rosy cheek,
The waving, glossy hair.
When life a fairy dream appears,
All joyous, happy, bright,
And gathered roses yield no thorns,
And all things give delight.

The golden days of childhood,
How quickly gone are they;
Like passing clouds in summer time,
That swiftly glide away!
Like pearly dewdrops on the flower,
That glisten in the sun,
In ever-changing colors bright,
Then vanish, and are gone!

The sunny days of childhood
In simple joys are passed;
And like the early summer flower,
Too frail and fair to last.
Yet memory, ever in delight,
Turns to those happy hours,
When skies above were ever bright,
The pathway strewn with flowers.

The joyous face of childhood,
M' thinks I see it now;
The trusting eye, the loving smile,
The softly-shaded brow;
The bounding step, the merry voice,
The joyous heart bespeak,
While roaming mid the fragrant flowers,
The butterfly to seek.

The merry heart of childhood
Is ever dear to me;
The silvery voice I love to hear,
The fair, round form to see.
And soft, dark eyes, as mine they meet,
In radiant beauty shine,
Faint emblems of the soul within,
The spirit half divine.

And yet, how oft such flowers fade!
A shadow passeth by,
The cheek grows cold, the eye grows dim,
And low the form doth lie;
While the pure spirit seeks the world
Of shining ones above,
And joins them with their harps of gold,
In songs of praise and love.

INTERESTING.

A very curious discovery has lately been made in the province of Bulgaria, in Turkey. Some Greek workmen in digging near the village of Rahmanileah and the town of Hodzah, found a large table of gray-colored marble; they removed it, and found one beneath, exactly similar; having removed that, also, they saw a great number of objects shining like gold and silver. They hastened to the captain of the district, and that functionary, assisted by two ecclesiastics, proceeded to make an examination. They found a skeleton of large stature, with a copper helmet on his head, surrounded by a thin crown of gold; the hands and arms, up to the elbows, were stained with something of a bronze color; in the right hand was a copper chain, with an incense-box of the same metal, covered with verdigris; on the third finger of the left hand was a gold ring, with the figures, in Roman characters, 969. By the side of the skeleton were three cups of silver, very brilliant, and twenty-six cups of iron, very rusty, but bearing traces of having been gilded; there were also an immense number of nails, and about five hundred arrows, of which the wood was rotten and the points rusty. The skeleton and the different articles were carefully packed up, and sent to Adrianople.—*Medical Journal.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF U. S. SENATORS.—No. 3.

[PORTRAITS GIVEN ON PAGES 152 AND 153.]

BY CHARLES H. BRINARD.

AUGUSTUS C. DODGE, Senator from Iowa, was born at St. Genevieve, west of the Mississippi, on the 2d of January, 1812. He removed to Wisconsin with his father, Henry Dodge, in 1827. He resided in that territory eleven years, and helped to defend its frontiers, as a private, in the Winnebago and in the Black Hawk wars of 1827 and 1832, in Wisconsin and northern Illinois. Appointed Register of the Land Office at Burlington, Wisconsin, June 20th, 1838, and in 1840 elected to the lower House of Congress, to which he was re-elected four times. Mr. Dodge did much to effect the admission of Iowa into the Union in 1846, and in 1848 he was chosen one of the first Senators from that State, and during the short term, was re-elected at the same session of the Legislature for six years.

HAMILTON FISH, Senator from New York, was born in the city of New York in the year 1808, and is consequently now in the 45th year of his age. He was elected to the 28th Congress, and served one term. In 1847, he was elected Lieutenant Governor of the State of New York, and in the year following was elected Governor of the State for two years. He declined a re-election in 1850, and in 1851 was elected to the Senate of the United States for the full term of six years.

STEPHEN RUSSELL MALLORY, Senator from Florida, is the second son of Charles Mallory, of Reading, Connecticut, and was born in the West Indies, in the year 1814, and came to the United States when but three months old. In 1819, he accompanied his father to Florida, and was placed at an "old field school," near Mobile, from whence he was removed to the Academy at Nazareth, Pennsylvania, where he spent several years. He returned to Florida in 1830, and established his residence at Key West, where he embraced the profession of the law, and is now one of the oldest practitioners of the common, civil, and admiralty law in South Florida. Mr. Mallory has filled many important trusts under the State and general governments, and was Collector of the Customs and Superintendent of the Revenue at Key West, under Mr. Polk. In 1850, he was elected to the United States Senate, for the term of six years.

SOLOMON BORLAND, Senator from Arkansas, was born in Nasmond County, Virginia, on the 8th of August, 1811. Removed to North Carolina in 1823, and into western Tennessee in 1836. In 1843, he went to Arkansas. In May, 1846, he raised a company for the Mexican War. January 23d, 1847, he was taken prisoner at Encarnacion by Gen. Micon. On the 1st of August, he made his escape. He was at the taking of Chapultepec, Churubusco, San Cosmes and the city of Mexico. He returned home in December, 1847, and on the 1st of April, 1848, was appointed, by the Governor of Arkansas, to the United States Senate, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the appointment of A. H. Sevier Commissioner to Mexico. His credentials were presented on Monday morning by Hon. Chester Ashley, Senator from Arkansas, who was taken ill the next day, and died in the course of the week. On the next Monday morning, Mr. Borland performed the melancholy duty of announcing the death of Mr. Ashley, and pronouncing an eulogy upon his character. Mr. Borland was subsequently elected to the Senate for six years from March 4th, 1849.

JAMES C. JONES, Senator from Tennessee, was born in Tennessee, on the 7th of June, 1809, and was elected to the Legislature of his native State in 1839. In 1840, he was a member of the Electoral College. In 1841, he was elected Governor of Tennessee, and in 1843 was re-elected to the same office. He was a member of the Electoral College in 1848, and cast his vote for Taylor and Fillmore. In 1851, he was elected to the Senate of the United States for the term of six years.

WILLIAM M. GWIN, Senator from California, was born in Sumner County, Tennessee, October 9th, 1805. He was educated for the medical profession, and took his degree as M. D. at the Transylvania University, Kentucky, in March, 1828. In 1831, he removed to Mississippi, where he practised his profession until 1833, when he retired from it, having been appointed Marshal of the State by Gen. Jackson. On the election of Gen. Harrison to the Presidency, he resigned his office, and became a candidate for Congress, and was elected. He declined a re-election, and soon after removed to New Orleans, where he was appointed Commissioner to superintend the building of the new Custom House. In March, 1849, he removed to California. He was elected a member of the Convention to form a State Constitution, and on the assembling of the first Legislature under the new Constitution, was elected United States Senator.

STEPHEN ADAMS, Senator from Mississippi, was born in Pendleton District, South Carolina, on the 17th of October, 1804. In 1808, he removed with his father, David Adams, a Baptist minister, to Bedford County, Tennessee, where he resided until 1812, when he removed to Franklin County, where he resided until 1834. He was elected to the office of Constable in 1827, but resigned the office and commenced the study of law, and in 1829 obtained a license to practice. In 1833, he was elected to the State Senate. In 1834, he removed to Monroe County, Mississippi. In 1837, he was elected Circuit Judge, and was twice re-elected to the same office. In 1848, he resigned his office, and in November of the same year was elected to the House of Representatives of the United States. In 1850, he was elected a member of the State Legislature; in 1851, he was a member of the

State Convention, and in 1852 was elected to the United States Senate for the term expiring March 4, 1857.

S. W. DOWNS, Senator from Louisiana, was born in Tennessee in 1801, and emigrated, when a boy, to Louisiana, but went back to Tennessee to complete his studies, and then entered the University of Transylvania, from whence he graduated with distinction. He was admitted to the Bar in 1825. In the political canvass of 1828, which elevated Gen. Jackson to the Presidency, he was distinguished by his powerful advocacy of Jeffersonian principles. He was an early advocate of Texas annexation; a Presidential Elector; and was appointed District Attorney, after which he was unanimously nominated by the Democracy, and elected to the Senate of the United States. He defended the war policy with Mexico; advocated the admission of California, and was a member of the Compromise Committee of Thirteen. Senator Downs is tall in stature, and in public speaking is clear and argumentative, and his manner is vehement and impressive.

J. A. BAYARD, Senator from Delaware, was born at Wilmington, Delaware, on the 15th day of November, 1799. He was educated at Princeton College, New Jersey, and at Union College, Schenectady, New York, on leaving which he commenced the study of law in his native town, in the office of Hon. Louis McLean. In 1836, he was appointed District Attorney by President Jackson, and held the office until the year 1843. Previous to this appointment, he had received several appointments to offices of emolument and trust, but invariably declined their acceptance. In January, 1851, he was elected to the Senate of the United States for six years, and took his seat in that body on the 4th day of March following.

JOHN BELL, Senator from Tennessee, was born on the 18th of February, 1797, near Nashville, Tennessee. He received an academical education, and was admitted to the Bar in 1816. In 1817, he was elected to the Legislature of his native State, and in 1827 was elected a member of the United States House of Representatives, and was re-elected from time to time until the year 1841, and was chosen Speaker of the House upon the resignation of Mr. Stephenson in 1834. In 1841, he was appointed Secretary of War under General Harrison, but resigned the office, with the rest of the Cabinet, Mr. Webster excepted, when Mr. Tyler vetoed the Bank Bill without consulting the members of the Cabinet. In 1847, he was again chosen to the Legislature of his native State, and in the fall of that year was elected a member of the Senate of the United States for six years.

JESSE D. BRIGHT, Senator from Indiana, was born at Norwich, State of New York, December 18, 1812. At the age of seven years, he emigrated with his family to Indiana, where he has ever since resided. At the early age of nineteen, he was admitted to the Bar. When in his 22d year, he was elected to the office of Probate Judge, which place he resigned in 1839, on receiving the appointment of Marshal of the United States for the district of Indiana. From this office he was removed, by Mr. Tyler, ten days before the annual election in 1841, and was immediately announced as a candidate for the State Senate, to which office he was elected by a decided majority. In 1843, he was elected Lieutenant Governor of Indiana, by greatly more than his party vote. In 1845, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, and was re-elected in 1851.

GEORGE WALLACE JONES, Senator from Iowa, was born at Vincennes, Indiana, April 12th, 1804, and was educated at Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, where, under the guardianship of the late Henry Clay, he graduated with distinguished honors in 1825. In 1827, he removed to Sinsuwa Mound, Wisconsin, and engaged in the mercantile and smelting business. As early as 1828, he purchased lead ore of the Sac and Fox Indians upon the spot where the city of Dubuque now stands. In 1832, he was mid-de-camp to Gen. Henry Dodge in the Black Hawk War, and in 1833 was appointed Judge of the Superior Court of Wisconsin. In 1835, he was elected delegate to Congress from Michigan Territory, and was re-elected in 1837. He was appointed Surveyor General to Iowa in 1840, and at the end of one year was superseded by General James Wilson, of New Hampshire, but was re-appointed by Mr. Polk in 1845. In December, 1848, he was elected to the United States Senate for the term which expires on the 3d of March, 1852, and in the fall of the same year was re-elected for the full term of six years.

ISAAC TOUCHEY, Senator from Connecticut, was born at Newtown, Fairfield County, Connecticut, November 5th, 1796. In 1818, being then twenty-one years of age, he began the practice of law at Hartford, and in 1823 was appointed State Attorney for the county of Hartford, and continued to fill that office until 1835, when he was elected a member of the U. S. House of Representatives, and was a member of that body until 1839. In 1846, he was elected Governor of Connecticut, and in 1848 was appointed, by Mr. Polk, Attorney General of the United States, to succeed Mr. Clifford. In 1850, he was a member of the State Senate, and in 1852 was elected to the House of Representatives of Connecticut, and in the same year was chosen United States Senator for the term of six years, from March 4th, 1851.

JAMES M. MASON, Senator from Virginia, was born in Fairfax County, Virginia, November 3d, 1798, and was graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1818. He was admitted to the Bar in Frederick County, Virginia, in 1820, and returned from the same county to the House of Delegates of Virginia in 1827, and again returned from the same county in 1829 and 1830. He was a member of the Virginia Convention, called, in 1829, to amend the Constitution of the State, and was elected to the House of Representatives of the United States for the 25th Congress. In

January, 1847, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, and at the expiration of his term, was re-elected for six years from March 4th, 1851.

W. F. DE SAUSSURE, Senator from South Carolina, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1792. He resides in Columbia, the capital of the State, where he is engaged in the practice of the law. He was for many years a representative in the State Legislature. Upon the resignation of Mr. Rhett, Mr. De Saussure was appointed, by the Governor of South Carolina, to fill his unexpired term as United States Senator. This was originally the term of the Hon. John C. Calhoun, upon whose death Hon. F. H. Elmore was appointed, but died in about two weeks, after giving but a single vote. He was succeeded by Hon. Robert Bainwell, who resigned, and the vacancy was filled by Hon. R. Bainwell Rhett. Upon the resignation of the latter, in May, 1852, Mr. De Saussure was appointed by the Governor, and served during the remainder of the summer session. His appointment by the Governor having expired, at the meeting of the Legislature, in November, 1852, he was elected by that body to fill the remainder of the Senatorial term which expires on the 4th of March, 1853, the residue of the term to which the lamented Calhoun was elected; thus presenting the very unusual case of five Senators in succession filling the same term.

ROBERT F. STOCKTON, Senator from New Jersey, was born at Princeton, New Jersey, on the farm on which he now resides. He entered the navy on the 1st of September, 1811, and was one of the aids of Commodore Rogers in the defence of Baltimore, in 1814. In 1821, he was appointed to the command of the sloop-of-war *Alligator*, which was ordered to the coast of Africa. He was married in 1825, and while on a furlough for a few years, engaged in the construction of the Delaware and Raritan Canal, and during the intervals of more active service, built the war steamer *Princeton*. Previous to the breaking out of the Mexican war, he sailed for the Pacific in the frigate *Congress*, and ultimately took possession of California in the name of the United States. Upon his return to the United States, he resigned his commission, and retired to private life, but in the winter of 1851, was elected to the Senate of the United States for six years.

RICHARD BRODHEAD, Senator from Pennsylvania, was born in Pike County, Pennsylvania, in 1811. He removed to Easton, in Northampton County, and read law with Hon. James M. Porter, and was admitted to the Bar in 1833. In 1838, he was elected to the State Legislature by the Democrats, and was twice re-elected. In 1843, he was elected to Congress without opposition, and was twice re-elected. In 1848, he declined a re-election. In 1849, he was the Democratic nominee for the office of United States Senator, but the Whigs having a majority, Hon. James Cooper was elected. In 1851, he was again the candidate of the Democratic party, and received the unanimous vote of the Democratic members of both branches of the Legislature, and was elected a United States Senator for the full term of six years.

HENRY DODGE, Senator from Wisconsin, was born at Vincennes, Indiana, Oct. 12, 1782. He was raised in Kentucky, and at an early age removed to Missouri. In the war of 1812, he commanded the troops raised for the defence of Missouri, having been appointed, by President Madison, Brigadier General. In 1827, Gen. Dodge removed to Wisconsin, and commanded the mounted forces in the Winnebago disturbance, and in the Black Hawk war of 1832, and beat Black Hawk's followers in several desperate engagements. At the conclusion of this war, he was appointed, by Gen. Jackson, Colonel of 1st Regiment of Mounted Dragoons, which he led on two long and successful campaigns to the Mexican frontier and the Rocky Mountains, in 1834-35. In 1838, appointed Governor of Wisconsin by Gen. Jackson, and re-appointed, at the end of three years, by Mr. Van Buren. Removed by John Tyler, and immediately elected to the U. S. House of Representatives, in which he served four years. Appointed Governor of Wisconsin, by Mr. Polk, in 1845. On the admission of Wisconsin into the Union, he was elected to the United States Senate in June, 1848, and in 1852, at the expiration of the term, he was re-elected for six years.

CONSTITUTIONAL TALENT.

There is nothing that floats a man sooner into the tide of reputation, or oftener passes current for genius, than what might be called *constitutional talent*. A man without this, whatever may be his worth or real powers, will no more get on in the world than a leaden Mercury will fly into the air; as any pretender with it, and with no one quality beside to recommend him, will be sure either to blunder upon success, or will set failure at defiance. By constitutional talent I mean, in general, the warmth and vigor given to a man's ideas and pursuits by his bodily *stamina*, by mere physical organization. A weak mind in a sound body is better, or at least more profitable, than a sound mind in a weak and crazy conformation. How many instances might I quote! Let a man have a quick circulation, a good digestion, the bulk, and thews, and sinews of a man, and the alacrity, the unthinking confidence inspired by these; and without an atom, a shadow of the *mens divinus*, he shall strut and swagger and vapor and jostle his way through life, and have the upper hand of those who are his betters in everything but health and strength. His jests will be echoed with loud laughter, because his own lungs begin to crow like chattering, before he has uttered them, while a little hectic, nervous humorist shall stammer out an admirable conceit that is damned in the doubtful delivery—*vox faucibus hæsit*. The first shall tell a story as long as his arm without interruption, while the latter stops short in his attempts from mere weakness of chest; the one shall be empty and noisy and successful in argument, putting forth the most common-place things "with a confident brow and a throng of words, that come with more than impudent sauciness from him," while the latter shrinks from an observation "too deep for his hearers," into the delicacy and unnoticed retirement of his own mind.—*Hazlitt*.

.... As frost to the bud, and blight to the blossom, even such is self-interest to friendship; for confidence cannot dwell where selfishness is porter at the gate.—*Tupper*.

A BLACK HARE.

A very rare animal of this species—a picture of which we give herewith—was shot not long since in England, by the gamekeeper of Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart., of Oakley Park, Suffolk. It was started from a wood, while a party of gentlemen were shooting, and was first seen by Edward Clarence Kerrison, Esq. Next day, the animal was shot in the parish of Deunham, three miles from the place where it was first seen. It is now stuffed, and is in the possession of E. C. Kerrison, Esq., of Bromo Hall, Suffolk. It is a full-grown hare. Every portion of the fur is of the finest glossy black, and, saving the eye, there is not a spot of color to be seen. We have heard of white hares, and gray hares; tawny, red, blue, and fawn-color; but never before heard of the existence of a black hare. The readers of the Pictorial will remember that we have already had considerable to say relative to the characteristics of this animal. The American hare generally keeps within its form during the day, feeding early in the morning or at night. The flesh is dark colored, but is much esteemed as an article of food. It is in its prime late in the autumn and winter. It is not hunted in this country as in Europe, but is generally roused by a dog, and shot or caught by means of snares or a common box-trap: this latter is the most usual mode. In its gait, it is very similar to the European, leaping rather than running. Like that animal, it breeds several times during the year. There are several other species of the hare inhabiting North America, of which the most remarkable is the polar hare. This occurs in vast numbers towards the extreme northern part of the continent. It is larger than the common hare. The fur is exceedingly thick and woolly, of the purest white in the cold months, with the exception of a tuft of long black hair at the tip of the ears. In summer the hair becomes of a grayish brown; but probably a black one has never been found in this country, or in Europe either, save in the instance which we have here illustrated. The hare is found in almost every part of the known world, living entirely upon vegetable matter, and is probably the most timid creature in the world, and one of the fleetest. It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that the young are born with their eyes open, and leave the mother entirely after reaching the age of twenty days, subsisting thenceforth like the parent, entirely upon vegetable productions. Their lives, in the wild state, are very insecure—cats, wolves, birds of prey, and man himself hating them continually, and setting snares and traps for them from very boyhood. Though very easily tamed, it is said that they are never known to evince any degree of affection for human beings, or to become very domestic, generally availing themselves of the first opportunity for escaping from the barn-yard to the forest.



BLACK HARE SHOT IN SUFFOLK, ENGLAND.

ANTIQUITIES.

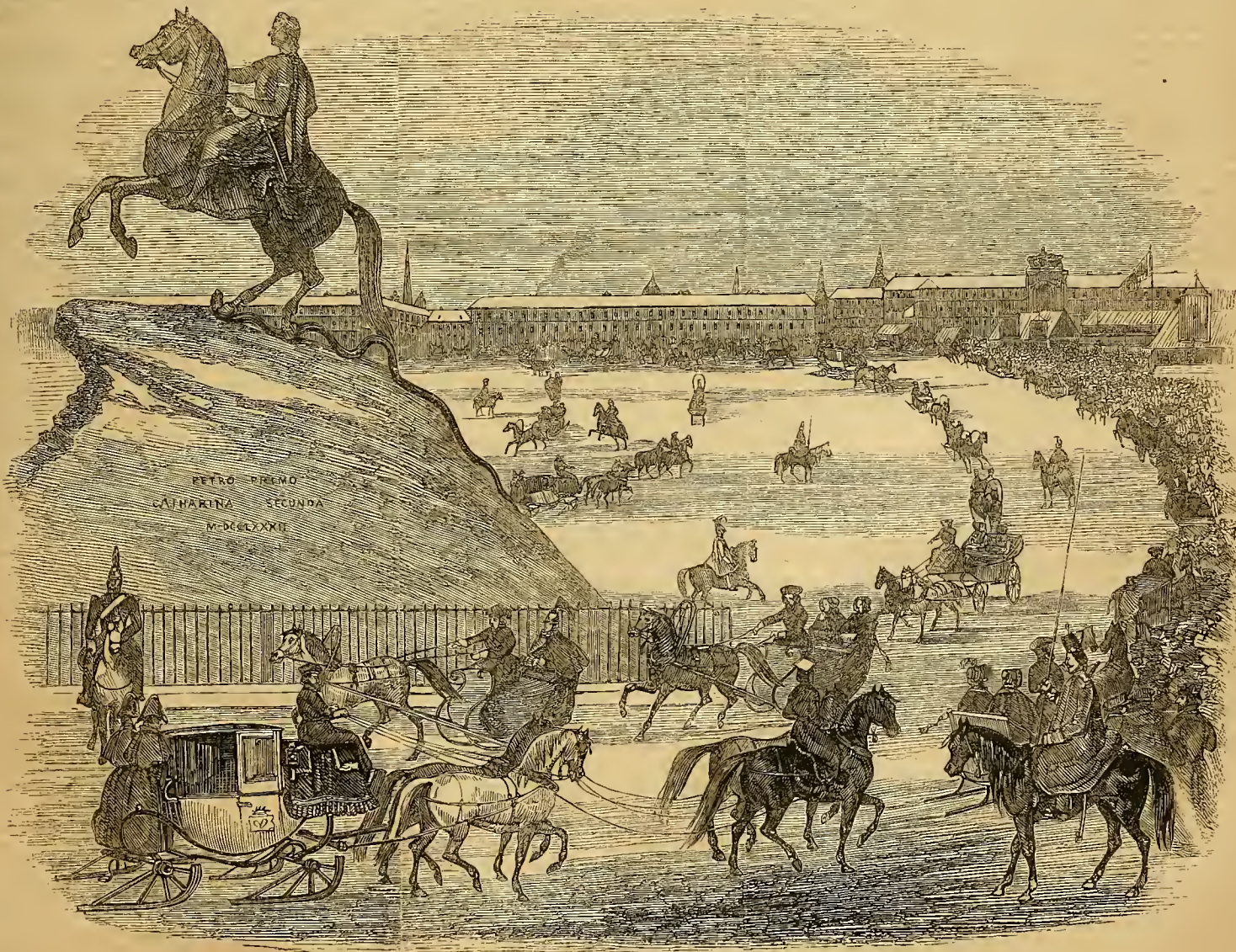
Nineveh was fifteen miles by nine, and forty round, with walls one hundred feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babel was sixty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick and three hundred feet high, with one hundred brazen gates. The Temple of Diana was four hundred feet high, and was two hundred years in building. The largest of the Pyramids is four hundred and eighty feet high, and six hundred and sixty-three feet on one side; its base covers eleven acres. The stones are about thirty feet in length, and the layers are two hundred and eight. Three hundred and sixty thousand men were employed in its erection. The labyrinth of Egypt contains three thousand chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles round. It had one hundred gates. Carthage was twenty-five miles round, and so was Athens.—*Art Jour.*

EASTER AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Easter is celebrated with great enthusiasm throughout Russia, and especially in the capital. Our artist has given below a picturesque scene of its gaiety. Easter is the real fete of the people—the period at which they do eat, drink, and make merry; great preparations announce its advent. The streets throng, and men, women and children embrace each other, and speak the emphatic words—*Christos voskreset*. On this evening there is a supper at the palace, and the following day a grand levee at court, where the dignitaries are received in all their paraphernalia. The emperor has to receive the embraces of hundreds of his subjects, who approach him with the same salutation as the boors make use of in the streets. This is the hardest field-day of the year; for, although the presentation on the new year is more numerous, he does not come into such close contact with his beloved boors as upon the present occasion. During the whole of Easter week the streets are thronged with people, who kiss and embrace each other. The servants present you with Easter eggs at every house where you call, and a *quid pro quo* is expected; and it is a very heavy yearly tax upon your pocket. An Easter egg is to the laity what Easter offerings are to the clergy, viz., peace offerings. The eggs are of very different merits and value, and are displayed in the shop windows, dyed of different colors. The common kind are dyed by wrapping worsted round them, and then boiling them, which imparts the tint to the shell. But china eggs adorned by paintings of holy writ are furnished for the wealthier part of the community. In genteel society presents are often exchanged under the titles of Easter eggs. Cards are exchanged by the corps diplomatique, and by families who are in the habit of visiting. Marriages are celebrated, children are christened, and intoxication becomes a merit. Labor stands still for a whole week, unless the labor which

furnishes amusement to the public. The cathechists are crowded in the afternoon, the theatres in the evening; but the week over, things return to their ordinary state. If the weather be fine, it is a gay and happy period, and few countries celebrate it in so joyful a manner. It is the great fete of the church and of the people.

Our view is taken from the angle of the English Quay, with Falconet's colossal statue of Peter the Great in the foreground. The pedestal is formed of a solid block of granite: upon the mass is seated Peter the Great on horseback, with one hand stretched out, and pointing significantly: the horse paws the air with his fore legs, the hinder trample upon a serpent crawling upon the rock. The statue is of bronze, and its whole weight is poised on the horse's tail, which is fastened to the stone. In the right-hand distance of the picture are shown some of the booths for the fair. The drive shows a great variety of equipages and costumes.



REPRESENTATION OF THE FETE OF EASTER WEEK, IN ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE MERCHANT PRINCE'S WILL.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

As beautiful a winter's night as ever shone out of heaven, with its serene, full-orbed moon and its tens of thousands of frosty, twinkling stars, was pouring down its peaceful illumination over the calm and tranquil country, over the restless, turbulent city. Many scenes did the impassive imperturbable face of the quiet planet look down upon that night, from the eternal heavens—many scenes enacted upon earth which would almost have appalled the tenants of hell, many which it would have rejoiced the angels of heaven to behold—but of all these, with two only we have now to do.

At some ten miles' distance from the commercial metropolis of the United States, in a beautiful rolling country, diversified with meadow-lands, and rich grain-fields, and wild unshorn woods, and luxuriant orchards, on the abrupt hemlock feathered banks of a bright silvery stream, too small to be styled a river, at least in America, too large to figure as a rivulet, there stood at the time of which I write, perhaps stands still, the prettiest, yet at the same time one of the humblest, of suburban cottages. It was not one of those miniature palaces, with bondoirs, and withdrawing rooms, and breakfast-parlors, and *salles a manger*, with billiard-houses, and conservatories, and carriage-houses, and stabling for twelve horses, such as the mushroom aristocracy of trade love to erect about the purlieus of large cities, and dread to dwell in, for very lack of anything to think about or to do, in the loneliness of the dull country. It was not one of those miserable lath and plaster shanties, disguised by means of half-inch hemlock verge-boards and paltry paste-board work, into the semblance of rural architecture, but a very small, plain, very small, substantial, veritable cottage, containing only two rooms on each floor, with the addition of a lean-to kitchen, and a closet for a servant above the staircase. It had, however, a wide, shadowy recess, half porch, half portico, facing the west, formed by a projection of the upper story, supported on rough cedar posts, and on the south, overlooking the sylvan river a small oriel window.

On the river's bank were hemlocks with their beautiful feathery branches almost dipping into the stream, and above on the little platform of level land, the centre of which—it was not above twenty or thirty yards in extent in either direction—overhanging the two gables of the unpretending dwelling, were two of the noblest weeping willows that ever waved and whispered over a poet's pillow. A tall, thick hedge of the noble American arbutus, most beautiful of indigenous evergreens, sheltered the small demesne entirely on the north and west, and screened its dwellers from curious eyes of passengers by the highway. A few plots of flowers in the summer filled with gay annuals, two or three honeysuckles and hardy roses on the columns of the rustic portico—that was all the attempt at luxury or decoration. Yet how beautiful it was in the glad eyes, how grateful to the contented hearts that dwelt therein.

Now it was deep mid-winter, and the constant snow sparkling in the pure moonlight, an interminable sheet of flashing crystals, the feathery foliage of the hemlocks encased in transparent ice and flashing like plumes of silver, the bosom of the tranquil, frozen river as blue as steel and as transparent as an artificial mirror, offered a scene no less enchanting, though in a widely different style, than the rich verdure and gay blossoms of the summer season. A thin blue smoke-wreath curled up from the single chimney; and the red lustre of a merry woodfire, linked with the staidier and paler of a solitary lamp, shone pleasantly out through the white muslin curtain into the silent night, and left a long train of reflection on the frozen bosom of the river.

Within, nothing could be humbler, plainer, poorer, than the room, the furniture, the whole appointment of the lighted sitting room; yet there was nothing painful, far less degrading or revolting, in the aspect of that honorable poverty.

A plain deal floor, uncarpeted, but scoured as white as the driven snow—the low walls papered with a cheap but graceful trellis-work of brown and white, with green vines creeping over it; two or three cane-bottomed arm-chairs; a high-backed oaken settle by the fire-corner; a round pine table, spread with a piece of scarlet drugget, and supporting a few volumes of reference, a map or two, many sheets of manuscript, fair and unblotted, and written in a fine, flowing, aristocratic hand, with pens and ink and all the apparatus of a ready writer; a smaller table covered with preparations for the lightest and most frugal of evening meals; two or three sets of unpainted book-shelves hanging upon the walls, loaded with choice volumes—the only expensive things in the apartment—a polished brass reading-lamp, presiding over the papers, a polished brass tea-kettle singing over the fragrant but cheerful wood-fire—that was all that the little room presented to the eye, with the exception of two human figures; one, of a young man tall and finely-formed, with a noble, intellectual brow, and an almost inspired expression on his high, pale, emaciated features, who bent wearily yet indefatigably over the multiplying papers; the other, of a still younger woman, scarcely more than a girl, exquisitely beautiful, yet delicate and fragile-looking in the extreme, and evidently soon to be a mother, who watched the boiling of the kettle and the rising and falling of the merry flames with a vacant eye, which wandered now and then to the stooping form of the laborious student, and filled with tears as they dwelt fondly on the beloved but irresponsible features.

At length the kettle boiled, the tea was made, the little preparations arranged in the neatest and most attractive form, and then the young wife rose, crossed the room with a noiseless foot, and laying her fair, thin hand softly on her husband's shoulder,

paused until his busy pen had completed its sentence and affixed the final period.

Then, as he turned his pale face upward to meet her fond gaze, she kissed him on the brow, shedding away the fine dark hair from his temples, and whispered, in a voice softer than low, sweet music, "Come, Clarence, dearest, come. Lay by those weary papers. It is past midnight now, and your pen has been grating, grating, O, so painfully upon my ear, page after page, since three in the afternoon, without one moment's interruption. Come and take some tea, dearest, you are quite, quite worn out, and I feel as if it were I that am killing you, I, for whom you are thus toiling day and night."

"I will come, Fan," he answered, with a cheerful smile. "I do want some of your good strong tea; but as for toil and killing, that's all nonsense, you know, Fan. Composing is delight to me, not labor, and if it were labor, it would be delight, all the same so long as it is for you; and I'm in my last chapter, too, and I shall finish it to-night, and to-morrow I'll go into town and get my first instalment; and then—and then—why, Fan, we shall have three hundred dollars, and be as rich as Croesus."

And she smiled, as she drew him away from his table, but a sigh half-mingled with the smile, though she suppressed it—she, the daughter of a millionaire, a merchant prince, as the grovelling, cringing sycophants of the press are wont to term the largest traffickers and least of men—and he, the highest, the most inspired, the most exalted of intelligences, the adored of women for the wild romance of his passionate poetry, the admired of great, clear-sighted men for the comprehensiveness of his views, the breadth and massiveness of his intellect, the gloriousness of his genius—yet looked down upon, despised, and utterly discarded by her proud, paltry, upstart relatives,—herself disowned and disinherited, for loving, as they, insensate souls, would have said, had they known how to say it, not wisely, but too well.

Yet him she had not wedded recklessly, nor wrongfully, nor without the consent, reluctantly given, perhaps, yet fully, by her cold, worldly-hearted parent. Yet he, too, would have perchance relented—her mother had fallen asleep long ago—nay, was already half won by the graces, the accomplishments, the high, courteous manners, and the personal integrity of their poet son-in-law, whose praises they heard on all sides, even from men of weight, and whose celebrity and influence, though they could not comprehend it—how could they, sons of clay?—they still appreciated and admired.

But care had been taken that they should not relent. Evil tongues were at work; evil eyes were upon them. Two elder sisters of the beautiful young bride—two elder furies—Rebecca and Mary—they should have been named Goneril and Regan—fit daughters of a merchant prince, fit wives for bank barons—interposed their venom. The respectable, rich family of the Mansfields, was disgraced by the admission of a beggarly poet into their fashionable circles.

So ran their tongues incessant; and, as the constant drip of water easily wears away the hardest rock, so did the constant drip of their foul calumnies easily wear out and overcome the faint resistance offered by the cold, selfish heart of the old merchant to their cruel plans against his once favorite daughter. She was disowned, and with him her heart's choice utterly disregarded.

On the same night, at the self-same hour, an anxious group was assembled in the gorgeously-furnished drawing-room of the splendid mansion of the Mansfields—in one of the most aristocratic places, as it is the absurd fashion to call parts of streets, in the city of New York—anxious, and grave, and gloomy, but neither sad nor tearful, although death was in the luxurious chamber. Israel Mansfield, long since almost dead to the world, such a torpor of imbecility had grown over him, and utterly dead to all the affections and duties of life, was struggling against the last attack of the last victorious enemy, for, although it would appear that in their lives they entertain no idea less, death will in the end deal with merchant princes even as it deals with other men.

That group was composed of four persons, the two elder daughters, and their two husbands, Isaac and Peter, and Mary and Rebecca Johnson, bankers the lords, the ladies a trader's daughters, the very cream of the cream of New York chivalry and aristocracy.

But the empire of Japonica was unquiet, the flower of the respectability of Manhattan was disturbed. The fine eyes glared with an unsteady, eager fire, the brilliant cheeks were pale in despite of the liberal rouge, the graceful bosoms heaved furiously with unholy wishes.

Peter Johnson had just entered the drawing-room, coming with stealthy steps from the sick man's chamber.

"How is he? How is he now, Peter? Is he any quieter?" asked his fair lady, in a hoarse, hissing whisper.

"Not much—confound it!" replied the pious son-in-law. "His mind wanders very much, and he keeps wandering about horses and carriages, and Saratoga. Talking sheer nonsense, in fact. I don't know what's to be done. He'll betray us, certainly, before the villagers, if we attempt to get him to sign now."

"And Dr. Smoothson is to be here at eleven o'clock, and Mr. Spencer, with his clerks, and the testament. How terribly unlucky," said Mary. "What is to be done?"

"Hush! there's the doctor's carriage!" exclaimed Rebecca, starting up as the sound of wheels approached the door; "keep him here, Mary, until I return, and I'll see if I cannot soothe him, poor, dear Pa!"

And she now ran up stairs, and sending the nurse out of the room on some pretence, administered such a dose of morphine as very effectually soothed the querulous invalid for the moment.

Five minutes afterward, Dr. Smoothson, all soft, subservient smiles—he had had a lumping note *done* without any endorse-

ment that very day, at Isaac Johnson's aristocratic bank—entered the room a tip-toe, felt his patient's pulse, pronounced it very steady, very satisfactory indeed. Asked him three or four leading questions, which he felt sure would be answered in the affirmative. "Wonderful mind! wonderful mind!" he said, "not the least disturbed at such an awful time; as clear as I ever knew him in my life."

Just as these words were pronounced in an audible voice, Mr. Spencer made his appearance with the Testament.

"O! here's Mr. Spencer with the will. I'm so glad, for poor dear Pa's been so anxious about it the last two hours, and he would be awfully grieved had he lost the opportunity of signing it."

"Here's Mr. Spencer, Pa," said Mrs. Mary Johnson, filling up and sweetening and sipping a huge glass of hot port wine negus, the invalid's favorite beverage, in full sight of his thirst, gloating eyes, and then holding it to him. "Mr. Spencer is here with the will, Pa; will you have it read to you now, or wait awhile?"

"Yes! yes! now—now!" cried the dying man. "Now, I say, now—don't wait, not a minute!"

"You see," said the artful woman, smiling toward the obsequious lawyer, "how anxious he is. Pray begin reading. But you'd better take some wine and water first; it will strengthen you."

And so the will was read, long, complicated, difficult, involved, hard to be comprehended at any time, even by a sound, healthful intellect. And by the display and offer, unseen by the lawyer, who was ignorant of the dumb show going on behind his back, of wine and dainties, the old imbecile was stimulated into affirmative gesticulations, and eager cries of "yes! yes!" and "good!" at appropriate places, so that the lawyer, who, obsequious as he was, would not have connived at a direct fraud, was deceived fully into the belief that the patient understood him.

The pen was placed in his palsied fingers, and with some difficulty he signed the wicked instrument, bequeathing to the rich Johnsons the whole of his property, personal and real, with the exception of five hundred dollars annually, to be paid in four quarterly sums of one hundred and twenty-five dollars, by Isaac and Peter Johnsons, Esquires, to the receipt of "Clarence Ashton, by marrying whom my daughter Frances has brought disgrace upon herself, and grievously injured the respectability of my family."

This done, the pious and affectionate sons and daughters withdrew to take a little refreshment with their friends, Mr. Spencer and good Doctor Smoothson, a few broiled oysters and a little of the terrapin poor dear Pa was so fond of, and a glass or two of poor Pa's favorite Essex junior.

But just at the same time old Dr. Van Riper, an early friend and schoolmate of the dying man, one of the real respectabilities of New York practice, was ushered in, without the knowledge or consent of the family.

"I say, Thomas—Thomas, coachman!" cried old Israel Mansfield, as his quondam schoolfellow entered, "bring the coach-horses—bring the coach-horses, Thomas, I say. I have made my will, Thomas, I have made my will, and left all my money—all my money to the coach—coach—coach-horses."

"Poor Israel! poor fellow! his mind quite, quite gone," said the doctor, with a tear in his keen gray eye.

"Yes! and wasn't it lucky, sir, as he made his will afore, sir?" said the sick-nurse, courtesying.

"His will! has he made his will? when? how long ago?"

"Just now, please your honor, sir," said the Irish woman—"not a ten minutes since."

"His will! his will!" said the other, meditating, "and I've heard him say fifty times, that he'd never make a will at all, because the law of the land is the best will that can be made. O, me! I fear there is some foul work here." And with the words he withdrew, not seeking any of the family, who knew nothing of his visit for many an after year, and then knew it to their bitter cost.

Within an hour, the soul of Israel Mansfield fled to the region where there be no princes, and where the merchants have to give account not of the value, but of the method of their mighty gainings.

Clarence Ashton refused resolutely, though he had cruel need of it, to accept a farthing of the wretched pittance, which was doled out yet more degrading by the method in which it was to be doled out by the reluctant fingers of his coarse, cold-hearted, supercilious kinsmen, or in any way to recognize the validity of that most wicked will. Fanny mourned sadly, and could scarcely be consoled, not at the loss of the wealth, which seemed in her eyes the merest dross, but at the cruelty of her father, the baseness of her respectable sisters.

The will was contested, and the contest carried on for years, as legal contests ever will be, when the plaintiffs are needy and the defendants unscrupulous, crafty and rich.

Years passed, and the poor became poorer, even to real want, and the rich richer, unto boundless superfluity. But neither poverty could kill the happiness and love of the noble, gifted poor, on whom fortune seemed to wreak such bitter spite; nor could wealth give real felicity to the wicked who had triumphed by their sin. Years passed, and at last the will was reversed—immense back rents and moneys were tendered to Clarence Ashton and his injured wife, the barks of both the Johnsons broke, and they and their wives were no longer held respectable in New York, not because they had won riches wrongfully and basely, but because they were rich no longer.

It is true that Clarence Ashton and his sweet wife refused to profit by the judgment against the guilty sisters; and as they had been self-sustained under misfortune, were self-controlled under prosperity; and as they had been themselves happy when poor almost as the poorest, were happier yet, because they could now make others happy, when rich as the richest. But the Johnsons never were happy any more, not because they were conscious of degradation by sin, but only of lost respectability.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY LIZZIE FARMELER.

At the close of a Sabbath School meeting, a few days since, four little girls, entire strangers to the speaker, met him in the aisle, with the remark: "We like you, and so do the other girls, because you make meetings for us!"

They lingering stood, those children fair,
Within the broad church-aisle,
Four little girls, with earnest air,
With bright and trusting smile.
They waited there, these lovely ones,
Until the friend drew near,
The stranger friend, whose winning tones
They loved so well to hear.

Then, while each modest, up-turned face
Beamed with its artless love,
In childish innocence and grace,
That love they longed to prove.
And eagerly they murmured thus:
"Dear sir, we all like you,
For you make meetings here for us,
The others like you, too."

Ah, that sweet, simple eloquence,
Breathed in that artless form,
That gratitude, without pretence,
From hearts so true and warm,—
It touched a deep-toned, holy chord,
Within that strong man's breast,
Which never thrilled at flattering word
By courtly lips expressed.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON.

No. VIII.

BY BEN PERLEY POORE.

THESE are stirring times at the metropolis, and the telegraphic wires vibrate with the gossip of special correspondents, or the hopes of anxious politicians. The House is hard at work, with an occasional diversion for hunkum and the ladies' gallery, and the retiring President is affixing his autograph to ink-stained parchment, often thereby investing it with an enormous value. Now, that signature can change the destiny of the nation—ay, of the world—but in a few days the writer will relinquish his power, and become once more a private citizen. As such, he will visit the Southern States, and will undoubtedly meet with a cordial greeting.

The Senate Chamber is one of the "lions" yet unvisited in our imaginary metropolitan rambles, and as every reader of the "Pictorial" has received an introduction to the honorable members, through the medium of artistic excellence, let us ascend the dark, narrow staircase, in which the gas lights flicker at high noon. We find ourselves in a narrow gallery, running around a semi-circular hall, some seventy-five feet long on the straight side. There, as at the hub of a wheel divided in half, is the President's chair, over-canopied with drapery, and high up above it is a fine portrait of Washington, painted by Charles Wilson Peale. It is pronounced a far better likeness than Stuart's picture, in which there is an unnatural fullness around the mouth, caused by unskillfully-fitted artificial teeth. Stuart also endeavored to idealize his subject, and omitted a hanging of the eyelids peculiar to Washington, which gave him a dowcast air of thought, and forced him to throw his head further back, when addressing a stranger, than he would have done had the eyelids been free. Under this picture, and facing the members (although unable to see the President), is a gallery for the reporters, into which we will enter. We here face the Senators; and you, who have studied their lineaments in the "Pictorial," can easily recognize them.

To keep aloof from politics, we will suppose an imaginary hill before the Senate, on which all will speak, and follow the debate, without alluding to the position or peculiar views of the Senators. And I will here remark that the Senate is now in a transition state. New men are fast coming in, and another session or two may develop great genius and great talent. But I cannot but regret the departure of the old Senators,—gentlemen who were capable of deep thought, and who expounded grand, general truths, rather than indulge in personal invective, or political irony. To the memories of Webster, Calhoun, Clay and Woodbury, a mourning republic has poured incense on her proudest altars:

"And as diamonds are said to have dropt from the stems
Of trees—in Arabian story—
Each branch of their laurels hath furnished bright gems,
For the crown of the nation's glory."

General CASS is still spared, and long may he occupy that seat on the centre aisle, so easy of access for the messengers with albums—so excellent a place to speak from. The general's eloquence does not, certainly, possess elaborate finish, or passionate vehemence, but it is ever marked by a sustained dignity, a fine deportment, accuracy of expression, and force of argument. In private life, his feelings are attuned to friendship, and his intellect to the pleasures of elegant cultivation.

JOHN P. HALE, from habit, rises to reply, with one hand in his pocket, and the other gracefully waving the pointed shafts of his ironical sarcasm to their destination. "Bitter words, master," but Mr. Hale is confessedly the adroitest and the most invulnerable skirmisher in the Senate, although I will wager a new pen that every colleague will render honorable testimony to his good heart, his quaint humor, his agreeable disposition, and his readiness to oblige.

General HUSTON rises, and all in the galleries bend forward to get a good view of this eccentric and wonderful man. Originally a house carpenter, he won honor under Gen. Jackson, in the Indian wars—then distinguished himself as an eloquent debater in Congress—and then occupied the gubernatorial chair of Tennessee. Meanwhile, he married a highly respectable lady, who one day went in her carriage to the State House, and sent up a servant to call the Governor down. He returned for answer that he was engaged in official business, but would soon rejoin her at her hotel. "Tell Governor Houston," said she, "that if he does not think more of me than of all business, I am not worthy to be his wife, neither will I ever call him husband again. Coachman—drive me to my father's house." Reconciliation was impossible, and Governor Houston, stung to the quick, expatriated himself among the Indian tribes in the far west. Thence, he elevated the "lone-star," at San Jacinto, and watched its rising with jealous care, until it clustered in the galaxy around the "old thirteen." At times, his manner and his behaviour have been eccentric enough, but now, he resembles a sturdy frontier "circuit preacher." His erratic genius, his emphatic expression, his patriotic sentiments, and the practical vigor of his common sense, always secure him attention.

JOHN DAVIS, another of the old Mentors of the Senate, has but a few days more to pass in parliamentary life, and will retire with the respect of his associates. His mind is addicted to legal subtlety in all its efforts, and he follows the guidance of his logical deductions with inflexible severity. This renders his style somewhat heavy at times, but his voice is rather musical, his gestures are effective, and he invariably commands attention.

Mr. SOULE is of an entirely different school. Full of vivacious Gallie confidence, and inspired by the attendance of beauty, his eloquence is vividly effective, and its interest is heightened by an unrelenting by-play—now refuting by an indignant start, now enforcing by a moral shudder. No member can "draw" such crowds to the galleries as the political refugee, who yet retains the accent of *la belle home* of Charlemagne and of champagne.

Mr. SEWARD rises to reply, and we may be sure of a polished harangue, replete with vigorous thought and studied adroitness. Every simile, every tone, every wave of his hand, has been thoroughly studied, with a theatrical view to effect, both in the Senate, and in print for distribution to those at home. Generally, he opens with some historical fact, or some souvenir of travel, upon which he locates a truth as the foundation of his argument, and then weaves from that truth a fabric of argumentative sophistry, adorned with elaborate imagery. His elocution is clear, and his manner—either persuasive, or denunciatory, or candid, or expostulating—is ever thoroughly studied.

Judge DOUGLAS, the "little giant," around whom centre the affections and the hopes of "young America," is deeply imbued with the progressive spirit of the times, and is able to sustain his ground against those denominated "fogies." His language, like his figure, is condensed, terse, and well put together. No one can accuse him of being obscure, or subtle, or refining, but (like the cocoa-nut gatherer) he invariably strips off the husk of formal technicalities, unrelentingly cracks the shell of antiquated prejudice, and brings out "the milk" of the matter, in a plain, intelligible form. The angel of death recently swept his wing over Judge Douglas's home, and bereaved him of his lovely wife,—a sad loss, which has elicited general sympathy.

Mr. SUMNER next speaks, and we are treated to a display of fine Anglo-Saxon language, harmony of style, and graceful oratory, with all the polish afforded by an intimate acquaintance with polite literature.

General SHIELDS, who unites with the qualities of the Senator the higher feelings and the chivalrous principles of the soldier, is now on the floor, and the magic of his fine eye attracts the fair occupants of the ladies' gallery. Then we hear Mr. HAMLIN, who has the warmth and elegance of southern oratory, albeit he comes from an icy State; Mr. DODGE, who occupies the desk next that of his venerable father; Gov. JONES, that ardent politician; Mr. DAWSON, a sensible lawyer; and Judge BUTLER, whose good nature is only interrupted by some attack upon South Carolina.

"Question!" The vote is taken, and the result is declared by the President, *pro tem*, Mr. ATCHISON, of Missouri, who makes a good presiding officer in the absence of Mr. Vice President KING. The Clerk of the Senate, ASHLEY DICKENS, Esq., is a time-tried public servant, and most of the officials have a somewhat venerable air.

But we are requested to leave. The Senate is going into executive session, and its discussions must be *en famille*. Perhaps a treaty is under consideration; perhaps an appointment is up for confirmation; perhaps the reputation of some officer is to be closely scrutinized ere he is promoted. It is a strict tribunal, nor can a man be heard in his own defence. With this remark we will leave the "upper House," and take a short ramble in the realms of chat ere we part.

President WILDER's address before the National Agricultural Society has been much complimented, and sent by the members of Congress to all parts of the Union. The society, if I mistake not, is destined to do much good, and to secure for farmers that protection, encouragement and respect from government to which their numbers and their labors entitle them. As the poet remarks:

"Still be this splendid truth
In the land's bosom graven—
O'er the poor soil treads the tyrant's foot,
By the rich is the freeman saved!
Man's arts, and arms, and trade,
May flourish above the soil,
Skillfully fashioned and finely made—
But the soil-wealth comes from God!"

At a recent levee, I saw Mr. Commissioner BARTLETT, who

has just returned from the Mexican frontier, and was pleased to find the once pale, student-like bookseller transformed into a weather-bronzed, mustachioed dragon. He has brought home a large collection of matters pleasing to scientific men, among them some rare specimens of curious fishes, carefully preserved. Mr. H. C. PRATT, of Boston, a meritorious artist who was appointed to accompany the expedition as draughtsman, remains at a Mexican town with an unpronounceable name, where he is finishing his sketches. We may look for a beautifully illustrated and interesting report.

WASHINGTON IRVING is busily engaged on his "Life of Washington," and is going over all the manuscript documents at the State Department. To allude, even, to the other celebrities here just now, would fill my sheet, and take up an undue share of the "Pictorial;" so I will conclude with a discovery made by a critic, that when one looks at Mills's equestrian statue from Mr. Corcoran's window, the horse appears to have six legs! "How is this?" "Why, there are two hind legs resting on the pedestal, and you plainly see the fore legs in the air,—two and four, &c."

And here I heed my tired pen's entreaty,
Which baits and says, "Pray let me write *valet*."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TWO LAYS OF A LOVER.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

No. I.

ON RECEIVING A BUNCH OF FLOWERS

Thanks, Anna, for your gift of flowers,
They charm my solitary hours;
Reminding me of hygeon times,
When I made love and coupled rhymes.

Then youth was mine—such youth as glows
In beauty on your cheek of rose;
Then hope was mine—such hope as plays
In your blue eyes, like spring's soft rays.

Now age has touched and thinned my hair,
And on my brow are signs of care;
I may not worship at a shrine
So lovely and so new as thine.

But I can feel as once I felt,
In spirit kneel as once I knelt,
And find some happiness in hours
Thus sweetened by your charming flowers.

No. 2.

A VALENTINE. TO A CERTAIN PERSON.

Unknown, yet loved for many a day!
Come, listen to my earnest prayer,
And do not what I sing betray
If thou art kind and good as fair.
Not sweeter is the evening air,
With tender buds and blooms at play,
Than thy expressive face, whose rare
And winning beauty bids me say
More than I ought, though less would be
False to the heart that bends to thee.

Sweet lady! one more smile I ask—
For thou didst smile when first we met,
And vain is now the weary task
That smile's fond meaning to forget.
It haunts my thoughts, it fills my dreams,
I see it when the morning beams,
I see it when the evening fades,
And night puts on her solemn shades.

If thy warm heart responsive feels
One title of what this verse reveals,
Just wave in air your kerchief light
And it shall be my banner bright;
Or, drop your precious little glove,
I'll drop the *g*, and call it love;
Or cough, or sneeze, or make some sign
That you will be my Valentine.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE LUNGS.

Much has been said and written upon diet, eating and drinking; but I do not recollect ever noticing a remark in any writer upon breathing, or the manner of breathing. Many, and especially ladies in easy circumstances, contract a destructive mode of breathing. They suppress their breathing, and contract the habit of short, quick breathing not carrying half way down the chest, and scarcely expanding the lower portions of the chest at all. Lacing the bottom of the chest also greatly increases this evil, and confirms a bad habit of breathing. Children that move about a good deal in the open air, and in no way laced, breathe deep and full to the chest, and every part of it. So also with all out-door laborers and persons who take a great deal of exercise in the open air, because the lungs give us the power of action, and the more exercise we take, especially out of doors, the larger the lungs become, and the less liable to disease. In all occupations that require standing, keep the body straight. If at a table, let it be high and raised up, nearly to the armpits, so as not to require stooping; you will find the employment much easier, not one-half so fatiguing; while the form of the chest and the symmetry of the figure will remain perfect. You have noticed the fact that a vast many tall ladies stoop, while a great many short ones are straight. This arises, I think, from the table at which they sit to work or study being medium height; far too low for a tall person, and about right for a short person. This should be carefully corrected and regarded, so that each lady may occupy herself at a table suited to her, and thus prevent the possibility of the necessity of stooping.—Dr. Fitch.

Where are Shakespeare's imagination, Bacon's learning, Galileo's dream? Where is the sweet fancy of Sidney, the airy spirit of Fletcher, and Milton's thought severe? Methinks such things should not die and dissipate, when a hour can live for centuries, and a brick of Egypt will last three thousand years. I am content to believe that the mind of man survives (somehow or other) his clay.—Barry Cornwall.



A. C. Dodge

HON. AUGUSTUS C. DODGE, OF IOWA.



Solon Borland

HON. SOLON BORLAND, OF ARKANSAS.



S. Adams

HON. STEPHEN ADAMS, OF MISSISSIPPI.



Hamilton Fish

HON. HAMILTON FISH, OF NEW YORK.



James C. Jones

HON. JAMES C. JONES, OF TENNESSEE.



S. W. Downs

HON. S. W. DOWNS, OF LOUISIANA.



S. R. Mallory

HON. STEPHEN R. MALLORY, OF FLORIDA.



Wm. M. Gwin

HON. WILLIAM M. GWIN, OF CALIFORNIA.



J. A. Bayard

HON. J. A. BAYARD, OF DELAWARE.



John Bell

HON. JOHN BELL, OF TENNESSEE.



Isaac Toucey

HON. ISAAC TOUCEY, OF CONNECTICUT.



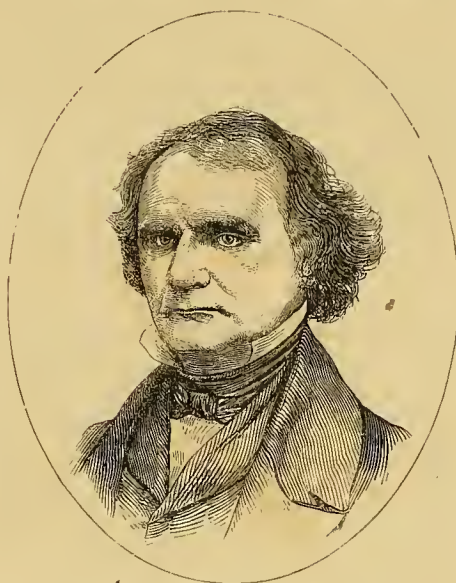
R. F. Stockton

HON. ROBERT F. STOCKTON, OF NEW JERSEY.



Jesse D. Bright

HON. JESSE D. BRIGHT, OF INDIANA.



J. M. Mason

HON. JAMES M. MASON, OF VIRGINIA.



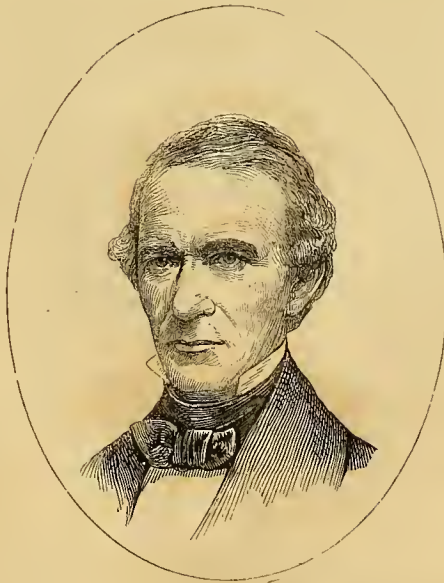
Richard Brodhead

HON. RICHARD BRODHEAD, OF PENNSYLVANIA.



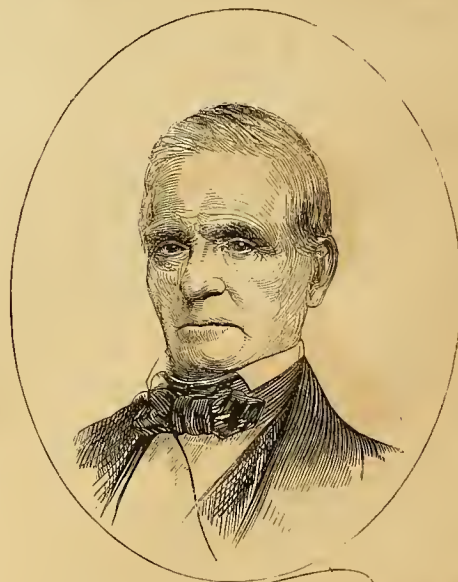
Geo. W. Jones

HON. GEORGE W. JONES, OF IOWA.



W. F. De Saussure

HON. W. F. DE SAUSSURE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.



Henry Dodge

HON. HENRY DODGE, OF WISCONSIN.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE NUN.

BY MISS HARRIET N. HATHAWAY.

Why sits she thus alone all the night,
With her young cheek pale to an ashy white,
With the gems from her dark brown hair unbound,
And scattered in wild confusion around?
From her "young love's dream," alas! she is waking,
And her fond, trusting heart is breaking—breaking.

She has sought the retreat of a cloister's cell,
And her vestal robe becometh her well.
She may mingle no more mid the sportive throng,
Its pleasures to her are an idle song;
For her heart and her hopes from earth are riven,
Her thoughts and her prayers to heaven are given.

Her sister nuns move with a mournful tread
As they hear to her grave the beautiful dead;
Their requiem chant floats soft on the air,
'Tis a sad, wailing dirge for the young and the fair.
Her grief to the end it was never once spoken,
But they knew that her young heart was breaking—broken!

[Translated from the French, for Gleason's Pictorial.]

DIANA.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The lady took a package of papers which were lying on a table, led the Jew and his daughter into the corridor which they had just traversed, and gently knocked on a door, which turned noiselessly on its hinges; at a little distance, another door opened. Diana could scarcely suppress a cry. The Marquis Philippe de Senancourt was there, kneeling before a crucifix, praying with fervor, and preparing for death.

The lady slipped the papers she was holding into the hand of Diana, and pushed her towards the captain.

The latter raised his head, and, seeing persons clad in military costume, said:

"You come to tell me that all is ready for my execution? Shall I not see the Count de Maurevers before I die? I was rudely separated from him at the Bastille."

As no one replied, he smiled.

"Ah, I understand," said he, "we shall meet on the scaffold!" Then he added in a firm voice: "Let us go, gentlemen."

The lady pointed to the papers which Diana held in her hand. "The reading of my sentence! I have already heard it three times. I should prefer the presence of my confessor, whom I have vainly asked for since my arrival at this prison."

The lady again pointed to the papers, took them and read the contents aloud.

"What!" exclaimed Philippe, "an indefinite suspension of my execution! a promise of full and entire pardon in a year, if the person to whom I owe the first of these favors fulfils with fidelity the oaths she has taken! To whom do I owe life to-day, and, perhaps, entire liberty?"

The lady, by a rapid movement, took off the hat which concealed the countenance of Diana, and let fall the mantle in which she was enveloped.

"This young girl?" exclaimed he, looking at her with surprise; "but I do not know her; I have never seen her."

A convulsive tremor agitated Diana, and tears filled her eyes. "Do you not recognize the woman whom you protected, a few days since, against the insults of soldiers?" said she; "her for whose sake you are here a prisoner, and condemned to death?"

"In the midst of the confusion of the scene in which I saw you, it was scarcely possible that I should notice your features. Now, I shall not forget them; they will remain engraven on my heart as those of a protectress to whom I owe life. But how is it that the poor child, whom I found, three days since, defenceless at Fontaine le Henry, should have to-day the power to obtain from the king a favor which he had refused his brother?"

"That is Diana's secret," replied the lady, disguising her voice and carefully concealing her face beneath her broad-brimmed hat. "Monsieur le Marquis, kiss the hand of your protectress, and pay her your adieu. In a year, at farthest, she will return to complete your deliverance, and to restore you to liberty."

He bent his knee, took the hand of Diana, and respectfully pressed it to his lips.

"I know not who you are, madame. The surprising influence which you seem to have exerted in my favor leads me to believe that your humble costume is only a disguise; but, whatever may be your rank, my heart and my life belong to you."

"Monsieur le Marquis," interrupted Diana, in a voice of emotion, by degrees recovering firmness, "do not indulge respecting me in illusions which you will, perhaps, one day regret. I am only a poor child of the people; the daughter of a pedler, of a Jew. You have protected me against insult, and God has deigned to will that, by a miracle inexplicable to myself, I should have saved you. It is for me to kneel before you to ask your pardon for the anguish you have suffered, and the captivity which remains to you for the sake of a poor creature who was unworthy of your attention. Adieu, monsieur!"

She left the room in tears. The lady took her by the hand, and conducted her back to the chamber which they had left.

"Do not weep, my child," said she,—"do not weep! You love the marquis, seek not to conquer this love. You are about to incur great perils; but if you triumph over the trials which await you, the daughter of the Jewish pedler may become a lady so high and powerful that Philippe will not dare to aspire to her

hand, and she will be obliged to condescend to him. Be, then, hopeful and strong. Master Elias, leave us. Enter the adjoining chamber; you will find supper there. When your repast is terminated, I advise you to retire to rest, and sleep profoundly. You are about to undertake a long and fatiguing journey, for which a little sleep will be needed to prepare you."

The old man obeyed, and the two women remained alone.

"Now, Diana," said the lady, "let us to the work."

She unbraided the beautiful tresses, which Diana wore, like others of her condition, plaited in bandeaux over her temples, and fashioned them in long and light clusters. Afterwards, she made her exchange her peasant's dress for a robe of black velvet, revealing her snowy shoulders and neck, as was the fashion with the great ladies of the time. After she had arranged the dress of the young girl, she took from her own neck a rich diamond necklace, and adorned Diana with it. She did the same with the rings, which she detached from her own hands to pass over the fingers of her whose toilet she was making with a skill and vivacity which would have astonished even the most accomplished femme de chambre.

When she had finished, she said to the pedler's daughter, who had suffered her to decorate her as she pleased:

"Now, my child, I must teach you how to wear these trappings. This is the way to hold the train of your dress, in order that you may not stumble over it; when you enter a carriage, you will gather up the folds of your skirt in such a manner as to reveal the end of your little foot—which a princess might envy. Now let us pass to graver instructions. You are about to take a long journey. Your father and an old man will alone share your secret. The valets who surround you, the women who serve you, will mistake you for another person, and must not be deceived. You will feign to be indisposed, and will thus, as much as possible, avoid speaking. Be surprised at nothing; summon all your presence of mind, and confide entirely in the old man of whom I have spoken. You must obey him blindly, whether you comprehend his orders or not, and you will rarely comprehend them. You are intelligent and courageous; these two qualities will suffice to enable you to pass safely through the trials before you; but you are protected by a talisman more powerful still, which takes away from me all anxieties respecting the success of the plans I have confided to you."

"What is that, madame?"

"Your love for Philippe."

Diana turned away her head, blushing.

"Now aid me, in your turn, in my toilet. I wish to put on your peasant costume; perhaps I shall even need to wear it."

She immediately set about it, and when she had completed her toilet, looked at herself in a large Venetian mirror, and could not suppress a smile of satisfaction.

"This costume becomes me wonderfully," said she; "indeed, it seems to me I look some years younger. No matter," sighed she, "I have neither the freshness nor the brilliancy of your sixteen years. To-morrow, my women, taking you for me, will tell you that their mistress was never prettier, and yet they have scarcely seen me. Chance has favored my plans; they entered my service only yesterday, and are all four French." She added some other recommendations to the instructions already given to Diana, and repeated: "Obey and act only by the counsels of the old man who will accompany you. You owe him a blind and passive submission. The success of your enterprise, your life and that of your father, are in his hands."

At six o'clock in the morning, a knock was heard at the door. The lady opened it, and admitted an old man of tall stature and severe countenance. He saluted Diana profoundly, and knelt to kiss her hand. A burst of laughter from the mysterious lady received this act. He hastily turned, and it was only then that he recognized his error.

"I have been a dupe of your stratagem, madame," said he, rendering to the unknown the most respectful honors. "I took this young girl for yourself; this is a good augury for our designs."

"To the work, then!" exclaimed she, gaily. "Adieu, marshal. Diana, the Marquis de Senancourt shall be your recompense."

She spoke some time in a low tone to the old man, and disappeared.

The latter opened the door of Elias's chamber; the Jew, with beard shaved, and clad in a military costume, advanced to meet his daughter. At the same instant, the marshal took from Diana's girdle a gold whistle, attached to a chain of the same metal, and gave three shrill calls. Four women immediately appeared, with profound reverence.

"Your mistress is about to depart immediately on a journey of some length. Let everything be ready in half an hour. You will follow her in a second carriage. This journey must be a secret to all in the castle. I am sure," added he, when they were gone out, "that our secret will be known to every one in five minutes; that is as I wish it."

A sumptuous breakfast was served to Diana; she remembered the counsels of the unknown, and conducted herself in such a manner as not to allow the servants who surrounded her to perceive that she was not their real mistress. If she made any mistakes, the marshal alone remarked them, and a contraction of the eyebrows from this formidable counsellor pointed out to her each time the path of etiquette.

After breakfast, the old man presented his arm to Diana; she placed her hand upon it as the unknown had taught her, and both directed themselves towards a flight of steps, at the foot of which they found a carriage drawn by six horses.

As soon as Diana appeared on the steps, the drums of the guards beat, the trumpets sounded, and the different posts presented arms. Diana seated herself in the carriage in the place of honor; the marshal took a seat beside her, and beckoned to the

Jew to occupy one opposite. The carriage started at a rapid pace. She then recognized that they were leaving the court of the Louvre.

CHAPTER III.

THE carriage travelled with great rapidity, often by night, and stopping only to allow Diana the time absolutely indispensable for repose. The farther it advanced, the more the marshal seemed to desire to surround it with mystery and incognito; meanwhile, he bestowed on his companion, in the presence of witnesses, the most exaggerated manifestations of respect.

If he spoke to Diana in public only with head uncovered and profoundly inclined, in revenge, he treated her with perfect disdain when they were without witnesses in the carriage. The old man was of a rude and melancholy temperament, which the youth and beauty of Diana seemed only to irritate. Occasionally, it is true, he seemed to yield himself to the charm of the simple grace of the lovely Jewess; a smile illumined his lips, and its glance lost its sternness; but his brow would soon be overcast with gloomier clouds than before.

Elias, supple, adroit, cunning, intelligent, alive to the least indications which could enlighten him on his position, and the singular role assigned to his daughter, feigned to be almost constantly asleep. His eyes remained closed, and his head was dropped upon his breast; but, notwithstanding this apparent somnolence, he lost not a movement, a gesture, a word. Diana and himself, always in the presence of the marshal, had been unable to exchange a word unheard by their companion. Nevertheless, the young girl was convinced that her father knew perfectly the route they were travelling; perhaps even began to comprehend something of the mystery by which they were surrounded.

After a fortnight's journey, the travellers reached a seaport; a vessel, ready to set sail, awaited them, and they embarked. At last they arrived, one evening, at nightfall, at a little village. There, the marshal said to the Jew:

"I must leave you here. You will soon see me again. Order the coachman to advance on the road before you, until you reach a city. You will boldly pass through the gates of this city, and ask to be directed to the Oestergarde. From thence, you will easily gain a quarter of poor appearance, the streets of which are built of wood, on the steep sides of a hill. You will choose, for a habitation, a house of uninviting exterior, but whose windows open on the most populous quarter. Diana will feign to sleep, until her arrival at the hostelry. Remember that you do not know me; my title, the only one of my personal secrets I have confided to you, must be forgotten by you. To-morrow, you will receive my orders."

He left them, after having given these last instructions. The Jew obeyed in all points, and chose a lodging situated as the marshal had directed. The night and the day rolled away without their seeing the guide. When evening had wrapped the whole city in its shades, a man glided secretly into the house inhabited by the Jew and his daughter; it was the marshal.

"Madame," said he, to Diana, in a low and mysterious tone, "you must feign to surround yourself with extreme precautions, and yet allow yourself to be seen constantly at this window; such are the orders which you have sworn blindly to obey."

Diana replied that she was ready to follow all the directions that had been given her. The marshal resumed:

"If any one addresses you in a language which you do not comprehend, you will pretend to understand it; your father, who will not quit you, and who knows the language of this country, will tell you what to say in reply."

Elias started.

"I have seemed to be your dupe, but I am not so," added the marshal, with a bitter smile; "you are cunning, but I am more so. Your profound sleep, during the journey, has not deceived me; I have surprised the glances you have cast through the half-open door of the carriage; I have observed with what address you have not only gathered all the information which could indicate to you the route we have pursued, but with what acuteness you have provoked revelations by apparently indifferent words. Finally, I know all the antecedents of your past life, and I know that you have inhabited this country. Do not give yourself the trouble, therefore, of wasting so much ingenuity. I have not been, I am not, and I never shall be your dupe, old Jew."

He placed two wax lights on the window, and, without noticing the confusion of Elias, made a sign to Diana to approach in such a manner as to allow herself to be seen by passers-by.

Very soon, murmurs of voices were heard in the street; a group assembled beneath the windows; it increased, and bravos and acclamations burst from the immense assembly.

The marshal ordered the Jew to open the window. Immediately two thousand hands waved their hats, and two thousand voices cried "Vive!" There was an unexampled enthusiasm, approaching to delirium.

"Wave your hand to them. Appear affected. Feign to wipe away tears," ordered the marshal, to the terrified Diana.

She obeyed, tremblingly. At sight of this feigned emotion, the transports of the spectators broke forth more enthusiastically than ever.

"To the palace!" was the cry,— "to the palace! Let her resume her crown! let her reign over her people!"

"Stretch out your arms towards the people; place your hand on your heart," murmured the marshal.

She executed the required gestures.

"Feign to refuse, and retire from the window."

Scarcely had she followed the instructions of her Mentor, when the cries of the multitude rose towards heaven. Then the people made an irruption into her apartment. They seized Diana, drew her into the street, placed her on a litter made of branches, and repeated on all sides:

"To the palace! to the palace! Let her reign! Let her restore happiness to her people!"

"Ah!" murmured the marshal, on witnessing this scene, "why did not my mistress listen to me? Why has she sent this child instead of coming herself? I knew well that the people, as soon as they saw her, would replace her on the throne. What shall we do now? How deceive this multitude?"

"They will murder my daughter!" exclaimed the Jew, who had heard all. "The unfortunate child is ruined! My God, protect her! Thou alone canst save her!"

"What is to be done? What part must I take, in order not to compromise the dignity of my mistress by this experiment of which I might have foreseen the fatal result?"

"Come, come; do not abandon my daughter!" exclaimed Elias.

"My presence can only aggravate the perils of your daughter and of the queen's honor. Leave me."

"No," said Elias,—"no! You shall not allow a poor child to be murdered in cool blood!"

"If I am seen with you, all is lost. No person knows that I brought her here; my presence in the city will not appear extraordinary, because it is my home; you do not even know me. But I have besides a certain method of ensuring your silence."

He attempted to strike the Jew with his poniard.

The old man, by a rapid movement, eluded the blow, sprang into the street, and rejoined the singular cortege which was attending Diana to the royal palace. This cortege was a mixture of the lower classes, workmen and women; most were unarmed; others brandished sticks and old swords.

When Elias succeeded in approaching Diana, the crowd had arrived before the palace. Pale and swooning, the unfortunate young girl was half dead with terror. The troops, who guarded the royal residence, formed in their ranks, and loaded their arms.

"Why all these precautions?" asked a man, still young, clad with the greatest simplicity, who was quietly descending the steps of the palace. "If my soldiers take arms," added he, "it can only be to render to Queen Christina the honors due to her rank and beauty. She comes to visit Sweden, which she has governed with so much wisdom, and the prince to whom she has bequeathed the heavy burden of the crown. Let her be welcome to Stockholm. We experience but one regret, it is that her majesty should have concealed her arrival from us; but for that, we should have anticipated her visit, and have gone to lay our homage at her feet."

Elias advanced, and throwing himself at the king's feet, said:

"Sire, this is not Queen Christina; it is my daughter, the poor victim of a mistake, caused by a resemblance to her majesty."

"Indeed!" said Charles Gustavus; "this is strange. The spinsters of Vadmel will have a new ballad to sing this winter, as they play their spindles."

Scarcely had these words been heard by the throng, when the enthusiasm for her whom they were bearing in triumph changed to rage and ferocity.

"To the gallows with the liar!"

"To the sea with the false queen!"

"Death! death!"

They seized Diana, and had already fastened a cord around the neck of their victim, when the soldiers came to the assistance of the daughter of Elias, whom the old man was defending with desperate but useless courage.

The soldiers succeeded in wresting the pretended Christina from the assassins, and brought her before the king.

The monarch saluted the people, who responded by unanimous acclamations, and re-entered his palace. He afterwards ordered that the Jew and the prisoner should be brought before him.

"I desire to interrogate them before you, gentlemen," said he, designating three or four persons of his court; "you, also, Monsieur the Count de Skolokester, I desire to have your opinion on this singular event."

He to whom the king addressed himself bowed and obeyed. Diana looked at him; it was the marshal.

"Let us see, my beautiful heroine," said Charles Gustavus, "arouse yourself from your fright, and tell us the truth. On your frankness alone depends your safety. Who sent you to Stockholm?"

"I came hither with my father," replied the young girl, resolved to keep, as she had promised, the secret of the queen.

"This old man is your father? What is his name?"

"Elias."

"What brings you to Stockholm, old man?"

"I am a merchant; a merchant is accustomed to visit great cities."

"And you have arrived from France?"

"We embarked for Sweden at Hamburg," replied the Jew, always evading the question.

"Did Queen Christina send you to Sweden?"

"I swear to you by the God of my fathers, and on the head of my child, that the name of Queen Christina has never been pronounced before my daughter, and that if her Swedish majesty is concerned in our journey, we were entirely ignorant of it."

"Ah, ah!" said the king. "Let us see; we must arrive at some conclusion. I see that only our cousin, her majesty Queen Christina, can extricate us from this embarrassment. We must send to her this young girl, who resembles her so much, and who is so adorned with her jewels; for I see on her arm a diamond which I recognize as having belonged to the crown of Sweden. She will not be sorry to know a Jew as ingenious and adroit as this old man. Who, then, will conduct them to her in safety?"

He turned to the persons behind him.

"If you will undertake this mission, Count de Skolokester, my cousin will, I am sure, be under great obligations to you."

The count bowed, and turned pale.

"I am delighted at the readiness with which you accept my proposition. Listen to me, then, for it is almost an embassy which I confide to you. You will repeat to her majesty Queen Christina that she may come to Stockholm when she pleases, freely and without mystery. Sweden and her king, I have told her and repeat to her, have only respectful sentiments for the illustrious woman who was their sovereign. Her august presence will not, in the least, disturb the repose of the country; and we will even have for her bulls and fetes, which, I hope, will not allow her to regret the court of France. It is a long time since I have seen Queen Christina; but I am a stranger to none of her actions. As a proof of this, give her majesty this journal, in which will be found details of her conduct since her departure from Sweden. Not one of her proceedings, however insignificant, has been omitted."

"I could tell you," continued he, turning over the leaves, "on what day a young girl, to save the life of a captain whom she loved, consented to assume the costume of a mysterious protectress, and allow herself to be conducted to a foreign country, by a guide equally unknown, to whom the title of marshal was given; a title which he wears only in France, for it has not yet been conferred on him in Sweden. You will add, from me, that the young girl has been faithful and courageous; she has even braved death, rather than reveal the secret of her mistress. Monsieur Count, I esteem fidelity highly, and have a horror of traitors as well as of cowards. A vessel awaits you at the port. If in a quarter of an hour there is a traitor left in Stockholm, he will be shot. Go!"

"Here are a woman, a Jew and a gentleman," added he, with disgust, and by way of conclusion, "it is the gentleman who is the felon! On leaving me, four months since, to go, as he said, to England, he lavished upon me oaths of fidelity and devotion. He repaired to France, the better to plot with Queen Christina; fortunately, he alone dishonors his name, and my good and faithful Swedish nobility resemble him in nothing."

Afterwards addressing Diana, he said:

"I charge you to report these words to your mistress, Queen Christina. That you may not form an unfavorable opinion of Swedish hospitality, I will give orders to have sent immediately to the vessel, which will take you back to your country, some presents, which you will keep in remembrance of me. I will also add divers trifles for your mistress; I do not wish her to suppose that I harbor malice for a project tolerably well planned, I confess. It looks so badly from a distance that it is excusable not to examine it too closely."

CHAPTER IV.

Some time after this, in a solitary apartment of the Chateau de Fontainebleau, Queen Christina was conversing in a low voice with a man of tall stature, but ignoble physiognomy, notwithstanding the great regularity of his features.

"Monaldeschi," said she, to him, "how impatient I am to receive news from Sweden! My heart is full of hope for the success of my enterprise, and I congratulate myself daily on having attempted it. There is something providential in the resemblance of this young girl to myself, and God has not thrown her in my way without design. If the sight of Diana has indeed produced a lively sensation among the Swedes, if it is true, as Skolokester says, that my people, far from having forgotten me, regret their queen bitterly, and impatiently endure the yoke of Charles Gustavus, I shall depart, pass through Sweden in triumph, show myself openly at Stockholm, and resume possession of the throne, which I quitted in a moment of error. On the contrary, if the Swedes see with indifference her whom they will not fail to mistake for Christina, if they do not press around her with exclamations of love and joy, I shall not have submitted to the mortification and grief of a humiliating check. In fine, the journey of Diana to Stockholm will acquaint me with the sentiments of Charles Gustavus towards me, and inform me whether the thought of Christina's return inspires him with terror. If my project fails, I will show myself at the court of Louis XIV., where my presence will give the lie to my pretended journey and the attempt attributed to me in Sweden. If a revolt against the king occurs in Stockholm, Skolokester will gain time, allow it to be believed that Diana is the true Christina, and give me the delay necessary to arrive. Will not my project succeed, Monaldeschi? You alone are its confidant; you alone know that Queen Christina is concealed in her palace of Fontainebleau. She has confided the history of this young girl only to you. In fine, she has communicated but to you her desire to remount a throne. It is because a throne, Monaldeschi, will permit me to overwhelm with honors devoted and faithful friends like you, my grand quarry; it is that power gives the means to proportion the recompense to the affection!"

Monaldeschi bent his knee, and bore the hand of the queen respectfully to his lips.

At this moment, the sound of a carriage was heard in the court. Christina sprang to the window. She saw Elias and Diana descend from it. At this sight, the queen comprehended that her project had failed, and turned pale. An equivocal smile hovered on the lips of the Italian.

"Let them be admitted immediately!" exclaimed she. "Hasten, Monaldeschi!"

A few moments afterwards, the old man and his daughter were introduced into the presence of Christina. Diana threw herself at the feet of her mistress; Elias prostrated himself in the Oriental manner.

"Our projects have then failed?" asked she, feigning indifference, while her heart beat violently.

"The Swedish people have not forgotten their good Queen

Christina," said the Jew. "Scarcely had they recognized in my daughter their former sovereign, when they rose on all parts to place her on the throne."

"Ah! my good Swedes have not forgotten me, as my heart told me. What happened in consequence of this event?"

"The King Charles Gustavus has sent us back to France, and the Count Skolokester is banished on pain of death; the packet of the king will inform your majesty of the rest."

Christina seized the packet, and broke the seals. As her eyes glanced over the papers contained in the envelope, her countenance became red with anger, and her lips white with rage, mortification and despair.

When she had finished, she folded her arms and looked Monaldeschi in the face. The latter turned away his head and cast down his eyes, for he saw that the queen knew all.

She took from her girdle her gold whistle, and gave two sharp calls; then hastening to the window, said to the servants and guards who came at her summons:

"Gentlemen, you see me again among you. Let all my household be assembled immediately; let my guards put themselves under arms! Let all the outlets of the palace be guarded, and let no person leave it. Captain, summon a priest from the city, and bring him here immediately. I wish to recompense to-day my faithful servants," said she, without appearing to remark the terror of Monaldeschi. "Each shall be rewarded according to his works. Diana, here is the full and complete pardon of the Marquis Philippe de Senancourt, joined with the brevet of a colonel; I have bought a regiment for the young man. The journey has fatigued you; retire to the apartment which my steward will show you. Carefully close the windows, pray to God and sleep, young girl."

She kissed Diana, and dismissed her. Elias was preparing to follow his adopted child.

"Remain," said the queen, stopping him by a sign,—"remain! A young girl may not know what is about to happen; but I need, at this moment, an intelligent and courageous man. You will execute my orders. Repair to the chapel of Fontainebleau; cause a grave to be dug there, and all things to be made ready for a funeral service to-morrow morning!"

"For whom?" asked Elias.

"For Jean Monaldeschi, grand quarry of Queen Christina!" Monaldeschi fell on his knees.

"Pardon, madame!" exclaimed he,—"pardon!"

"The priest is now entering the chateau; in a quarter of an hour, your corpse will leave it!"

"Pardon!" repeated he.

She repulsed him with her foot. Immediately the priest entered, followed by the soldiers who were to execute the commands of the queen.

Two days afterward, Queen Christina, surrounded by her household, and with regal pomp, repaired to the Bastille. The governor received the queen with the honors due to a sovereign, and summoned to her presence the Marquis de Senancourt.

"Monsieur," said she, "here is your full pardon, granted me by his majesty Louis XIV. I come to give you these documents with a brevet of colonel."

"To me?" exclaimed the captain, astonished,—"to me? And what miracle has procured me so great a happiness and the protection of your majesty?"

"A good and courageous act. You have defended a woman; it is for a woman to recompense you."

"But this woman, who is she? The features of your majesty remind me—"

"It is not I, be persuaded, who travel France in the costume of a merchant with an old pedlar," said she, smilingly. "Wandering chevalier as I am, I have not yet reached that point of extravagance. I will not limit here my favors in your behalf. A colonel should be married, and I wish to give you a wife; but this woman must not be of plebeian origin; I offer you, then, the hand of Mademoiselle Angélique de Beaugency, daughter of the count of that name."

Diana, who was a veiled spectator of this scene, made a movement of surprise and grief. The queen took her hand and reassured her by a look.

"A gipsy had stolen this young girl from her parents, and she was adopted by an old merchant. I have been making active researches for two months past. In pursuance, the information given me by the adopted father of this child, I have learned that the Count and Countess of Beaugency died weeping for their only child who had been stolen from them. The avowals of the gipsy, who was found in a Parisian prison, and whose name Elias knew, and finally still more indisputable evidences have confirmed the illustrious birth and the authenticity of Diana, or rather of Angélique. She is about to re-enter into possession of her family domains, and I give her as a dowry besides a hundred thousand crowns. Here is your wife, Marquis de Senancourt!"

She removed the veil of Diana, and Philippe fell at the feet of his betrothed, bewildered with surprise and happiness.

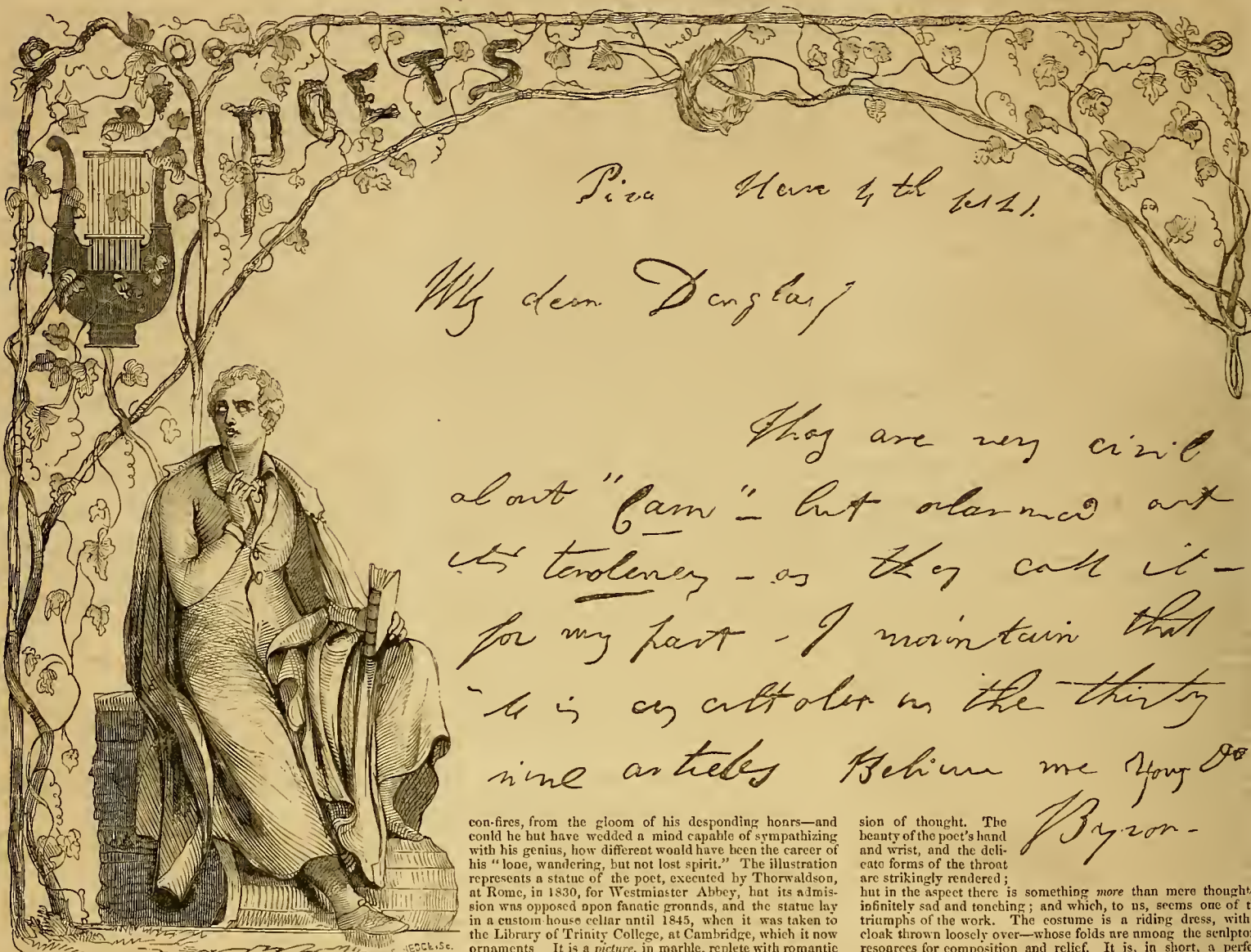
"Will you love me?" asked Diana, in a low voice,—"will you love me, ingrate as you are that cannot even remember the features of her who owes you honor and life?"

"The features of my deliverer had remained engraven on my heart," replied he. "If the Countess Angélique had not been Diana, I would not have married her. Diana alone should be my wife."

A month after, the happy Elias saw celebrated with great pomp, at the chateau of Fontainebleau, the marriage of his adopted daughter, and went with her to inhabit the fine chateau of Beaugency.

A week after the celebration of this marriage, Christina quitted France, and a short time afterwards repaired to Italy.

Types of Mind; or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 9...BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.



BYRON—who doubted everything and believed nothing—wrote in the prodigal, defiant style which characterized his life and his poems. Born with the noblest faculties, and able to compose with a rapidity only equalled by the originality of his conceptions, his life was embittered by an imperious mother, a foolish wife, and unjust critics. Yet high and pure aspirations loom, like bea-

con-fires, from the gloom of his desponding hours—and could he but have wedded a mind capable of sympathizing with his genius, how different would have been the career of his “loose, wandering, but not lost spirit.” The illustration represents a statue of the poet, executed by Thorwaldson, at Rome, in 1830, for Westminster Abbey, but its admission was opposed upon fanatic grounds, and the statue lay in a custom house cellar until 1845, when it was taken to the Library of Trinity College, at Cambridge, which it now ornaments. It is a picture, in marble, replete with romantic and classical associations. Byron is seated upon a ruined fragment, which has been part of some ancient temple and his foot rests on the broken shaft of a ruined column. In his left hand he holds a volume, and the raised chin is slightly touched with a stylus, or pencil, which he holds in his right hand. The head is slightly lifted, and turned over the right shoulder—the eyes raised, with a dramatic air of inspiration, but with an unaffected expres-

sion of thought. The beauty of the poet's hand and wrist, and the delicate forms of the throat are strikingly rendered; but in the aspect there is something more than mere thought—infinitely sad and touching; and which, to us, seems one of the triumphs of the work. The costume is a riding dress, with a cloak thrown loosely over—whose folds are among the sculptor's resources for composition and relief. It is, in short, a perfect type of the genius, the character, and the fortunes of the wayward poet. Byron wrote as one feels, that is to say, with his heart and his passions in his hands. He was in more senses than one a spoiled child. Notwithstanding his extraordinary talent as a poet, his own self-conceit well nigh ruined him. Posterity does Byron full justice. As a poet, he deserved immortality—as a moralist, we have nothing to say of the author of Don Juan.

Schiller
S. Rogers

John Milton
P. B. Shelley

Racine.

Rousseau

James Moore

SCHILLER is a poet of undoubted position, an eminent dramatist, and perfect master of numbers. He won a deservedly extended fame in his own country. His hand-writing is bold, distinct and expressive.

GOETHE was a famous German poet, as all the world knows. No person who has read the “Sorrows of Werter” has failed to accord the proper respect and appreciation that the poet's genius deserves. Goethe and German literature are almost inseparable.

MILTON! to pretend to introduce such a poet as he was to our readers, would be an insult to the better judgment of our patrons. Suffice it to say, there was the decided and emphatic purpose of his will plainly discernible in his signature.

France has known few poets equally illustrious with the name of RACINE. His reputation will live as long as a true appreciation of poetry exists.

Not alone as a philosopher has ROUSSEAU acquired celebrity, but as a poet and a musician he has won a reputable name. His chirography is careful and premeditated.

The calm signature of ROGERS, under a note of hand, would be worth half a million, for he is a wealthy banker. His topics are of a pure order, abounding with descriptive passages, which have all the brightness of Claude's landscapes, and with groups of rare grace.

SHIRLEY, one of the elder British poets, and TUPPER, of modern fame, need no eulogium here. Both have delighted the lovers of verse, and the chirography of each is bold and well-defined.

TOM MOORE represented Ireland at the court of Parnassus, and represented her well. In his chirography as in his verse, there is a liquid ease, a dance of words, and an epigrammatic point to every sentence, which makes each page sparkle like a foaming glass of champagne. It is poetry and song combined.

LONGFELLOW is the poet of refined nature and of intellectual man, scholar-like in his style as in his orthography. His descriptions of scenery are often singularly beautiful.

BYRANT, who finishes his poetry with elaborate care, writes a somewhat hurried hand, showing that he has often been compelled to drive a rapid pen, in order to satisfy demands for “copy” in his editorial sanctum.

FIELD, whose autography is delicious, has an elaborate polish of style, great daintiness in the choice of words, and a happy faculty for delineating the exquisite simplicity of nature.

WHITTIER stamps everything with the friend-like integrity of his own heart, buoyant with sympathy for the woes and joys of man.

SPRAGUE, the banker poet of America, adds the correctness and purity of classical writing to the simple ease and vigor of home poetry, forming a style delightful to all.

THOMPSON, the talented editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, writes in a quaint, clear hand, many sonnets thickly studied with fine thoughts, in classic language. [See page 159.]

Henry W. Longfellow

Joel Barlow

William Cullen Bryant.

John Howard Payne

J. G. Whittier

S. J. Keel Albert Pine

Park Benjamin

J. B. Thompson

Res Langens

Chas Sprague

J. Buchanan Read.

Edgar Poe



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CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Knight of Leon: or, The Monarch's Last Bride. A Tale of Moorish Granada." We shall give the first chapters of a fine novelette, thus entitled, by that favorite writer, SYLVANUS COBURN, JR.
"Waifs from Washington," No. IX., by BEN. PERLEY POORE.
"The Social Serpent," a story, by T. S. ARTHUR.
"The Two George Stanhope's; or, Be Always Courteous," a story, by MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.
"The Valentine, and what came of it," a sketch, by REV. HENRY BACON.
"I hear the Passing Bell," poem, by PARR BENJAMIN.
"My First Child," verses, by MRS. R. T. ELDEIDGE.
"Windermere," lines, by WILLIAM S. CHASE.
"On the Death of the President's Son," poem, by MRS. L. H. SHODURNEY.
"Lines to Poetry," by BOLIVAR J. HOWE.
"Headache," sonnet, by J. STARR HOLLOWAY.
"Nelly," verses, by PRUEGE CAREY.

EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS.

The oldest European sovereigns are the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who is seventy-three years and five months old; and the King of Wurttemberg, who is seventy-one years and three months old. Among the other sovereigns, eight are from sixty to seventy years; thirteen from fifty to sixty years; seven from forty to fifty years; ten from thirty to forty years; eight from twenty to thirty years. The two youngest sovereigns are the Queen of Spain, who is twenty-two years and three months old, and the Prince of Waldeck, who is twenty-two years old. The oldest reigning prince is the Prince of Schaumbourg-Lippe, who has reigned during the last sixty-six years, or, deducting the minority, for forty-nine years nine months. After him come two princes who have reigned from forty to fifty years; fourteen during thirty to forty years; twelve from twenty to thirty years. The other nineteen sovereigns have only begun to reign during the last ten years, and two of them—the Grand Duke of Baden and the Emperor of the French—have only commenced their reign during the year 1852.

THE LIKENESSES OF THE U. S. SENATORS.—Our readers will remember that these likenesses of the Senators, completed in the present number, are all *originals*, and that the honorable gentlemen sat expressly for them to our artist, at Whitehurst's gallery, Washington. Of course, these engravings will be highly valuable for future reference, from time to time, but our readers so universally preserve their numbers for binding, that we need hardly give them any hint to this effect.

PERSONAL.—Grisi and Marie, it is said, on the authority of a letter from Madame Sophie Maretzek Marini, are certainly coming to America in May, and are desirous of taking Castle Garden, at present let to Sontag's agent.

SPLINTERS.

.... Mrs. Mowatt is playing, with her usual success and spirit, an engagement in our Southern cities.
.... The length of the gas pipes in New York city is two hundred and twenty-nine miles! Think of it.
.... Alboni is no less a superior actress than vocalist. She astonished and delighted the Bostonians by her personations.
.... All accounts agree in representing the domestic career and habits of Louis Napoleon to be fearfully depraved.
.... Natural Magic—some one defines as being a pretty girl. We cannot gainsay it, for the life of us.
.... The winter in Europe, as has been the case throughout America, has been most extraordinarily mild.
.... We avoid the mention of the many suicides constantly occurring, deeming such reference of questionable influence.
.... Madame Anna Thillon has been remarkably successful in her recent engagement in the city of New Orleans.
.... Will some unknown friend receive our thanks for a beautiful and fragrant bouquet?
.... Viouxtemps, the famous violinist, is about to start on a professional tour to the East Indies.
.... Have we before mentioned that a hotel is building at Cape May, to be six times as large as the Astor House?
.... Mount Etna is now in a state of full eruption; it had, until very lately, nearly subsided.
.... Diamonds are being found, we observe, both in California and Australia, and of the purest water.
.... Why don't Ericsson apply his new motive power to a "train of ideas?" It's not necessary to get an act of incorporation.

LONDON.

What a multitude of interesting associations crowd upon the mind of an American, at the mention of this great city! It has not that strange sound, nor does it convey that vague impression, which the name and idea of other European cities suggest. We are familiar with it in our nursery rhymes and the studies of our maturer years. Speaking the same language with its natives, familiar with its literature and history, its great men, its newspapers, its grand features and its minor details, we seem to be pretty well acquainted with London, even though we may never have set foot upon the storied banks of the Thames; and when we visit for pleasure or on business, we seem to be rather renewing an old acquaintance, than meeting a stranger. We have seen St. Paul's in dreams and engravings a thousand times; we are morally certain that we have visited the Horse Armory at the Tower; the Monument has a familiar aspect; we recognize a sort of nodding acquaintance with the House of Parliament, know St. James when we see it, and can find our way to the Surrey side, without asking the street sweepers to direct us thither.

And if this familiarity existed with London fifty years ago, when the intercourse between the new and the old countries was only occasional, how much greater is it in these times of daily intercourse, when London seems to us as no further off than Charleston or New Orleans! No city on the face of the globe presents more interesting phases to the eye of the traveller. Its physical aspect is striking, and if in architecture it falls below many European cities, still there is enough in it that is imposing and grand. The cathedral of St. Paul's would shrink into insignificance beside the giant frame of St. Peter's at Rome, which is almost an architectural world; but still, standing by itself, it is sufficiently impressive. There are nobler gothic fanes than Westminster Abbey, but none to which the imagination clings so fondly, nor hallowed by such an atmosphere of departed greatness. London has the true English stamp; if you heard not a word spoken, you would know that you were in the great Anglo-Saxon capital. The vast parks that enliven the wilderness of bricks, attest the love of nature that is inherent in the heart of the Englishman.

Like all great cities, London is full of startling dramatic contrasts in its social aspects. While the Duchess of Sutherland is rolling in her coronetted carriage to Her Majesty's theatre, a wretched passenger is perhaps expiring on the sidewalk; while the nobler ladies of the West End are crying over the sufferings of negroes on American plantations, starvation and soul-killing destitution are life within gunshot of their splendid palaces. The very luxuries that grace their tables, are wrung from the unrequited toil of a perishing population. As for the comforts of life, a London tradesman's holiday dinner is no better than the daily breakfast of a Boston mechanic. Yet London is a great city, and the true-born cockney looks with contempt on the unfortunate being who cannot claim it as his birthplace.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

That Louis Napoleon is just rash and reckless enough to make a desperate and wild attempt upon England, no one can doubt. The English press teems with speculations upon the subject, and the matter really seems to be assuming a serious appearance. If such an attempt should be temporarily successful, or even brilliant in its failure, it would give him a new lease of power with the French people. The memory of Waterloo is considered a reasonable, if not sufficient, cause to justify the French in attacking the forces of Great Britain. From an English paper before us, The Economist, we copy the following remarks relating to Louis Napoleon's probable policy:

"The army is even now notoriously restless and dissatisfied. The Algerian regiments are inclined to the Orleans family; many of those at home are strongly infected with the republican or socialist opinions;—a war, especially a sudden, dash and successful war, would at once rally them all to the imperial regime. Louis Napoleon knows all this well. He will not like to be forced or hurried; and war may probably be his last card, but it is one which, sooner or later, he must play. His only security, and ours, would be in a disbanding of 70,000 of the most dissatisfied troops, and the suspension of the conscription for the next two years. If he does not do this, we may look out for the only other resource."

A COLORED "STAR."—A letter from Berlin, of the 17th January, says:—The King of Prussia has presented Mr. Ira Aldridge, the American actor of color, at the close of his performances here, the great gold medal, with an autograph testimonial—a distinction bestowed only on persons of the first eminence in their professions. Mr. Aldridge's success in Berlin has obtained for him invitations to "star" in almost all German capitals.

A VALUABLE NUMBER.—We shall give in our next week's paper, among a fine variety of other illustrations, two large engravings, being perfect likenesses of the new President, Gen. Frank Pierce, and Vice President, Hon. W. R. King. Each will cover an entire page of the Pictorial, and will be valued by our host of subscribers.

FORTUNE'S CHANGES.—A New York paper says, that Ferdinand Palmo, who erected and managed for a time, the Italian Opera House, in that city (now Burton's Theatre), and who, like many a manager before and since, lost a fortune by it, is now endeavoring to earn a livelihood as assistant cook in some establishment there.

MUSICAL.—Rossini, the celebrated composer, was the director of a concert which took place at Florence, recently, in honor of the King of Bavaria. Among the performers were the Prince and Princess Poniatowski, the Countess Orsini, and the artistes Bassani and Yvanhoff.

RAILROADS.—There is railroad enough now in operation to reach round the world, and four thousand miles over.

MARRIAGES

In this city, Mr. Parkman A. Moulton, of Roston, to Miss Ellen B. Murray, of Cambridge; Mr. Samuel A. B. Briggs, of Boston, to Miss Mary E. Walker, of Roxbury; Mr. John H. Woodman to Miss Mary M. Spofford; Mr. John T. Hancock to Miss Anna Doyle; Mr. Thomas J. Furber to Miss Adelaide E. Birt. By Rev. D. Skinner, Mr. Edwin L. Bird to Miss R. Jane, daughter of Mr. John E. Kurtz.

At East Boston, by Rev. W. H. Cudworth, Mr. Henry C. Wilder to Miss Caroline B. Briggs.

At Charlestown, Mr. Herbert Penety, formerly of Halifax, N. S., to Miss Mary F. Smith.

At West Cambridge, Mr. Lewis Reynolds to Miss Mary Elizabeth Phillips, both of Brighton.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Collyer, Capt. Dennis Small to Miss Hannah S. Brookings, both of Newburyport.

At Taunton, by Rev. D. A. Russell, Mr. James Perkins, of East Bridgewater, to Miss Leila M. Gurney, of Taunton.

At Shelburne, by Rev. Theophilus Hawks, Jr., Mr. D. Orlando Flek to Miss Isabella Hawks.

At Exeter, N. H., by Rev. William Bird, of Hartford, Conn., to Miss Sarah Gordon, daughter of Rev. John Gordon, of Exeter.

At Shelburne, by Rev. Col. Charles A. May, of the U. S. Army, to Miss Josephine, daughter of George Law, Esq.

DEATHS

In this city, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Geo. Nathaniel Hammond, 63; Mrs. Mary Milner, 54; Mr. Jonathan Barney, 70; Mrs. Caroline S. Callender, 69; Mrs. Nancy Snow, 37; Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Barry, 80; Mrs. Lucy Turner, widow of the late John Turner, 78; Mr. Hiram Parker, 41.

At South Boston, Mrs. Mary, widow of the late Capt. Joseph Thio, 54.

At Charlestown, Mrs. Polly H. Davis, 53.

At Roxbury, Mr. Alfred Dow, 52.

At West Cambridge, Mr. Nehemiah M. Locke, 33; Mr. Isaiah Jenkins, 61.

At Newton Upper Falls, Otis Pettie, Esq.

At Newburyport, Mrs. Sally Wells 75; Mrs. Ruth Blumpey, 67; Mrs. Sally, wife of Mr. Joshua Moody, 71.

At West Newbury, Mr. Thomas Elliot, 72; Eliza C. Ordway, 37.

At Wilmington, Mr. Samuel Harnden 86; Mr. Aaron Pearson, 57.

At Taunton, Col. Israel Dean, 79.

At New Bedford, Miss Sarah Jane Babcock, 23; Mr. Leonard Hathaway, 49.

At West Townsend, Mrs. Deborah Hartwell, 57.

At South Yarmouth, Mrs. Francis Wood, 56.

At Groton, Mrs. Matilda Smead, wife of Mr. Jesse Smead, 63; Jesse F., son of Mr. Jesse Smead, 25.

At Haddam, Conn., Rev. Oliver Brown, of Lyme, Conn., and formerly of Charlestown, Mass., 76.

At Paris, Me., Mr. Daniel Knight 92.

At Nottingham, N. H., Mr. Charles Willey, a soldier of the revolution, 108.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

UPWARD—ONWARD.

BY J. E. A. SMITH.

Battling in the cause of truth
With the zeal and strength of youth,
Upward raise your banner higher,
Onward urge your phalanx nigher
To the centre of the strife.
Strike, where virtue finds a foe,
Strike, while love directs the blow,
Where the foes of man are rife.

Be your watchword truth and love,
Be your stay the strength above;
Mid the pure, remain the purest;
Mid the faithful, be the surest,—
Temperance your banner star.
Ask not rest, nor pray for peace,
Till the demon foe shall cease
Life and all its joys to mar.

Warriors in the cause of right,
Earnest in your zeal and might;
Joying in your high endeavor,
Onward press, and falter never,
Till the victory be won.
Shout for every field ye gain,
Press to those which still remain,
Battling till the work be done.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STORIES OF GODS AND GODDESSES.

No. X.

THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

BY T. DULFINCH.

As in the course of our series, we have given the pagan account of the creation of the world, so at its conclusion, we present a view of the regions of the dead, depicted by one of their most enlightened poets, who drew his doctrines from their most esteemed philosophers. The region where Virgil locates the entrance into this abode, is perhaps the most strikingly adapted to excite ideas of the terrific and preternatural of any on the face of the earth. It is the volcanic region near Vesuvius, where the whole country is cleft with chasms from which sulphurous flames arise, while the ground is shaken with pent-up vapors, and mysterious sounds issue from the bowels of the earth. The lake Avernus is supposed to fill the crater of an extinct volcano. It is circular, half a mile wide, and very deep, surrounded by high banks, which in Virgil's time were covered with a gloomy forest. Mephitic vapors rise from its waters, so that no life is found on its banks, and no birds fly over it. Here, according to the poet, was the cave of the Sybil, and here Æneas offered sacrifices to the infernal deities, Proserpine, Hecate and the Furies. Then a roaring was heard in the earth, and the woods on the hill-tops were shaken, and the howling of dogs announced the approach of the deities. "Now," said the Sybil, "summon up your courage, for you will need it." She descended into the cave and Æneas followed. Before the threshold of hell they passed through a group of beings who are enumerated as Griefs and avenging Cares, pale Diseases and melancholy Age, Fear and Hunger, that tempt to Crime, Toil, Poverty and Death, forms horrible to view. The Furies spread their couches there, and Discord, whose hair was of vipers tied up with a bloody fillet. Here also were the monsters, Briareus, with his hundred arms, Hydras hissing, and Chimæras breathing fire. Æneas shuddered at the sight, drew his sword and would have struck, but the Sybil restrained him. They then came to the black river, Cocytus, where they found the ferryman, Charon, old and squalid, but strong and vigorous, who was receiving passengers of all kinds into his boat, magnanimous heroes, boys and unmarried girls, as numerous as the leaves that fall at autumn, or the flocks that fly southward at the approach of winter. They stood pressing for a passage and longing to touch the opposite shore. But the stern ferryman took in only such as he chose, driving the rest back. Æneas, wondering at the sight, asked the Sybil, "Why this discrimination?" She answered, "Those who are taken on board the bark are the souls of those who have received due burial rites; the host of others who have remained unburied, are not permitted to pass the flood, but wander a hundred years, and flit to and fro about the shore, when at last they are taken over." Æneas grieved at recollecting some of his own companions, who had perished in the storm. At that moment he beheld Palinurus, his pilot, who fell overboard and was drowned. He addressed him and asked him the cause of his misfortune. Palinurus replied that the rudder was carried away, and he clinging to it, was swept away with it. He besought Æneas most urgently to extend to him his hand and take him in company to the opposite shore. But the Sybil rebuked him for the wish thus to transgress the laws of Pluto; but consoled him by informing him that the people of the shore where his body had been wafted by the waves, should be stirred up by prodigies to give it due burial, and that the promontory should bear the name of Cape Palinurus, which it does to this day. Leaving Palinurus consoled by these words, they approached the boat. Charon sternly demanded what right they had there, living and armed? To which the Sybil replied by promising that they would commit no violence, stating that Æneas's only object was to see his father, and finally exhibiting the golden branch, at sight of which Charon's wrath relaxed, and he made haste to turn his bark to the shore,

and receive them on board. The boat, adapted only to the light freights of bodiless spirits, groaned under the weight of the hero. They were soon conveyed to the opposite shore. There they were encountered by the three-headed dog, Cerberus, with his necks bristling with snakes. He barked with all his three throats, till the Sybil threw him a medicated cake, which he eagerly devoured, and then stretched himself out in his den and fell asleep. Æneas and the Sybil sprung to land. The first sound that struck their ears, was the wailing of young children, who had died on the threshold of life, and near to these were they who had perished under false charges. Minos presides over them as judge, and examines the deeds of each. The next class was of those who had died by their own hand, hating life and seeking refuge in death. O, how willingly would they now endure poverty, labor, and any other infliction, if they might but return to life! Next were situated the regions of sadness, divided off into retired paths, leading through groves of myrtle. Here roamed those who had fallen victims to unrequited love, not freed from pain even by death itself. Among these, Æneas thought he deserved the form of Dido, with a wound still recent. In the dim light, he was for a moment uncertain, but approaching, perceived it was indeed herself. Tears fell from his eyes, and he addressed her in the accents of love. "Unhappy Dido! was then the rumor true that you had perished? and was I, alas! the cause? I call the gods to witness that my departure from you was reluctant, and in obedience to the commands of Jove; nor could I believe that my absence would have cost you so dear. Stop, I beseech you, and refuse me not a last farewell." She stood for a moment with averted countenance, and eyes fixed on the ground, and then silently passed on, as insensible to his pleadings as a rock. Æneas followed for some distance; then, with a heavy heart, rejoined his companion, and resumed his route.

They next entered the fields where roam the heroes who have fallen in battle. Here they saw many shades of Grecian and Trojan warriors. The Trojans thronged around him, and could not be satisfied with the sight. They asked the cause of his coming, and plied him with innumerable questions. But the Greeks, filled with terror at the sight of his armor glittering through the murky atmosphere, recognizing the hero, turned their backs and fled, as they used to do on the plains of Troy.

Æneas would have lingered long with his Trojan friends, but the Sybil hurried him away. They next came to a place where the road divided, the one leading to Elysium, the other to the regions of the condemned. Æneas beheld on one side the walls of a mighty city, around which Phlegethon rolled its fiery waters. Before him was the gate of adamant that neither gods nor men can break through. An iron tower stood by the gate, on which Tisiphone, the avenging Fory, kept guard. From the city were heard groans, and the sound of the scourge, the creaking of iron, and the clanking of chains. Æneas, horror-struck, inquired of his guide what crimes and punishments were those, whose sounds he heard? The Sybil answered, "Here is the judgment hall of Rhadamanthus, who brings to light crimes done in life, which the perpetrator vainly thought impenetrably hid. Tisiphone applies her whip of scorpions, and delivers the offender over to her sister Furies. At this moment, with horrid clang, the brazen gates unfolded, and Æneas saw within a Hydra, with fifty heads, guarding the entrance. The Sybil told him that the gulf of Tartarus descended deep, so that its recesses were as far beneath their feet as heaven was high above their heads. In the bottom of this pit, the Titan race, who warred against the gods, lie prostrate; Salmoneus, also, who presumed to vie with Jupiter, and built a bridge of brass over which he drove his chariot that the sound might resemble thunder, launching flaming brands at his people in imitation of lightning, till Jupiter struck him with a real thunder-bolt, and taught him the difference between mortal weapons and divine. Here, also, is Tityon, the giant, whose form is so immense that as he lies, he stretches over nine acres, while a vulture preys upon his liver, which as fast as it is devoured grows again, so that his punishment will have no end.

Æneas saw groups seated at tables loaded with dainties, while near by stood a Fury who snatched away the viands from their lips, as fast as they prepared to taste them. Others beheld suspended over their heads huge rocks, threatening to fall, keeping them in a state of constant alarm. These were they who had hated their brothers, or struck their parents, or defrauded the friends who trusted them, or who having grown rich kept their money to themselves, and gave no share to others; the last being the most numerous class. Here also were those who had violated the marriage bed, or fought in a bad cause, or failed in fidelity to their employers. Here was one who had sold his country for gold, another who perverted the laws, making them say one thing to-day and another to-morrow.

Ixion was there, fastened to the circumference of a wheel ceaselessly revolving; and Sisyphus, whose task was to roll a huge stone up to a hill-top, but when the steep was well-nigh gained, the rock, repulsed by some sudden force, rushed again headlong down to the plain. Again he toiled at it, while the sweat bathed all his weary limbs, but all to no effect. There was Tantalus, who stood in a pool, his chin level with the water, yet he was parched with thirst, and found nothing to assuage it; for when he bowed his hoary head, eager to quaff, the water fled away, leaving the ground at his feet all dry. Tall trees laden with fruit stooped their heads to him, pears, pomegranates, apples and luscious figs; but when, with a sudden grasp, he tried to seize them, winds whirled them high above his reach.

The Sybil now warned Æneas that it was time to turn from these melancholy regions and seek the city of the blessed. They passed through a middle tract of darkness, and came upon a cheerful landscape, the groves where the happy reside. They

breathed a freer air, and saw all objects clothed in a purple light. The region has a sun and stars of its own. The inhabitants were enjoying themselves in various ways, some in sports on the grassy turf, in games of strength or skill, others dancing or strolling. Orpheus struck the chords of his lyre, and called forth ravishing sounds. Here Æneas saw the founders of the Trojan state, magnanimous heroes who lived in happier times. He gazed with admiration on the war chariots and glittering arms, now reposing in disuse. Spears stood fixed in the ground, and the horses, unharnessed, roamed over the plain. The same pride in splendid armor and generous steeds which the old heroes felt in life, accompanied them here. He saw another group feasting, and listening to the strains of music. They were in a laurel grove, whence the great river Po has its origin, and flows out among men. Here dwelt those who fell by wounds received in their country's cause, holy priests also, and poets who have uttered thoughts worthy of Apollo, and others who have contributed to cheer and adorn life by their discoveries in the useful arts, and have made their memory blest by rendering service to mankind. They wore snow-white garlands about their brows. The Sybil addressed a group of these, and inquired where Anchises was to be found. They were directed where to seek him, and soon found him in a verdant valley, where he was contemplating the ranks of his posterity, their destinies and worldly deeds to be achieved in coming times. When he recognized Æneas approaching, stretching out both hands to him, while tears flowed freely, "Have you come at last," said he, "long expected, and do I behold you after such perils past? O, my son, how have I trembled for you, as I have watched your career!" To which Æneas replied, "O, father! your image was always before me to guide and guard me." Then he endeavored to enfold his father in his embrace, but his arms enclosed only an unsubstantial image.

Æneas perceived before him a spacious valley, with trees gently waving to the wind, a tranquil landscape, through which the river Lethe flowed. Along the banks of the stream wandered a countless multitude, numerous as insects in the summer air. Æneas, with surprise, inquired who were these? Anchises answered, "They are souls to which bodies are to be given in due time. Meanwhile they dwell on Lethe's bank, and drink oblivion of their former lives." "O, father!" said Æneas, "is it possible that any can be so in love with life, as to wish to leave these tranquil seats for the upper world?" Anchises replied by explaining the plan of creation. The Creator, he told him, originally made the material of which souls are composed, of the four elements, fire, air, earth and water, all which, when united, took the form of the most excellent part, that is, fire, and became flame. This material was scattered like seed among the heavenly bodies, the sun, moon and stars. Of this seed, the inferior gods created man and all other animals, mingling it with various proportions of earth, by which its purity was alloyed and reduced. Thus the more earth predominates in the composition, the less pure is the individual, and we see men and women, with their full-grown bodies, have not the purity of childhood. So in proportion to the time which the union of body and soul has lasted, is the impurity contracted by the spiritual part. This impurity must be purged away after death, which is done by ventilating the souls in the current of winds, or merging them in water, or burning out their impurities by fire. Some few, of whom Anchises intimates that he is one, are admitted at once to Elysium, there to remain. But the rest, after the impurities of earth are purged away, are sent back to life, endowed with new bodies, having had the remembrance of their former lives effectually washed away by the waters of Lethe. Some, however, there still are, so thoroughly corrupted, that they are not fit to be entrusted with human bodies, and these are made into brute animals, lions, tigers, cats, dogs, monkeys, etc. This is what the ancients called Metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls; a doctrine which is still held by the natives of India, who scruple to destroy life, even of the most insignificant animal, not knowing but it may be one of their relations in an altered form.

Anchises, having explained so much, proceeded to point out to Æneas individuals of his race, who were hereafter to be born, and to relate to him the exploits they should perform in the world. After this, he reverted to the present, and told his son of the events that remained to him to be accomplished before the complete establishment of himself and his followers in Italy. Wars were to be waged, battles fought, a bride to be won, and in the result a Trojan state founded, from which should rise the Roman power, to be in time the sovereign of the world.

Æneas and the Sybil then took leave of Anchises, and returned by some short cut, which the poet does not explain, to the upper world.

SHOWING THE DEAD.

There is a curious custom at Havana of laying out bodies in state during the night before burial. They are placed close to the open window, fronting the street, on a couch raised four or five feet from the ground. The corpse is surrounded with high wax tapers and the whole room illuminated. Frequently, when returning from a *tertulia*, or a ball, I have been startled by seeing the affixed and rigid features of some old lady or gentleman, dressed in their best attire, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neckcloth.

I remember one night in particular, I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding there was a body lying in state, I went towards it. There, close to the window, so close that I could have touched it through the bars, lay the body of a young girl about fifteen years of age. She was dressed as for a ball, with flowers in her hair, and white satin shoes on her feet; her hands were crossed on her breast, her eyes closed, and her mouth slightly opened, and altogether her face and expression the most beautiful I had ever seen.—*Sullivan's Rambles.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

John Goddard, of Cambridge, an insane man, 70 years of age, was run over and killed on the Fitchburg Railroad, lately. — An Irishman was tried at Cambridge, a short time since, for stealing a pair of pants. The theft was proved, but it was claimed for the defence that no such garment as "pants" was known in law. The objection was allowed, and the complaint dismissed. — Five posts of the telegraph, a few miles from Wilmington, Delaware, were demolished by lightning, recently. — The pilot boat Commerce, which left New York on the 1st of January, has never been heard from since, and is no doubt lost, with all on board. Seventeen children are left fatherless by this disaster. — The Tremont House, Chicago, Ill., has been rented by Messrs. Woodruff, of Boston, for \$10,000 per annum. — Speculations in real estate are going on to considerable extent in New York. During six business days in the last two weeks, six of the principal auctioneers have made sales to the amount of \$1,500,000. — The Golden Gate made her last trip from Panama in eleven days, eight hours, running time; the quickest on record. — There are now over eight hundred miles of finished railroad in the State of Indiana. — A party of returning Californians, who took passage in the schooner J. Truman at Tampico, were arrested for non-payment of duties, and their money, about five thousand dollars, confiscated. — Efforts are being made for the establishment of an Institution for Savings, to be located in Cambridge, Mass. — Mr. Stanley was not far from the truth, when he remarked in the U. S. House of Representatives, a few days since, that "tobacco-chewing is a vile, anti-Christian, barbarous habit, introduced into civil life for purposes of degradation." — Washington Allston's picture of "Sir John Falstaff" was sold in Boston, a few days since, for \$300. — A camphene lamp exploded in the lamp establishment of Henry Edwards, New York, setting the store on fire, and before the flames were extinguished, the stock in the store, valued at \$6000, was nearly destroyed. — The inhabitants of those counties in Maine, which are now frequented by moose and deer, are making a movement to restrain their indiscriminate destruction by sportsmen, by legal enactments. — The Minnesota Pioneer states that there are in that vicinity vast bodies of beautiful white sand, from which a superior article of glass may be manufactured. — A young aspirant for office recently sent General Pierce letters urging his claims, accompanied by his daguerreotype. He is said to be apparently about twenty-four years of age. — The assessed value of real estate in the city and county of Philadelphia is \$128,218,658. — Timothy Bagley, of Braintree, aged 50, was drowned at Weymouth landing, lately, by the upsetting of a boat.

"TYPES OF THE MIND."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158]

PAYNE was early distinguished for precocity of talent. As Master Payne, he played a theatrical engagement with brilliant success. He afterwards went to England, and was very successful as a dramatist. Many of his pieces, among which are "Brutus," "Clari" and "Charles II.," keep the stage. His song of "Home, Sweet Home," will ever preserve his memory. For a time, he was American consul at Tunis. His hand-writing is neat and regular, exhibiting a careful mind.

PARK BENJAMIN is well known in American letters as a graceful poet, and a thorough-going, intelligent and unsparing critic. He has lately met with the most brilliant success as a lecturer. His oratory is admirable, and the subject-matter of his discourses sparkles with wit, and abounds in humor and sound sense. He writes a rapid and flowing character.

EPES SARGENT has written much poetry that is destined to live. As a song writer, he ranks with Hoffman. His "Life on the Ocean Wave," and some other lyrics, are found on every piano. He has been equally successful as an editor, a dramatic writer, biographer, critic and lecturer. He writes a bold and legible hand.

JOEL BARLOW is known as the author of the "Columbiad," an epic poem of the orthodox length and metre. It was published by the author in splendid style, and has been translated into more than one foreign language. Chirography free and rather careless.

T. BUCHANAN READ, though a young man, has won an enviable reputation as a poet and painter. His pictures are as graceful and refined as his poetry is touching and brilliant. He is one of the most distinguished representatives of the genius of Young America. Autograph, neat and finished.

EDGAR A. POE, the erratic but brilliant genius, is known to almost every American reader. He had a mind of rare originality, and a fancy, not to say imagination, as fantastic and high-soaring as that of any of the much-admired writers of the German school. His chirography is characteristic.

ALBERT PIKE is well known by his "Hymns to the Gods," published in Willis's Magazine, before he went to the West to seek fortune and distinction. His verses are exquisitely finished, and are of the kind which is read with avidity, and dwells in the memory. His chirography is neat and distinct, without affectation.

FINE ARTS.—Our neighbor, Wm. Y. Balch, 92 Tremont Street, has one of the finest collections of paintings and pictures generally that are exhibited free to the public. Many of the best artists in America send their pictures here for framing and exhibition. We cordially recommend this establishment for its superior work, and promptness in business matters.

PERSONAL.—Franklin W. Fish, the young American poet, recently sailed for Europe, in company with the Honorable Caleb Lyon. It is the intention of these gentlemen to visit Egypt and the Holy Land, and to return to this country in the autumn. A poem and a book of travels may be expected in the course of the following winter.

DEATH OF A BRITISH CONSUL.—William Peter, Esq., British consul at Philadelphia, lately died in that city. Mr. Peter had formerly been a member of Parliament, and was an accomplished gentleman, and the author of several literary productions. He had held the office of consul for twelve years.

Wayside Gatherings.

Four churches in Boston have lately contributed \$11,000 to the cause of foreign missions.

Spurious fifty dollar bills of the Central Bank, Conn., are in circulation, altered from twos.

The Virginia Legislature have passed bills appropriating over \$4,000,000 for railroad purposes.

Judson, otherwise called "Ned Buntline," has forfeited his bail of \$2000 to appear at the Criminal Court of St. Louis, to answer to the charge of riot.

At Memphis, Tenn., on the 22d, a man named Morgan, shot a person named Millings, at a house of ill-fame. The ball took effect in the head, killing him instantly.

The late George Appold, of Baltimore, has left ten thousand dollars to be applied in sums of one thousand dollars, to certain religious and charitable institutions in that city.

Mr. Samuel Blood, of Orford, N. H., a few days since, caught a gray eagle in a trap, which measured eight feet across the wings, and weighed fourteen pounds.

The Ulster copper mine, at Lake Superior, has opened a vein in which there is said to be in sight from fifty to one hundred tons of metal.

The subscriptions to the stock for the new Opera House and Theatre, in Boston, amount to \$250,000, so that only \$100,000 of the stock remains to be taken.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that all boiler iron for steam vessels must be distinctly marked, in not less than three places on each plate, with the manufacturer's name.

Boston market for a week or two past has been abundantly supplied with quails, brought thither from Illinois. The birds have sold for seventy-five cents per dozen.

It is stated that Mrs. Tappan, the wife of the venerable school-master of that name, died in Gloucester on the 11th ult., aged 77 years, having survived her husband but a few days.

Wages in California are now five dollars a day. Provisions and miners' tools are very high, and it costs double to live that it did last year at this time.

A large and brilliant stone, said by jewellers to be a genuine diamond, and weighing seventeen carats, has been found in a gulch near Columbia, California. Should it prove to be a pure diamond, its value is immense.

A needle was recently taken from the abdomen of a young lady in Charlestown, which it is supposed she swallowed several months ago, as it had changed color from the action of the gastric juice, and she had been in ill health for some time.

It is estimated that the class of villians styled panel thieves, obtain upwards of \$50,000 annually in Boston, by threatening the exposure of those who are indiscreet enough to be allured into their dens of vice and infamy.

The packet ship Ocean Queen, which arrived at New York Feb. 19th, from London, brought out seven African ostriches, trained for the performance of the hippodrome about to be established in that city by the famous Francoini, of Paris.

The number of prisoners confined in the State Prison at the present time, in Charlestown, is four hundred and eighty-six. Charles H. Brewer, late Receiving Teller in the Suffolk Bank, is employed in the Clerk's Department, connected with the prison.

Foreign Items.

Gold had been discovered in small quantities in New Zealand.

Every pack of cards made in England, for home use, pays one shilling sterling to the Queen.

Eight accidents in one week occurred recently, in London, from persons slipping upon pieces of orange peel.

Advices from Kingston, Jamaica, of the 29th, report the English steam frigate Highflyer at that port, all well. Therefore the report that she was blown up, is a hoax.

Some of the brokers at Paris make \$20,000 monthly in mere commissions on the sale of stocks. This shows to what a height speculation is now raging in that metropolis.

An article, believed to be written by the Emperor himself, in the Monitor, complains bitterly of the Paris correspondents of the London Times, Morning Chronicle, and Advertiser. Some see in it a scheme to excite hostilities towards England.

Advices from St. Petersburg say that the Russians are fitting out an expedition for Japan, to consist of the Pallas frigate, and a screw steamer, and a transport, ostensibly for scientific purposes, but in reality to watch the American expedition.

In consequence of the present scarcity of seamen for homeward voyages from Australia, orders have been sent to India by the British government, to encourage the emigration to Australia of Lascars, to be employed in navigating homeward shipping.

Instructions have been forwarded to the U. S. Commercial Agent, at St. Thomas, to discontinue charging the register fees of four dollars on American vessels anchoring at that port, when they merely touch, without loading or discharging cargo, or coming to an entry at the Custom House.

It is reported in Paris, that a further reduction of the army, and also an extensive amnesty, will be made immediately after the imperial marriage. Ministerial changes in France are again spoken of with renewed confidence. It is said that not one of the Ministers who opposed the marriage, will remain in office.

A new umbrella, entitled the "Mushroom," has lately made its appearance in Paris; it has no handle, and sustains itself over the head of the wearer. An adjusting apparatus fastens it to the hat, and when not employed upon duty, it may be rolled up and carried in the pocket.

A lively movement is going on in London to abolish all taxes on knowledge, including of course paper stamps. Already has this movement called out in Parliament notice of an intention "to move for leave to bring in a bill to amend the law relating to the stamp duty on newspapers."

No less than twenty ships of the line are now building in the French dock-yards, and for the greater number of them screws have been ordered. In addition to these, there are eighteen frigates and fifteen other vessels of different classes building, which are to be all propelled with screws.

On the reception in Rome of the intelligence of the death of Horatio Greenough, the sculptor, a meeting of American artists and of his personal friends was held, and after an appropriate address by Mr. Thomas Crawford, resolutions were adopted lamenting the decease of a brother artist, and sympathizing with his family.

Sands of Gold.

.... Beauty—The fading rainbow's pride.—Halleck.

.... The worst men often give the best advice.—Bailey.

.... Ambition is a lust that's never quenched, grows more inflamed and madder by enjoyment.—Chapman.

.... "T is in books the chief of all perfections to be plain and brief.—Butler.

.... To the generous mind the heaviest debt is that of gratitude, when it is not in our power to repay it.—Franklin.

.... What you keep by you, you may change and mend; but words once spoken can never be recalled.—Roscommon.

.... O, conscience, into what abyss of fears and horrors hast thou driven me, out of which I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged.—Milton.

.... Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty, for in my youth I never did apply hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.—Shakespeare.

.... It is indeed a blessing, when the virtues of noble races are hereditary; and so derive themselves from the imitation of virtuous ancestors.—Nabli.

.... To make the cunning artless, tame the rude, subdue the haughty, shake the undaunted soul; yea, put a bridle in the lion's mouth, and lead him forth as a domestic cur, these are the triumphs of all-powerful beauty.—Joanna Baillie.

.... It is a glorious occupation, vivifying and self-sustaining in its nature, to struggle with ignorance, and discover to the inquiring minds of the masses the clear cerulean blue of heavenly truth.—Jesseu Ballou.

.... Death is the tyrant of the imagination. His reign is in solitude and darkness; in tombs and prisons; over weak hearts and seething brains. He lives, without shape or sound, a phantasm; inaccessible to sight or touch; a ghastly and terrible apprehension.—Barry Cornwall.

Joker's Budget.

The entire assets of a recent bankrupt were nine children. The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

Pitch darkness has been so improved as to read "bituminous obscurity."

What makes a lawyer's position so perilous? Because he has other men's deeds to answer for as well as his own.

There is a genius on Lake Champlain who takes a pair of skates and writes a four month's note on the ice with such perfection, that in less than an hour the sun liquidates it.

Punch, speaking of the influence of good dinners, says there is no diplomatic dispute in the world so large that it cannot be covered by a table-cloth.

If a spoonful of yeast will raise forty cents worth of flour, how much will it take to raise funds enough to buy another barrel with. Answer may be handed in over the fence.

Among the bills offered at the supervisor's office, New York, by Sheriff Orser, was one of Peter Curran, a barber, for twenty-five dollars, for shaving Howlet and Saul previous to their executions. That is shaving, in every sense of the word.

A traveller went into an inn after a shower, and asked the landlord to show him a good fire; "for," said he, "I'm very wet;" and then turning to the waiter, he said: "Bring me a tankard of ale immediately, for I'm plaguey dry."

The difference between Saltpetre and Peter Salt has at last been explained. In Ohio, recently, Peter Salt was ridden on a rail by his neighbors, for abusing his wife. Saltpetre would have preserved her.

A factious fellow, being very anxious for the acquisition of Cuba, just now, says he is willing to help pay for it, to help fight for it, and if that don't do, he'll go for it "according to law!"

A carpenter of our acquaintance says that cheerfulness is the best paying commodity that can be brought into a shop. In his opinion, a man who whistles will do as much work in an hour as a grumbler will do in a day.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION,

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F. GLASSON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

MARCH.

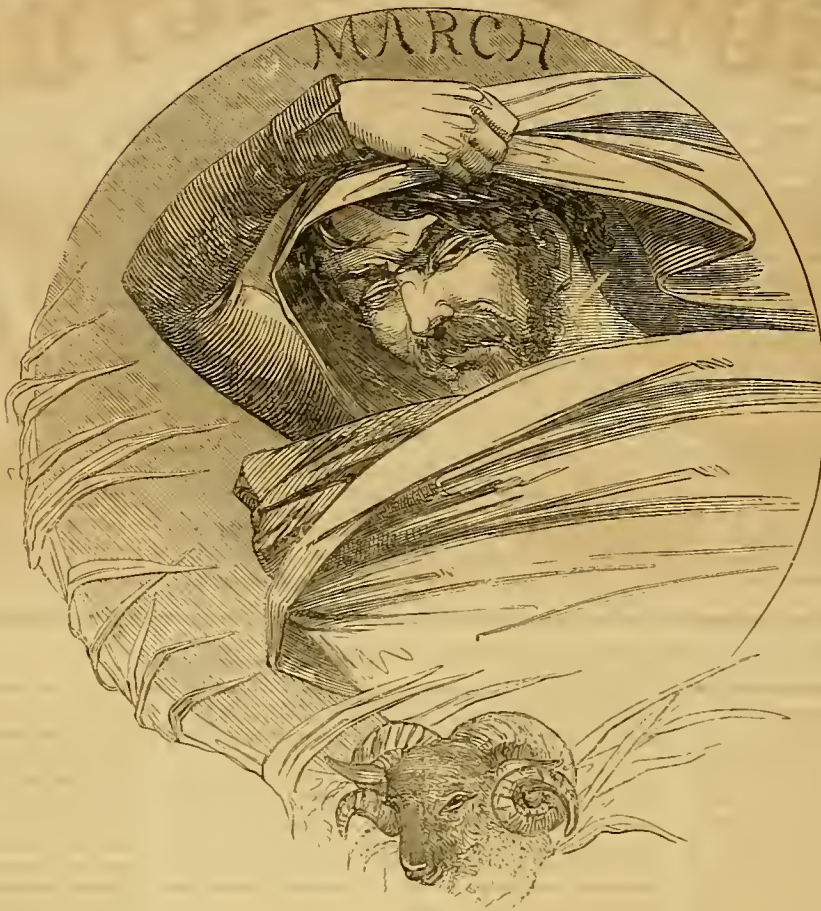
The following lines will introduce and explain our engraving. We give it as a timely and seasonable picture for the present date.

Fierce month! that comest in as lion wild,
And, as the proverb saith, doest erd thy reign,
E'en as the moonbeams or a lambkin, mild,
Blest be thy coming to the suffering plain!
O, bring with thee, upon thy rushing wings,
Some bushels of that dust our sires of old
Valued beyond the reason of their kings;
Who loved dire warfare more than field or fold.
But, "tempora mutantur," and we baid
Thee, month of Mars' as month of love and peace;
When Nature's gentler harmonies prevail
And the sweet spring smiles promise of increase.
Albeit, wild March, thy frown be fierce and proud,
The bird of hope sings, soaring o'er thy cloud.

Full welcome are thy kalends to the land
Where good St. David bore the verdant leek
High in his casque; and still the sturdy land
And honest heart may Cambria's worth bespeak.
Alas! how different, on yon lighted strand,
Returns the day when glen and mountain peak
Shouted aloud with joy, as each gay band,
On Patrick's day, the dance and cap would seek.
Warm-hearted race! Warm-hearted to the death
Most terrible! The silent tear will gush
In bitterest sorrow, o'er thy shamrock wreath.
O'er ills that might call up a demon's blush!
Dread is the lesson! Still, o'er Heaven's high arch,
Hope's rainbow beams upon the wings of March!

AUSTRALIA.

This continent comprises several islands in the South Pacific, the principal of which are New Holland, New Guinea and Van Diemen's Land. New Holland is the largest island on the face of the globe. It is almost equal in size to the whole continent of Europe, being about 2500 miles in extreme length, and 2000 miles in breadth. Its estimated area is 2,690,810 miles. The island is almost surrounded by a chain of mountains running nearly parallel with, and at a distance of from fifty to one hundred miles from, the coast. The country between these mountains and the coast comprises the only inhabitable portion of the island, the interior being a desert of vast extent, which has never been explored, destitute of water and almost of vegetation. Most of the streams laid down on the maps of Australia are dry during a portion of the year, or are but a mere succession of water holes. The climate of Australia varies according to the locality. The northern portion of the island lies in the torrid zone, and of course enjoys a tropical climate. The southern portion of the island, where the gold regions are situated, and which embraces the principal settlements, is in the south temperate zone, and the climate has been compared to that of Italy or France. The seasons are divided into wet and dry. Droughts prevail during a portion of the year, though vegetation is sustained by heavy dews at night. The seasons are the reverse of those in our hemisphere, January being midsummer, and July midwinter. March, April and August are rainy months. The elevated regions are much cooler than the seashore, and the temperature appears to decline more rapidly with the increase of elevation, than it does in the same latitude in Europe or America. Frost occurs in the coast districts but rarely, and though snow sometimes falls, it never remains upon the ground. The mean temperature at daylight during the winter months is from 40 deg. to 50 deg., and at noon from 55 to 60 deg. The mean heat during the summer months is about 80 deg. at noon. During the three autumn months, the thermometer ranges from 55 deg. at midnight, to 75 deg. at noon. Further inland, where the gold diggings are situated, the temperature is lower in summer and the cold is more excessive in winter.—*Boston Journal*.



ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE MONTH OF MARCH.

WASHINGTON MARKET.

Below we present a very fine picture of Washington Market, New York city, and the immediate vicinity of the same. The readers of the Pictorial will agree with us that it is one of the best scenes we have yet given in our illuminated paper. This is one of the oldest markets in the city. It was established over fifty years ago, in Greenwich street, a short distance from its present site, and at that time did not contain more than seventy or eighty stands. It was, then, probably the largest in New York, and transacted what was considered a most extensive business. Now, it may be said to be the greatest in the world, for there is, perhaps, no other whose aggregate yearly sales are as large. Many of those who keep stands or stalls there receive, in the course of their business, between one and two hundred thousand dollars yearly, and some of our wealthiest citizens have made their fortunes in it, commencing with a vegetable or poultry stand. The ground on which it stands was taken in off the river, at different

times, until it extended over an area of at least four acres. This includes the market building itself, which is bounded by Washington, Fulton, Vesey and West streets, and the sheds erected within the last five or six years on the other side of West street. The market proper, in which all the retail business is done, is about one hundred and eighty feet by two hundred and fifty, and contains about four hundred stands and stalls of all kinds. The ordinance in relation to public markets fixes the daily rent of these as follows: For a stand for the sale of vegetables and fruits, out of the country market, which is situated between West street and the river, one shilling per day; for every stand for a fisherman, six and a quarter cents; for every stand occupied by a countryman, bringing the produce of his own farm to market, six and a quarter cents; all women hucksters, twenty-five cents per day, and all men hucksters, fifty cents. The ordinance provides that no person shall occupy any part of the street, within three hundred yards of the market, without having first paid the regular fees, under a penalty of twenty-five dollars. There is no fixed rent for butchers' stalls, the amount being regulated by the quantity of meat sold. The market rules are very stringent; but, like many others, they are dead letters, for they are seldom or never carried into execution. There are two clerks in the market, who the ordinance says shall collect the rents of the stands, exclude from the market all persons engaged in combinations to raise the price of provisions, cause all the dirt and filth to be removed daily, see that all the laws and ordinances relating to the public markets are complied with, and report all violations of the same to the District Attorney. The market has been enlarged at various times, to meet the demands of the constantly increasing business, but still there is not sufficient room to accommodate all the applicants. In view of the limited accommodation afforded by the present building, a proposition was made to erect another, three stories high, upon the site. In this way, it was argued, the market room would be increased to three times its present area. But the market people objected to it, mainly on the ground that, while in process of erection, it would cause a suspension of business, and be a great loss to themselves and the community. It was also urged, that its form would render it unsuitable for market purposes. Since the design was abandoned, a better plan has been adopted, which meets with general approval. A space of about four or five acres is to be taken in from the river, and a market one story high is to be erected on the ground. This work is at present under way, and will probably be finished in about two years. There are only three or four markets that "pay," and of these Washington Market yields the largest revenue. Last year it amounted to \$33,000, and this year will probably exceed \$34,000. The small sums paid to the corporation, in rents, for the stands, are no criterion of their value to the persons renting them. Some of the large dealers would not dispose of their right of possession for five or six thousand dollars, and it is a very poor stand, indeed, that is not worth three hundred. Business commences about four o'clock in the morning, and closes at one in the afternoon. There are at least 3000 persons constantly employed in this market, including the dealers, porters, cartmen and others, and there are not less than 20,000 persons who are dependent upon the business done in it for a subsistence. These facts are sufficient to prove its importance.



REPRESENTATION OF THE FAMOUS WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK CITY.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1853.

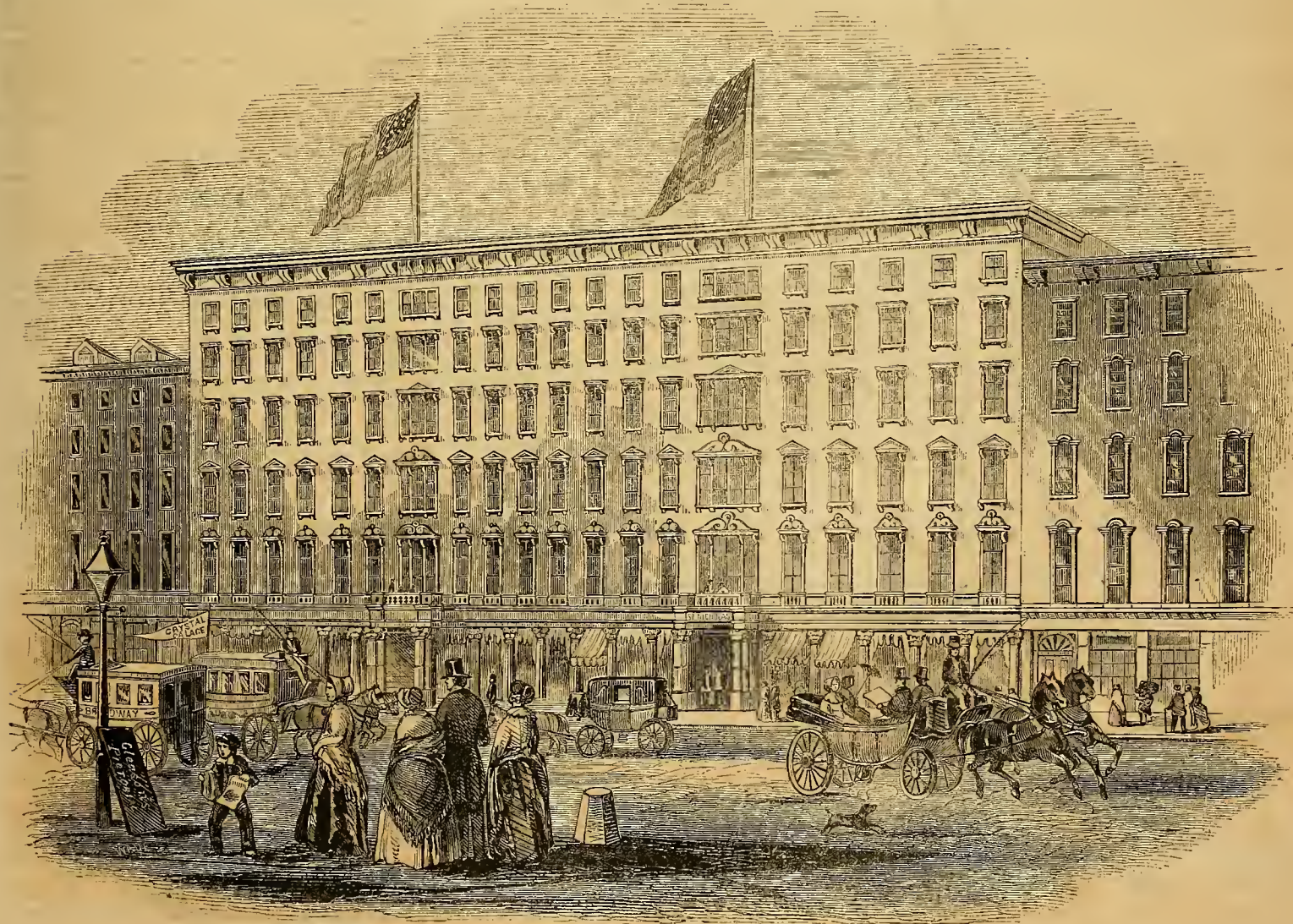
\$3 PER ANNUM. } Vol. IV. No. 11.—Whole No. 89.
6 CTS. SINGLE.

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, NEW YORK.

We present below a fine picture of this magnificent hotel, superior in its general appointments to anything of the sort in Europe or America. The view is taken looking down Broadway. New York is getting a name celebrated all over the world for its excellent hotels. We give a few items relative to this magnificent structure. Of the Bridal Chamber, so glowingly described by the press, we have little to say, save that it is lavishly elegant in its features. The Ladies' Parlor is covered with a rich medallion Axminster carpet, with window curtains and furniture covering of gold-colored brocade satin damask, interwoven with bouquets of flowers. The curtains upon each window of this room are valued

at from \$700 to \$800. The room is furnished with a grand piano, made for the World's Fair Exhibition, and valued at \$1500. This is enveloped with a very rare and rich India damask embroidered cover. In the Reception Rooms, the windows are hung with green brocade damask embroidered with gold, and the drapery of each cost \$1000. The Grand Dining-Room is lighted with three magnificent chandeliers, and twenty-four brilliant side lights (each with two lamps), projecting from the graceful pillars. The frescoed ceiling is twenty-two feet high. The extension dining-tables are of polished black walnut, and the rosewood spring chairs are covered with crimson velvet. The Tea Room is covered with a velvet carpet, of the richest description. The chair covers and

window curtains are of brocade satie, with a blue ground, upon which designs in various colors are interwoven. The room contains two very elegant rosewood eteeres, and eight very large pier glasses and mantel mirrors. The tea service is of silver. The St. Nicholas Club Room is in exact conformity with the remainder of the house, for style and elegance. The hotel communication is conducted by the "electro magnetic" enunciator, put in by Mr. Norton, of No. 177, Broadway, New York. With this apparatus the work is done by electricity, the wire remaining stationary, thus removing the great delays and difficulties which arise from stretching and breaking in the old system. On the whole, all the belongings of this superb hotel are of the most costly style.



A FINE VIEW OF THE NEW MAMMOTH ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

A ROMANCE OF SPAIN IN THE 15TH CENTURY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE KNIGHT OF LEON:

—OR—

THE MONARCH'S LAST BRIDE.

A TALE OF MOORISH GRANADA.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER I.

THE KNIGHT OF LEON.

GRANADA! The simple name fills the mind with ideas of romance and more than regal grandeur. Even her misfortunes are romantic, and if she once had regal sins, we are led to pity rather than censure her. The "Last Sign of the Moor" still overlooks the home of the long line of Moslem kings, and the handiwork of those who have long since passed away from earth still remains to tell us what Moorish Granada was.

The fifteenth century had dawned upon Spain, and the Christians had by degrees possessed themselves of all the Spanish Peninsula save Granada; but Granada still gave a home and a kingdom to the Moor, and here the Moslem held his sceptre against the mighty powers that were growing in the North. There were scenes of festivity in Granada, and magnificent tournaments, too, were held there; nor was the participation in these confined to the Moors, for Christian knights, from Spain, and France, and Germany, frequently came and joined in the lists. The Moor was wary, however, and his dark eye flashed not upon his Christian visitors.

It was a bright morning in early summer. The gardens, the fields, and the forests, were clothed in their gayest vestments, and the birds sent aloft the notes of their thanksgiving in sweetly sounding, musical paeans. Near the river Gáldix, and upon its northern bank, appeared two horsemen; their beasts were standing still, and the riders were gazing upon the stream that flowed before them. Back of them, towards the north, was a deep forest, from which they had just emerged, while ahead, to the southward, some twelve miles distant, a few glittering spires could be seen, and near these loomed up the bright towers of the Alhambra. Further on, the eye rested upon the snow-clad summits of the heaven-reaching Alpujarras, with the Sierra Nevada, towering aloft with its crown of regal white, the monarch of Mountain Spain.

The first of the horsemen was a young man attired in a gorgeous suit of mail. The subtle links were of the brightest steel, and they were wrought with the most exquisite skill and workmanship. Over this suit of full mail the man wore a frock of crimson silk, upon the breast of which was wrought in golden threads the cross of Leon. Upon his head he wore a steel cap, formed of nicely adjusted plates, slightly conical in its form, and from the top of which waved a triple plume of white ostrich feathers. If the cross upon the knight's breast did not at once betray the kingdom from whence he came, the rich dress of the black steed that bore him would have cleared the matter at once. Over the plates of steel that the horse wore upon his breast, and covering the back and sides of the animal, was a drapery of crimson silk, upon which was wrought in various colors of silver and gold the cross and the lion—the insignia of Christian Leon.

The knight was not over six-and-twenty years of age, being tall and well-formed, with a fulness of limb and muscle that spoke of much strength and manly exercise. His hair was worn in the usual manner of the times, long and flowing, the dark curls of which escaped freely from beneath the steel cap. His features were noble in their moulding, and possessed a degree of beauty that can be made up only from the promptings of a generous soul, and a noble and brave heart.

The knight's companion was an odd-looking being, dressed in the common garb of an humble esquire, with leggings of half-armor, and wearing a stout breast plate. He wore upon his head a steel skull-cap, and the face that looked out from beneath the small visor was beaming with good nature and shrewd cunning. He was some years older than his master, and though not so tall by several inches, he yet possessed a quantity of muscle that showed itself in big masses about his breast and limbs, and those who had come once within his clutches never afterwards doubted that Pedro Bambino's muscle was as good in quality as in quantity. The horse he rode was of an iron gray color, and full as stout as his master's.

"Pedro," said the knight, as he reined his horse farther back from the edge of the river, "there must be a bridge somewhere about here."

"In truth there is," returned the esquire, "or at least there used to be one, for I crossed it myself not a dozen years ago; but I think it's further up the stream."

"Then up the stream we'll go," said the knight, as he turned his horse's head in that direction.

Accordingly both riders started off, and at the end of half an hour they came to the place where a bridge was thrown across the river. They passed over to the other side, and there they found themselves in a broad road that led to the city of Granada.

"We are in the right way now," said Pedro Bambino.

"Yes," returned the knight.

"But what would all this gain us if they wouldn't let us into the city?" suggested the esquire.

"There'll be no trouble about that, Pedro. A peaceable Christian knight will not be refused admittance within the city."

"Nor a peaceable Christian esquire," added Pedro.

"No," said the knight, with a smile.

"Then there can't be much danger," continued Pedro, as he spurred up his horse.

For some time the two rode on in silence. Even the mind of the esquire seemed deeply interested in the gorgeous scenery that opened upon the view, and more than once he allowed his horse to stop, as he became lost in a sort of rapt wonder at the scenes that lay ahead. The snow-capped Alpujarras riveted most of his attention, and it was not until the taller forest trees began to gather over his head and shut out the mountains, that he gave any due attention to his beast.

"What does that mean?" uttered Pedro, as they entered a narrow ravine of palms and gall-nuts.

"What?" returned the knight, casting an inquisitive glance at his companion.

"My horse smells something. See him toss that dainty head and open those nostrils. There—hear that snort."

Both men cast their eyes about them, and it was not long before the object that had awakened the instinct of the brute was discovered. Upon the side of the road, and at the foot of a huge rock, sat a man who seemed, by his countenance, to be in considerable pain. He seemed an old man, for his hair and head were gray, and he was dressed in the garb of a man in the lower ranks of life. The Christians palled in their steeds as they came abreast of where the man sat, and the knight bent over to get a fair view of him.

"Sir knight," said the man, half raising himself to his feet, "do you go to the city?"

"Yes."

"Then, in the name of the God you worship, I ask you to carry me."

"San Jago, good man," quickly responded Pedro—for he knew that if the man was carried, his horse would have to bear the burden—"our beasts are wayworn now. We've ridden half the night, and 'twould be—"

"Stop, Pedro," interrupted the knight; and then turning towards the Moor, he continued, "Are you unable to walk?"

"I am, most surely, sir knight. I had climbed upon the top of this rock, and I fell. My right ankle is badly sprained, and I fear I am otherwise injured."

"What could you want up there?" asked Pedro, casting his eyes up to where the rock towered above his head.

"I wanted to see the rising sun," returned the Moor.

"You'd better have been in your bed than running after the sun, I should say."

There was a spark of indignation flashing in the dark eye of the Moor, but it quickly changed to a cast of melancholy thought, and looking sharply into Pedro's face, he said:

"My God made the sun the most glorious of all his world, and I love to look upon it. But my likes shall not sit heavily on you. Go your way, and I will crawl to the city as best I can."

"Hold—not quite so fast," said the knight. "My good esquire has a way peculiarly his own; but as good Christians we'll not leave you here to suffer. Pedro, help the man to mount behind you. I know you wouldn't feel easy to leave him here."

With more alacrity than might have been expected, Pedro leaped from his horse, and assisted the Moor to his feet. It was with much difficulty that the poor fellow moved along with Pedro's aid, and not until the knight himself alighted and gave his assistance, could the Moor be lifted to the horse's back.

"Sir knight," said the lame man, as the trio were mounted, "I do not wish to ask of you too much, but if you would hasten on to the city as fast as possible, you would do me a favor for which I will be grateful."

The knight bade Pedro put spurs to his horse, and for some distance they galloped on at a good speed. At length they came to an abrupt hill, and the beasts were allowed to walk up.

"You have come to join in the tournament to-morrow, I suppose," said the Moor, as he ran his eyes over the knight's fine figure.

"I knew not there was one," returned the Christian, with a kindling eye. "But, I faith, I shall be there if there is."

"There will be a grand display of prowess, and many a bright eye to bear it witness," said the Moor.

"By San Dominic, then I shall bear it witness, too," cried Pedro, with a joyful look. "I'll bear my master's shield 'gainst the list. Ha, Pedro, we'll see."

As the esquire said this he patted his horse emphatically upon the neck, and looked proudly upon his master. The Moor, too, gazed upon the knight.

"You are from Leon," he said.

"Yes," returned the knight.

"And a count, too," continued the Moor.

"Yes."

"Count of Valladolid, too," added the Moor.

"Your eyes are sharp," said the knight, with a smile.

"Sharp enough to know the meaning of your triple plume," returned the Moor.

"So, so. Well, I am Charles, Count of Valladolid, and knight royal of Leon."

"And what is Count Charles of Valladolid doing so far south?"

"Seeing the country," returned the knight. And then with a sharp look into the face of the Moor, he continued:

"As you are the first acquaintance I have made, whom might I call you?"

"To tell you the truth, good count," answered the Moslem, while a peculiar look overspread his features, "it makes but little difference what you call me. In all probability you will never see me again, and I don't believe I shall ever reward you for the kindness you are at present doing me. However, I am sometimes called Abdalla, and if that name suits you, so you may call me."

The knight gazed curiously upon the Moor, for the swarthy features were not only regular and well formed, but they possessed a degree of intelligence that was not to be overlooked. There was something in his manner, too, that was puzzling, to say the least.

"Do you belong in the city of Granada?" asked Sir Charles.

"As much there as anywhere."

"But to judge from your haste you have urgent business there now."

"Yes."

That monosyllable was pronounced in a tone so peculiar that even Pedro turned half about in his saddle and gazed into the face of the Moor.

"By San Dominic, but you are a curious man, all ways," said the esquire.

"And this is a very curious world. Have you not discovered that yet?"

"I faith, you speak the truth now," uttered Pedro; and as he spoke he turned once more to his horse's head.

They had topped the hill, and the city was open to view. The horses were put to a brisk trot, and nothing more was said until the gate was reached. The party were admitted without much questioning, and as they entered the city the people were busy at their daily callings.

"Here," said the Moor, as they reached a narrow street that turned off towards the eastern part of the city, "let me get down here."

"I will see you to your destination," said the knight.

"This is near enough, sir. If you will accept my thanks for your kindness thus far, I will trouble you no further."

Pedro helped the Moor to the pavement. The poor man stood with difficulty, and the count could not fail to see that his attempts to walk were attended with the most exquisite pain; yet he assured the knight that he could make his way alone, and that he should prefer to do so.

"Charles of Valladolid," said the Moor, as he turned towards the knight, "you say that you have come here to see the country, but if you have business, be wary in performing it."

The knight looked wonderingly upon the Moslem; but Abdalla waited for no answer. He turned and moved slowly, painfully away.

"By San Jago, sir Charles, what do you make of that?" uttered Pedro.

"I can make nothing of it," returned the knight, in a puzzled, thoughtful mood, and without further remark he started on.

Without difficulty the count found a public house that suited him, and having seen that his horse would be well provided for, he entered the building and ordered breakfast for himself and esquire.

CHAPTER II.

THE TOURNAMENT—ZENRA.

DURING the day the knight of Leon did little else than look about the city in company with his honest esquire. It was no unusual thing for Christians to be seen in the city, and the count and his companion attracted only passing notice from the Moors. Great preparations were going on for the tournament that was to come off the next day. It was to be held in a large square beyond the hill upon which stood the Alhambra, and thither the knight bent his steps towards the close of the day.

The Granadan king, Mohammed VI., gave but little attention to the manly sports that so well suited the tastes of his subjects, and, in fact, he gave but little attention to anything save his own pleasure and sensual comfort, with just enough of mental and physical activity to keep his throne from falling beneath him. The present anticipated tournament had been agreed to by the king at the urgent solicitation of many of his best knights, and he had agreed not only to be present at its passage, but he was to superintend it.

When Charles of Leon returned to his hotel in the evening, he had resolved to attend the tournament on the following day.

"But will it be well?" queried Pedro.

"And how can it be evil?" asked the count.

"I'll tell you. You know you are counted the best lance in Leon. Now if you enter the lists to-morrow, you may come off the victor, and, by St. Dominic, that wouldn't suit these hot-blooded Moors."

"You take it wrongly, Pedro. There are good knights in Granada, and they will not prove themselves so mean as to turn enemies against one who proved their better in the use of arms. No, no, good Pedro, don't fear on that account, for I assure you all will be well."

"Well, just as you please," returned Pedro; and he spoke in a dubious manner, and shortly afterwards he set about preparing his master's armor.

The next morning was bright and fair. At an early hour the people began to flock to the spot where the tournament was to take place, and at ten o'clock the king entered the enclosure and took his seat. The trumpets sounded a furious blast, and the jousting began. For two hours the sport continued, and Ben Hamed, the Alcalde of Granada, stood the victor. He was a subtle, powerful knight, and he swang his spear aloft, and vauntingly challenged all opponents. Two more Moorish knights ap-

peared against him; but, one after the other, they were vanquished, and then more proudly than ever did Ben Hamed swing his spear aloft.

Charles of Leon pushed his horse through the crowd that were collected outside of the paling, but ere he reached it he caught the sound of his own name pronounced near to his side.

"Beware! Make not an enemy of the alcalde!"

The knight turned his head, and he saw Abdalla limping away through the crowd. He knew it was the same Abdalla he had picked up by the roadside, though he looked somewhat differently. His hair and beard were jet black, and he looked many years younger. The voice, however, the count knew, and he knew the countenance, too. The strange Moor was soon out of sight, and the count again pushed towards the paling. His soul was set upon a joust with the haughty, defying Moor, and he was not to be bent from his purpose.

"What ho, there! Here comes a Christian knight to give thee battle, Ben Hamed," exclaimed the king, as Charles of Leon entered the lists.

The alcalde turned his flashing eyes upon the new comer, and proudly drawing back he awaited the Christian's approach.

"What seek ye here?" cried Ben Hamed.

"To give thee a friendly joust," returned Charles; "that is, if the lists be open to me."

"Of course they are open, if you be a true knight," said the king.

"I am a true knight of Leon, and this day shall prove it, though I may go down before the lance of the alcalde; yet if I bear me well before one whose prowess has been so well proved, you will know me for a knight."

At the first part of this speech Ben Hamed frowned, but at its close he looked upon the Christian with a half scornful expression as he jauntingly balanced his lance in his hand.

"Go take your ground," he said.

"Shall it be with lance and shield?" asked Charles.

"Yes."

The count rode back to the paling where Pedro was stationed, and took his shield. From one of the marshals he received a round-headed spear, and then the trumpet sounded. Charles of Leon was habited the same as we saw him upon the road, and his appearance attracted the attention of all. His horse seemed eager for the onset, and he pranced in his instinctive pride.

Again the heralds sounded the trumpet, and Charles gave his steed the rein. The Moor and the Christian met. Ben Hamed sat like a rock in his saddle, while the count was jostled, but he lost not his balance. In an instant Charles saw and understood the alcalde's subtle play. With a movement so quick that it was almost imperceptible, and one that must have required long practice for its perfection, the Moor had swung his spear-head across the eyes of his adversary's horse with a circular sweep before he brought it to its final poise; but the Christian determined that it should not be done again.

It was with a confident air that Ben Hamed turned his horse for the second joust, and when the trumpet sounded, he set boldly forward. Again the riders met, but Ben Hamed passed not, for the knight of Leon's lance-head struck him full in the throat and hurled him to the ground. There was a low murmur ran around among the spectators, and a careful observer would have seen that there was much satisfaction felt at the result of the last joust; but the people dared not give boisterous speech to their feelings, for the alcalde was feared.

As Ben Hamed sprang to his feet, there was fierce passion in his features, and for a moment he was speechless. But soon he found his tongue, and seizing his horse's rein, he turned to Charles of Leon, and throwing his shield upon the ground, he shouted:

"Down with your lance and shield! I'll have at thee now with the cimeter. You shall show your prowess to better advantage ere I have done with thee."

"The sword is not a weapon for a joust," returned Charles.

"It is too dangerous for sport."

"Ha, ha! and is the Christian dog in fear?"

This was spoken by the exasperated Moor in a loud, defiant, bitter tone, and it sent the rich blood coursing quickly through the Christian's veins.

"The Christian does not fear," he returned, in a proud tone.

"Then draw your sword and throw away all else," exclaimed the alcalde, as he mounted his horse and drew his bright cimeter.

"If the king will hold me clear of the consequences I will meet you."

"Ben Hamed, you had better give over the trial, and go back to the lance," said the monarch.

"No, no,—the sword it shall be!" cried the alcalde.

"Then the Christian knight shall be free from all harm, save such as he meets at the hands of his antagonist. Let the signal be given."

The trumpet sounded, and Charles of Leon drew his sword. It was a keen weapon, straight and double-edged, with the usual cross hilt. The Moor met him, and some dozen blows were exchanged without effect; but at length Charles wounded his antagonist upon the shoulder. Ben Hamed saw that he had a superior to deal with, and he determined to ride him down. To this end he drew in his reins, and at a word his horse reared, and would have struck his fore feet directly upon the Christian's body; but Charles saw the movement, and he not only avoided it, but he took advantage of it. His own horse was well trained, and he made the noble animal perform a leap that set the Moor at fault. As Ben Hamed's horse was reared proudly upon his hind legs, the horse of the Christian sprang quickly against his haunch, and both Moor and beast went tumbling upon the ground.

With a fearful oath Ben Hamed sprang to his feet, and placing

one foot upon the prostrate body of his horse, he struck furiously at the Christian; but Charles of Leon soon ended the conflict, for with a blow that seemed like the lightning's leap he struck the upraised blade of the Moor's cimeter near the hilt and broke it in twain.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The shouts of the multitude could no longer be restrained, and as they heaved upon the air, the alcalde was utterly overcome by the rage and mortification that had seized him. His horse was so much sprained that it was with difficulty the animal could be set upon his feet, and then the beast limped away from the lists.

For fifteen minutes Charles of Leon kept the lists, and no one appeared against him.

"Shall we pronounce the Christian the victor?" at length said the king, as the repeated calls of the herald remained unanswered.

"The Christian cannot receive the scarf," cried Ben Hamed, who had taken a place near the royal seat, where a doctor was dressing the wound upon his shoulder.

The king hesitated, and he showed by his manner that he liked not to bestow the badge upon the Christian.

"The Christian is a true knight, and knighthood should know no foreign blood," cried an old Moslem warrior, who sat near the king.

"The Christian is the true victor," cried a dozen voices.

"Then he shall receive the reward," said the king. Then turning to a fair young being who sat near him, he added: "Zehra, if you deem the Christian worthy, give him the badge."

It was a lovely girl to whom the king spoke—one who had just blushed into womanhood with all the roses of beautiful youth still clustering about her. She waved her hand to Charles of Leon, and he came near to her seat and knelt before her.

"Sir knight," she said, with a sweet smile, "to you I award the gift that has thus fallen to my bestowal. While it remains in your possession, forget not the duty you owe to your honorable knighthood, nor shall you forget her who bestowed it."

The scarf was of blue silk, richly wrought with threads of gold, and as Zehra spoke, she threw it over the knight's shoulders. As Charles of Leon arose to his feet, he gazed for a moment into the features of the fairy being. She smiled upon him, and she blushed while she smiled.

When the young Christian turned from the spot, he felt in his heart that he could never forget the fair donor of the badge he had won. Her countenance had burst upon his sight as breaks the view of the distant spring upon the thirsty traveller of the desert. He did not notice the look of Ben Hamed, nor did he see how the king was moved. He saw only the bright beams of Zehra's loveliness, and he forgot that life had its losses as well as its gains.

"By San Dominic," uttered Pedro, as he rode away from the scene of the tournament with his master, "you have made one enemy, at least."

"How so, Pedro?"

"The alcalde will never forgive you."

"Then he is not a good knight."

"You are blind, sir Charles. Didn't you ever know of wicked knights in Leon?"

"Yes."

"Then you may expect to find some here. San Jago, but it didn't seem very hard for the girl to decide against her father."

"Father! What do you mean?" uttered the knight, with a sudden start.

"Why, didn't you know that Zehra was the alcalde's daughter?"

"No."

"She is, then."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Certainly. I heard the people speaking of her before the combat was ended."

Charles of Leon rode on for some distance in silence. He seemed much moved by what he had heard, and disappointed was plainly written upon his brow. When he reached his hotel he put off his armor, and as soon as he was alone he set about looking over a number of papers that he took from his bosom, each of which bore the royal seal of Leon.

CHAPTER III.

THE DOOM.

In one of the private apartments of the Alhambra sat Mohammed VI. Near him stood the alcalde of Granada, leaning against a casement of one of the windows, and engaged in rolling and unrolling a small piece of vellum he held in his hand. The wound upon his shoulder was not a bad one, and the effects of it troubled him but very little.

"Sire," said Ben Hamed, moving nearer to the king, "what can have led him to our city?"

"I cannot tell," returned the king. "Can you?"

"He says he came to see the country."

"Then perhaps he did."

"But I don't believe it."

"And why not?" queried the king.

"Because the Count of Valladolid is too important a personage to be absent from Leon at the present time on a mere pleasure trip," returned the alcalde.

"You owe him a grudge, Ben Hamed."

"So I owe a grudge to all enemies of Granada."

"T! right you should," said Mohammed. "And, to tell you the truth, I like not the presence of that Christian knight here; but yet it would not be safe to molest him."

"If we can prove him dangerous to our government, we may put him out of the way," remarked the wily alcalde.

"So we can; but how shall we prove that?"

"Leave it to me. If I can make out a charge against him, you shall listen to it."

"I will, by Allah."

"Then I will watch him. And, let me tell you, sire, I like not the manner in which Zehra looks upon the young knight."

"Ha!" uttered the king, half starting from his seat. "Does your daughter look upon the Christian with favor?"

"So she speaks."

"Then you had better beware for yourself, Ben Hamed; for if Zehra comes not to me for an unmarried wife, yours shall be the peril. You had better look to her."

The alcalde had awakened a passion in the bosom of the king he meant not to have touched; but he apprehended no danger from it. His daughter had been promised to the king, and he was to receive her among his wives when she was twenty years of age.

"I will hold myself responsible for her fidelity," said Ben Hamed. "Charles of Leon shall know that she is bound to you, and then if he dares to—"

"I see what you mean," hastily cried the king. "Let him but stir sedition to her, and he shall suffer. So much for the Christian."

Ben Hamed's eyes sparkled with satisfaction.

"Hold a moment," said Mohammed, as the alcalde turned towards the door. "Now that I think of it, it does seem strange that the Count of Valladolid should have come to Granada unless he had important business."

"So it seems to me," returned Ben Hamed.

"Can you guess at the cause of his visit?" asked the king.

"No, sire."

The alcalde spoke in a hesitating manner, and a troubled look rested upon his features. He caught the keen glance of the monarch, and he seemed uneasy.

"Ben Hamed, you are deceiving me," said the king.

"By Allah, I am not."

"Have you no suspicions as to the cause of the Christian knight's visit here?"

"No, sire."

"Beware, now."

"Indeed I speak the truth."

"Then why looked you so troubled just now?"

A moment the alcalde was silent; but a happy thought came to his aid.

"When I spoke I was thinking of his conquering me in the lists. Was not that enough to move me?"

"Perhaps it was," returned Mohammed, still eyeing his officer with a suspicious look.

"And I was thinking, too, of what a dangerous enemy he might prove, were his aims turned against our interests."

This touched the monarch where Ben Hamed aimed.

"Watch him! watch him!" he exclaimed. "Let there be but proof enough, and his rank shall not save him."

"I will watch him, sire, and you shall be advised of all his movements."

When Ben Hamed left the royal presence he was followed by eyes that were as keen as his own. Mohammed VI. was a jealous man, and his suspicions were easily aroused. Whether he suspected the alcalde of duplicity or not, none knew save himself; but that the Christian knight had vanquished his own warriors was enough to awaken his animosity, and the hints of Ben Hamed had not been without their effect.

"I think," said the monarch to himself, after he was alone, "that Ben Hamed knows more of this Christian than he chooses to tell. At all events, I'll watch them both. Zehra is mine. Of the alcalde I want but her, and her I will have. By Allah, but the girl is beautiful, and I think I might love her."

When the alcalde left the Alhambra he sought his own dwelling, and when he was seated in his private room he sent for his daughter. Zehra entered his presence with a meek step, and remained standing before her father.

"Zehra," said Ben Hamed, "you only want three short months to make up your twentieth year."

The fair girl shuddered, but she spoke not in reply.

"You will then be the wife of our king," continued the alcalde, eyeing his daughter sharply.

"A wife!" uttered Zehra.

"Yes."

"How many wives has Mohammed now?"

"I don't know."

"He has a wife."

"Certainly."

"And does he love her?"

"Love her? Why, I suppose so."

"Then how can he love another?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean what I ask, father. If the king loves his present wives—or one of them—how can he love another?"

"Why, he will love you more than all the rest."

"Yes,—as he loves the bangles that please his fancy. To-day they are worn with selfish pride—to-morrow cast coldly aside. That is Mohammed's love."

"Poh! The king can love that which pleases him, and you will be sure to please him. You have health, wit and beauty."

"Yes, father, and one other thing I have—a heart!"

Ben Hamed looked at his daughter without speaking.

"I have a heart, father," continued Zehra, with much emotion; "a heart that holds all my stores of weal and woe."

"Well," dropped from the alcalde's lips. He was puzzled, for at solving the mysteries of the humar soul, where virtue and love were its components, he had not the power. He had been only

in the habit of viewing those baser passions that go to make up the attributes of selfishness and ambition.

"I can never love Mohammed," said the fair girl.

"What do you mean by love?"

"I mean that I can never place his image upon the altar of my soul, and offer up to it my heart's devotions. I mean that I can never look upon him as one who possesses those attributes I could love to worship. He is loathsome to me."

"If Mohammed loves you, that is enough."

"But Mohammed cannot love me as I would be loved. He cannot feel that high emotion of soul that constitutes the true love of a husband. He can love only as the sensualist loves. He can admire beauty while it lasts; but he has no love for the being after the beauty of feature had gone."

For some moments Ben Hamed looked silently upon his child.

"You have promised to be the king's," he said, at length.

"No, father. You once spoke with me about it, and then I told you that I had no power to oppose you."

"And of course you cannot oppose me now. This talk about love is all nonsense. You should feel happy and proud to think that you are looked upon with favor by the king."

"And do you mean that I am really to be given to Mohammed?" she asked.

"I mean that you will be his wife."

"Then you will doom me to lasting misery."

"No, no, my child. If you are miserable, it will be you who will make yourself so. I mean that you shall be happy. I wish you to remember that you are to be the king's wife."

"Father," said the poor girl, with a powerful effort to maintain her composure, "it cannot be that you will make me miserable."

"You know what I have said. My sacred promise has been given to Mohammed, and I am held responsible upon my peril."

"Then would that kind Heaven might tear out my heart and place a stone there in its stead. O! I had not thought I was to be forced to this. I had not thought that I was to be sacrificed to the selfish passions of Mohammed against my will."

"We have spoken enough, Zehra," sternly said the alcalde. "I would only put you on your guard, for the king will not brook disappointment."

"On my guard against what?" asked the girl, looking up through her gathering tears.

"Against doing anything to break your relationship to the king."

Zehra turned away and left her father's presence. When she was alone, her heart sent forth its bitter grief unchecked. She knew that her parent had spoken of her being made a wife of the king; but until the present time she had thought of it more as a dream than as a reality. She could not think of Mohammed—a man older than Ben Hamed himself—without a loathing shudder, and now that the idea of being his wife—and such a wife!—was brought home to her soul as a reality, she was crushed into the dust of torture. To be a mere haub in the harem of the sensualist was more than she could bear. Her heart sought a kindred love—a higher, nobler station, and as she wept in her misery, she could not but feel that all of life was gone unless she could throw off the yoke that her father had placed upon her.

CHAPTER IV.

THE KNIGHT'S PLIGHTED FAITH.

A WEEK had passed away since the day of the tournament. Charles of Leon had been the observed of all observers; for nearly every one in Granada had recognized him as the knight who gained the victory in the lists. The universal attention he attracted prevented him from noticing those who were dogging his steps as spies upon his actions; but such there were; for the alcalde had taken care that the Christian knight should not escape his espionage. What Ben Hamed had in his mind was locked up in his own bosom; but sure it is that he had a secret dread of the count, and he meant to take measures, if possible, to thwart any designs the knight of Leon might have had in coming to Granada. He set his spies upon the Christian, but he only told them that the stranger might be dangerous to the kingdom.

It was evening—late in the evening—and Charles of Leon stood by an open window and looked out upon the city. He had dismissed his esquire, and the latter was already snoring in an adjoining apartment. The full moon rode high in the heavens, and, save a few fleecy clouds that hung like masses of light down here and there in the azure vault, all was clear and bright. The air was balmy and inviting, and the young Christian resolved to walk forth and enjoy it. At first he thought of arousing Pedro; but upon second thought he concluded to go alone, the better to enjoy the scene, and the better to commune with his own thoughts.

A light Moorish turban hung in the apartment, and this the knight placed upon his head. A Moorish mantle, too, he threw over his shoulders, for he wished to escape impertinent observation; not that he had fears for his personal safety, but he liked not the curiosity of which he was so generally made the object. He passed down to the hall with a light tread, so that he might not awaken Pedro Bambino, and as he gained the street he paused for a moment to consider upon the direction he should take. The loud murmuring of the rapid Darro fell upon his ears, and he resolved to seek the river.

Several of the city guard were in the long street that led towards the Alhambra, but none of them intercepted the knight as he walked slowly along. At length he reached the bend of the river. The swift waters were rushing on to join the larger Xenil, and moving along to where a grove of olives threw out their green branches, Charles sat down upon the greensward and gazed thoughtfully upon the stream.

It was a fit time and place for reflection; and the Christian

knight dwelt long upon the images of both memory and imagination. More than once the name of the fair maiden who had bestowed upon him the reward of his victory at the tournament dwelt upon his lips, and when he thought of her, a soft, generous emotion came to his soul. He remembered her bright eye, and her sweet smile, and her gentle voice, and the words she had spoken.

In the midst of his reverie the young count was aroused by a sound near him as if a light foot had fallen upon the sward. He arose to his feet, but he saw nothing save the olives that grew about him. He would have moved back towards the city again, but he hesitated, as he thought he heard the sound again. This time he was more confident, and ere long he saw an object beyond the grove that seemed gliding towards the river. Charles took a few steps nearer to the edge of the copse, and he could see that it was a female who had attracted his attention. She was moving slowly along, and occasionally she would stop and gaze about her. She was dressed in a white robe, and the light of the moon enabled Charles to see her form distinctly. Ere long she gained the bank of the river, and, after looking about her a moment, she sank down upon her knees and clasped her hands towards heaven.

Charles of Leon moved nearer to the spot. Stealthily he glided on, and he heard the words that fell from her lips. It was a prayer she uttered, in half broken sentences, and though a sort of calmness pervaded her speech, yet the breath of anguish was plainly distinguishable.

"Great Allah protect me, and forgive me for this, the last act of my life!" uttered the female, and then she let her hands fall upon her bosom as she moved nearer to the river.

Charles of Leon uttered a suppressed cry, and sprang quickly forward. He seized the unfortunate being just as she was preparing to leap into the rapid stream, and drew her back from the river's bank. A quick cry escaped her lips as she felt the hand upon her arm, and instinctively she turned to see who it was that held her. The bright rays of the moon fell full upon her face, and the Christian knight started with a strange emotion of astonishment, as he beheld the beautiful features of Zehra!

"Great God!" he ejaculated, still gazing upon the face that was turned towards him, "do my eyes deceive me, or is this the daughter of Ben Hamed?"

"Let me go, sir," murmured the girl, as she feebly endeavored to remove the strong hand that was laid upon her.

"But tell me if I am not right. Is not this Zehra?"

"Alas! it is, sir. O, let me go!"

"Hold a moment," said Charles. "Do you recognize me?"

"Yes; you are the noble Christian knight upon whom I bestowed the badge of honor."

"And is it possible that I have saved you from a fearful death?"

"Death?" murmured Zehra, looking mournfully up into the knight's face. "No, no—it was life I sought."

Charles of Leon was struck by the strange manner of the fair girl, and if he had thought that her mind might be wandering, he was convinced to the contrary while he gazed into her face. All was strangely calm there, and a mournful determination was seated upon her thin pale lips.

"Will you trust me with the secret of this?" asked the knight, as he gently drew the poor girl further from the river. "I pledge you my knightly word that I will not betray you."

"And will you let me seek my rest when I have told you?"

"I will try that you have rest," returned the knight. "Now tell me why you should seek the fearful death you have courted."

"Death to the faithful is but the passage from earth to heaven."

"Tis but to leave the dark shades of sorrow behind us, and bound to the rest of that realm where Allah cannot forsake those who love him. I would have died, because earth is all misery to me now. I cannot live, when to live is but to be unhappy."

"Can one so beautiful as you be unhappy?" said the knight, instinctively drawing Zehra nearer to him, and gazing more intently upon her features.

"Beautiful?" repeated the girl. "Alas! sir, it is because I am thought beautiful that I must suffer. Were my face made up of wrinkles and fearful blotches—were my form ill-shaped, and my health, even, gone from me, I might be happy."

"You have not told me yet of the sorrow from which you seek escape."

"Then listen, sir. My father has given me to the king, and I am to be one among his wives!"

"To Mohammed!" uttered Charles. "To be a haub in the harem of that sensual profligate? Impossible!"

"I have spoken the truth, sir knight, and I have trusted to your honor."

"And you have trusted to an honor that is not tarnished," quickly returned the knight, with tender enthusiasm. "Then in a lower tone he added, 'you cannot love such a man as he.'"

"Love him!" cried Zehra. "I can only loathe him. Ah! death were indeed preferable."

"Your father must be indeed cruel. You have given your heart to another."

Charles spoke this almost at random, as he looked into Zehra's face. She was silent for a moment; but soon she replied:

"You mistake me, sir. 'Tis no selfish motive that moves me. I would only save myself from the misery of the life my father has doomed me to suffer; I have no other object; my heart looks not beyond that escape. Now let me go, sir."

"And if I release you now, will you seek that death from which I have just withdrawn you?"

Zehra bowed her head and gazed long upon the greensward at her feet. She trembled with emotion, and Charles saw tears glisten in the moonbeams as they fell from her cheeks.

"If you leave me now, will you still seek the grave of the Darro?" repeated the knight.

"O, sir, I cannot live to be the thing they would make me. I cannot live to feel the affections of my heart withering up in their bloom, and sinking away into the cold grave of misery. I cannot live to know my love must freeze in its earliest flood. I will die."

It was some moments ere the Christian knight dared make reply to this. Those were days when knights held it a sacred duty—a duty of knightly honor—to protect females from the hand of suffering; but this was not taken upon themselves merely as a thing of duty. The heart had much to do with it. Charles of Leon had entered Granada with a whole heart in his bosom; but since the moment when the Moorish maiden had smiled upon him in his moment of proud victory he had given her a place in his heart. As he gazed upon her now, he knew that the whole of his heart was hers. There was no thought of expediency in his bosom—no thought of causes and consequences—but he acknowledged to himself the whole truth. Those tears that fell from the dark lashes of the beautiful girl, spoke a language to his soul more strong than words, and the keenness of her suffering appealed to his every sense of humanity and knightly honor.

"Fair maiden," he said, at length—and he took her unresisting hand as he spoke—"this is a strange time and place for us to meet, and the circumstances of the moment are more strange still. You must not die—you shall not. 'Tis a fearful thought to dwell upon self-murder!"

Zehra started at the words, and the tone in which they were uttered, and she gazed up into the speaker's face.

"Alas! and is it not a fearful thought to dwell upon a life such as that to which I am doomed?" she murmured.

"But are there not those who can save you from such a fate?"

"No. Who shall dare to thwart the king?"

"A bold, true-hearted knight shall do it. Were Mohammed a thousand times a king, I would dare snatch you from his grasp."

"You?" uttered Zehra, starting with a sudden thrill of deep emotion.

"Yes, fair maiden. If you will trust to me, I swear by the cross of the Saviour, that while I live you shall not be the king's."

Zehra bowed her head, and Charles of Leon felt her hand tremble violently.

"Speak to me. Will you accept my pledge?"

"I ought not, from a Christian knight."

"But you, too, shall be a Christian. You shall bask under the sunlight of that religion that makes woman sacred—that religion that recognizes the love of the human heart as one of its own brightest attributes. Many of the Moors are Christians."

"I know it," returned Zehra, with her eyes still bent to the ground. "Once I had a nurse who was a Christian, and she taught me your religion."

"And did you not love it? Did your soul not go forth in worship towards that Saviour who died for a sinful world?—that blessed Saviour whose every thought was love, and whose heart knew no ambition but to make those happy and good about him? Zehra, could you not be a Christian?"

"I have often thought so."

"And may it not be mine to teach you? Tell me—will you accept my pledge?"

The fair maiden turned her gaze upon the face of the man who spoke to her, and the deep sorrow had given place to a look of calmer, holier feeling. She thought not of the knight's being almost a stranger to her; she only knew that he was kind, and that he offered her protection. Like the wayfarer through a darkened forest by night, who hails the sunlight with joy, did she bless the heart that had opened its sympathy for her.

"I cannot reject your kind offer," she said.

"And you will trust fully?"

"Yes."

"Zehra, if your happiness cannot be secured in Granada, what then?"

The maiden pointed to the waters of the Darro.

"Know you not that there are other places besides Granada, and besides the Darro?"

"None for me."

"Yes, there are. Surely you would not hesitate to flee this country, if misery alone awaited you here?"

"No."

"You would not hesitate to leave even the roof of your father?"

The maiden started, and withdrew her hand from the hold where it had been resting. Though she seemed upon the point of speaking, yet she remained silent.

"Did my speech offend you?" asked the knight.

"No, no, sir. I only thought how meagre are the ties that bind me to Ben Hamed."

"But he is your father."

"You said I might trust you."

"Most implicitly," returned Charles.

"Then," said Zehra, in a low tone, "I have reason to believe he is not my father; but he dreams not that I hold the suspicion. You would hold me indeed heartless could I willingly fly from the parent that gave me being."

"Not if he were cruel."

"Cruelty, even, may not separate the hearts of child and parent. But I feel that Ben Hamed is not my parent. My old nurse told me he was not, and I have reason to believe her words were true."

"You may be misled," said Charles. "Let us return."

The fair girl placed her hand freely in that of the knight, and together they turned back towards the city. Charles of Leon would have questioned her more concerning her parentage, but he had too much delicacy. He felt a strange interest in the being who had thus been thrown in his way, and with that impulse which seldom springs up in the heart but once in a lifetime—he had resolved he would love her with his whole love and faith.

Some might say the Christian knight was blind. Perhaps he was, as the world of selfishness goes; but where generous love and kindness of heart can see, there he walked. His was a soul that curled not those impulses that led him towards the boon of joy; for he had no impulses that were not born in honor.

"Here, kind sir, I will turn off," said Zehra, as they reached a point where a group of poplars and orange trees reached back to a line of buildings near the banks of the Xenil.

"I will accompany you to the dwelling of Ben Hamed."

"No, no. You might be seen."

"As you will, lady—but ere we part, I would say one word more. When does your father mean to give you to the king?"

"In three short months."

"Then will you accept my knightly faith for your protection? If you will I shall feel authority to serve you."

"I do accept it, sir," returned Zehra.

"Then go your way, and God be with you."

As Charles of Leon spoke he pressed the hand he held to his lips, and in a moment more Zehra glided from his sight among the orange trees.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AVALANCHES.

Our engraving conveys an accurate idea of these terrible Alpine phenomena. The snow and ice slide is descending in full fury from the mountain to the valley, sweeping everything before it—trees, rocks and dwellings. A terrified family, consisting of a mother and children, followed by their flocks, are flying from its wrath. Desolation has set its seal upon the scene. Avalanches are the most terrible scourges which threaten the inhabitants and travellers of the mountain regions. A thousand sad stories have been told of the disasters they have occasioned, and though the imagination of man usually delights in exaggeration, it is certain that the reality far surpasses the most dreadful descriptions. The eruption of a volcano has something yet more vast and terrific, but how rare is this accident. Besides, its coming is announced beforehand; the earth trembles and trembles, and men have usually time to escape destruction. The avalanche, constantly hanging over the poor shepherd's head, is almost always too sudden in its descent for him to avoid it. It is true that its thunder matters and precedes it, but it strikes almost at the same time, and is hardly less rapid than the lightning of heaven. However terrible this phenomenon is, it is nevertheless the fortuitous consequence of an immense and faithful benefit of nature; these stores of snow, heaped upon the mountains, feed our streams and rivers during the whole year. Shall we complain because these reserved granaries sometimes bend under their burthens? It is the universal law. There is no precious blessing from which no evil results. Against the latter, man has the warnings of experience, and he can, in most cases, provide against it. The threatened localities are exactly known; natural shelters exist in the forests; the only question is to respect them. The prudent mountaineer builds his cabin at the foot of a protecting rock, or on a favorably-located ridge. The traveller avoids the dangerous season, temperature or hour. If he is in a hurry, he takes experienced guides; he scrupulously observes the precautions the people of the country suggest to him; he takes the bells off the beasts of burthen, and avoids shouting. Often, on the other hand, before entering a dangerous pass, he fires a pistol-shot to induce the fall of masses of snow just ready to detach themselves. If the company is numerous, they divide into groups, who move at a distance from each other, so that, if an accident happens, those who are spared can come to the assistance of the rest. The Germans give avalanches the name of *lawinen* or *lawen* (drifts), the etymology of which appears to be the verb *lauen*, to melt, to become warm; because it is often the melting of the snow which determines the fall. If, in the course of the winter, a considerable quantity is heaped up, which covers the rocks and even overhangs them, when the first spring winds melt it, it falls in masses on the lower slopes increases in volume as it rolls on, and precipitates itself into the bottom of the valleys with fearful violence. Stronger than the torrents, it even uproots rocks, and tears everything away with it, leaving irreparable ruin and desolation in its path. Even objects which it has not stricken, but which were near its course, experience its disastrous effects.—Cottages are seen overturned, and the largest trees lying on the ground or shattered by the blast of the avalanche. The places most exposed to the kind we have just described are exactly known, and are called "spring drifts;" but you are more exposed to the chances of fortune from the slides which the Alpine mountaineers call *cold* or *windy*, because it is the wind which occasions them. If it blows on rocks



CONFLICT OF THE COUNT OF LEON AND BEN HAMED.

[See page 163 of "Knight of Leon."]

covered with new-fallen snow, or forests which are not yet relieved from their burthen, it is enough for a few flakes borne on the rapid descents, to produce the formation of an avalanche. Those of this kind present at least this character, that the snow is not so compact; so that it is oftener possible for unfortunate persons who are overtaken to disengage themselves, or to receive more seasonably the aid their distress calls for. Tourists who only visit the mountains in fine summer weather, are not exposed to these

which killed fifty-seven persons. In walking in the valley of Bellegarde, says the author of the "Swiss Conservator," I saw along a fine meadow, heaps of trunks of trees and blocks of rocks, and I learned that this meadow, the only property of a widow and her family, had been devastated by an avalanche, on the 25th of December, 1788. A barn had been carried away, and two persons had perished. When the spring returned, it seemed as if this piece of land was doomed to eternal sterility, so thick a layer of stones,

gravel and fragments covered it; but the whole commune of Bellegarde rose in mass, men, women and children, and hastened to clear the inheritance of the widow and orphan. All traces of the disaster speedily disappeared, the foreign crust was removed, and that very year a heavy crop of grass was cut. Chevalier Gaspar, of Braudenburg of Zoug, a lieutenant-colonel in the Spanish service, was descending from St. Gothard into the Leventine valley with a servant, in the spring. They were approaching Airolo, when they were both buried under an enormous avalanche that swept down from the Alps which bordered the road. A little dog that followed them, and which was at that moment a little way off, escaped their sad fate. Uneasy at not seeing them, it stopped at the enormous pile, moaned and scratched the snow, then, seeing his efforts useless, he returned to the monastery of St. Bernard, where his master had lodged on the way. He barked about the inhabitants of the house, as if to entreat them to follow him, and afterwards resumed the road to the valley. No notice was taken of him at first. It was only the next morning, after he had followed up his manœuvres and entreaties, that the people of the monastery, seeing him constantly return without the travellers, in whose company he had departed, suspected some catastrophe, and followed the poor dog to the place where his master had disappeared. On seeing this recent avalanche, the conduct of the animal ceased to be enigmatical. They ran in search of the necessary implements, and after a long and painful labor, dug out the two unfortunate travellers, who confessed that, next to God, they owed their lives to this faithful dog. In their cold duogoon, they had expected a death as slow as it would have been painful, with inexpressible anguish, and had conceived no hope of deliverance till they heard the sound of the voices and tools of the laborers. For the snow, compact enough to prevent their moving, yet allowed the voices of those who came to succor them to reach their ears. At Zoug, in the church of St. Oswald, on the tomb of this same chevalier, who died laudably of his canton, in 1528, may be seen a statue, executed by his order, in which he is represented with his spaniel at his feet. This anecdote, attested by authentic chronicles, and by a monument still in existence, deserves to be added to the history of dogs. These Alpine scenes are full of incidents of help and succor afforded to bewildered and nearly-frozen travellers who have lost their way in these passes, by the famous dogs of St. Bernard.



REPRESENTATION OF A SNOW AVALANCHE ON THE ALPS.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT PIERCE'S ONLY CHILD.

ADDRESSED TO HIS MOTHER.

BY MRS. L. H. BOGERT.

O, human life, how brief thy bloom!
O, mortal strength, how frail thy trust!
O, heart of love, how dire the doom
That strikes thee bleeding to the dust.

For not more wild the Alpine snows
In whelming avalanche descend,
And not more swift the lightning shafts
The glory of the forest rend—

Than the stern messenger of fate
On his mysterious mandate sped,—
And, 'neath the smile of morning, laid
A form of beauty with the dead.

We bring no healing—'tis not ours,—
The balm-drop for such wound severe
Is Heaven's best perquisite alone,—
We only bring thee tear for tear.

We who have learned the lore of grief,
And 'neath the wrecking tempest bowed,
Yet lived, perchance, again to see
The silver lining of the cloud,—

We speak thy name as sisters speak,
In deep devotion's sacred hour;
For dearer art thou in thy woe,
Than in the flush of joy or power.

Warm sympathy thine image shines,
In halls of wealth and homes of care,
And every mother in our land
Shall breathe for thee the tender prayer.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SOCIAL SERPENT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A LADY, whom we will call Mrs. Harding, touched with the destitute condition of a poor, sick widow, who had three small children, determined, from an impulse of true humanity, to awaken, if possible, in the minds of some friends and neighbors, an interest in her favor. She made a few calls, one morning, with this end in view, and was gratified to find that her appeal made a favorable impression. The first lady whom she saw, a Mrs. Miller, promised to select from her own and children's wardrobe a number of cast-off garments for the widow, and to aid her in other respects, at the same time asking Mrs. Harding to call in on the next day, when she would be able to let her know what she could do.

Pleased with her reception, and encouraged to seek further aid for the widow, Mrs. Harding withdrew and took her way to the house of another acquaintance. Scarcely had she left, when a lady, named Little, dropped in to see Mrs. Miller. To her the latter said, soon after her entrance:

"I've been very much interested in the case of a poor widow this morning. She is sick, with three little children dependent on her, and destitute of almost everything. Mrs. Harding was telling me about it."

"Mrs. Harding!" The visitor's countenance changed, and she looked unutterable things. "I wonder!" she added, in well assumed surprise, and then was silent.

"What's the matter with Mrs. Harding?" asked Mrs. Miller.

"I should think," said Mrs. Little, "she was in nice business, running around, gossiping about indigent widows, when some of her own relatives are so poor they can hardly keep soul and body together."

"Is this really so?" asked Mrs. Miller.

"Certainly it is. I had it from my chambermaid, whose sister is cook next door to where a cousin of Mrs. Harding's lives, and she says they are, one half of their time, she really believes, in a starving condition."

"But does Mrs. Harding know of this?"

"She ought to know it, for she goes there sometimes, I hear."

"She didn't come merely to gossip about the poor widow," said Mrs. Miller. "Her errand was to obtain something to relieve her necessities."

"Did you give her anything?" asked Mrs. Little.

"No; but I told her to call and see me to-morrow, when I would have something for her."

"Do you want to know my opinion of this matter?" said Mrs. Little, drawing herself up, and assuming a very important air.

"What is your opinion?"

"Why, that there is no poor widow in the case at all."

"Mrs. Little!"

"You needn't look surprised. I'm just in earnest. I never had much faith in Mrs. Harding, at the best."

"I am surprised. If there was no poor widow in the case, what did she want with charity?"

"She has poor relations of her own, for whom, I suppose, she's ashamed to beg. So you see my meaning now?"

"You surely wrong her."

"Don't believe a word of it. At any rate, take my advice, and be the almoner of your own bounty. When Mrs. Harding comes again, ask her the name of this poor widow and where she lives. If she gives you a name and residence, go and see for yourself."

"I will act on your suggestion," said Mrs. Miller. "Though I can hardly make up my mind to think so meanly of Mrs. Har-

ding, still, from the impression your words produce, I deem it only prudent to be, as you term it, the almoner of my own bounty."

The next lady upon whom Mrs. Harding called, was a Mrs. Johns, and in her mind she succeeded in also awakening an interest for the poor widow.

"Call and see me to-morrow," said Mrs. Johns, "and I'll have something for you."

Not long after Mrs. Harding's departure, Mrs. Little called, in her round of gossiping visits, and to her Mrs. Johns mentioned the case of the poor widow, that matter being, for the time, uppermost in her thoughts.

"Mrs. Harding's poor widow, I suppose," said Mrs. Little, in a half-neering, half-malicious tone of voice.

Mrs. Johns looked surprised, as a matter of course.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"O, nothing, much. Only I've heard of this destitute widow before."

"You have?"

"Yes, and between you and me"—the voice of Mrs. Little became low and confidential—"it's the opinion of Mrs. Miller and myself, that there is no poor widow in the case."

"Mrs. Little! You astonish me! No poor widow in the case! I can't understand this. Mrs. Harding was very clear in her statement. She described the widow's condition, and very much excited my sympathies. What object can she have in view?"

"Mrs. Miller and I think," said the visitor, "and with good reason, that this poor widow is only put forward as a cover."

"As a cover to what?"

"To some charities that she has reasons of her own for not wishing to make public."

"Still in the dark. Speak out more plainly."

"Plainly, then, Mrs. Johns, we have good reasons for believing, Mrs. Miller and I, that she is begging for some of her own poor relations. Mrs. Miller is going to see if she can find the widow."

"Indeed! That's another matter altogether. I promised to do something in the case, but I shall now decline. I couldn't have believed such a thing of Mrs. Harding! But so it is; you never know people until you find them out."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Johns. You never spoke a truer word in your life," replied Mrs. Little, emphatically.

On the day following, after seeing the poor widow, ministering to some of her immediate wants, and encouraging her to expect more substantial relief, Mrs. Harding called, as she had promised to do, on Mrs. Miller. A little to her surprise, that lady received her with unusual coldness; and yet, plainly, with an effort to seem friendly.

"You have called about the poor widow you spoke of yesterday?" said Mrs. Miller.

"Such is the object of my present visit."

"What is her name?"

"Mrs. Aiken."

"Where did you say she lived?"

The residence was promptly given.

"I've been thinking," said Mrs. Miller, slightly coloring, and with some embarrassment, "that I would call in and see this poor woman myself."

"I wish you would," was the earnest reply of Mrs. Harding. "I am sure, if you do so, all your sympathies will be excited in her favor."

As Mrs. Harding said this, she arose, and with a manner that showed her to be hurt, as well as mortified, bade Mrs. Miller a formal good morning, and retired. Her next call was upon Mrs. Johns. Much to her surprise, her reception here was quite as cold; in fact, so cold, that she did not even refer to the object of her visit, and Mrs. Johns let her go away without calling attention to it herself. So affected was she by the singular, and to her unaccountable change in the manner of these ladies, that Mrs. Harding had no heart to call upon two others, who had promised to do something for the widow, but went home disappointed, and suffering from a troubled and depressed state of feeling.

So far as worldly goods were concerned, Mrs. Harding could not boast very large possessions. She was herself a widow, and her income, while it sufficed, with economy, to supply the moderate wants of her family, left her but little for luxuries, the gratification of taste, or the pleasures of benevolence. Quick to feel the wants of the needy, no instance of destitution came under her observation, that she did not make some effort towards procuring relief.

What now was to be done? She had excited the sick woman's hopes—had promised that her immediate wants, and those of her children, should be supplied. From her own means, without great self-denial, this could not be effected. True, Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Harding had both promised to call upon the poor widow, and, in person, administer relief. But Mrs. Harding did not place much reliance on this; for something in the manner of both ladies impressed her with the idea, that their promise merely covered a wish to recede from their first benevolent intentions.

"Something must be done," said she, musingly. And then she set herself earnestly to the work of devising ways and means. Where there is a will there is a way. No saying was ever truer than this.

It was, perhaps, a week later, that Mrs. Little called again upon Mrs. Miller.

"What of Mrs. Harding's poor widow?" said the former, after some ill-natured gossip about a mutual friend.

"O, I declare! I've never thought of the woman since," replied Mrs. Miller, in a tone of self-condemnation. "And I promised Mrs. Harding that I would see her. I really blame myself."

"No great harm done, I presume," said Mrs. Little.

"I don't know that. I'm hardly prepared to think as meanly of Mrs. Harding as you do. At any rate, I'm going this day to redeem my promise."

"What promise?"

"The promise I made Mrs. Harding, that I would see the woman she spoke of, and relieve her, if in need."

"You'll have all your trouble for nothing."

"No matter, I'll clear my conscience, and that is something. Come, wont you go with me?"

Mrs. Little declined the invitation at first; but, strongly urged by Mrs. Miller, she finally consented. So the two ladies forthwith took their way towards the neighborhood in which Mrs. Harding had said the needy woman lived. They were within a few doors of the house, which had been very minutely described by Mrs. Harding, when they met Mrs. Johns.

"Ah!" said the latter, with animation, "just the person of all others, I most wished to see. How could you, Mrs. Miller, so greatly wrong Mrs. Harding?"

"Me wrong her, Mrs. Johns? I don't understand you." And Mrs. Miller looked considerably astonished.

"Mrs. Little informed me, that you had good reasons for believing all this story about a poor widow, to be a mere subterfuge, got up to cover some doings of her own, that Mrs. Harding was ashamed to bring to the light."

"Mrs. Little!" There was profound astonishment in the tones of Mrs. Miller, and her eyes had in them such an indignant light, as she fixed them upon her companion, that the latter quailed under her gaze.

"Acting from this impression," resumed Mrs. Johns, "I declined placing at her disposal the means of relief promised; but, instead, told her that I would myself see the needy person for whom she asked aid. This I have, until now, neglected to do; and this neglect, or indifference I might rather call it, has arisen from a belief that there was no poor widow in the case. Wrong has been done, Mrs. Miller, great wrong! How could you have imagined such baseness of Mrs. Harding?"

"And there is a poor, sick widow, in great need?" said Mrs. Miller, now speaking calmly, and with regained self-possession.

"There is a sick widow," replied Mrs. Johns, "but not at present in great need. Mrs. Harding has supplied immediate wants."

"Well, Mrs. Little!" Mrs. Miller again turned her eyes, searchingly, upon her companion.

"I—I—thought so. It was my impression—I had good reason for—I—I—" stammered Mrs. Little.

"It should have been enough for you to intercept the stream of benevolence in my case, by your unfounded suggestions. Not content with this, however, you must use my name in still further spreading your unjust suspicions, and actually make me the author of charges against a noble-minded woman, which had their origin in your own evil thoughts."

"I will not bear such language!" said the offended Mrs. Little, indignantly; and turning with an angry toss of the head, she left the ladies to their own reflections.

"I am taught one good lesson from this circumstance," said Mrs. Miller, as they walked away; "and that is, never to even seem to have my good opinion of another affected by the allegations and surmises of a social gossip. Such people always suppose the worst, and readily pervert the most unselfish actions into moral offences. The harm they do is incalculable."

"And, as in the present case," remarked Mrs. Johns, "they make others responsible for their base suggestions. Had Mrs. Little not coupled your name with the implied charges against Mrs. Harding, my mind would not have been poisoned against her."

"While not a breath of suspicion had ever crossed mine, until Mrs. Little came in, and wantonly intercepted the stream of benevolence about to flow forth to a needy, and, I doubt not, most worthy object."

"We have made of her an enemy. At least you have; for you spoke to her with smarting plainness," said Mrs. Johns.

"Better the enmity of such than their friendship," replied Mrs. Miller. "Their words of detraction cannot harm so much, as the poison of evil thought towards others, which they ever seek to infuse. Your dearest friend is not safe from them, if she be pure as an angel. Let her name but pass your lips, and instantly it is breathed upon, and the spotless surface grows dim."

THE FAMILIES OF POETS.

It is impossible to contemplate the early death of Byron's only child, without reflecting sadly on the fates of the families of our greatest poets. Shakespeare and Milton each died without a son, but both left daughters, and both names are now extinct. Shakespeare's was soon so. Addison had an only child,—a daughter, a girl of some five or six years at her father's death. She died unmarried, at the age of eighty or more. Farquhar left two girls dependent on the friendship of his friend Wilks, the actor,—who stood nobly by them while he lived. They had a small pension from the government; and having long outlived their father, and seen his reputation unalterably established, both died unmarried. The son and daughter of Coleridge both died childless. The two sons of Sir Walter Scott died without children,—one of two daughters died unmarried,—and the Scotts of Abbotsford and Waverley are now represented by the children of a daughter. How little could Scott foresee the sudden failure of male issue! The poet of the "Fairie Queen" lost a child, when very young, by fire; when the rebels burned his house in Ireland. Some of the poets had sons, and no daughters. Thus we read of Chaucer's son—of Dryden's sons,—of the sons of Burns,—of Allan Ramsay's son,—of Dr. Young's son,—of Campbell's son,—of Moore's son,—and of Shelley's son. Ben Jonson survived all his children. Some—and those among the greatest—died unmarried; Butler, Cowley, Congreve, Otway, Prior, Pope, Gay, Thomson, Cowper, Akenside, Shennstone, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith. Mr. Rogers still lives—single. Some were unfortunate in their sons in a sadder way than death could make them.—*Athenaeum.*

Life's choicest pleasures lie within the ring of moderation.

(Written for Gleason's Pictorial.)

TO POESY.

BY BOLIVAR J. HOWE.

What lights the path that mortals tread,
And strews each footstep's length with flowers?
What can a lifeless radiance shed
O'er all this varied world of ours?
'Tis thou, O, Poesy! thy name
Should all our best affections claim.

'Tis thine to give to humble life
An air of sweetness and repose,
As far from worldly care and strife,
Its tide of pleasure smoothly flows.
Thy presence glides each rural scene,
And makes the passing hours serene.

'Tis thine to bring again to view
The loved and unforgetting past,
And o'er the future shed a hue
Too beautiful and too bright to last.
Each by thy power before us glows
With all the color of the rose.

'Tis thine to dwell in floral bowers,
Amid the beautiful and bright;
We view thee in those silent hours
When, gazing on the stars of night,
Thou'rt in the mighty cataract's roar,
And on the wide, sea-beaten shore.

'Tis thine the laurel-wreath of Fame
Around the victor's brow to tinge;
To give the patriot hero's name
A place in Freedom's sacred shrine.
Ambition seeks thy blessed decree,
And Glory owes its charms to thee!

(Written for Gleason's Pictorial.)

WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON.

No. IX.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

Among other public buildings in Washington worthy of a visit, is the National Observatory, an unpretending brick structure, crowned with a large dome, and occupying the summit of Camp Hill, an eminence on the banks of the Potomac. We will so arrange our imaginary peregrination, if you please, as to approach it about fifteen minutes before "high twelve," and as you gaze at the heavy dome, you will see a good sized black ball move slowly up a flag-staff on the building. Out with your watch, if you wish to have the true time, and watch that ball; for exactly at twelve o'clock it will fall. Hundreds of other eyes are bent upon it, for it is visible many miles about, and not only serves as a regulator for legions of clocks and watches, but enables those "who go down to the sea in ships," to set their chronometers before they set sail. An error of a second might prove the destruction of a gallant vessel, and hence it is that intricate calculations are made, based upon astronomical observations, that—exactly at twelve o'clock, at the meridian of Washington—the ball may fall. Set your "ticker," and we will proceed.

Previous to the establishment of this institution in 1843, our national and mercantile vessels were entirely dependent on other nations for the data wherewith to traverse the mighty deep. All their "right ascensions," and "declinations," came from the "Bureau des Longitudes" at Paris, or from that citadel of science, which for over two centuries has occupied a mysterious summit in Greenwich Park, on the banks of the sluggish Thames. And it was by the persevering exertions of John Quincy Adams, that our nation is now enabled to perform its share of celestial observation, and in case of war with the powers of Europe, to be independent of their observatories. They scoffed at the lion-hearted old statesman, and taunted him with squandering the nation's money for the erection of a "light-house in the skies;" but he lived to see the Observatory established, and an object of just national pride. Often have I seen him, towards the sunset of his life, walking up, as we are now, at "ball time," to set his watch, and then visit the offspring of his intellect. There, in front of the building, is the spot for a statue of John Quincy Adams.

The Observatory is built in the shape of a Greek cross, and fronts to the north, the centre of the building containing the library, offices for calculations, and stores of charts, either original surveys, or careful compilations. One series of these charts, showing the "winds and currents" of the ocean, is the work of Lieut. M. F. MAURY, of the U. S. Navy, who has had the direction of the Observatory since its establishment, and whose scientific career has been, not only brilliant but useful. His acquirements can only be appreciated by long and laborious observation of his exertions and performances. The volumes of "Observations" show that into his labors he carries the practical knowledge which characterizes a vigorous mind—the order and the accuracy which science and philosophy teach—and the patience and perseverance which can alone conduct to a successful issue. It is impossible to calculate how much this country is indebted to his unostentatious labors, but it may be safely affirmed that no citizen has contributed more to advance the maritime interests of our republic, and diffused such universal satisfaction.

In the east wing are the "mural circle" (its object-glass five and a half inches in diameter), and the "meridian transit," a larger instrument—both used to determine the latitude of the stars. The south wing contains a "prime vertical" and a "circle of refraction," instruments of intricate construction and beautiful

finish. And in the west wing, near a still larger "transit," is the famed magnetic clock, which ticks from Halifax to New Orleans, from the Merrimac to the Mississippi. Observers, at different points, by carefully noting the transit of a star, can ascertain the exact difference in the longitude of their respective localities. Another wing is devoted to the "rating of chronometers, those triumphs of mechanical ingenuity, and to the inspection of all sextants, quadrants and compasses used in our navy. The tests are very properly severe, for Uncle Sam requires the best and most trusty instruments for the use of his gallant mariners.

Higher up, in the dome, is the great equatorial telescope, which cost upwards of forty thousand dollars, and through which the astronomer can read the stars in the firmament as though it were a book. The whole dome revolves with it, and once having adjusted it so that he can gaze at a particular star, the astronomer can wind up the connecting clock-work, pass a whole day in his study below, and on his return find that the instrument has so exactly kept pace with the celestial movement, that the star is exactly reflected in the focus of this almost thinking instrument. There are also "comet-seekers," "meteorological registers," and other instruments, all watched with the most pertinacious care, by Lieut. Maury's able body of assistants, who, by the way, are under "man-o'-war discipline," and work with the accuracy of "hall time," to the great service of science, and the great benefit of navigation.

Leaving the Observatory, we are attracted by the towers of the Smithsonian Institute, which rise before us, in the varied incongruity which characterized the redoubtable corps of honest Jack Falstaff. Smithsonian's mother, a Madame Maurice, never received a wedding-ring from his father, an English duke, but she managed to get a fair supply of cash, and the son, necessarily compelled to lead a retired life, left the hoarded fund to this country, "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." Had a gentleman like Lieut. Maury received the direction of this questionable legacy, it might have been productive of vast good; but it has fallen into the hands of a few one-idea scientific bigots, who regard it as *une bonne poule a plucher*, that they may fill their own pillows. This is proven by a list of the transactions and publications of the officers, who sit in their expensively-carved and cushioned chairs, and coolly refuse to engage in practical investigations—to form a national museum—or even to take further care of the grounds about their misshapen pile. What a contrast between the Institute and the Observatory! One a side-scion of European aristocracy—the other a healthful, useful American institution.

Another building, containing much to interest the curious in scientific matters, is a dingy "block" of four tenements, on New Jersey Avenue. It is the headquarters of the "Coast Survey," where an efficient corps condense the materials—astronomical, topographical and hydrographic—furnished by the various parties whose camp-fires brighten our inlets, and whose bright-topped signal-poles crown our ocean headlands. When the computations are completed, the materials of the plane-table and the hydrographic sheets are worked up in the drawing department. The engravers then transfer the charts to copper, with faithful exactness, and they are carefully proven. The engraved plates are then electrotyped, that the originals may be preserved, and from the electrotypes the charts are printed. In another department of the building, and under the supervision of the same talented superintendent, are manufactured the standard weights, measures and balances, furnished to the States and the custom-houses of the Union—a delicate and scientific business.

"Columbian College," and the "National Medical College," complete the scientific institutions of the metropolis, and each enjoys a fair reputation. The former is a fine brick edifice, overlooking the city, and the lecture-rooms of the latter are at the City Infirmary. The public schools are carried on at an annual expense of about \$12,000.

And now we will hasten to a low, long, warehouse-like building, near the ever-bustling Pennsylvania Avenue, enter, and walk up stairs. The owner greets us at the door, and we will introduce him: "Col. FORCE, friend reader." You are struck with his fine appearance and noble forehead, nor can you fail to appreciate the hearty frankness with which he welcomes you to his library. Ah, here is a library. No gorgeous foreign collection of engravings, or costly catalogues cast in type-metal, but books—rare books—useful books, line the walls, cover tables, and are piled up in stacks. And every ponderous folio, bulky quarto, or meagre pamphlet, illustrates, in some way, the history of these United States. Here we have it, from the last President's message, back, back, back to the early navigators—the men who with earnest faith and bright enthusiasm crossed the ocean in frail barks, scarcely fitted for summer seas. In adjacent rooms are volumes of old newspapers, thousands of rare autograph documents, portfolios of maps and engravings, medals, busts, coins—in short, it is the "Archives of American History." And the greatest favor you can show Col. Force, is to tell him of some book on this subject that is unknown to him, and he will have it, though it were in the well-guarded garden of the Hesperides. El Dorado to the Spaniard, Mecca to the Turk, the Garden of Eden to the Jew, or Palestine to the Christian, are neither so beloved nor so interesting, as to him would be an old library, or a garret-store of revolutionary documents. Happy possessor of delightful old works, and of a rare store of traditional lore:

"For out of the old fields, as man saith,
Cometh all this new corn for ye to ye;
And out of old books, in good faith,
Cometh all this new science that men here."

The private residence of JAS. G. McGUIRE, Esq., next attracts our steps, and in the fine library of the courteous proprietor, we find a collection of autographs, which, in some respects, is unri-

valled. One large volume contains nothing but letters penned by the illustrious Washington, and others contain the hundreds of letters addressed by great men to President Madison, from whose heirs Mr. McGuire purchased them at a high rate, yet far below their real value. You cannot name a prominent American statesman, but that the fortunate possessor will put before you interesting manuscripts in his autography, and you will exclaim, in the words of Avon's bard: "By my life, this is his hand! these he his very e's, his n's, and his t's—and thus makes he his great P's. It is in, contempt of question, his hand."

Mr. McGuire has also a spacious picture gallery, containing many pictures by the old masters, among them two gems by Rubens—a hostel scene by Wooverman, in which we have the favorite white horse—and a Vandyke. Among his modern pictures, is a fine interior scene, by Edmonds, the banker-artist, and a picture by Lentze, of great value. In sketches, Mr. McGuire is "rich," having several well-stored albums, in which may be found specimens of the genius of all our first native artists.

If we have time and you are fond of art, friend reader, we can find pictures by Sir Peter Lely, at the residence of Professor BACHE—works of Gainsborough, Morland, Kellogg and MeLoud, in the parlor of G. W. Riggs, Esq., and Gen. TOTTEN will no doubt show us his exquisite pictures by Vanderlyn, Wier and Huntington. But we must, ere concluding this stroll, visit the gallery of Mr. CONCORAN, at his princely mansion on President's Square.

The pride of Mr. CONCORAN's collection is the "Nativity," by Raphael Mengs, which once belonged to Lucien Bonaparte, and brought \$20,000. Then there are a maritime landscape, by the elder Veruet—two Dusseldorf pictures by Robb, and one by Achinback—a duplicate by Huntington, of his "Mercy's Dream,"—Cole's "Departure and Return,"—a "Farmyard Scene," by Morland—a "Winter Scene," by Gignoux—with others by Leutze, Rossiter, Lanman, Crossley, Boggs, and other artists. And at the end of the gallery, stands in all its purity, Powers's original "Greek Slave." It was drawn by a New Orleans man in the Cincinnati Art Union, and Mr. Concoran gave him twenty-five hundred dollars for the prize—a good profit on the investment of a V.

But we must halt, or you will be wearied, and at our next meeting I wish to escort you over to Georgetown, that we may inspect its most interesting objects. At any rate, give me the credit of "total abstinence" from the topics all-prominent just now in all epistles dated hence. Not a whit care I—neither have I a word to say, about the exodus of the old administration, or the in-come of the new.

(Written for Gleason's Pictorial.)

WINDERMERE.

BY WILLIAM S. CHASE.

Where mountains lift their shaggy rocks
Defiant, and sublimely dread,
Far from old Scotia's hilly lochs
Thou sleepest, placid Windermere.

Reflected on thy bosom bright,
Attendant in a dreamy train,
Red cloudlets fringed with purple light,
Encounter in yon azure plain.

And wild Helvellyn, tempest-crowned,
Forever guards thy glassy breast;
For on thy borders, pennon-bound,
Are many thousand spears at rest.

The warbling of the morning lark
Awakes wild echoes near and far,
Ere bright Aurora's heralds mark
The advent of Sol's triumph car.

Blithe elfins in thy dreamy vale,
Attune their reeds when mortals sleep;
Awhile the wakeful nightingale
Pours his wild trillings o'er the deep.

Though sunny climes may roster be,
When winter mars thy bosom clear,
No tuneless lyre shall wake for thee,—
Sleep on in beauty, Windermere!

A FIRST NIGHT AT SEA.

To one unaccustomed to such scenes, this is a very striking time on shipboard. Afterwards, and when its novelty had long worn off, it never ceased to have a peculiar interest and charm for me. The gloom through which the great black mass holds its direct and certain course; the rushing water, plainly heard, but dimly seen; the broad, glistening track that follows the vessel's wake; the men on the lookout forward, who would be scarcely visible against the dark sky, but for their blotting out some score of glistening stars; the helmsman at the wheel, with the illuminated card before him, shining a speck of light amidst the darkness, like something sentient, and of divine intelligence; the melancholy sighing of the wind through block and rope, and chain; the gleaming forth of light from every crevice, nook, and tiny piece of glass about the decks, as though the ship were filled with fire in hiding, ready to burst through any outlet, wild with its resistless power of death and ruin. At first, too, and even when the hour, and all the objects it exalts, have come to be familiar, it is difficult, alone and thoughtful, to hold them to their proper shapes and forms. They change with the wandering fancy; assume the semblance of things left far away; put on the well-remembered aspect of favorite places dearly loved, and even people them with shadows. Streets, houses, rooms; figures so like their usual occupants that they have startled me by their reality, which far exceed, as it seemed to me, all power of mine to conjure up the absent,—have many and many a time, at such an hour, grown suddenly out of objects with whose real look and use I was as well acquainted as with my own two hands.—Dickens.

Misfortune does not always come to injure those whom it befalls



PORTRAIT OF GEN. FRANK PIERCE, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.



PORTRAIT OF HON. WILLIAM R. KING, VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

"I HEAR THE PASSING BELL!"

BY PAKE BENJAMIN.

I hear the passing bell!
Another soul, it says, has gone from earth,
Another soul has had immortal birth.

This deep and solemn knell
Is dirge and requiem to a dear one dead,
For whom tears, bitter tears are vainly shed.

No more—it speaks—no more
Shall he be seen among you; through the gloom
Of these last rites he passes to the tomb.

Upon the silent shore
Of an eternal land, beyond the sea
Of life, his home must henceforth ever be.

He is familiar now
With the grand mystery,—and he surveys
Truth in the brightness of its perfect blaze.

Then pile upon his brow
The valley clouds, and leave his ruined form
Where the wind wails and beats the wintry storm.

To him will come no harm,
For his immortal part survives and dwells
Beyond the grave's gloom and the toll of bells.

His is the deathless charm;
No pains can wring, no griefs his peace molest,
His the assurance of perennial rest.

Then strike the passing bell,
As to the tomb, with slowly-measured tread,
Ye reverently bear his honored head.

And say, with thee 'tis well
Forevermore, our brother! though we pay
With broken hearts these last rites to thy clay.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE TWO GEORGE STANHOPE:

—OR—

BE ALWAYS COURTEOUS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ONNE.

"ELLEN," said Anastasia Ellsworth, to her sister, "here is a letter from Lucy Stanhope; and who do you think is coming to spend a week in the place?"

"I don't know—it may be that she is coming herself."

"No, better than that; her brother George is coming. She says he is going to board at the hotel, but we shall of course insist on his staying with us, as he is our cousin."

"Yes, a third cousin."

"Which is a relationship near enough to authorize our inviting him, and he is, as you know, rich, and has the reputation of being handsome and accomplished."

"Those who have seen them both say that he is not equal in many respects to our other cousin of the same name."

"That may be, but he has a fortune of more than a hundred thousand dollars, which his father left him; while the other has not a cent, unless you call two or three hundred acres of land, in the western wilderness, something."

"I suspect that it is not exactly a wilderness there now. At any rate, his father was able to give him a good education. When does Lucy say her brother is coming?"

"Next Wednesday, unless some unforeseen occurrence should prevent."

"And to-day is Monday?"

"Yes; I wish we could have known it sooner."

"I am sure everything is in such good order that a day's notice is as good as a week's."

"It is unfortunate that father should happen to be absent just at this particular time, as he is the only member of the family who ever saw him."

"I thought mother had seen him?"

"No, she has not, nor does she yet know that we expect him."

Anastasia Ellsworth, who was about twenty, was proud, ambitious, and very beautiful. There had, for some time, been a tacit understanding between herself and mother, that no suitor for her hand was to be encouraged, whatever good qualities he might possess, either personal, mental or moral, unless he had a fortune so ample as to enable her to live in splendor.

Ellen was little thought of, by her mother, in comparison with her sister; yet most people who were acquainted with both, thought her by far the loveliest and most lovable. There were such glad beams of light dancing in her large hazel eyes, such a world of sweetness hovering on her red lips, and nestling at their dimpled corners whenever she smiled, as in their estimation, to more than compensate for the lack of regularity in her features, and a complexion, which, for a lady, was somewhat dark.

There was no lack of sleeping apartments in the Ellsworth mansion, yet all unoccupied by the family were somewhat diminutive in size, except what was called the parlor chamber, and one with which it communicated, fitted up as a library. These, of course, were to be appropriated to the use of George Stanhope, their expected guest. In order to prevent him from going to the hotel, Anastasia gave directions to her brother, a lad of twelve years, to be at the post-office when the stage stopped to shift the mail, and if he found that Mr. George Stanhope was one of the passengers, to invite him to go home with him.

Wednesday came, and the stage was generally in about five.

Anastasia, who had already made known to Ellen that it was her determination to bring cousin George to her feet, as a suppliant for her hand, telling her at the same time, in an ironical way, that she must not attempt to rival her, selected a dress for the occasion, which she and every one thought peculiarly becoming.

To be forewarned, is to be forearmed,—so says the adage; and though Ellen had, at first, entertained some faint idea that she should like to make a favorable "first impression" on their distinguished cousin, after what her sister had told her relative to her own intentions, she not only abandoned the idea, but wondered at herself, when she accidentally caught the reflection of her own person in the mirror, and then glanced at the faultless beauty of Anastasia, that she would, for a moment, have thought of anything so preposterous. She, therefore, attired herself in her usual plain and neat afternoon dress, her only and favorite ornament,—two or three rosebuds, whose crimson petals were just bursting from their green bondage, being woven with the glossy braids of her raven hair. As she was accustomed to wear these daisy, from the appearance of the first bud,

"Till the last rose of summer
Was faded and gone."

neither she nor Anastasia thought of noticing their fine effect. Had she studied a whole week, she could not have selected anything, by way of ornament, more appropriate or becoming.

Though Ellen had abandoned all thoughts of a favorable first impression, when, at a little after five, the stage coach, instead of passing as usual, drew up opposite the arched gateway, the bright sparkle of her eyes and the heightened color of her cheeks showed that she was not a little excited. Anastasia remained calm and self-possessed. She would have felt greatly scandalized to appear otherwise than composed before her aristocratic cousin, and she could not help saying to Ellen, that she would disgrace herself and the whole family by appearing so much excited, just as if she never before had seen a gentleman, who was anybody.

George Stanhope fully realized Anastasia's expectations as to looks, but there was something in his manners more unreserved and cordial than she had anticipated. He shook them all warmly by the hand, told Ellen that he could trace in her a family resemblance to the Stanhopes, and finally expressed his satisfaction that so good an opportunity had offered for making their acquaintance, confessing, at the same time, that he had about made up his mind to pass a single night at the hotel, and then proceed on his journey without calling on them, previous to the invitation received, while the stage was waiting at the post-office.

Mrs. Ellsworth, in return, assured him that she, and indeed the whole family, would have been deeply disappointed if he had not called on them, and that they should be still more so, if now that he had, he could not be induced to spend, at least, a week with them.

"I will own that I feel strongly tempted to remain a number of days with you," said he. "I had no idea that Cedar Vale was so delightful a place."

If Anastasia's expectations were equalled as regarded Stanhope's appearance, Ellen's were so far transcended, that, instead of imitating her sister's dignified composure, she could not help appearing pleased and animated. Without once thinking that he might regard her as a foil, as was hinted by her mother previous to his arrival, to set off Anastasia's beauty to better advantage, she abandoned herself to the enjoyment of the moment. A rebuking look from her mother, and the words, "Ellen, you are behaving in a very unlady-like manner!" broke the spell, and caused her to realize her own insignificance, and how unworthy of notice she must appear in the eyes of George Stanhope, in comparison with her beautiful and accomplished sister. There was little danger now of her forgetting that he could never be anything more to her than a cousin in the third degree, unless it were a brother-in-law, and she was really grateful to her mother for recalling her to herself, though she felt deeply hurt at the accusation of being called unlady-like. Yet, except for a few minutes, those thoughts did not seriously mar her enjoyment. Her disposition was too sunny, and her spirits too elastic, to suffer her to remain long depressed.

It was not long before "cousin George," as Mrs. Ellsworth chose to designate him, discovered that there was a piano in the room, and after tea, being fond of music and having a fine tenor voice himself, he addressed the sisters, and without particularly designating either, asked to be favored with a song.

Anastasia at once took her seat at the piano. Her voice was good, and she sung and played several airs quite correctly. At the close of one of them, Stanhope said:

"Here are some old ballads I see; do you sing either of them, Miss Ellsworth?"

"I can sing them," she answered.

"Ellen can sing them beautifully," said Thomas, the lad who had been sent to the post-office, to prevent Stanhope from going to the hotel.

Mrs. Ellsworth smiled.

"Thomas," said she, "is, of course, a first rate judge in such matters."

"I can tell what pleases me," said Thomas, considerably abashed by his mother's remark.

"You surely can," said Stanhope, "and ten to one, I shall agree with you. Miss Ellen, will you give us the opportunity of deciding as to the similarity of our tastes?"

Anastasia rose from the piano in a manner more hasty than graceful, for she felt a good deal piqued at the desire manifested by Stanhope to hear Ellen sing. As for Ellen, she was so bewildered, that, when, with a graceful bow, he took her hand and said, "By your leave, Miss Ellen," she did not attempt an excuse, till she found herself fairly seated before the instrument. She

then came to herself, and said that she never thought of singing for any one's amusement, except her own and her brother's.

"I am no critic," said he, "though, like my cousin Thomas, I know what pleases me."

Ellen sought her mother's eye, to see what she could read there; but Mrs. Ellsworth's attention, just at that moment, was directed to a bead purse she was knitting.

"Now, Ellen," said Thomas, "if you could only think that there was nobody to hear you but me, you would sing first rate. I can tell you, sir, how she sings when we are here by ourselves."

"How does she?" asked Stanhope.

"Did you ever hear a sky-lark sing?"

"Yes."

"Then you know better than I can describe it to you."

Ellen, who had been running her fingers over the keys of the instrument, all at once glided gracefully into the prelude of the song before her. She gained courage as she proceeded, and when she commenced singing, the clear, liquid notes which gushed from her lips, justified her brother in comparing her singing to that of the sky-lark, for never did that bird of free and joyous wing, when soaring heavenward in the rosy light of morning, pour forth sweeter and more entrancing notes.

"You can see, cousin George," said Mrs. Ellsworth, "that Ellen's taste in music is not at all cultivated. She and the birds of the air, as Thomas intimated, are about on a par. I wish she was more like Anastasia, and would remember that in singing, as in everything else, a degree of propriety should be observed. But you must excuse her, cousin George."

"That, I am very ready to do, if she will only oblige me by singing another song. Or this duet," said he, quickly, seeing that Ellen was a good deal abashed by her mother's remarks. "It is one of my favorites; will you sing it with me, cousin Ellen?"

She complied, and Mrs. Ellsworth professed to be delighted with Stanhope's singing; his performance, she remarked, was so scientific and full of taste. He acknowledged the compliment by a bow, while a smile lurked in his eyes, which he, however, prevented from showing itself on his lips. The truth was, that although he had an ear for music, and a rich, melodious voice, he had never had the opportunity to cultivate his talent, so as to have any more claim to be considered a scientific performer than Ellen. Thomas judged more correctly than his mother, when he ventured the remark, that he never, in his life, heard two voices jingle together better than cousin George's and Ellen's.

"I am gratified that you think so," said Stanhope, a remark which Mrs. Ellsworth and Anastasia chose to consider more complimentary than sincere.

Anastasia maintained a cold reserve during the whole evening. Stanhope perceived it, and suspected the cause. He might, he thought, have been rather remiss in his attentions to her; for there was a wild-flower frankness about Ellen which pleased him a thousand times better than Anastasia's faultless beauty, who, as it appeared to him, did not move a hand without a view to effect, and had ever pictured before her, in imagination, Hogarth's wailing line of beauty. During the remainder of his visit, he would take care that his conduct was regulated by the rules of politeness, instead of abandoning himself to the impulse of his feelings. He was so successful that he was soon high in her favor, and she and her mother, the first time they had opportunity to compare notes, found that they possessed an almost perfect unanimity of opinion respecting him.

Ellen's opinion was not asked. It is doubtful if she was conscious of having formed one. Yet she knew that it was delightful to sit and listen to his conversation, and still more so to ramble in the woods and the fields with him and her brother; for there neither her mother nor Anastasia was watching her, and she could speak enthusiastically of the flowers, the birds, the sparkling brook, and the blue summer sky, without the expectation of being reproved for manifesting what was termed a childish admiration. She sometimes even ventured to laugh, and that so loud as to swell the bird-chorus that broke from the leafy coverts of the woods, without any fear of being told that she was rude. Thomas's admiration for his cousin was unbounded, which was chiefly to be attributed to his fancying that he and Ellen resembled each other; and one day, when he told Stanhope that his eyes were the color of Ellen's, he (Stanhope) sent by the next stage for a patent fishing rod, as a present for his young friend.

Stanhope several times mentioned that he was protracting his visit far beyond what he had intended the evening of his arrival; but Mrs. Ellsworth said that he must not think of leaving till after her husband returned, and the lips of Thomas, and the dark eyes of Ellen, were eloquent in their pleadings for him not to go. Even Anastasia said that papa would certainly be disappointed if he did not remain till after his return. As his affairs did not urge his departure, and inclination was in favor of remaining, he yielded ostensibly to Mrs. Ellsworth's polite invitation, though in reality to the silent and more eloquent one of Ellen's eyes.

Thus "all went happy as a marriage bell," when Monday, about five o'clock, the stage stopped in front of the gate. It could not be that Mr. Ellsworth had returned, for in a letter received Saturday, he named the ensuing Friday as the earliest period it would be possible for him to be at home, owing to an unexpected delay in the transaction of some of the details of his business.

A young and gentlemanly-looking man alighted, and a trunk was selected from the baggage, and placed at the entrance of the gate.

"Who can it be?" said Mrs. Ellsworth. "Thomas, run and open the gate, and wait on the gentleman in."

"Shall I bring the trunk?" asked Thomas.

"No, it is too heavy; John shall be sent for it."

Thomas ran down the gravel-walk, and telling the stranger that

some one would come in a minute for his trunk, said that his mother had sent him to wait on him into the house.

"I think that we can carry the trunk between us; can we not?" said the gentleman.

"O yes, sir," said Thomas, "but I don't like to trouble you to help carry it."

Thomas was not a little surprised, as he assisted to raise the trunk from the ground, to see on a card fastened to one end, the name of George Stanhope. He, however, made no allusion to it. On entering, the gentleman bowed to Mrs. Ellsworth, who had risen to welcome him.

"My name is George Stanhope," said he, perceiving that her manner was rather distant. "Perhaps your daughter did not receive the missive which should have reached her Saturday."

"No, they received nothing of the kind, and we already have a cousin here by the name of George Stanhope. I know that we have two cousins by that name, but we were not expecting both of them just at this time. You are quite as welcome, however, as if we had been."

"Much obliged to you," he replied, "and if it should be the cause of no inconvenience to you or your family, I shall consider it a fortunate circumstance that I arrived before my cousin's departure; for I have long wished for an opportunity of meeting him."

Anastasia now entered, to whom Mrs. Ellsworth introduced the unwelcome guest, for that he was unwelcome, was so palpable as to be easily seen through the cold veil of politeness, with which she sought to hide what she really felt. Anastasia went farther than her mother. She added superciliousness to coldness, so marked that it could not fail to be perceived by the newly-arrived Stanhope, and what was a little singular, it appeared to amuse, rather than annoy him.

Thomas, in the meantime, had gone in pursuit of Ellen and the other George Stanhope, who were out on a walk, to tell them the news, and request them to return home.

"He is not so handsome as you are, cousin George," said Thomas, "but he looks very well. Anastasia don't like him, I guess, for you cannot think how scornful she looked, when she found out who he was."

"That is rather strange," remarked Stanhope.

"No, 'tisn't," said Thomas. "It is because she thinks he is poor. Anastasia never likes poor folks."

"Thomas!" said Ellen, trying with all her might to look stern, and to speak in a tone of reproof.

"Well, it's no hurt to say so before cousin George. He can see that Anastasia is proud, as well as I can, and you won't tell our other cousin what I have said, will you?"

"Certainly not. I should be very sorry to deserve the reputation of a tale-bearer."

After the three had returned to the house, Mrs. Ellsworth and Anastasia held a long and private consultation.

"What are we going to do with him to-night?" said Mrs. Ellsworth.

"Put him into the south bedroom," said Anastasia.

"I am afraid it is so warm as to be hardly comfortable. There are no blinds, and the sun shines in from the moment it rises till it sets."

"If there are no blinds, there are curtains."

"Yes, thin muslin ones. I am sorry that we moved the bed out of the large east bedroom."

"Well, I am not. It makes a very good room for a library, and cousin George would have thought we were little better than Vandals to have had no place where there were accommodations for reading and writing."

"And what will the other cousin George think, to be put into that little hot room? I suspect that he will imagine we are going to try to suffocate him."

"If he don't like the room, he may have a buffalo-robe to spread on the piazza. There he will get plenty of air, which, as he is a backwoodsman, will probably be exactly what he will like!"

"I regret that he has come as much as you do, but now that he is here, we ought to treat him with decency."

"He will never suspect that he is not, unless he is told so. People who live out West, in the midst of bears and wolves, are not apt to be remarkably particular."

"I am sure that his dress is of good material, and fashionably made."

"He had the good fortune to employ a fashionable tailor, as he passed through some city on his way hither, I suppose."

"After all, I think you had better consent to have a bed moved into the library for him."

"I shall consent to no such thing," said the amiable Anastasia.

"If he don't like his accommodations, he will make his visit the shorter, which will be just what I like."

"Yet there is one advantage which may result from his being here."

"I can think of none."

"Don't you see that he may possibly be pleased with Ellen, which will prevent our other cousin from paying so much attention to her?"

"I don't consider Ellen as a rival. Cousin George has been accustomed to society too refined to be pleased with a girl whose manners are as unformed as hers."

They now returned to the parlor, where they found a lively discussion going on, relative to some distinctive appellation by which the two George Stanhopes could be known, the one from the other. He who had first arrived claimed it as his right to be addressed as "cousin George," which having been conceded, it was settled that the other should, on all occasions, be called "Mr. Stanhope."

Whatever might have been the amount of suffering endured by Mr. Stanhope in a sleeping apartment of so high a temperature as the little south bedroom might reasonably be supposed to be, there was nothing in his demeanor, when he met the family at breakfast, which betrayed the least dissatisfaction. Some time during the forenoon, he and cousin George found themselves alone.

"Is this your first visit here?" Stanhope inquired.

"It is, and I suspect that this is your first one, and that, like myself, you were personally unknown to any of the family."

"I had never seen any member of the family, except Mr. Ellsworth," said Stanhope.

"I thought so, and I have a strong suspicion that they are all laboring under some mistake, as respects our identity. I, as I have no doubt, am mistaken for you."

"What makes you think so?"

"Many things occur to me now to give me that impression, which, previously to your arrival, appeared to me somewhat enigmatical. Instead of the George Stanhope, the son of a western pioneer, who had nothing to start in life with, except a lot of wild land, a strong arm, and an energetic will, they imagine me to be the one who inherited a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars, and is, as I have heard, in a fair way to add to it another hundred thousand."

"I believe you are right, cousin George. Well, let them think so still. We will keep our own secret till the arrival of Mr. Ellsworth. How long have you been here?"

"Since last Wednesday."

"The very day my sister sent them word they might expect me. I was detained by an unforeseen occurrence, and wrote them that they need not expect me till Monday, but it seems they did not get my letter."

"I could not for the life of me," said cousin George, laughing, "imagine who had been blowing a trumpet before me; for when the stage stopped at the post-office, there stood a smart-looking, bright-eyed lad, inquiring with great earnestness for Mr. George Stanhope; and when your humble servant answered to the name, he presented Mrs. Ellsworth's compliments, and told me that she said I must not think of going to the hotel, but must come right along with him, as they should keep tea waiting till I came. I can assure you that the thought of my being so great a personage, as to have the news of my expected arrival precede me in that way, flattered my vanity not a little. You cannot imagine how humble I feel now."

"Yes," returned Stanhope, "it may well be said, 'O what a fall was there!' But what is your opinion of the ladies?"

"Why, Anastasia is a beauty, and she knows it; and Ellen—she is one of those lovely, bewitching little sylphs that always seem surrounded by a halo of light and joy, without the least consciousness of being anything more than a very common-place little maiden, who has no business to expect to be admired by any one, or even scarce thought of."

"Ah," said Stanhope, "I see that you have more than a cousinly regard for this wild rose, with the dew of morning still lingering in its heart. It will, therefore, be of no use for me to think of her, where you are."

"I am glad you think so, for I should not like to have you for a rival. Leave Ellen for me, and you are welcome to the superb Anastasia."

"You are very generous; but there's no hope for me in that quarter. Don't you see in what scorn she holds me?"

"She will cease to do that when she finds that you are the real Simon Pure. Her scorn will then be transferred to me."

"Yes, I have no doubt but that she will then perceive that I have solid attractions which she, at first, overlooked. I shall, however, just let her see that I value myself as highly as she does my gold. And now I think of it, George, I want to know what kind of accommodations you have as to lodging?"

"Good enough for a prince."

"Is there room enough on the floor for me to spread a blanket?"

"Plenty; why do you ask?"

"Because I was put into a little room last night, where nothing but a salamander, or to say the least, an inhabitant of the torrid zone could have existed. So I leaned out at an open window till all was still, and then stepped out upon the piazza, which I found had stairs leading to the garden, and there I walked till morning. Pity that I was not in a poetical mood, as I could have composed a sonnet to 'the moon, which was shining in all its glory.'"

"You shall have my bed to-night."

"No, all I want is a chance on the floor."

"Imagining you to be a backwoodsman, they thought you wouldn't be particular about your lodging, I suppose. I am certainly a lucky fellow in being mistaken for you. Now I think of it, there is a capital lounge in my chamber, where one might pass a night very comfortably."

"That will be just the thing. I wonder if Ellen has a voice in the household arrangements?"

"No, nothing more than a hand in them, as I can find. Mrs. Ellsworth and Anastasia give orders, and Ellen, with the help of the little maid-of-all-work, executes them. There she is now, gathering flowers in the meadow."

"What a light footed fairy she is!"

"And light-hearted now, though the overbearing Anastasia must, in time, take the lightness from her spirits, and then you know the buoyancy of her step and the sunlight of her face must go too."

"There is a remedy for that, if resorted to in season. She must be removed to an atmosphere more genial."

"And if she does not consent to be removed, it will not be my fault," said cousin George. * * * *

"It appears to me," said Mrs. Ellsworth, "that the manners of our backwoods cousin are quite as polished as the other's."

"I wonder you can think so," said Anastasia. "To me it is very easy to see that he lacks that indescribable refinement and polish acquired only by habitual intercourse with the best society."

"I like cousin George first rate," spoke up Thomas; "but I don't believe he is any more of a gentleman than Mr. Stanhope."

"Nor I," said Ellen, who at that moment entered with a basket full of wild flowers.

The little maid-of-all-work followed close on her footsteps, with a look of astonishment depicted in her countenance.

"The gentleman did not sleep in his bed," said she, "so it doesn't want any making."

"Which gentleman?" demanded Mrs. Ellsworth.

"The one you put into the little stived room."

"I don't believe any such thing," said Anastasia.

"He didn't, certainly," said the girl, "for the sheet was turned down over the counterpane, exactly as Miss Ellen taught me to do it."

"Ellen, go and see," said her mother.

When Ellen returned, her report tallied exactly with the girl's. She did not blame him, though she abstained from saying so; neither did her little assistant, who said to her, confidentially, that the south bedroom was as hot as an oven, and not fit for any Christian person to sleep in.

The incident caused Mrs. Ellsworth considerable perturbation of mind, and she again suggested the expediency of having the bed in the little south bedroom transferred to the library; an arrangement which Anastasia as peremptorily opposed as ever.

"We may as well treat him with decency," said Mrs. Ellsworth, when she and Anastasia were by themselves; "for, in my opinion, he would be quite a good match for Ellen."

"That is true, but it won't do to risk driving cousin George away by depriving him of an apartment intended expressly for his accommodation."

Anastasia, as she always did in all family arrangements, had her own way, to which Mrs. Ellsworth became more reconciled by finding that Stanhope appeared perfectly well satisfied with everybody and everything, more particularly with himself.

Friday came, the hour of five drew nigh, and Mr. Ellsworth was momentarily expected. No one counted the minutes with quite as much interest as the two George Stanhopes.

At last, full fifteen minutes past five, the stage stopped opposite the gate for Mr. Ellsworth to alight. Ellen and Thomas met him half-way down the gravel-walk, and Mrs. Ellsworth stood in the door-way to welcome him. Anastasia did not leave her seat on the sofa, till her father reached the parlor-door. She then rose, and held out her hand to him very gracefully. The unwelcome guest next advanced to meet him.

"I expected I should find you here," said Mr. Ellsworth, shaking him warmly by the hand. "I saw your sister about an hour before I started for home, who said that you would not probably leave till I arrived."

"No, not if I had been obliged to stay a week longer. I was not aware that you were absent from home, till after my arrival. You have not, I suppose, forgotten that you have another nephew by the name of George Stanhope?"

"By no means, though I never had the pleasure of seeing him."

"A pleasure you may now enjoy," and cousin George came forward, and was formally introduced.

"There is something in all this which I don't understand," said Mrs. Ellsworth.

"Why not?" asked her husband.

"Because I and all the rest of the family have had the impression that this was Lucy Stanhope's brother," designating, as she spoke, the cousin who had first arrived.

"O, no," said he, "I am the backwoods cousin."

"To say the least," said Mrs. Ellsworth, "I don't think it was right to deceive us."

"I certainly had no wish to deceive you."

"But you answered all our inquiries in a way which had a tendency to deceive us."

"I answered them all truly and honestly."

"Did you not say your sister was well when you left home, when Anastasia inquired for Lucy?"

"I said my sister was well, and so she was. I meant my sister Mary, and as Miss Ellsworth did not mention any name, I had no means of knowing that it was her cousin Lucy she had reference to."

"If there has been a mistake made as to the identity of our young friends," said Mr. Ellsworth, "let us make the best of it. Every person received as a guest is entitled to a proper degree of courtesy, which, I hope, neither of my young friends has failed to receive."

Here the two young men interfered, and both assured Mr. Ellsworth that they had enjoyed themselves admirably.

Anastasia, who had remained silent, had never suffered more intense chagrin. Ellen was agitated by a variety of emotions. Surprise, regret and pleasure were commingled—regret, on her sister's account, pleasure, on her own; for now that she knew the cousin she had admired so much was not a rich merchant, but the son of a western pioneer, hope whispered that which, one half hour previous, she dared not to entertain.

If Anastasia entertained any expectation that the young merchant, after what had taken place, would offer her his hand, she was doomed to be disappointed. Cousin George did not leave till more than a week after Mr. Ellsworth's return, and then it was understood that he and Ellen were engaged. They were soon afterwards married, and in a few years, the rise of lands, joined with his own enterprise, placed him, in point of wealth, on an equality with his cousin, the city merchant.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

Upon this page we give a fine view of Mademoiselle de Montijo, the Empress of the French, as she appeared on the occasion of her marriage with Napoleon, dressed in her bridal robes. Probably no event of modern times has excited more interest or awakened more speculation as to its future results, than this act of Napoleon's life. Out of France, busy political sight-seers and soothsayers indulge in all manner of prognostics; while within the capital the occasion furnished only a new excitement for the impassible and fickle-minded Parisians. Our account embraces both the civil and the religious ceremony. Although the religious and public ceremony of the Emperor's marriage with Mademoiselle de Montijo did not take place till Sunday, Jan. 30, the real and legal civil marriage was celebrated on Saturday evening. The Duke de Cambaceres, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, pro-

ceeded to the Palace of the Elysee at half-past eight o'clock, with two of the court carriages, to take the imperial fiancée to the Tuileries. The Rue Fanebourg St. Honore was crowded with people, who had assembled there as early as seven o'clock, to catch a glimpse of the bride. At the Elysee a battalion of cuirassiers was drawn up in the court of the palace, and, notwithstanding the inconvenient hour, a considerable crowd assembled to see the cortege. The Grand Master of the Ceremonies and his party remained but a few minutes in the palace. At half-past eight the beating of the drums *au champ*, and the salute of the troops, announced the arrival of the bridal party, and in a few minutes the Duke de Cambaceres issued from the principal entrance with the Imperial bride on his arm; the Marquis de Valdegamas, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Queen of Spain, following, with the Countess de Montijo, Duchess de Penaranda, the bride's mother. The ladies having taken their seats in the principal carriage, with the Duke de Cambaceres and the Marquis de Valdegamas on the front seat, the procession then started for the Tuileries, guarded as before by cavalry. It passed along the Rue du Fanebourg St. Honore, the Place de la Concorde, the Quay of the Tuileries, and entered the palace by the Place du Carrousel and the gate of the Pavillon de Flore. At the foot of the grand staircase of the Pavillon de Flore, the Imperial bride was received by the Grand Chamberlain (the Duke de Bassano), and the Grand Ecuier, the two chamberlains on duty, and the Emperor's orderly officers, who conducted her to the Salon de Famille, where the Emperor was waiting for her. At the entry to the first saloon, the Imperial bride was received by their Imperial Highnesses Prince Napoleon and the Princess Mathilde, when the party formed a procession, and proceeded to the Emperor's saloon. On approaching the drawing-room, the Chamberlain placed at the head advanced to apprise the First Chamberlain of the arrival of the cortege, and the Chamberlain announced the fact to the Emperor, Prince Jerome Napoleon and some other members of the family were with the Emperor. His Majesty, attired in the uniform of a General Officer, wore the collar of the Legion of Honor, which, it is said, belonged to his uncle, the Emperor Napoleon, and the collar of the Golden Fleece, which tradition assigns to the Emperor Charles V. The Cardinals, Marshals and Admirals, Ministers, Secretaries of State, the great officers and officers of the civil and military household of the Emperor, the Ambassadors and Ministers-Plenipotentiaries of the Emperor present in Paris, stood round the Emperor. His Majesty advanced to meet his bride. The Grand Master of the Ceremonies took the Emperor's last orders, and the cortege set out for the Salle des Marechaux, where the ceremony of the civil marriage was to be performed. Nothing could exceed the splendor of this magnificent hall, blazing as it was with painting and gilding, reflected by ten thousand lights, and filled with ladies, all in full dress, and most of them displaying a profusion of diamonds; and gentlemen in all the variety of costume, from the *habit brode* of the Senator to the *habit habille* of the simple rentier, and the magnificent uniform of the marshals of France to that of the colonel of infantry. The moment the doors of the Salle de l'Empereur were thrown open, the Master of the Ceremonies called out in a loud voice, "*L'Empereur!*" and the procession immediately moved on, proceeding slowly to the Salle des Marechaux, where the persons forming it took up the places allotted to them. The officers and grand officers, and the ladies of honor placed themselves behind the chairs of the Emperor and his bride according to their rank, the Ministers on the right of the Emperor's throne. His Majesty, having seated himself on his throne, invited the future Empress to be seated. The Emperor and his bride having taken their seats, the Master of the Ceremonies advanced to M. Fould, the Minister of State, and to M.

Baroche, the President of the Council of State, and invited them to approach the throne of the Emperor. The Minister of State and of the Emperor's household then advanced, and said in a loud tone: "In the name of the Emperor." At these words the Emperor and the future Empress both rose. M. Fould then continued: "Sire—Does your Majesty declare that you take in marriage her Excellency Mademoiselle Eugenie de Montijo, Countess de Teba, here present?" The Emperor replied: "I declare that I take in marriage her Excellency Mademoiselle Eugenie de Montijo, Countess de Teba, here present." The Minister of State then, turning to the bride, said: "Mademoiselle Eugenie de Montijo, Countess de Teba, does your Excellency declare that you take in marriage his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon III., here present?" Her Excellency replied: "I declare that I take in marriage his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon III., here present."



THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH IN HER BRIDAL COSTUME.

The Minister of State then pronounced the following words: "In the name of the Emperor, of the Constitution, and of the law, I declare that his Majesty Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, by the grace of God and the national will, and her Excellency Mademoiselle Eugenie de Montijo, Countess de Teba, are united in marriage." This being finished, the Grand Master of the Ceremonies informed their Majesties that the ceremony was terminated. The Emperor and the Empress, accompanied by their cortege, then retired. At an early hour on Sunday morning all Paris was astir, for the religious celebration. Shortly after nine o'clock large bodies of cavalry and infantry were seen directing their way from the different barracks in and around Paris towards the points allotted to them on the route between the palace of the Elysee and the palace of the Tuileries, and between the latter and the cathedral of Notre Dame. At the same time, the whole of the National Guards of Paris were called out for the purpose of doing honor to the day, by forming the line on one side of the

streets through which the procession was to pass, while the infantry of the line formed the other. A vast number of deputations of the trades and workpeople, with flags and banners, directed their steps towards the garden of the Tuileries, which was the spot specially set aside for that purpose. The preparations in the streets principally consisted of flags and banners. All along the new part of the Rue de Rivoli, the persons employed by the city of Paris, in the government works going on there, had erected Venetian masts, from which flags, pennons, handkerchiefs and oriflammes were profusely displayed. Each of the masts had the Imperial arms displayed, surrounded with tri-colored flags. On each side of the street Chinese lamps were festooned for the illuminations in the evening. The Hotel de Ville was magnificently ornamented with flags, gracefully festooned, precisely as it was on the occasion of the proclamation of the Empire. A few minutes

before eleven o'clock the Emperor appeared at the central window of the Tuileries, looking towards the Carrousel, and was recognized by many in the crowd, although the distance was too great for his appearance to be the signal of anything like a demonstration. The Emperor and Empress appeared a second time on the balcony of the Tuileries, when they were extremely well received by the people. His Majesty on this occasion wore a citizen's dress, with his decorations, and the Empress was attired in crimson velvet, with a white bonnet. The religious ceremony was performed in the church at Notre Dame, and the decorations of this splendid cathedral were of the most gorgeous character. We have not room for any details of them, but proceed at once to give the account of the religious rite there consummated. At half-past eleven the Imperial procession left the palace and began to move toward the church. The Imperial cortege consisted of six carriages, with six horses each, and the Emperor's carriage, drawn by eight horses. The carriages were richly gilt, and their state and construction denoted them to be not of the present day. They were, in fact, the same carriages which had figured on all public occasions in which Royal or Imperial personages had taken part, since the beginning of the century, or perhaps longer. At five minutes to one the Emperor and Empress arrived, and having been offered by the Archbishop the morsel of the True Cross to kiss, as well as the holy water and the incense, four ecclesiastics held a rich dais over the Imperial pair, and the procession advanced up the church. They were followed by the Countess de Montijo, the Ladies of Honor, the Ministers, the Marshals of France, and other great dignitaries. The cortege advanced towards the thrones, which were placed in the centre of the transept on a raised floor, covered with an ermine carpet. The Emperor and Empress took their places on their thrones. The Grand Master then intimated by a double salute, first to the Emperor, and next to the Empress, that the religious ceremony had commenced. Their Majesties then proceeded to the foot of the altar, giving to each other the right hand. The Archbishop, who officiated, then addressed the Emperor and the Empress, said to them, "You appear here for the purpose of contracting marriage in the face of the Holy Church?" The Emperor and the Empress replied, "Yes, sir." The Archbishop then addressed their Majesties and said, beginning with the Emperor, "Sire, you declare, affirm and swear, before God, and in face of his Holy Church, that you take for your lawful wife Mademoiselle Eugenie de Montijo, Countess de Teba, here present?" The Emperor replied, "Yes, sir." The Archbishop, continuing, "You promise and swear to observe fidelity to her in every respect, as a faithful husband is bound to do, according to the commandment of God?" The Emperor replied, "Yes, sir." The Archbishop then handed to the Emperor the marriage ring, which the Emperor placed on the fourth finger of the Empress's left hand, saying, "I give you this ring as a symbol of the marriage which we are contracting." The Emperor and the Empress then knelt down on crimson hassocks prepared for them, and the Archbishop, stretching forth his hands over them as they bent before him, pronounced the sacramental formula. The demeanor of the Emperor and Empress during the ceremony was dignified. The great *fete* happily passed off without any public accident, or even serious incident, considering the immense assemblage that had been drawn together.



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"A Song," by EDWARD STAGE.

PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT.

On pages 168 and 169, we present two admirable and very perfect likenesses of President Pierce and Vice President King. We could not give our readers at this time more appropriate pictures. They are, as will be perceived, bold, artistic, and finely executed; and when the reader remembers that he gets both these large original pictures for six cents, and at the same time an array of other valuable and interesting illustrations, not to mention the large amount of original reading matter, also furnished, from known and able authors, he will realize, what is now universally admitted, that the Pictorial is the cheapest paper in the world. The constant variety of the portraits which we are thus sending weekly to our subscribers must interest them vastly, and form, to those who preserve their numbers, a splendid gallery of portraits for future reference. We know that all will appreciate these noble pictures of the President and Vice President of the United States.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

It is confidently asserted that Jenny Lind is soon to visit us again, and to make a considerable stay in this country. Since we have witnessed Alboni's power, and listened to her sweet notes, have dwelt upon the delicate finish and perfection of Sontag, and, indeed, have been so thoroughly sufficed with musical delight, Jenny will come to a much sower market, than she met in America during her first visit. No person will for a moment suppose that there could be another so lucrative and triumphant tour made in the United States by any vocalist. New York, being a larger field, gives better encouragement to vocal talent than Boston or Philadelphia; and Alboni's late engagement at the Howard Athenæum shows, that, although the Bostonians are about to have a splendid opera house, the idea of supporting an opera here, for any length of time, is problematical, to say the least of it.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL increases in excellence with every issue. No other journal in the country furnishes so immense an amount of valuable matter, and so dazzling a display of artistic elegance. The moderate price, \$3 per annum, should place it in every family in the land.—*Hartford Gazette.*

SPLINTERS.

.... Madame Anna Thillon, we learn by our New Orleans exchanges, appeared in that city as "Lady Teazle," lately.

.... Lola Montez has, as usual, been in trouble at the South. Her dressing-maid, lately, had her arrested for assault and battery.

.... Mr. Hobbs, the famous Yankee locksmith, is still flourishing in London, and making, it is said, a fortune.

.... The Germania Musical Society are enjoying a large degree of deserved popularity in their exhibitions, this winter.

.... The Boston ladies talk of getting up a "Ladies' Literary Institute." That is right, ladies; you have our good wishes.

.... The New Yorkers have had, this season, sixty opera nights, and seventy grand concerts. This is quite a musical ovation.

.... They are about to erect a huge hotel in San Francisco, California, to be called the "Metropolitan Hotel of the Pacific."

.... We are gratified to learn that the American artists at Rome have opened a reading-room for their own use.

.... Great doubt is still expressed relative to the Ericsson discovery of motive power, but we believe it is already a "fixed fact."

.... Wm. Hamblin, son of the late Thos. S. Hamblin, recently deceased, has made a very successful debut on the New York stage.

.... We see it announced by the English papers that Mrs. Fanny Kemble will visit this country ere long.

.... A large and costly Catholic church, it is said, is about to be erected in Boston, this spring.

.... Forrest, the tragedian, has been playing another triumphant engagement at the Broadway Theatre, New York.

.... Madame Biscenacanti has closed her California stay, and departed to South America to warble her sweet notes.

.... In the new St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, there is a beautiful billiard saloon for the use of ladies exclusively.

THE AMERICAN NAVY.

We were pained, the other day, at reading a letter from an American dated at the port of Marseilles, France, describing the shabby appearance of our naval fleet, consisting of one frigate, two sloops and a crippled steamer, and driven into that port by stress of weather, and contrasting it with the French fleet, which beat out of the harbor of Toulon against a gale, and in weather which drove our poor span of vessels out of the open sea. While we were represented by three sail, the French squadron consisted of three first-rates of 140 guns, five line-of-battle ships, 90 and 120 guns, one frigate and two steamers. Other writers abroad have alluded to the same grievances, and there is no question but that we are wretchedly represented on the ocean. While our mercantile marine is exciting enthusiastic admiration, carrying our commerce into every sea, eclipsing the prowess of the first commercial nations of the globe, with their ages of experience, our navy is allowed to rank far below that of nations which have hitherto made no figure on blue water. The heart of every American salutes the stars and stripes wherever they float; but how must that heart sink when he beholds in a foreign port the pennant of a Yankee commodore in the van of a fleet which such a nation of notorious land-lubbers as the French can outshine and utterly eclipse. Is it right that the flag which has shone victorious in fifty battles—before which the meteor flag of England, which, as Campbell tells us, has braved for a thousand years the battle and the breeze, was compelled to strike again and again—should be so poorly sustained?

We are aware that our legislators, as an excuse for not increasing the navy, and when pressed by the alleged necessity of showing a formidable point to foreign powers, stave off the pressure somewhat in this way. They say our navy has covered itself with glory, and, as in the war of 1812, it humbled the pride of the mistress of the seas herself, there is no need now, in time of peace, of any farther demonstration of our naval power. Ah! gentlemen, 1812 was a great while ago. Though we and the power we then coped with remember perfectly well the events of those days, for they were the glory of one nation, and the shame of the other, still the moral influence of our triumph has ceased to be universal. Other nations may well forget our prowess. Besides, an entirely new state of things exists now, and the nations from whom we may anticipate hostilities are perfectly well aware that an entire change has come over the face of naval science. A new and most tremendous element has been introduced into the navies of the old world—steam! We are yet untried in steam warfare—a warfare that sets wind, tide and calm at defiance, and enables a ship to manoeuvre with every spar shot away, where one relying on canvass would be compelled to strike.

But, say our sages, when danger comes,—when war actually breaks out, we can soon put ourselves in a posture of defence and triumph. Very true; we question not that the resources of the country are inexhaustible, and the spirit of our people adequate to any emergency. But tell us, if you can, how many ships and how many priceless lives must be sacrificed at the first outburst of the calamity, before even our lightning speed can compete with the fruits of experiment and toil on the part of our natural enemies. Why, Great Britain is far stronger afloat than ourselves, and yet the navy of Great Britain, and the total inactivity of her admiralty, are a by-word and reproach on the lips of Englishmen. In the meanwhile, the French usurper, with the most splendid navy in the world, is constantly adding to his long and proud array of war-steamer and line-of-battle ships.

"In peace prepare for war," should be the motto of every nation, and every national administration. It is idle to talk about relying on the conversion of transatlantic steam-packets into war-steamer at a fortnight's or a month's notice. The experiment has never been tried; but we know pretty well, from sad experience, the usual results of altering and adapting to a certain purpose, a vessel built for a totally different purpose. Give us a few war-steamer of the largest size, and three or four 150 gun ships like the "Valma"—the boast of the French navy—and then we can cry, "hands off!" to all the world. It will cost ten times more to provoke a war by an exhibition of destitution, than to build a navy which will command the respect of the world.

CITY TELEGRAPHS.—In Boston they have introduced lines of telegraph throughout the city. The various stations connect—first, with the police offices of the wards, and then with the general office of the Chief of Police. The object is to concentrate a powerful force in the event of a fire or riot, or any other emergency. The cost is about \$12,500.

"ROSALTHE: or, The Pioneers of Kentucky."—The story, thus entitled, by Dr. J. H. Robinson, just completed in the Pictorial, is now published in book form, and may be had at any of the periodical depots throughout the country. Its popularity while being published in chapters, is a guarantee for the excellence and interest of the story.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—Woman's Rights, though not asserted, are recognized in Russia, we perceive. The Duchess of Leuchtenberg has just been chosen to preside over the Imperial Academy of Sciences.

A RICH STONE.—The Darya-i-noor diamond, said to be a purer gem than the Koh-i-noor, was recently sold at Calcutta for £5900, nearly \$30,000.

STATISTICAL.—A man who is seventy years old, has spent twenty-three years of his life in bed, and five years at table!

ROMANTIC.—An officer lately rescued a lady from a runaway horse, in Regent's Park, London, and won her hand, with £20,000.



MARRIAGES

In this city, Mr. Henry C. Doyd to Miss Elizabeth J. Fowler, both of Charlestown; Mr. Robert Craig to Miss Isabella Leonard.

By Rev. William Howe, Mr. Charles S. Pearson, of Cambridge, to Miss Sarah Hussey, of Boston.

By Rev. George F. Simmons, E. M. Clark, M. D., of Detroit, Mich., to Miss Fanny C. Bradford, of Boston.

At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. George W. Currier to Miss Eliza Nelson, both of Boston.

At Charlestown, Mr. John Ettinger, of C., to Miss Eunice Dalrymple, of East Boston.

At Haverhill, by Rev. Mr. Hensford, Mr. Alfred F. Kimball to Miss Harriet E. Dodge.

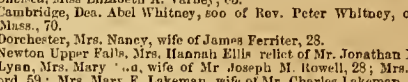
At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Joseph Burton to Miss Emily Gates; Mr. Edward A. Poulbry to Miss Lydia M. Bucklow.

At Beverly, by Rev. Joseph Abbott, Mr. George W. Strickland to Miss Elizabeth O. English.

In Framingham, by Rev. Joseph H. Phipps, Mr. Elbert Hemenway to Miss Lucy B. Sanger.

At Bristol, N. H., by Rev. E. T. Fernald, Mr. Albert A. Clifford, of Doston, to Miss M. Anderson, of Lowell, Mass.

At East Montpelier, Vt., by Rev. Eli Ballou, Mr. Newton Bontwell of Craftsbury, to Miss Deborah A. Davis, of East Montpelier.



DEATHS

In this city, William Davis, Esq., of Plymouth, 55; Mr. Charles Briotnall, 57; Mrs. Ruthy Wadsworth Richards, wife of Dr. Samuel Gregg, 51; Mrs. Chloe Ramsdell, widow of the late Reuben Ramsdell, 72; Agnes, wife of Andrew A. Evans, and daughter of James Kelt, 20; Mrs. Laura, wife of Mr. William Fairfield, and daughter of Mr. Joshua Stanley, of Dublin, N. H.

At South Boston, Mrs. Margaret Stewart, wife of Thomas Hypon, 20.

At Chelsea, Miss Elizabeth A. Varney, 63.

At Cambridge, Des. Abel Whitney, 200 of Rev. Peter Whitney, of Northboro, Mass., 70.

At Dorchester, Mrs. Nancy, wife of James Ferriter, 23.

At Newton Upper Falls, Mrs. Hannah Ellis, relict of Mr. Jonathan Ellis.

At Lynn, Mrs. Mary, a wife of Mr. Joseph M. Rowell, 23; Mrs. Mary R. Bleckford, 59; Mrs. Mary F. Lakeman, wife of Mr. Charles Lakeman, 25.

At Salem, Miss Mary Celinda Farnum, 19; Mrs. Nancy Brown, 75; Miss Elizabeth Nourse, 22.

At North Danvers, Mr. Simon Mudge, 77.

At Marblehead, Mrs. Mercy C., wife of Mr. Levi Morse, 61.

At Kingston, Col. John Thomas, 87.

At Reading, Lyman F., son of Mr. Samuel Holbrook, 22.

At Provincetown, Capt. Joseph V. Foster, formerly of Medford, 31; Chelena H., daughter of Capt. Jesse N. and Augusta Williams, 14.

At Savannah, Ga., of consumption, Bradford J. Clark. His remains were brought to Groton for interment.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

NELLY.

BY PHOEBE BARRY.

I'm glad you "don't love him,"
I really did fear,
(Nay, frown not so terribly,
Nelly, my dear);
His voice was so witching,
His eyes were so bright,
Though you did not yet love him,
I feared that you might!

So you're candid, now, Nelly,
You're telling me true,
"His voice never sounded
Bewitching to you."
Yet I sometimes have thought
When you heard his soft tone,
That a little more tenderness
Spoke in your own.

And you're sure you don't care, now,
My dear little elf,
"Who else he talks love to,
So 'tis not yourself."
Sometimes when your forehead
Such crimson would take,
I suspected—no matter,
I've made a mistake.

Nay, do not now, Nelly,
O, do not be mad;
Since you say you don't love him,
It makes me so glad;
Because I would never
Have told it, you see,
But honestly, darling,
He's talked love to me!

Are you glad he has done
What you wished him to do;
That he talked about love
To another than you?
Yes, you surely must feel
Quite a sense of relief,—
But those tears are not joyous,
That sob is like grief!

He said he had hidden it
Long in his breast,—
How you tremble; nay, listen,
I'll tell you the rest.
He said, just as true
As I sit here alive,
That he loved you, dear Nelly,—
A-ha! you revive!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE VALENTINE: AND WHAT BECAME OF IT.

BY REV. HENRY DACON.

A CHEERFUL group were gathered about a centre table, where the bright solar lamp diffused its brilliance, and the ample grate its warmth. The windows were curtained, the doors closed, and no impediment was in the way of the enjoyment of a happy evening,—those "fireside enjoyments and intimate delights" that Cowper celebrates as belonging peculiarly to winter. The storm pelted at the windows only to increase the sense of security, which was only modified by the remembrance of the many who were exposed to the wild severity of the season.

It was February in leap year, and the conversation turned on valentines, and many a story was told to illustrate the maxim, "Many a true word is spoken in jest." This prompted the composition, in which these friends mutually celebrated each other's charms; and it was remarked that leap year must have some peculiar gift for the ladies, because they excelled so greatly in their efforts that evening, and it was rather feared that the triumph of the "woman's rights" movement might take away the glory of this year, when chivalry is reversed, and woman is the gallant.

"Come, Maga," said Herbert, one of the company, "try your hand at something more serious. You are just in the humor for it. Your rhymes ring as pleasantly as sleigh-bells, and they run as smoothly as Mrs. Nichols's ice cream. Come, be serious, and see what will come of it."

"What can I do that's serious?" cried Maga, with one of her little hysterical laughs.

"Nothing, of course, but in the way of making the poetry good," was the reply; "I didn't mean anything more."

"Did n't you? But who shall I write to? I must have somebody in my mind—"

"Heart, you mean."

"There, now," said Maga, "you are serious."

"Yes, a little bit. Write to the only one who ever proved what a garden of roses can bloom instantly on your cheeks. You remember the introduction, don't you?"

"Don't mention it!" cried Maga, with both hands uplifted and laid on her crimsoning face. "What in nature made me blush so? There was no reason for it, and I was heartily ashamed of it."

"The heart don't always have a reason for the roses it makes; but come, you are now in the best mood for a good effort. You'll get off a sparkling thing, I know; every line will flash with wit, and every idea be poetry."

Maga took her pencil again, and it flew over the paper. The

lines multiplied, and the deep blush that lately overspread her face sent its warmth to the imagination; and though she did not dream he would ever know it, yet it was some comfort to think he would have a better specimen of her ability than was given when she received him at the introduction with such confusion.

The poem was soon finished. It was a rare effort, and it was read to the group, to the delight of all. A young minister was its hero, and capably it hit off the perplexities of such an official in a marriageable condition, and the anxieties of the mamas who had daughters admirably fitted to divide the duties of the parish with him.

"Copy and send it!" was the general response when the reading was finished, not one supposing the rhyme would outlive St. Valentine's day.

The missive was sent, mailed in a city where it was not written, and with the mirth of the season the little incident which occasioned that poem was forgotten.

Another quiet evening was granted to nearly all of the same group, in the same cheerful room. Books, maps, periodicals, writing and sewing materials, told how diversified were the intentions of the group gathered about the light on the round table. But as a jest or a story will sometimes enliven a whole circle of friends and cause work to be laid aside for play, so on this occasion a fountain was opened, where, Hagar-like, they thought there was none. The lively conversation ran all sorts of rounds, till at length the subject of valentines was introduced, and each one had stories to tell of the late season.

"Maga," said Herbert, "what do you think became of yours?" She started at the recollection of the poem she had written, and the idea that she might possibly be detected was a real distress. She seemed to doubt for a moment whether Herbert had sent it as she directed, and she breathed more freely when he seriously assured her that he had done all her commands.

Then came up the discussions concerning the ways in which the origin of such a missive might be traced out, but Maga's heart was stout against them all.

"It is n't possible!" she exclaimed. "I should go into a fit, if I thought I could be discovered."

"O don't!" exclaimed Frank; "I never saw a lady improve her looks by a fit—except it was a capital one, like that cap-a-pie of yours, Maga."

"Be still, Frank; you're always running a head, and will never be in danger of catching a heart," replied Maga.

"I shall catch one when the fit is right—yours is too little," said Frank.

"O dear! it seems large enough the way it beats now! What shall I do if I am found out? I wish I never had written a rhyme in my life. I wish I had that ugly thing safe back again!"

"What's the matter?" said Herbert; "I thought you were at rest about that affair being discovered. It is n't possible, you said; and as for its being ugly, you know better than that."

"Well, well, let us forget it."

"Forget it! forget the best thing you ever did in that line? But, Maga, where did you copy that valentine?"

"Where? why, to be sure, it was in your study," she answered. Herbert gave a clear, shrill whistle that made more than Maga start up in surprise.

"My study!" he exclaimed, as though talking to himself; "and at my small desk, too, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes; and what do you mean?"

"Mean," said Herbert, "why I mean that the hero of your valentine was here last week, and was entertained in my study."

"Well, did the study tell him anything about me?"

"I don't know. I'll go up and ask it, if you wish. But when he was here, he took up a sheet of ornamental paper out of a portfolio at my desk, and while I was hunting up some facts for him on a subject he was studying, he asked me if I had any more such. I told him I did n't know I had that, as I thought I had used it all up long ago. 'I'd give,' he said, 'a good deal to know who wrote me a poem on a sheet like that, some weeks ago.' What, I replied, do you have poems written to you? 'Yes,' he answered, 'and some good ones, too. Last Valentine's day I had one on a sheet like that—keen, witty and beautiful. It puzzles me. Did you ever give away any paper like that?' I told him no. Have you the poem with you? I asked him, and he promised to send it, and I gave him the sheet of paper."

"It's all out now!" exclaimed Maga, as soon as Herbert had ended. During his story she had changed color as many times as could be desired to show emotion. "Well, he'll know it's only a joke; but I hope I shall never meet him again, for I shall die in agony if I do."

"You are not to be killed so easily," said Frank. "I've known ladies to survive quite a number of such catastrophes."

The poor girl's trouble soon increased by discovering that in the picture around the initial letter, on the sheet, was the representation of a lady offering a heart to a gentleman, for it happened that Herbert had written a valentine to his sister on one of the sheets of the fatal paper, and she had brought it from a secretary drawer to the table.

"What shall I do?" she cried, with no little earnestness.

"Do? why I think you've done enough," said Frank. "Now don't go into a fit. He'll only think it was a joke."

"I doubt that," answered Herbert, "for there was too much heart in the poetry; and it was n't all a jest."

"Come, Herbert, that's too bad," said Maga, reproachfully.

"Do you think I was serious?"

"Yes, I told you to be so," he replied.

"Yes, so you did about the poetry."

"And that's done the work. Serious poetry is very affecting."

Maga could abide this bantering no longer. She took her sewing and attempted to excel in silence; she dropped that, and took

up a book; she laid that down, and began to talk about a visit she made down east, but the engrossing subject spake from the laughing eyes of the group, however she attempted to turn the current of their thoughts. The evening ended with the declared resolution that she would keep out of the way of him who seemed destined to bring her into confusion.

Herbert could not let her go at that, but called after her as she left the room, "No! into confusion, Maga, but into holy orders."

Blossoming spring bloomed into summer, and Maga was accompanying a number of lady friends on a picnic in a beautiful grove. The day was delightful. The aroma from the new-mown meadows floated in and mingled with the odor of the noble pines, so that the woods were redolent of fragrance. The slanting rays of the sun as he was journeying to the west, shot in amid the trees and lighted up their beauty, as when the lights of the altar send their brilliance up amid the gothic arches of the cathedral, and make the elaborate sculpturing stand out in bold relief. Suddenly, where there was no escape, the hero of her valentine appeared, to the great delight of several of the company with whom Maga was strolling, but to her great distress.

A moment, and the distress was gone. A strange serenity took possession of her feelings, and she being the most of a stranger, the young clergyman felt obligated to pay her the most attention.

A walk in the woods strangely separates companies into couples, the paths being so many and so divergent; and Maga and her Valentine (not the poem) were walking by themselves, and she was seen picking a rose to pieces, who was always so careful to preserve every flower she plucked. As she had done the writing, she evidently seemed to think it right for him to do the talking, and she certainly was a very attentive listener. She heard his question and she answered it, and the rapid running round the border of that valentine sheet now seemed to float out before them as angels, weaving a rosy garland to encircle them as one.

They are now one in the holiest of the relations and duties of life; and on the evening when the marriage was solemnized, the feeling was very general among the bridal group, that when a young lady is uncommonly eloquent in penning a valentine, she means more than a jest, and is serious; or she must be more careful than Maga was in the choice of her paper and place of writing.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HEADACHE—A SONNET.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Of the ten thousand ills and dire distresses
That pester man in this cross world, and break
His little peace, thou art the worst, headache!
When he is in the mood for the caresses
Of ease, and pert and trimmed for the addresses
Of any little comfort, thou dost make
His very hair stand upon end and quake
With fear; while he quick prayeth to Nemesis!
O, what a headache must King Jupiter
Have suffered when Minerva, ready-armed,
Rose from his brain, a born philosopher!
Who would not be a god? when, all unarm'd,
His very aches breed Wisdom in gold bonnet,—
While here my headache bringeth naught but this rude sonnet!

MODERN VS. ANCIENT SCIENCE

It is certainly the most provocative and wonderful thing in the history of positive knowledge, that many of the best results of modern science were anticipated, some four or five centuries before Christ, by the physiological and other schools of Greek or Egypto-Grecian philosophy. They did not, indeed, propose to draw forth some precious and unheard-of combustible airs from the olive-oils of their country-groves, and send them all through Athens in a system of arterial tubes, to illuminate the city of Minerva when Diana should be resting from the labors of the chase; nor to cross the Hellespont, nor tempt the broad Ægean in fantastic barges rowed by fire and water; nor to whisper words of amity to their allies, defiance to their enemies, swifter far than the flight of a dove to her mate, through the invisible hollows of a copper wire; nor to dash strange metals out of marble and natrum by means of subterranean levin-brands, fished from the carriers of Vulcan on their way to the heaven of Jupiter Tonans; nor to make a hundred complex calculations of the disturbing forces exerted by one huge planet or another; nor to go and seek another hemisphere, or make experiments with electron at the North Pole; nor to dig extinguished worlds of animation from the laminated hide of the old earth; nor yet to sprinkle the ground with urine and the far-fetched dung of monstrous birds. It was never in the divining, the excavation, and the intellectual manipulation of the concrete sects of nature that they came before, excelled, or even equalled the men of renovated Christendom. In the art of experiment, and in trying to find his way with untripped step among details, the Greek was as feeble as a child; whereas in the sphere of ideas and vast general conceptions, as well as in the fine art of embodying such universals and generalities in beautiful and appropriate symbols, it is not a paradox to say that he was sometimes stronger than a man.—*Westminster Review.*

FRANKLIN.

Not the half of Franklin's merits have been told. He was the true father of the American Union. It was he who went forth to lay the foundation of that great design at Albany; and in New York he lifted up his voice. Here among us he appeared as the apostle of the Union. It was Franklin who suggested the Congress of 1774, and but for his wisdom, and the confidence that wisdom inspired, it is a matter of doubt whether that Congress would have taken effect. It was Franklin who suggested the bond of union which binds these States from Florida to Maine. Franklin was the greatest diplomatist of the eighteenth century. He never spoke a word too soon; he never spoke a word too late; he never spoke a word too much; he never failed to speak the right word at the right season.—*Bancroft.*

.... Mankind are the creatures of books, as of other circumstances, and such they eternally remain; proofs that the race is a noble and a believing race, and capable of whatever books can stimulate.—*Leigh Hunt.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Governor Clifford, of this State, has been very ill, but is recovering.—An Irishman named Michael Coffey died in Charlestown recently, in consequence of having drunk, from a bottle at Dyar's morocco factory, a quantity of liquid containing vitriol, supposing it to be liquor.—We look with earnest interest to see the Pacific Railroad commenced.—The City Hall, of New Bedford, was lighted with gas, for the first time, on Friday evening week.—We see it confidently asserted that Jenny Lind is about to visit this country for a second time.—An English physician writing from Bendigo Diggings, 100 miles N. W. of Melbourne, Australia, says: "Colt's revolvers fetch £25 at the diggings, and are quite in common use. A 26s. brace of pistols will here bring £5."—George Lodai hung himself for some unknown reason in New York city.—Madame Alboni, we hear, has an existing engagement with a manager in Paris, and is expected to return to Europe, in order to sing there in May.—It is strongly proposed to annex Charlestown to Boston.—The Order of Odd Fellows in the United States embraces 36 grand lodges. The aggregate of lodges belonging to these several bodies number 2729. The number of contributing members is 193,293.—Lydia Harrod took poison in Philadelphia, and died from it. Cause unknown.—Mr. Wm. McFarlin, of Lowell, shot an eagle in Dracut, which weighed 13 pounds, and measured 7 1-2 feet from the tip of one wing to the other.—Wm. C. Hodd died of delirium tremens in New Orleans, a few days since.—Four ships, designed for the whale fishery, are on the stocks at Mattapoisett, and upon their completion, three more are to be immediately commenced.—The coach and horses designed as a gift to the President by his Boston friends, are a very splendid affair.—In Quebec, dogs draw the ears of the milkmen around the city. In New York, as well as in Constantinople, they have been treated as gentlemen of leisure, otherwise called drones, having no particular employment.—Horace D. Quinn cut his throat at Buffalo, after a gambling spree.—Philip Allen & Son, manufacturers of prints, at Providence, R. I., have recovered a verdict of \$4250.66 damages, in the Circuit Court at Louisville, Ky., against A. Gowdry & Co., in an action for counterfeiting their labels and affixing them to prints of different quality.—Macallister gave his first entertainment at the American Theatre, New Orleans, on the 10th ult.—Judge Perkins, while sitting upon the bench at the Criminal Term, now in session in Salem, sentenced a man named Howard to three years in the State Prison, and six days' solitary confinement, for obtaining \$8 under false pretences.

QUIET AMUSEMENT.

The English Quakers, it appears, have a passion for the game of billiards. Many of the wealthiest of them, says a London paper, indulge in the most magnificent billiard rooms, having them detached from their country houses, and brilliantly lighted up whenever they have company; and thither they resort after dinner, and play often till a late hour, the ladies sometimes taking a mace with them. There is a Quaker lady now living, and a most excellent woman she is, who might, if she chose it, challenge most of the gentlemen in England at the game—using the cue, too—with every chance in her favor. Chess is also a game in which many of the "Friends" excel.

LABOR LAW IN RHODE ISLAND.—The Senate of Rhode Island lately passed a bill regulating the employment of minors in factories. The act provides that children under twelve years shall not be employed in any manufacturing establishment in that State, and children between twelve and fifteen shall not be employed more than eleven hours in any one day, nor more than nine months in any one year, and these children must attend school at least three months in the year. The bill provides that ten hours shall constitute a day's work.

TELEGRAPH TO INDIA.—The Genoa correspondent of the Newark Advertiser states that "Mr. Brett, whose name is well known in the United States, is now in Turin, negotiating with the government for a sub-marine line from the coast to the island of Sardinia, by the way of Corsica. France, it is intimated, will bear her share in the expense. From Sardinia the projected line is to be carried on to Alexandria, or some other point on the coast of Africa, and thence onward to India, China, etc."

INTERESTING.—The room in the inn at Stratford-upon-Avon, in which Washington Irving once slept, is still called "The Washington Irving room;" and the name of the amiable author of the "Sketch Book," in his own hand, is still legible upon the wall. When unengaged, this apartment is always assigned to American travellers.

WANDERERS.—Three Japanese, the first of that people supposed to have ever set their feet on English soil, arrived at Liverpool, a few weeks ago, having been picked up in the Pacific Ocean. They have acquired some knowledge of the English language during the time they have been on board ship.

NAVAL.—The Russian expedition, fitted out ostensibly for a scientific cruise in the waters near Japan, but in reality to watch the American expedition, consists of the frigate Pallas, a screw steamer, and a transport, under the command of Admiral Pontatin.

QUEER CALCULATION.—It would require several horses to draw all the strings of a piano-forte to concert pitch, the strain upon them, when in perfect tune, being about seven tons.

RATHER EARLY.—The citizens of New Orleans are regaling themselves on nutmeg melons, plums and green corn.

Wayside Gatherings.

Charles Bradley has been appointed assistant appraiser at Boston, with a salary of \$2000.

Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., have lent Spain 57,000,000 reals on the security of the national property.

A young woman in Waltham found \$500 wrapped up in three pocket handkerchiefs, and concealed in a stone wall.

A cab driver in New York has been fined \$10 and costs for charging a passenger over fire, and abusing him into the bargain.

The winter in Vermont has been so mild that maple sugar in large quantities is already in the market.

The miners in the interior of California are still suffering much from the late floods and the great scarcity of provisions.

Hungary is reduced to a shocking condition by predatory bands of outlaws, composed of the soldiers in the late civil war.

A German Association in New York have purchased twenty acres, near Astoria, where they propose forming a colony.

The Aberleyn (ship) from New York, was run into near San Francisco; she bilged and sunk; her cargo being totally lost.

The House of Correction for Suffolk is said to have thirty more inmates, at the present time, than there are suitable accommodations for.

Harvey Thompson, of Independence, Ky., and his young son, were found on the 9th ult., frozen to death in a buggy five miles from Cincinnati, back of Covington.

St. Louis papers announce that their market is cleared of hemp, the last lot of 82 bales having been sold at \$115 per ton. Sales of new have been made on the Missouri at \$80 to \$90 per ton.

The United States and Pacific Mail Steamship Companies have determined to establish a weekly line to California. The arrangement will take effect on the 20th of March.

The fare from Philadelphia to Cincinnati, by way of the Pennsylvania railroad and the Ohio river, is now only eleven dollars. The river is in very fine navigable order.

A young lady residing on Vine street, Cincinnati, while dressing for a ball not long since, was seized with an attack of typhoid fever, and died in her ball dress about three hours after.

Thomas Casey, charged with murder, has confessed that, quarreling with Ouvia Taylor about half a dollar, he killed him, and when Mrs. Taylor came to the door, he killed her also.

It is stated that Father Gavazzi, a brilliant orator, and an opponent of Roman Catholicism, who has lately been lecturing in England and Scotland, is shortly expected in this country.

It is said that a singular musical novelty has been introduced into a musical performance at Rome. In Verdi's new opera of the *Troisdaour*, an *avril* chorus with an accompaniment of *sledge-hammers*, is introduced.

The Artesian well at Charleston has reached the extraordinary depth of 930 feet, without coming to water. A tube has been inserted of six inches in diameter, connected by screw joints, the entire distance.

It is seriously contemplated by the directors of the Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad, to cut a tunnel under the city of Cincinnati, to connect with the Hillsborough and Parkersburg roads, or some other direct Eastern route.

Foreign Items.

There is talk of establishing a naval militia in England.

Dr. Newman has been fined £100 for his libel on Achilli.

Large bodies of Russian troops are moving towards the Turkish frontier.

Belgium is on the point of entering into close relations with Russia.

M. Considerant, ex-member of the Legislative Assembly of France, is about to embark from Belgium for America.

A change is contemplated in the port of arrival of some of the American steamers, but nothing is positively known as yet.

The shipyards of Bristol are stated to be full of work, and the operative shipwrights have demanded an increase of wages. The house carpenters are also demanding higher pay.

A company has been advertised for constructing an Atlantic and Pacific Junction Canal through the Isthmus of Darien, at a cost of £15,000,000 sterling.

It is believed that a treaty of commerce for 12 years between Austria and Prussia, together with reconstruction of the Customs union, is actually settled.

The Vienna Lloyds announces the definite arrangement of the differences which have for some time existed between Austria and the United States.

The Turks commenced active operations against the Montenegrins, Jan. 12th. During the day three villages were destroyed by fire. Omar Pacha, with 24,000 troops, was pushing on towards the capital.

Lady Franklin, the devoted wife of Sir John Franklin, still entertains the fond hope that her long-absent husband will again be restored to her, and her whole energies at the present time are directed to the sending out of the Isabel, screw steam-vessel.

The ship *Maries*, on her passage from Liverpool to Caldera, when ten miles from the equator, in lon. 19, met with a remarkable convulsion of the sea, similar to what might be caused by the eruption of a submarine volcano.

Commander Inglefield, who was captain of the steamer *Isabel* during her search for Sir John Franklin, is appointed to the command of the Phoenix steamer, now fitting out at Deptford, to sail the first week in May for the Arctic regions.

The Earl of Beauchamp, lately deceased, left property to the amount of £700,000. His will provides that £60,000 be expended in building and endowing almshouses at Maddersfield, for decayed and destitute agricultural laborers.

Two persons lost their lives in London, during a fog, by accidentally walking into the canal. A woman was drowned on the shore at Whitstable, the fog preventing her observing the tide coming in.

A newspaper manufactory is to be started in Dublin, one printing establishment having issued a prospectus for four newspapers for as many different towns. Three of the papers are to advocate conservative principles, while a fourth is to be an ultra democrat.

A summersault match for 200 guineas has recently been concluded in London, between Mr. Arthur Barnes, an English, and Mr. Hiram Franklin, an American athlete, in favor of the former. Barnes threw 393, and Franklin 313 summersaults. On the last evening Barnes threw 76, and Franklin 58.

Sands of Gold.

.... Greatness, supported by goodness, is hard to be overthrown.

.... A good book is the best of friends—the same to day and forever.—*Tupper*.

.... Now, no chastisement for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous; but afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness in those who are exercised thereby.—*Scripture*.

.... Men scanning the surface count the wicked happy; they see not the frightful dreams that crowd a bad man's pillow.—*Tupper*.

.... It is easier to make subjects than to keep them. Men may submit to the force of arms, but they never obey but a just power.

.... Truthfulness is a corner-stone in character, and if it is not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.

.... Bold outrages are to be feared at the first heat; when they have taken time, they abate of themselves, and as the fictions grow stale, they utterly fail.

.... Man, being not only a religious, but also a social being, requires for the promotion of his rational happiness, religious institutions, which, while they give a proper direction to devotion, at the same time make a wise and profitable improvement of his social feelings.—*Josiah Ballou*.

.... A mother once asked a clergyman when she should begin the education of her child, which she told him was then four years old. "Madame," was the reply, "you have lost three years already. From the very smile that gleams over an infant's cheek, your opportunity begins."—*Bishop of Norwich*.

.... The progress from infancy to boyhood is imperceptible. In that long dawn of the mind we take but little heed. The years pass by us, one by one, little distinguishable from each other. But when the intellectual sun of our life is risen, we take due note of joy and sorrow.—*Burry Cornwall*.

Joker's Budget.

Hope—Life's patent medicine, with which many are miserably deceived.

If a police officer is after you, the best thing you can do is to lock the door and then bolt yourself.

"Tilly," said a mother to her daughter, who had seen but three summers, "what should you do without your mother?" "I should put on, every day, just such a dress as I wanted to," was the prompt reply.

"I don't believe it is any use to vaccinate for small pox," said a backwoods Kentuckian, "for I had a child vaccinated, and he fell out of a window and was killed, in less than a week after."

A butcher let a sailor have a shoulder of mutton on trust, but finding in a day or two after, that he had gone to a foreign land, said: "My word! but if I had known he never intended paying, I would have charged him a cent a pound more for it!"

"If I was one of those city traders," said a country youth, "I should be ashamed to keep advertising one single 'ho for California;' shovels is better, and they might as well advertise a thousand on 'em while they are about it."

A man with eleven daughters was lately complaining that he found it hard to live. "You must husband your time," said another, "and then you will do well enough." "I could do much better," was the reply, "if I could husband my daughters."

A pickpocket, who had been *ducked* for his mal-practices, accounted to his brethren for the derangement of his appearance, by coolly observing, that he had not been able to change his dress since his return from a celebrated *watering-place*!

A psycho-magnetic physician, of Taunton, Mass., the place where they catch alewives, advertises to cure all diseases by the aid of clairvoyance, animal magnetism and "a New Bedford lady." Persons at a distance, who cannot appear personally, are apprized that by sending "a lock of their hair," postpaid, with a fee simple, their condition can be ascertained and the disease under which they are laboring cured. No person who wears a wig need apply.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION,

AN ELEGANT, MORAL AND REFINED

Miscellaneous Family Journal,

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F. GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

THE FRENCH EMPRESS.

On another page, we have given a fine engraving, representing the French Empress in her bridal robes, with a full description of the wedding ceremonies. Herewith we give a portrait of the lady as she appears divested of the trappings of state. She is represented as rather beautiful in person, and as exhibiting traits of character and talents of marked vigor and strength, well polished by education and culture. For upwards of two years, the attachment between Napoleon and herself has existed, it is said, on both sides. With regard to the parentage of Md'le. de Montijo, her father belonged to one of the most ancient of the noble houses of Spain. He was a grandee of the first class, of a family which, for several centuries past, has contracted alliances with the oldest and most glorious houses in Europe. The Count de Montijo fought bravely under the standard of France, as Colonel of Artillery in the Peninsular war. At the battle of Salamanca he lost an eye, and had his leg fractured. When the French army were driven out from the Peninsula, the Count accompanied them in their retreat, and continued to serve in the French army. He was decorated by the Emperor himself for the courage he displayed in the campaign of 1814. When the allies marched upon Paris in 1814, Napoleon confided to the Count the task of tracing out the fortifications of the capital, and placed him at the head of the pupils of the Polytechnic School, with the mission to defend the Buttes de St. Chasmod. In executing these duties, he fired, it is said, the last guns which were discharged before Paris in 1814. The Count died in 1839, when Md'le. Eugenie was twelve years of age. The true *sangre azul* of the great Alonzo Perez de Guzman, who defended Tarifa in 1292, flows in her veins. The first Count de Teba was created about 1492, by Ferdinand and Isabella, for his gallant conduct before Granada. Her grandfather, Palafox, was the heroic defender of Saragossa, against the French invaders of Spain—a fact which is not so strongly insisted upon by the government papers as the military exploits of her father. When the Count de Teba was about to marry Miss Kirkpatrick, the daughter of a Consul at Malaga, it was necessary, as he was a grandee of Spain, to obtain the King's consent. The descent of the Kirkpatricks was rather less illustrious than that of the defender of Tarifa, but the Scottish heralds set to work with such diligence that a suitable pedigree was produced, and Ferdinand exclaimed, "Let the good man marry the daughter of Fingal." The issue of this marriage was the lady who now attracts so large a share of the attention of Europe, and who combines, by descent, the pride and energy of the Spanish and Scottish races. Md'le. Montijo was born in Granada, in the year 1827. She possesses considerable personal attractions, but more in the style of English than Spanish beauty. Her complexion is extremely fair—her features are regular, and yet full of expression—and her manners extremely winning. In stature, she is slightly above the middle height. The *tertulias* of the Countess de Montijo and her mother at Madrid, used to comprise all that was most distinguished in rank and eminence in Spanish society. The family usually quitted Madrid during the hot season, passing the summer at some watering-place in the south of France, and the winter in Paris. The education of the young Empress has been superior to that generally received by Spanish ladies who do not travel, and she is said to be what the French call *spirituelle*. For some years the young Countess de Teba or Montijo, who is now about twenty-five, has enjoyed at Madrid the reputation of an exceedingly *fast* woman. Tall, graceful, of statuesque symmetry of person, with luxuriant auburn or rather red hair, a pale complexion, which has latterly stood in need of a little rouge, great electrical eyes of brown, so deep and radiant as to pass for black, rather long and aristocratic



PORTRAIT OF EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

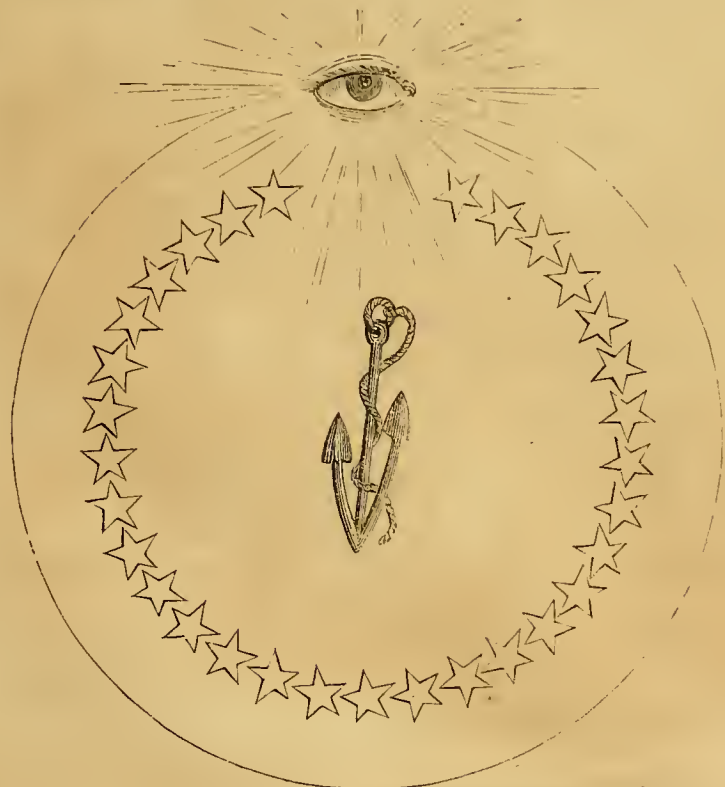
features, a large but exquisitely sculptured nose, a lovely mouth, and teeth of dazzling whiteness, and is a type of admirable beauty, which a peculiarly languid air hardly diminishes. Endowed with uncommon wit and spirit, she speaks French, English, Italian and German with as much fluency as Spanish. A proficient in exercises of strength and address, she rides with the boldest, and drives four-in-hand with the most skillful. Md'le. de Montijo is also a great sportswoman, and very popular, of course, among the torreadors, or bull fighters. She was present at all the bull-fights in Madrid, where she used to wear the most magnificent costume of a *Maja de Sevilla*. It is said that a gipsy once predicted that she would be elevated to a throne, after the fashion of the famous prediction of the negress to Josephine. It remains to be seen how far the future will complete the parallel between the wives of the two Napoleons.

SUIT PRESENTED TO GEN. PIERCE.

We give below a representation of the embroidery of the beautiful vest recently presented to Gen. Pierce, in connection with an entire suit. Some of his liberal personal friends in New England determined that he should go to the White House handsomely equipped, albeit he is as modest and unpretending in his habits of living as the average of "mankind in general," and accordingly on the day of his inauguration, he was clad in an elegant costume, made expressly for the occasion, and presented by his friends in Boston. The suit consists of six garments, as follows: 1. A fine black dress coat, made from the same cloth which took the premium at the late World's Fair in London. Coat superbly lined with satin dechene; sleeve linings also of satin. 2. Undress waistcoat of plain black silk; back of satin dechene, and lined throughout with white satin. 3. That portion of the suit which our engraving represents, was a full-dress vest of plain white silk; back and linings of white satin. On the satin lining on the right side are thirty-one stars, representing the States of the Union, forming a circle, wrought in silver. Within this circle of stars is the Anchor of Hope, worked in gold. Outside of all is an endless circle, at the top of which is the All-Seeing Eye, wrought and radiated with gold. Translation of these emblems: "In the Union of the States is our only hope. God watches over the republic—eternal be its duration!" On the opposite white satin lining is wrought a chaplet of bay leaves, tied at the bottom with a golden knot, outside of which is another circle of gold. Within the chaplet, fancifully wrought in gold, are the words "God and Liberty." 4. Pants of plain black doeskin, of the finest material that can be procured. 5. Undress pants of a plain black, very fine, silk and wool mixture. 6. Overcoat of plain black, superbly lined, and made in the form of a surcoat. This suit was manufactured by Mr. H. E. ARMINGTON, Washington street, Boston, a gentleman who is to the tailoring art what Greenough was among sculptors. This is, perhaps, the finest specimen ever manufactured in America, and Mr. Armington is regarded as one of the very best tailors in the country.

INSECT MESMERISM.

Although the cockroaches abounded inconveniently at Mauritius, it was not without frequent pity that I saw them consigned, as they frequently were, to a living grave, by a wicked-looking insect much resembling the Spanish fly. It was impossible to witness his proceedings, combined with his glittering blue and green dress, without imagining the eldritch demon of a pantomime leading an innocent victim to perpetual entombment in some haunted cavern. Let the cockroach be moving ever so briskly across the wall, he has no sooner caught sight of the fatal insect—not a quarter of his size—than all energy leaves him, and he stands stupidly resigned. The fly then walks up to him, looks him hard in the face, and presently putting forth some apparatus which stands in place of a finger and thumb, gently takes the cockroach by the nose and leads him daintily along for a foot or two. Leaving him there, he commences a thorough examination of the neighborhood, heaving the ground up and down like a well-trained setter, and, not finding what he wants, returns to the cockroach and leads him on a little further, when the same process is gone through, sometimes for hours, till the whole wall has been examined. Chinks there are plenty, but they do not suit him; he has taken the measure of his victim's bulk, and means to lodge him commodiously. Presently a suitable hole is found, and the fly, moving backward, gently pulls the cockroach into his last home. What cruelties are perpetrated in this dark recess can only be surmised. No doubt the poor cockroach is bored in some part not vital, and eggs laid in him, there to be hatched.—*Voyage to the Mauritius.*



A REPRESENTATION OF THE EMBROIDERY WORKED ON THE VEST PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT PIERCE.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1853.

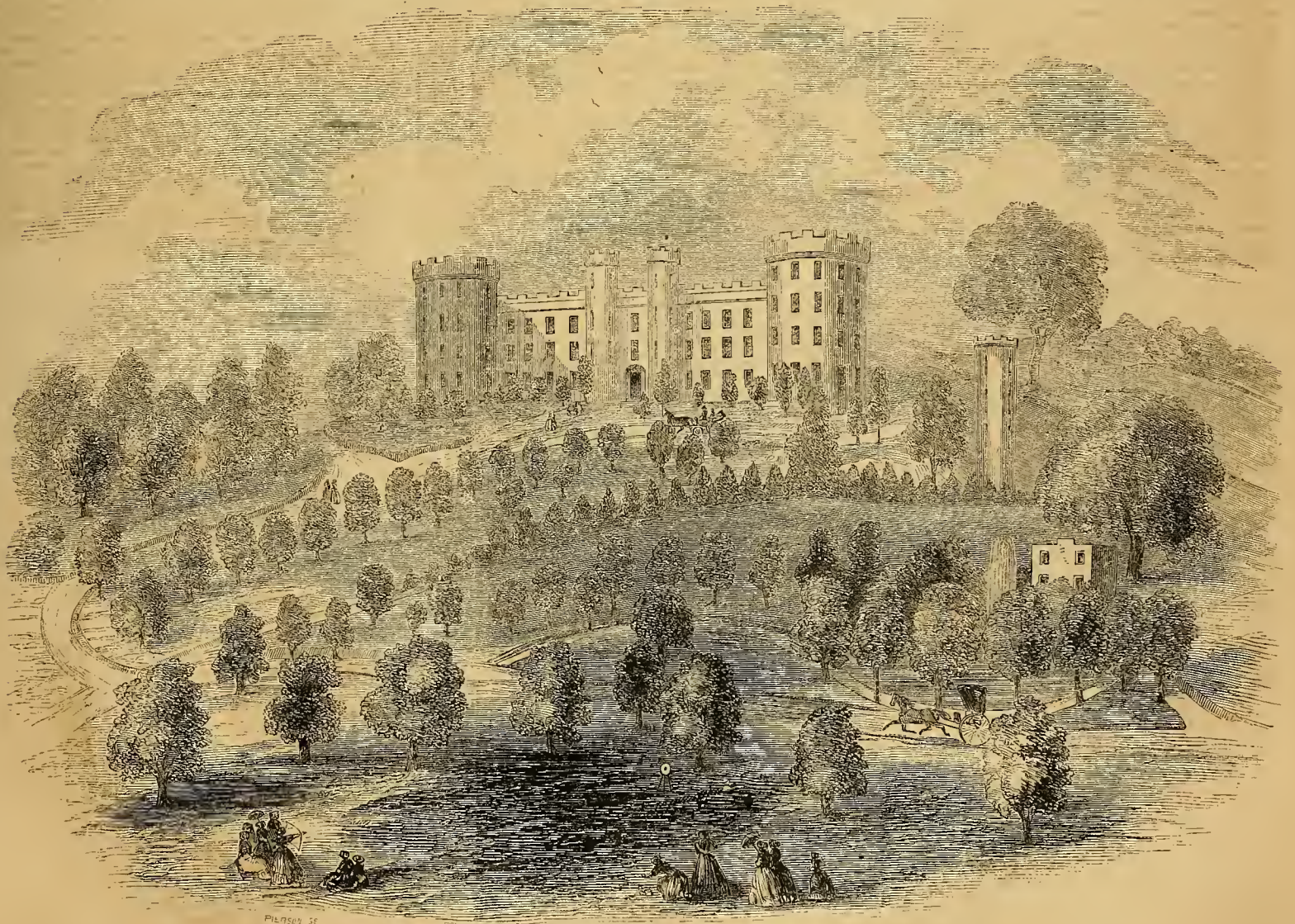
\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 12.—WHOLE No. 90.
6 CTS. SINGLE.

THE OREAD INSTITUTE, WORCESTER, MASS.,

Of which we give a fine representation below, is a Female Collegiate Seminary, founded in 1848, by Eli Thayer, A. M., the present Principal, and incorporated in 1851. The building is 250 feet in length, and affords ample accommodations to 150 pupils. The walls are of stone, and varying in thickness from two to four feet. The whole structure is grand and imposing, reminding one of the feudal castles of the middle ages. This Institute has a commanding site, overlooking the beautiful city of Worcester and the surrounding country, so that the landscape spread to the view of the dwellers within was scarcely ever exceeded in beauty. On the one side is the city, with its busy streets, its homes of comfort

and peace, and its heaven-pointing steeples, seen perchance beneath the rising curtain of mist which morning lifts from the valley, or in the brightness of noontide, or in the mild radiance of the sunset's glory. On the other, is the open country, with its hills, its groves, and its vales, through which the streamlet wanders, softly singing to the music of the wind harp. And not brighter is the scene without the castle than within. There a band of sisters dwell together in perfect unity, rejoicing in the beautiful light of learning and love. Climbing together the steep sides of the "Hill of Science," each strives that time, in its swift flight, may bear some worthy record to the throne of God. Here woman enjoys exclusively those privileges which some have regarded as the

rightful prerogative of the other sex, having the advantages of a collegiate course of study, if she chooses. And in the attainment of that to which she has long aspired, she is happy. The stranger, passing through the almost endless halls, and glancing into the numerous and cheerful apartments of the castle, is gladdened by the sight of many happy countenances, and the beaming of eyes that reveal the powerful workings of the mind within. Nor is the moral nature neglected in the culture of the intellectual; and the morning and evening prayer ascends from the grateful hearts of that loving band of sisters to a common Father; while day by day the blossoms of piety—the becoming ornaments of woman—are tended in an atmosphere of Christian charity and love.



A VIEW OF THE OREAD INSTITUTE, LOCATED AT WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

A ROMANCE OF SPAIN IN THE 15TH CENTURY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE KNIGHT OF LEON:

—OR—

THE MONARCH'S LAST BRIDE.

A TALE OF MOORISH GRANADA.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

A STRANGE VISITOR.

"Hold, Moor! Tell me where is my master."

"Take care how you handle your sword, good Pedro. You might hurt somebody."

"San Jago bless me. May I be roasted alive on St. Lawrence's gridiron, if I didn't fear that you were gone."

"Not quite," said Charles, with a laugh, as he entered the room and threw off his Moorish cap and mantle.

"But bless me, sir Charles, it's long after midnight. Where have you been?" uttered the honest esquire, who stood in his night-clothes. "I got up only a few minutes ago, and something put it into my head to come and see if you were safe. I saw your cap and cloak here, and I feared some of the Moors had carried you off."

"No, no, Pedro; I have only been enjoying a short walk by moonlight. I wouldn't disturb you, for I knew that you were fatigued, and that you love your sleep."

"I don't love my sleep so well but that I can attend my master; and if he knows when he's safe he won't walk much alone after dark."

"Is there danger?" asked the knight, in a light, merry tone.

"More than you wot of, perhaps," returned Pedro, with much earnestness. "Let me tell you that the alcaide won't forgive you for having beat him in the lists. And there's more, too."

"Ah," uttered the knight, becoming more serious as he saw the earnestness of his follower.

"Yes. I believe you are narrowly watched."

"By whom?"

"By emissaries of the alcaide."

"Pooh!"

"San Dominic, sir Charles, I believe I tell you the truth."

"And for what should they watch me?"

"Perhaps they suspect we are here for no good purpose."

"Then let them suspect, and let them watch, too. They will see nothing to help them. My mission can be performed without much show."

"I think it will prove the blind man's mission, after all," said Pedro.

Charles looked into his esquire's face for a moment, and then he placed his hand upon his brow.

"Pedro," he said, at length, "I hope I shall succeed. For the sake of Leon and Castile, I hope so."

"And for your own sake, too, my master."

Again Charles of Leon placed his hand upon his brow, and for some moments he dwelt in his own thoughts. Pedro watched him narrowly, and he was not a little puzzled at his master's manner.

"Go seek your rest again, Pedro," said the knight, as he turned towards his dressing-table.

The faithful esquire obeyed without remark; but when he reached the door, he turned and looked back upon his master. There was a look of anxiety in his countenance, and his lips moved with his thoughts as he passed out.

After Pedro had gone, the count sat down to his dressing-case, and drawing forth from his bosom a roll of parchment, he opened it and began to look over its contents by the light of the lamp his servant had left. He read it half through, and then letting go of its corners he allowed it to roll up of its own accord, while he braced back in his chair and gazed vacantly into the space before him.

"I believe Pedro tells me the truth," he said to himself. "The alcaide is surely my enemy, and I may yet make him doubly so. Yet there can be no danger, for they will not dare to touch me without strong provocation. I will perform my mission if possible, and when I return to Leon—"

The young Christian hesitated in his speech, and arose from his seat. His thoughts were upon Zehra, and he dared not give them utterance. He took up the parchment, and as he gazed upon it his features trembled.

"To both these deeds my knightly word is pledged," he said, as he placed the roll once more in his bosom. "Yet they need not clash—they cannot. Zehra—beautiful, lovely girl—with you I will keep my faith. Let the danger come—and it may come from Leon as well as here—but I can face it for you."

It was but a few moments after Charles had put the parchment in his bosom, and just as he was thinking of seeking his couch, that he heard a sound outside of one of his windows. There was a broad verandah ran around the building on a level with the floor upon which was the knight's apartment, and Charles thought it might be some one merely passing the window. In a moment there was a dark shadow thrown across the floor, where the moon-

beams lay, and upon turning he saw the figure of a man outside of the window. He started back to the table where he had laid his sword, and as he grasped its hilt the window was thrown open, and the stranger stepped into the apartment.

"Put up your weapon, Charles of Leon," said the new comer. "I am far from meaning you harm."

"You choose a strange time for a visit, at all events," said the knight, still holding his sword in his hand. "And there is a door to my room, too."

"Never mind the time, nor the mode of my entrance, sir knight. Do you not recognize me?"

"Abdalla!" uttered Charles, as he now recognized in his visitor the lame man whom he had picked up from the roadside, and whom he had seen once since at the tournament.

"Yes," returned the Moor. "I told you when I first saw you that we might never meet again, but you see we have met notwithstanding."

Charles gazed upon his visitor with no little degree of curiosity and wonder, and instinctively he let his sword settle back into its scabbard.

"There is a seat at your disposal," said the knight, "and if it would please you I would hear your business."

"My business is but little, sir Charles, and before I speak of it I must assure you that I come as a visitor upon you. What passes between us is sacred with us. I know that you have come to Granada with some sort of a mission from King John of Leon and Castile. You need not start. Now dare you tell me what that mission is?"

"I dare tell, but I shall not."

The Moor smiled.

"You own that you have a mission, then," he said.

"I have not owned it, nor have I contradicted you."

"Very well—let it pass. I think not that you would have travelled so far without an object."

Charles eyed his visitor uneasily. There was something in the Moor's look that half awed and half puzzled him. On the present occasion Abdalla looked the same as he did on the morning when the Christian had met him on the road; but yet Charles could see that he was deeply disguised. There was a look of more than common intelligence in his countenance, and his eyes themselves spoke a volume of character. One thing, more than all else, however, moved Charles with a sort of distrust. The Moor seemed uneasy and anxious. His glances were quick and varying, and the least movement of the vines that grew up about the windows caused him to start with half-developed fear.

"Charles of Leon," continued the Moor, after a moment's silence, "I am going to ask you an important question. I, too, am a knight, and upon my knightly honor I swear that your answer, whatever it may be, shall not pass from my lips. I have reason to believe that you are here on secret business. Now will your king pursue this thing with the sword, if necessary?"

"Upon my faith, sir, you ask me a curious question," returned the Christian.

"And I have a curious reason for asking it," said the Moor.

"You display but little wit, at all events. You know me—know my rank, station, and title, and profess, even, to know my very business; while I know nothing at all of you—not even your name, for that matter."

As the Christian knight ceased speaking, he was struck by the change that came over the Moor's countenance. His eyes sparkled with a fierce lustre, his lips were compressed tightly over his pearly teeth, and his brow grew black as night.

"Rank! station! name!" he uttered, in thrilling accents. "Charles of Leon, I have none! I have only my honor left to me, and that I will keep. I have reason for asking the question. Will King John send an army if you should fail?"

"You ask me that which I cannot answer," returned Charles, gazing with growing interest upon his strange visitor.

"If you know, I implore you to tell me," urged Abdalla.

"Look ye, Moor," said the Christian; "you seem to know not what you are asking of me. Here am I, a stranger in your city, perhaps with spies already upon my movements, looked upon with distrust by your alcaide, and known to be an adherent of a government which has heretofore been hostile to the Moslem. Now with what reason can you ask me such a question, and expect that I should answer it?"

The Moor looked troubled.

"I confess," he returned, "that my question may seem out of place; but your thoughts could be no more safe in your own bosom than they might in mine."

"That is not the way I generally regard important secrets. But I will tell you the truth. King John will not send an armed force to Granada. He has as much as he can do to look out for his troubles at home. You should know that the holy brotherhood of Leon are giving him trouble enough. Whatever may be my business here, I have nothing to do with your government nor its affairs, nor will my king do it either."

"Then I have nothing more to ask of you," said the Moor, while a disappointed look settled upon his features.

"But I have a question to ask of you," said Charles. "You say you know the business that has brought me here. I should like to know how you obtained your information."

"By my simple knowledge of facts that are in existence."

"Ah," uttered the Christian, with a slight start, a look of anxious interest manifesting itself on his features the while. "Could you then give me information? Know you aught of what I seek?"

"I think I do."

"What?"

"I cannot tell you that till you confirm me in my belief of what you seek."

Charles of Leon felt almost sure that the Moor was but acting the spy upon him. To be sure the Moslem's countenance gave denial to such a supposition, but yet the count would not trust him.

"I don't think I shall need your assistance," he said, after a few moments of thought.

"I may have no assistance to render you. In fact, I have none to offer," returned Abdalla, as he gathered his mantle about him and arose from his seat. "I sought you because I had a faint hope that John of Leon and Castile would have had the daring to have pushed his mission with the sword, or, at least, to have threatened that thing."

"And I assure you he has no such intention."

"I believe you."

"Sir Moor, methinks you can have no very great love for Granada."

"Love for Granada?" repeated Abdalla. "Ah, sir knight, you cannot read my soul as you can your own. But I must leave you now. You will excuse me if I go the same way I came. We may meet again. If we do it will be a stranger meeting than this. Beware of the alcaide!"

As the Moor spoke, he threw back the door like sash of the window and stepped out upon the verandah, and in a moment more he was gone.

Charles of Leon pondered long upon the strange meeting. He had no fear of the Moslem, for he had taken care not to commit himself; but he could not help thinking that in some way Abdalla was acting the spy. He doubted if the Moor knew as much as he professed.

"He only said that to try me," said the young knight to himself, as he began to prepare for his couch. "The Moor can know nothing of the business that has brought me here. How should he? By my faith, I am not to be thrown off my guard in that way."

Ere long Charles laid himself down upon his couch, and that night his dreams were many and varied; and when Pedro came to awaken him in the morning, it seemed as though he had not slept at all.

CHAPTER VI.

THE REJECTED WIFE.

Is one of the most luxurious apartments of the Alhambra sat Mohammed. Near him, upon a soft Persian lounge, sat a female whose costume showed her to be one of the wives of the Granadan monarch. She was still a young woman, though the bloom of her life had passed prematurely away. There was beauty, too, upon her countenance—such beauty as the true husband should delight to honor—a beauty that had shed all its early bloom upon Mohammed's path, and now that it had turned upon its fading point it should have been loved more than ever. It should have called forth that holy love of the soul which unites gratitude with reverence. That woman was Emina, the mother of Mohammed's only son. She had been weeping.

"Do you speak the truth?" she asked, with an evident attempt to suppress the feelings that were rising in her bosom.

"Most assuredly I do, Emina," returned the king.

"And do you mean to make Zehra your wife?"

"Yes."

"Mohammed, this is cruel; it is unjust. Have I not been faithful?"

"I have no fault to find on that score."

"And have I not ever loved you?"

"You have ever professed to."

"And you know I have; and now you would cast me away and put another in my place."

"It is my pleasure, Emina."

"Your pleasure? And have I grown so old and ugly that you can love me no longer?"

"Your beauty is fast departing."

"O, misery!"

"Don't take it so hard, Emina. I mean you no wrong. You have the same place in my palace as ever."

"The same place in your palace?" bitterly cried the woman. "Do you think I am a dog, that can be satisfied with a gilded kennel? No, Mohammed, I want your love—I want that place in your heart that belongs to me. You shall not take the alcaide's daughter to your bosom."

"In truth, Emina, I shall exercise my own taste about that. I want none of your advice."

"Listen to me, Mohammed," cried Emina, starting up from her chair. "You know not what a woman can be, if you think to trifle with me thus. I have borne everything for your sake; for years have I been true as heaven itself to you, and now I am to be thrown aside as useless rubbish; and, what is worse than all, another is to take my place. Another! O, Mohammed, do you realize the sting that pierces my soul at such a thought? and do you know the spirit you may call up?"

"Peace, woman!" uttered the king, slightly shrinking from the woman that had so long been his favorite wife, and whom he even now stood in some dread of, should her anger be aroused.

"I cannot hold my peace till you have told me that Zehra shall not be your wife."

"She will be my wife."

"You have decided, then."

"Most irrevocably."

"Then, Mohammed, take your own course," Emina spoke, in a tone of strange calmness, and, save the intense fire that burned in her large dark eyes, she showed little of passion. "Take your own course," she said, "and let me be east from you; but as I have loved, so can I hate. The love that burns in my bosom

knows no gradual cooling. If its lamp goes out it will freeze like the heaven-reaching crown of the Nevada, and you will be to me but as the being who has robbed me of life."

"Beware, Emina; beware that you use no threats to me."

"And what if I do threaten?"

"The executioner's character is sharp."

Emina's countenance grew more pale, and her eyes flashed more brilliantly.

"I have not threatened you," she whispered, while she pressed her hand upon her bosom as if to still the tumult of her heart. "You know me well enough to know that I can be as proud as you; but if you think another wife can live here you know me not as I am. Give me back your heart, and let me know that I am your wife as I have been, and I will be all to you that you can wish."

"You know my decision," returned the king, in a stern tone. "Now leave me."

Emina turned away, and Mohammed saw not the look that rested upon her countenance. If he had seen it he would have trembled at its darkness. The veins about her pale temples were swollen, the eyes were set with fearful brilliancy that had no sparkling in its intensity, and the fingers of her right hand seemed pressed through the quivering flesh of her bosom. No breath seemed to move her—no impulse was apparent; but she looked as though her whole being was one vast thought that slumbered upon the verge of action. As she passed out from the apartment Mohammed sprang to his feet.

"By Allah," he exclaimed, "she takes it more seriously than I had thought; but she will forget it in time. She should not have grown old if she would have kept my love. Pohl! She'll rest easy enough if I am but kind to her, and I mean not to be unkind. I have loved her, and I think she loves me even now; but Zehra is young and beautiful."

That last thought seemed to give Mohammed a pleasing turn of mind; but a shadow soon settled over his countenance. Though he had resolved to put away his long favorite wife, yet he feared her. He feared that she might be more dangerous than he had at first imagined, for he knew that she was proud of spirit, warm and impulsive in her temperament, and that she possessed a will as strong as was his own. But yet the Moslem king was not to be turned from his purpose. He had seen the beautiful Zehra, and he had resolved to possess her. To this end had he made Ben Hamed alcaide of Granada, and to this end did he keep Ben Hamed in his office.

When Emina left the king's presence she went to her own apartment, and having sunk down upon her couch, she burst into tears. It was a long time that she wept, for the fountains of her heart were loosened. She had loved Mohammed with her whole soul. He was the father of her child, and to him her young heart's affections had been given. It was no selfish love she had felt, but her feelings towards her royal husband had been of that warm, generous, noble character that all centre in the object loved. Mohammed had taught her to be proud, too, and now, in the moment of her love's crushing, that pride gradually arose above the ruins, and its torch was fearfully brilliant. The tears ceased to flow, and one after another they dried from her pale cheeks.

When she arose from her couch the only traces of weeping were in the swollen marks about the eyes. She looked still pale, but yet there was a hectic flush upon either cheek, and that pallor bore nothing of melancholy in its character. The lips moved not with the thought that was busy in her brain, but they seemed rather compressed to keep that thought from escaping. She examined her features in the polished mirror that hung in her apartment, and when she turned away she touched the bell-cord that was suspended near her.

A servant soon entered, and Emina ordered her to bring her a hood and mantle, and prepare to accompany her. While her attendant was gone, the woman went to her dressing case, and from one of the drawers she took a small dagger. She examined its bright, keen point, and then placed it carefully in her bosom. In a moment more the attendant re-entered and proceeded to help her mistress dress.

"There, Mada—now follow me," said Emina, as she turned to leave the apartment. "Remember that you speak not of this to any one, for I go in secret."

The maid bowed a silent assent, and followed her mistress as directed.

Emina took a private passage, and having passed to the basement of the palace, she made her egress through a small door that opened upon the hill in the rear. The thick foliage shielded her from observation, and with quick steps she made her way down to the rapid Darro at a point where a narrow foot-bridge was thrown across the stream. Having crossed this, she bent her steps towards the dwelling of Ben Hamed. She walked with a firm step, but quicker than usual, and there was more of masculine power in her step than Mada had ever before seen in her mistress.

The distance from the river to the dwelling of the alcaide was not great, and when Emina reached the garden, she entered the gateway and approached the building by the way that led to the women's apartments. One of the female attendants obeyed her summons. The presence of the king's favorite wife was a powerful talisman, and without hesitation her demand to be shown to the apartment of Zehra was complied with, Mada, in the meantime, being ordered to remain behind.

Zehra was startled by the appearance of Emina, but she paid her due reverence, and humbly asked her pleasure. The visitor calmly dismissed the attendant, and then turning to Zehra she asked:

"Are we alone?"

"Yes," returned the girl, as she gazed wonderingly into the pale features of her visitor.

"Do I look well?" Emina continued, as she took a seat.

"Not very well, lady."

"But you do look exceedingly well. And you look beautiful, too."

Zehra tried to smile, but it was beyond her power. She was startled by Emina's strange manner.

"I was once beautiful," continued Mohammed's wife—"almost as beautiful as you."

"You are beautiful still," said Zehra.

"But not beautiful enough. Beauty should never fade."

"Alas! all things earthly must fade."

Emina started at the mournful manner of the young girl, and there was a perceptible softening of the expression upon her countenance; but it soon passed away, and all was cold again.

"Are you not a happy creature?" Emina asked.

Zehra only gazed upon her interlocutor in silence.

"You should be happy, for life opens a kind future to you," continued Emina. "When you are—are—Mohammed's wife, you will be happy."

"O! for kind Heaven's sake, torture me not with—"

"Go on—go on," uttered the queen, drawing a quick breath.

"I can trust you—you will be kind—you will not betray me."

"No—go on."

Emina spoke with energy, and she leaned forward to catch the words that might fall from the fair girl's lips.

"I trust my own sex will not turn against me," murmured Zehra.

"How? why?" quickly asked the queen, while her hand slowly moved towards her bosom.

"I cannot be Mohammed's wife. O! I cannot."

"Cannot? But the king loves you."

"No, no—he cannot love me. Only my beauty pleases him."

"Suppose he did love you?"

"Even then I could not be his. O, noble lady, you, who have a woman's heart, should know the secrets of the female soul. You should know what misery must be in that lifetime that presents nothing upon which the heart can fasten in love."

Zehra hesitated, and then with a sudden movement she cast herself at the feet of the queen.

"O! perhaps you can save me. Perhaps you can persuade the king to let me be happy. Will you not?"

"I have little power over Mohammed. I think you might be happy in his company. He will be lavish of kind acts when you are once his youngest wife."

"Ah, noble lady, you can know little of kindness if you think as you speak. Could you be shut up for life in some dark, loathsome dungeon, where the light of day was forever excluded—where noisome vapors and pestilential malaria clung about you—and there treat as kindness any act of him who thus confined you?"

The expression upon the queen's countenance was gradually changing. Still she looked upon the beautiful girl with a burning eye.

"Mohammed will make you his wife," she said.

"No, no—he cannot."

"Ah, but he has power."

"Not to do that," returned Zehra, rising to her feet, and throwing back the dark silken tresses that had fallen about her face.

"Yes, he has," whispered Emina.

"Hark," uttered Zehra. "Hear you that murmuring noise?"

"Yes."

"It is the dark, swift Darro. If Mohammed takes me for his wife, he will take me cold and lifeless from its rushing flood. Allah gives me so much of hope."

For a long while the queen gazed into the face of the girl before her. The stern coldness was all gone from her features, and her lips trembled with emotion.

"Zehra," she said, as she drew the trembling fair one to her bosom, "I know that you speak the truth, and I am almost happy, for I am saved a deed I trembled to commit. Tremble not, for you need fear me no longer. Had I found you loving towards Mohammed, you should not have lived to receive his embrace, but now you need not even fear him. I have loved the king most truly, and I swear by the Prophet most high, that none other shall take my place of wife while I breathe the breath of life!"

As the queen spoke, she turned from Zehra and buried her face in her hands.

"Do not let this affect you so," kindly urged the young girl, laying her hand upon Emina's shoulder, and gazing up into her face.

"You are not a wife, Zehra," returned the queen, as she brushed a tear from her cheek. "You have not felt the crushing of your heart's whole love, and experienced the dark night that succeeds the setting of the sun of life. I have felt all this."

"Heaven rest you."

"Heaven may rest another first!"

Emina spoke this in a strange tone, and without waiting to observe its effects upon Zehra, she turned towards the door of the apartment. Silently she passed out from the room, and at the garden door she found Mada. As she glided away through the shrubbery she fervently murmured:

"Thank Allah, I return with a bloodless dagger."

Mada heard her not, for the words were but breathed into being.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LOVERS' CONFERENCE.

CHARLES OF LEON had seen enough to convince him that he was watched by spies of the alcaide of Granada; but why this should be he could not imagine, unless some false idea was entertained of his visit to southern Spain. To be sure he had other

business than to travel, but then he felt confident that no one save himself and servant could know of it. He did not believe that Abdalla knew as much as he professed, or even that he mistrusted the truth. More likely was it that the mysterious man only threw out his vague assertions for the purpose of penetrating the Christian's secret. Why, then, should the alcaide persecute him? It might be from motives of chagrin caused by the defeat at the tournament; but even this surmise did not wholly satisfy him.

The day was drawing to a close—it was the day succeeding that on which the events recorded in the last chapter took place. Charles of Leon was in his room at the hotel he had chosen, and Pedro was engaged in polishing some portions of his master's armor.

"Have you gained any clue yet to the end of our business?" asked the esquire.

"No."

"Nor will you, I'm thinking. Let us get out of this place."

"Not yet, Pedro. Ere long I may."

"But what shall keep us?"

"I may find what I seek."

"In Granada?"

"Perhaps so."

Pedro looked curiously up into his master's face, for the manner of speech struck him as being peculiar.

"You shall accompany me to-night," continued Charles, "so have our weapons ready. We may need them."

"Look at this, sir Charles," said Pedro, stopping his work and gazing earnestly into his master's face. "I don't wish to be impertinent, nor will I be—but I should like to know if this business to-night had anything to do with what we are after?"

"And suppose it does not?"

"Then it had better be dropped."

"Ah, you are getting sage, Pedro."

"No—I am always wise. You think of going to Ben Hamed's dwelling to-night?"

"Ha!"

"Yes. You talk to your sleep!"

The young knight blushed, for he saw that Pedro had an inkling of the truth.

"Well, well," he said, at length, "I am going to Ben Hamed's, and I wish you to go with me."

"If you persist, I cannot disobey. But you are running your neck into a dangerous place, for I hear that Zehra is to become the king's wife."

"And do you think that fair young creature shall be sacrificed to the lust of Mohammed?"

"If she don't like it, it does seem hard."

"Like it?" uttered Charles. "I'll tell you how she likes it." And thereupon he told to his esquire all that had transpired upon the banks of the Darro.

"Then by San Dominic," cried Pedro, as he leaped to his feet, "I'll join you with my whole heart."

"I knew your heart was in the right place," said Charles, with a grateful look.

"So it is, my master."

"Now you must perform a mission for me ere we set out together. I have procured the dress of a Moorish physician, and I wish that you should put it on, and after nightfall go to Ben Hamed's dwelling and see if you can discover which is the room Zehra occupies. Think you can do it?"

"I can but try."

"I thank you, Pedro."

"But hold a moment, my master," said the esquire, as a sudden shade of thought flashed across his countenance. "You wout go so far in this business."

"Fear not for that, Pedro."

The honest esquire, though he entered fully into his master's plans, did not yet feel quite satisfied as to their result, and when he left the hotel after dark, dressed up in his disguise, he did not fail to speak his misgivings; but the young knight had no eye to see the dagger, and Pedro set off upon his mission.

Two hours passed away, and Charles of Leon was becoming impatient, when Pedro entered his apartment.

"What luck?" anxiously asked Charles.

"I've found the room the girl occupies, and a tough job I had of it, too. San Dominic, but those accursed heathens need to be punished. One pulled my robe, another pulled my pouch, while a third gave a twitch at my beard; and may I be blessed, if he didn't come near pulling it clean off. San Jago, how my dagger itched."

"But they didn't discover you, Pedro?" uttered the knight, with some anxiety.

"No. I held my temper till I found out what I was after, and then I took myself off."

"Never mind. You may throw off your physician's garb now. You shall have a different one for to-night."

"Now, sir Charles, this helping the Moorish girl away from the heathenish old king is all very well, but what are you going to do with her after that?"

The knight bit his lip.

"Of course you don't think of taking her to Leon," persisted Pedro.

"And why not?"

"Why not? Why, what would folks say of you. San Dominic, suppose the poor thing should fall in love with you? You know you are wonderful good featured, and right handsome for a man, and it wouldn't be her fault, neither."

The knight smiled a faint, forced smile, at Pedro's query, and with all due haste he changed the subject of conversation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STAG HUNTING.

Herewith we give a picture representing this favorite diversion. In the midland counties of England, stag hunting is a sport which was formerly much pursued, particularly in Norfolk, Suffolk, Berkshire, Essex, Hampshire and Gloucestershire. In former years, the royal staghounds and the North Devon, which were of very old standing, were the only packs known. The latter hunted the wild deer only. Staghounds of the present day consist of drafts from foxhound kennels. The deer are generally caught in parks by means of a couple of lurcher dogs, aided by a man who is expert in throwing the lasso; or they are driven by the lurchers into a barn or shed, left open for that purpose. When required for hunting, they are fed exactly like a hunter,—upon oats, the best white peas, and hay. Their turn for being hunted is about once in a month, with the exception of a very few instances of very strong constitution, such as the Ripley and Copt-hall deer, the latter having been hunted ten or eleven times in two successive seasons. Our engraving gives a good view of the noble stag holding at bay its merciless foes.



REPRESENTATION OF STAG HUNTING IN ENGLAND.

SLEDGING SCENE.

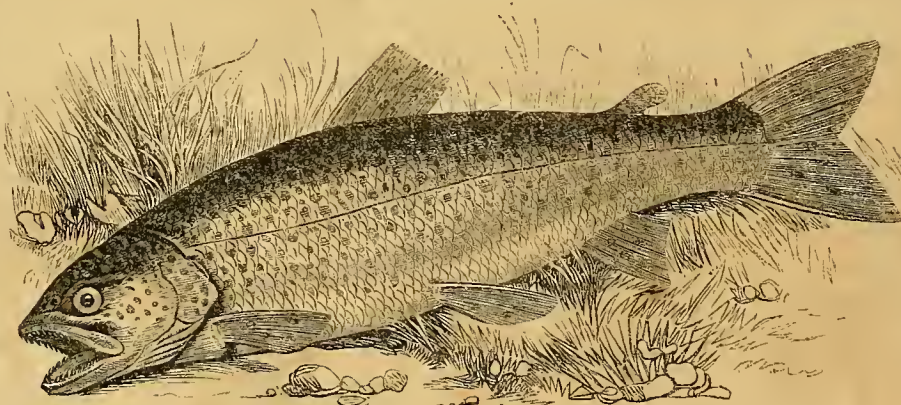
We have delineated below a spirited winter scene, which represents the mode of travelling in Russia at this season of the year, and especially the manner in which the government couriers despatch their duty in conveying intelligence, with the greatest speed, between different points of the country. The horses, as well as their masters, seem to enter into the spirit of the occasion, and dash off with the velocity and lightness of the very wind. It is said that nothing of the sort can surpass in splendor and spirited effect these sledge turn-outs at St. Petersburg, in winter, where the northern climate renders sledges available for a very considerable period of the year. In this country, where the snow stays upon the ground for so brief a portion of time only, it appears, especially in our large cities, as though the people would go mad with delight, at the facilities thus offered for pleasure. Our engraving is a fine and spirited picture of sledging in northern Europe, where, during several months of the year, the only medium of inter-communication is upon the snow and ice, through gloomy and forbidding forests.



A SCENE DESCRIPTIVE OF SLEDGE TRAVELLING IN NORTHERN EUROPE

THE TROUT.

The cut of a Trout, given herewith, is an indication that this fish is one of the most likely to afford sport to the angler for the month to come. The season, however, in which trout rise most freely, and are in the best condition, is from about the first week in May to the middle of June. It may be observed, as a general rule, that trout fishing is at the best while the lilac is in flower, and that after the elder has come into flower, it begins to decline; this holds good in all latitudes where the trout is to be found, and where the lilac and elder bloom. During the month of April, trout may be angled for at all times of the day, from sunrise to sunset, with nearly the same chances of success; but, as the season advances, and the heat and brightness of the sun's rays become more intense, while the water gradually becomes smaller and clearer, the best time is from dawn till about nine in the morning, and from four in the afternoon till sunset. By far the most pleasant mode of angling for trout is with the fly; and we may



REPRESENTATION OF THE TROUT.

here observe that the fly which will tempt trout to rise in April, loses none of its seductive properties as the season advances. It is generally observed that trout do not take the fly freely either in gloomy weather, or when the sun shines bright. April weather—an alternation of sunshine and cloud, with a moderate southwest breeze gently rippling the surface of the stream—is the most favorable for the fly fisher "at all seasons of the year." In April, and in early spring generally, trouts are more disposed to rise at the fly about mid-day, than when the season is more advanced. At the latter period, they are more inclined to take the worm about mid-day, more especially in streamy places, just above the head of a pool, when the water is clearing after a fall of rain. This fish has ever been the object of the angler's art. In the very name of trout-angling there is magic; and the practised angler enjoys no sport with so keen a relish, as trailing for these beautiful fish in the clear and limpid streams and lakes of our New England climate.



AN ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

[See page 189 for description.]

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HAVE WE A BOURBON AMONG US?—NO!

A REPLY TO PUTNAM'S NEW MONTHLY.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

THE above is the caption of a long article, of twenty-two mortal pages, in the second number of Putnam's Monthly Magazine, earnestly and elaborately written by the Rev. John H. Hanson, with an affirmative tendency; and with an endorsement by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, well known as an accurate jurist, an eloquent preacher, a ready writer, and a man of decided ability, in every line, and they are not a few, that he has attempted. The question at issue, which Mr. Hanson treats in the affirmative, is, in fact, otherwise worded, *this*—Is the Reverend Eleazar Williams, minister of the Episcopal Church and a missionary preacher among the Indians, Louis XVII., the lost dauphin of France, and prisoner of Simon the cobler, of Revolutionary memory, in the Temple Prison?

The known facts, with regard to the unhappy dauphin, are these—That he became a scrofulous idiot, owing in a greater or less degree, to the barbarous treatment of his keeper, and that he is reputed to have died on the 8th of June, 1795, still in the Temple, at the age of ten years and two months, and to have been buried in the common grave, in the cemetery of St. Marguerite, wherein his remains were not distinguishable in 1815—this last, no unnatural circumstance, when the common practice of using quicklime in the interment of revolutionary victims is considered.

It is *certain*, that when *Madame Royale*, his sister, afterward Duchess of Angoulême, the bravest and most intellectual of all the Bourbons, was liberated from the Temple, in exchange for the Deputies surrendered to Austria by Dumouriez, in December, 1795, six months later than the reputed death of her brother, he was not to be found in the Temple; it is *certain*, that the duchess was cognizant at the time, of what she conceived to be his mortal sickness—that she ever believed him to be dead—that never, either on the accession of Louis XVIII., or of Charles X., after the restoration of the Bourbons, when all motives for concealment had ceased, did the slightest question arise concerning the possibility of his existence—and that we have seen the cenotaph erected to his honor in Paris.

The antecedents of Mr. Eleazar Williams are as follows: He was an idiot to his thirteenth or fourteenth year as calculated; brought up among the Indians, a reputed half-breed, the son of one Thomas Williams. He was visited in his childhood, during his time of darkness, by several known and unknown Frenchmen, who are said to have fondled and wept over him. On his attaining more mature years, he was educated at a respectable school in New England, at the expense of some person unknown, who furnished the necessary funds. Thereafter, he studied for the church, was ordained, and became an Indian missionary, in which capacity he has led a useful, innocent, and respectable life, until the year 1841, when the Prince of Joinville, travelling in the West, met him on board a steambot, had several interviews with him, invited him to dinner, and—for all that then transpired—no more. Mr. Williams's birth is not registered or recorded—so that of his age nothing can be proved—he does not resemble an Indian, some say he does resemble a Bourbon—he has marks on his legs resembling the traces left by scrofula, he was an idiot, up to his advanced boyhood—his age then unknown, and only at best capable of approximation—and up to that period his mind was a perfect blank.

These are the facts of the case.

Now comes the story, which Mr. Hanson perfectly believes, which we do not in the least believe, which cannot create so much as a legal presumption in its favor, which will not stand the test of common sense criticism, for one minute, and which we only treat with gravity, in consequence of the respectable station and standing of the parties, and of the assertion of Dr. Hawks that Mr. Williams is morally incapable of imposture, and intellectually incapable of combining such a *myth*.

Having said nothing to any one, noticeable, or who thought his legend noticeable, from A. D. 1841, the date of his interview with the Prince de Joinville, to A. D. 1853, the date of "Have we a Bourbon among us?" Mr. Eleazar Williams now declares to the world, that the purpose of the Prince de Joinville in seeking an interview with him, was to inform him, what he had never thought of, or heard tell of, before, that he, "Mr. Eleazar Williams," was the lost dauphin, the lost Louis XVII., and the rightful heir to, and owner of, the throne of France. Having assured him of all this, the prince produced a fairly engrossed parchment, in double column, French and English, containing a formal abdication of the throne of France, in favor of Louis Philippe of Orleans and his successors, the condition being the restitution of all the Bourbon wealth, estates, and properties real or personal or the value thereof, to Mr. Williams. The prince also produced what Mr. Williams took to be the great seal of France, made of gold or of mixed metal, wherewith to seal the documents, when signed and duly attested.

Mr. Williams was naturally very much surprised; but took several hours for consideration, and then indignantly refused the proposition; though he perfectly well knew, that to be acknowledged by all the world the direct heir of the elder branch of the Bourbons could by no possibility avail him anything, since Henri Comte de Chambord, or Henri V., as the legitimists call him, has always been acknowledged such heir since 1830, and after three or four revolutions, is just as far from the throne of France, as Mr. Eleazar Williams was before, or is since, the strange pretended revelation of the Prince de Joinville.

Mr. Williams also asserts that he received several letters from

the Prince de Joinville, from his private secretary, and also from Louis Philippe himself, in relation to this very matter, and admitting himself to be the king *de jure*. He also received other letters from the prince and his private secretary, concerning other matters wholly irrelevant, and containing no such admissions, but treating merely of ordinary matters between Mons. le Prince de Joinville and the Rev. Mr. Eleazar Williams.

All the former letters, proving all that is important, Mr. Williams has *unfortunately lost*—they were accidentally burned—stolen, gone to the bad, clearly, by one way or other. All the latter letters, not proving or adorning anything, except that the prince corresponded with Mr. Williams, as with a person likely to give him information concerning Indian antiquities, customs and the like—Mr. Williams has, we think, in view of his case, still more *unfortunately preserved*!

In our view, the story in itself—the reticence concerning that story, for twelve long years—the loss of all the alleged proofs, and the preservation of all the utterly unimportant documents—are conclusive proofs, we will not say of the imposture of the parties, but of the falsity of the whole allegation. All the *on dits*, and corroborative hearsay which Mr. Hanson has adduced, are worse than valueless—the reminiscences of Dr. Francis, that citizen Genet told somebody or other, that the dauphin was not dead, but somewhere or other in America; and all the other rumors to the same effect, are simply worth nothing, even as probabilities, much less as proofs.

Never, in all history, was any person of consequence killed, his body not being clearly recognized and proved, who was not believed to be yet alive, years afterward—who was not personated, if anything were to be gained from personation, by impostors.

The writer of this has *seen* Welshmen, who believed within the last half-century, that King Arthur is still alive in *Avallion*, wherever that is, and that he will return to establish a Cambrian empire in Great Britain!

It is needless to speak of the princes of England, said to be slain by Richard III. in the tower, and subsequently personated by Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck. This very dauphin, Louis XVII., has been personated by several impostors, two of whom suffered the penalty of their imposture, one dying in prison in, or about, 1812. The occurrence is ordinary, not wonderful—the rule, and not the exception to the rule.

We have now stated the case as it exists. We shall pay regard thus far to Dr. HAWKS's assertion, that Mr. Williams is morally incapable of imposture—well! He does not appear to be physically incapable of imbecility; for he is admitted to have been once an idiot. Moreover, Dr. Hawks declares him intellectually incapable of concocting such a story—to us, we confess, it appears, that the concocting of such a story, under the expectation that any one would believe it, is a far greater proof of intellectual incapacity, than any other that could easily be adduced—much greater than the not concocting it. For if it be true, that the evidence of such a witness as Dr. Hawks, in favor of the claimant's good character shall be received, so far as it goes, so it is true, that by all analogy of common sense, we are bound to receive, also, that a person, who has through all his public and private life, acted like a sane and even superior man, will not at one period act suddenly like a lunatic or idiot; in the absence of direct proof that he did so net. This has ever been the character borne by the Prince de Joinville, and men have had good opportunities of judging it—that he is an able, brave, intelligent man, vain, perhaps, and ambitious, but surely no fool.

The craft, and almost superhuman cunning of old Louis Philippe, which his friends called wisdom, is proverbial, beyond question. It will require a good deal, more than unsupported assertion, to prove that these two men deliberately acted the part of the most idiotic idiots.

Here is what we are asked to believe, on a bare assertion, unsupported by any proofs—all proofs being lost, be it observed, by accidents so improbable, as to render the whole case suspicious, since men do not lose such documents.

At the restoration of Louis XVIII., and his accession as heir apparent to the throne in 1814, no person whatever—above all, none of the French loyalists, who, according to Mr. Hanson, *knew* the distinguished dauphin, and watched and wept over him in his childhood,—could or would indicate his whereabouts—in fact did not mention him, or, so far as we know, dream of his existence.

At the accession of Charles X., no one mentioned the dauphin, or his existence—seemingly no one supposed it possible, much less believed it to be a fact.

On the abdication of Charles X., the elder branch of the Bourbons was declared incapable of holding the royalty of France; and the kingdom of the French was settled, in 1830, on the younger, or Orleans branch, in the person of Louis Philippe, or his heirs of the body after him.

Still, no one, royalist or other, spoke of, thought of, knew of the existence of Louis XVII., in the person of the missionary Williams. He was held unquestionably dead. The Bourbonist legitimists did, however, know Henri de Chambord, believed in him, adhered to him in all extremes. He was their hope; their Bourbon; Henry V. of France. He was, moreover, a thorn in Louis Philippe's side; a nucleus of constant plots and agitations against him. And yet to him he made no offers, from him he sought no abdication. He well knew such could not strengthen his title with the French, who would tolerate none of the elder Bourbons, nor will to this day; and he feared neither him nor his legitimists.

But in 1841, when he was at his strongest, and had cause to fear nothing, he is now assumed to have known what no one else in the wide world knew—none of his enemies, especially, of

whom he had enough and to spare, ready to publish anything, which he might wish to conceal—no, not even the person himself most interested—namely, that the true king of France, Louis XVII., was alive in America, in the person of one Eleazar Williams; on whom he also knew, where and at what moment, to lay his hand.

Well knowing this, we are asked to believe that, instead of carefully smothering this secret, known to himself alone of men, and utterly unsuspected by all other interested parties, he *himself* sends his only son to inform the stranger missionary of the fact that *he* is true king of France, and himself, Louis Philippe, only an impostor; to obtain from him a deed of abdication, which when obtained could be of no earthly use to him; and to offer him, as an inducement to such abdication, a restitution of goods and properties, which could by no means be restored; except through a revelation of the whole affair, which he was desirous, and naturally interested, it seems, to conceal.

We are very sure that, when Dr. Hawks practised law in North Carolina, he would not have required *several hours* consideration before requesting a client to walk out of his office, who had come bringing to him such a farrago of nonsense as the above, purporting to be the evidence whereon to establish the title to a farm, even of the value of fifty dollars a year—and we cannot believe that, though his kindness and justice may have led him to vouch for the character of the parties, he has the slightest faith in one iota of the evidence, or in one avowal of the pretender.

The best thing, seriously speaking, that we can hope for the character of Mr. Williams, is that his mind may prove to have totally failed this second time; and that he is not an impostor, but insane. There is no other escape for him, these are the horns of the dilemma, and undeniably he is between them.

We have heard—nay, seen in print, a story, which we would wish not to believe—of a reception somewhere up town, given by, or extended to some of those most ridiculous and contemptible people of the whole world—the ignorant upstarts, *self-styled our best society*—and of the wearing of a star and sash, and of the assumption of title and rank by Mr. Eleazar Williams; and of its recognition by the wretched dolts and drivellers—who call themselves the aristocracy of New York.

Mr. Williams's titles and pretensions will very soon be set at rest, we surmise, whenever this ludicrous assumption shall be brought to the notice of Mons. de Joinville, in such a manner that he can condescend to notice it, by his total denial of the whole *myth*, from end to beginning; and this we confidently anticipate. In good truth, between recognizing Kings of European nations, and declaring war on foreign powers on their own hook, the merchant princes of Young New York are likely to have a good deal of work on hand ere long. We shall keep a good lookout for the reception-givers, and the court of King Williams the First. By the way, what will be he called? Emperor Louis has introduced one novelty in French nomenclature, in making III. stand next to I., no II. intervening. King Williams will make a funnier change, since, according to his claim, XVII. must need follow, instead of preceding XVIII.; while poor XIX., as will be the fate of the whole *myth* in a month's time, will be *no whar*!

[Translated from the French, for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

BY MISS ANNE T. WILBUR.

ALTHOUGH at the beginning of this century, Dieppe had already lost much of its importance, its maritime expeditions were still on a much larger scale than the limited commerce of our own times. The age of fabulous fortunes was not so long passed but that from time to time some millionaire returned from a distant country, and there was at Dieppe more than one merchant whose ships would have filled the port, and who had left it twenty years before in a simple sailor's jacket. These examples were an encouragement to the enterprising and a perpetual source of hope for the poor. They rendered the improbable possible, and the impossible probable. The unfortunate consoled themselves by hoping for a miracle.

This miracle seemed about to be accomplished for a poor family of the little village of Ononville, situated at four leagues from Dieppe.

The widow Manvoire had been subjected to heavy trials. Her eldest son, for many years the sole support of the family, had lost his life in shipwreck, leaving four children to the care of his mother. This misfortune had postponed and perhaps broken off the marriage of her daughter, Clementine, at the same time that it deranged the plans of her son, Martin, who had been obliged to lay aside his studies to take his part in the labors of the farm.

But, amidst the anxieties and humiliations of the poor family, a ray of hope suddenly appeared. A letter from Dieppe announced the return of a brother-in-law of the widow, who had been absent twenty years. Uncle Bruno had returned with *some curiosities from the New World*, as he himself said, and with the resolution of settling at Dieppe.

His letter had been, since the evening before, the subject of every thought. Although it contained no precise information, Martin, who had the reading of it, recognized the style of a man too liberal and too good-natured not to have enriched himself. Evidently the sailor had returned with some tons of erowus, of which he would not refuse to impart a portion to his family.

Once started, imagination travels swiftly. Each added his own suppositions to those of Martin; even Juliette, a girl living at the farm rather as an adopted daughter than as a servant, began to think what she should ask of her uncle from America.

"I will ask for a new dress and a gold cross," said she, after a new perusal of the letter by Martin.

"Ah," said the widow, sighing, "if my poor Didier had lived, he would have now found a protector."

"His children are still here, grandmother," observed the young girl, "not to reckon M^{lle}. Clemence, who will not refuse a dowry."

"For what?" said Clemence, shaking her head sadly.

"For what?" repeated Juliette; "that the parents of Mark may have nothing more to say. It will be in vain that they have sent their son to sea to prevent this marriage; if uncle Bruno wishes it, the young man will soon be on his way home."

"It remains to be known whether he desires to return," objected the young girl.

"Well, you can find another," said Martin, who thought only of his sister's marriage, while the latter thought especially of the husband; "with a rich uncle, one can always make a good match. Who knows, whether he has not brought with him some fortunate companion, some millionaire whom he will wish to make his nephew?"

"O, I hope not!" exclaimed Clemence, in alarm; "I am in no hurry to be married."

"The most urgent business is to find a place for your brother," resumed the widow, in a tone of chagrin.

"The count has held out to me the prospect of receiving his rents for him," said Martin.

"But he does not decide," replied the mother; "meanwhile time is passing away, and the corn is being eaten. Great noblemen do not think of that; their minds are on pleasure, and when they remember the morsel of bread they have promised you, you may have already died of famine."

"We shall no longer have that to fear, with the friendship of uncle Bruno," said Martin; "there is no mistake in this; his letter says: 'I shall arrive to-morrow at Omonville, with all I possess,' which signifies that he does not mean to forget us."

"He must be on the way," interrupted the widow; "he may arrive at any moment. Have you prepared everything, Clemence?"

The young girl rose and showed the cupboard garnished with unaccustomed plenty. Near a shoulder of mutton which had just been taken from the oven, was an enormous quarter of ham, flanked with two plates of cheese-cakes and a pan of sweet cream. Several bottles of sweet cider completed the store, at sight of which the children uttered cries of admiration. Juliette spoke, besides, of an apple-pudding and a tart, which were still in the oven.

The widow then chose from her chest of linen a table-cloth and some napkins, yellow for want of use. The young servant took from the closet the best plates, and began to set the table, placing at the upper end the only silver spoon belonging to the family.

These preparations were nearly finished, when one of the children, who was watching without, rushed into the house, exclaiming: "Here he is! here he is!"

"Who?" was asked on all sides.

"Here I am, uncle Bruno," replied a strong and jovial voice.

The whole family turned. A sailor had just passed on the threshold, and stood framed as it were by the open door. He held on his right wrist a green parrot, and with his left hand a monkey of the middle size.

The terrified little children fled to the lap of their grandmother, who could not herself suppress a cry. Martin, Clemence and the servant looked on in astonishment.

"How! are you afraid of my menagerie?" resumed Bruno, laughingly. "Come, good people, take courage and embrace me; I have come three thousand miles for that."

Martin approached first; then came Clemence, the widow, and the oldest of the grand-children; but nothing could induce the little girl or the youngest to come near.

Bruno made amends for this by embracing Juliette.

"Faith! I thought I should never get here," resumed he; "do you know, Madame Mauvire, that it is a long walk from Dieppe to your house?"

Martin then remarked that the shoes of the sailor were covered with dust.

"Did you come on foot?" asked he, with surprise.

"Pardieu! would you have me come through your corn-fields in a canoe?" replied the sailor, gaily.

Martin turned towards the door. "But—your baggage—" ventured he.

"My baggage is here," said Bruno. "A sailor, my young friend, needs only a pipe and a nightcap."

The widow and children looked at each other.

"Pardon me," resumed the young man, "but after your letter, we thought—"

"What? that I should arrive in a three-decked vessel?"

"No," replied Martin, attempting to laugh, "but with your trunks, for a long stay; for you have led us to hope that you would remain with us."

"I?"

"Did you not say you were coming with all you possessed?"

"Well, these are all I possess!" exclaimed Bruno; "my monkey and parrot."

"What! is that all?" cried the whole family, with one voice.

"With my sea-chest, where there is nothing but footless stockings and sleeveless shirts! But no matter. Where one's conscience and stomach are in good condition, the rest is of little consequence. Excuse me, sister-in-law; I see some cider there, and your four leagues of travel have made me thirsty. Rochambeau, salute your relatives!"

The monkey gave three leaps, and then sat down at a little distance, scratching his nose.

The sailor, who had reached the table, was pouring out some drink for himself.

The family were in consternation. Seeing the table set, Bruno had taken a seat at it without ceremony, and declared that he was dying of hunger. It became therefore necessary to serve up to him the apple-pudding and the ham, which he had seen; but the widow Mauvire closed the cupboard on the rest.

The sailor, whom Martin continued to interrogate, then related how he had sailed for twenty years under various flags, with no other gains than his pay, spent as soon as received. At last, at the expiration of an hour, it appeared evident that uncle Bruno's fortune consisted only of good nature and an excellent appetite.

The disappointment was general, and manifested itself according to the peculiar disposition of each. While it awoke in Clemence only surprise mingled with a little sadness, with Martin it was a humiliating vexation, and with the widow, regret and indignation. This change of disposition was soon expressed. The monkey having frightened the little girl by pursuing her, the grandmother demanded that it should be banished to an adjoining stable; and the parrot having been allowed to feed from the sailor's plate, Martin declared it insupportable. Clemence said nothing, but went out with Juliette to attend to her household cares, while the widow resumed her wheel outside the door.

Left alone with his nephew, who sought to give his dissatisfaction the appearance of absent-mindedness, uncle Bruno quietly set down the glass which he had emptied, whistled a moment; then, resting his elbows on the table, looked Martin in the face.

"Do you know, boy," said he, tranquilly, "that the wind seems to me to be a little to the north-east in this house? You all appear to be cold-hearted, and nobody has yet said the least friendly word to me. Is this the way to receive a relative whom you have not seen for twenty years?"

Martin replied somewhat roughly that the reception was all their circumstances would allow, and that it did not depend upon them to give better cheer.

"It depends upon you to give a more cordial welcome," replied Bruno. "But enough said; I do not like family quarrels. Only remember that you will one day repeat of this; that is all I have to say!"

Martin, struck with these words, had a sudden suspicion.

"Uncle Bruno would not have this air of assurance, thought he, if he possessed, as he pretends, only a monkey and a parrot. We have been duped by a stratagem; he has wished to try us, and the kind of threat he has just made me, has betrayed him; we must make haste to repair our blunder and to conciliate him."

He immediately hastened to his mother and sister to impart to them his discovery. Both soon entered with smiling countenances. The widow apologized that her household cares had compelled her to leave her dear brother-in-law, and seemed surprised that the table was no better served.

"Where is the cake?" exclaimed she, "and the cream, that I myself put away for uncle Bruno? Juliette, what are you thinking of, my dear? And Clemence, see if there are not some nuts left in the little cupboard; these sharpen the teeth and give one a relish for drink."

The young girl obeyed, and when all was on the table, sat down smilingly opposite the sailor. The latter looked at her complacently.

"Well!" said he, "you look like a relative; you are the very image of poor George."

And, passing his hand under her chin:

"Besides, it is not to-day that I have made your acquaintance; I have heard of you for a long time."

"How so?" asked the astonished young girl.

Before the sailor could reply, a loud and shrill voice pronounced the name of Clemence. The latter turned in surprise, but saw no one.

"Ah! you do not know who is calling you!" said the sailor, laughingly.

"Clemence! Clemence!" repeated the same voice.

"It is the parrot!" cried Martin.

"The parrot!" repeated the young girl. "And who has taught it my name?"

"Some one who had not forgotten it," replied Bruno, winking.

"You, uncle?"

"No, but a young sailor, a native of Omonville."

"Mark?"

"I believe that is his name!"

"You have seen him, then, uncle?"

"A little, for the reason that I returned in the same ship."

"He has returned?"

"With a share of the voyage which will permit him, he says, to go to housekeeping without aid from his parents."

"And he has spoken—"

"Of you," said the sailor, "finishing the thought of his niece, 'often enough for the parrot to have retained your name, as you see.'"

Clemence blushed with pleasure, and the widow herself could not suppress a gesture of satisfaction. The marriage projected between her daughter and Mark had always pleased her, and she had been seriously afflicted by the obstacles raised on the part of the family of the young man. Bruno informed her that the latter had remained at Dieppe only for the formalities necessary to his disembarkation, and that he would probably arrive the next day, more in love than ever.

This intelligence rejoiced everybody, particularly Clemence, who embraced her uncle with a genuine transport of gratitude. Bruno detained her an instant.

"Come, we will be good friends all our lives, will we not?" said he, laughingly; "so, in order that you may not be impatient

while waiting for your sailor, I will give you my parrot; it will speak to you of him."

Clemence embraced her uncle again with a thousand thanks, and extended her hand to the bird, of which she was no longer afraid; it flew on her arm, crying:

"Good day, Clemence!"

Everybody laughed, and the delighted young girl carried it off, kissing it.

"You have just made one happy, brother Bruno," said the widow, following her with her eyes.

"I wish it might not be the only one," replied the sailor, becoming serious; "I have something to offer you, sister; but I am afraid I shall awake a sad remembrance in your heart."

"It is a relic of my son Didier!" exclaimed the widow, with that clear-sighted readiness of mothers.

"You have said it!" replied Bruno. "When he was shipwrecked, we were unfortunately separated. If we had been in the same ship, who knows? I might have saved him, as at Treport."

"Indeed, you did once save his life!" exclaimed the widow, suddenly recalling an old memory; "I ought never to have forgotten that, brother-in-law."

She extended her hand to the sailor; the latter pressed it in his own.

"It was nothing," said he, good-naturedly, "only a neighborly service; but when our ship arrived in India, that of Didier had been wrecked on the coast several days before. All that I could do, was to learn where he was buried, and to plant there a cross of bamboo."

"You have done that!" exclaimed the mother, bathed in tears; "thanks, Bruno; thanks, brother!"

"That is not all," resumed the sailor, softening in spite of himself; "I knew that the Lascars had stolen the effects of the shipwrecked men, and succeeded in finding and recovering my nephew's watch, which I have brought to you."

As he spoke thus, he showed the widow a huge silver watch, suspended by a chain. She seized it with a cry, and kissed it repeatedly. All the women wept; Martin himself appeared moved; as to Bruno, he coughed and drank to disguise his emotion.

When the widow Mauvire could speak, she embraced the sailor and thanked him warmly. All her ill humor had disappeared; she felt only gratitude for the precious gift which reminded her of a long-lost son.

The conversation with Bruno became more free and amicable. His explanations did not admit of a mistake on his real position; he had returned as poor as when he started. In declaring to his nephew that he and his would repent of their coldness, he had thought only of the regrets they must sooner or later experience, at having mistreated a kind relative; all the rest was an inference of Martin's.

Although this discovery destroyed conclusively the hopes of the mother and daughter, it did not change their manners. Both, won by uncle Bruno's kindness, retained their affection for him, and surrounded him with attentive cares.

The sailor, for whom all the resources of the humble family stores had been exhausted, had just left the table, when Martin, who had been out a moment, suddenly re-entered, asking Bruno if he would sell the monkey.

"Rochambeau?" replied the sailor, "no, indeed; I have educated him, he obeys me; he is my servant and my companion; I would not give him for ten times his value. But who wishes to buy him?"

"The count," said the young man; "he has just passed by and seen the animal, and he was so pleased with it that he asked me to inquire the price, and to bring it to him."

"Well! you will tell him that I shall keep it," replied Bruno, filling his pipe.

Martin made a gesture of disappointment.

"It is a pity!" exclaimed he; "the count has just recollected his promise to me, and told me that if I would secure for him the monkey, he would make arrangements to give me the situation he had promised."

"Ah! your fortune would have been made!" cried the widow, sorrowfully.

Bruno demanded an explanation.

"So," said he, after a moment of reflection, "you hoped by procuring Rochambeau for the count, to obtain the employment you desire?"

"I was sure of it," replied Martin.

"Well!" exclaimed the sailor, hastily, "I will not sell the animal, but I will give it to you! Present it to your nobleman, and he cannot but show some gratitude for the favor."

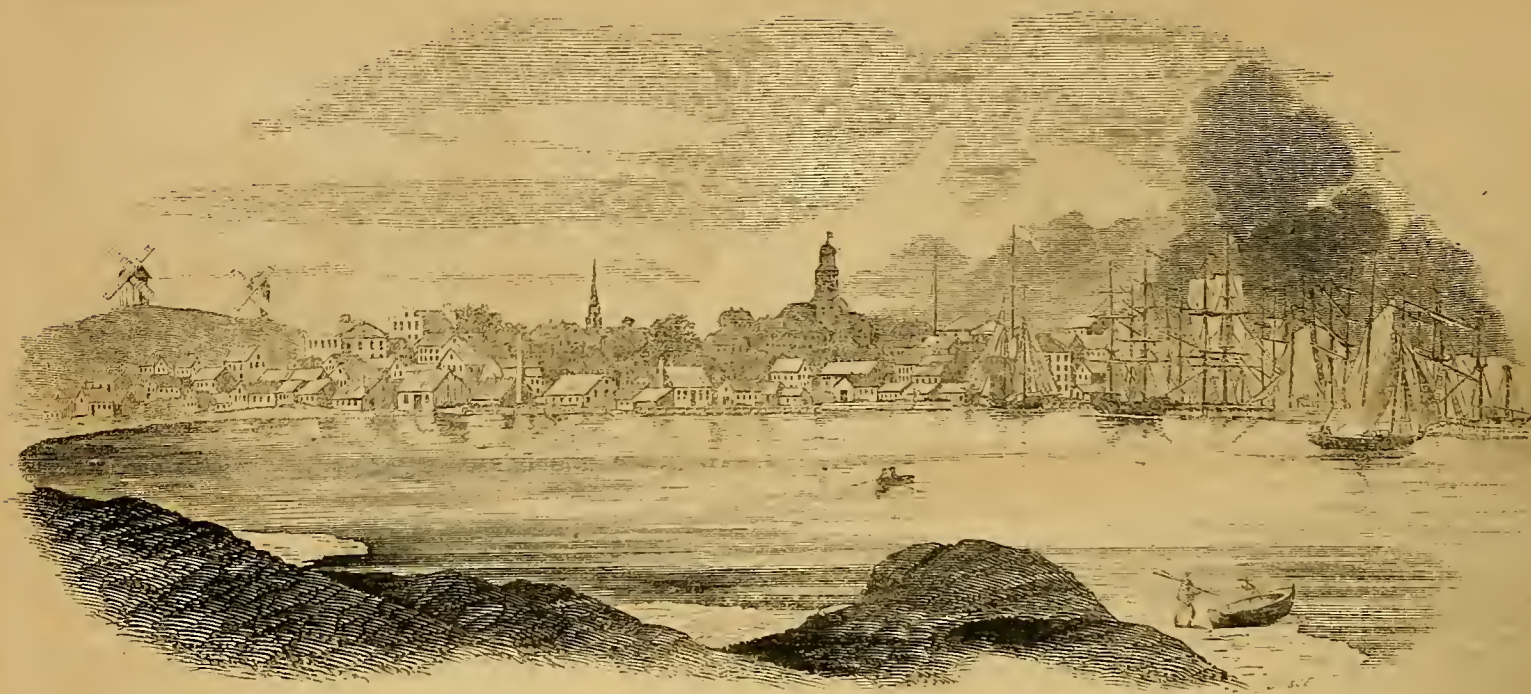
There was a general concert of thanks, which the uncle cut short by sending his nephew to the castle with Rochambeau. Martin was very cordially received by the count, who conversed some time with him, ascertained that he was competent to fulfil the duties of the situation, and secured it to him.

The joy of the family on his return with this news, may be imagined. The widow, wishing to atone for her unkindness, then acknowledged to the sailor the interested hopes to which his return had given rise. Bruno laughed.

"I have played you a fine trick," exclaimed he. "You expected millions, and I have brought you only two useless animals."

"You are mistaken, uncle," said Clemence, gently; "you have brought us three priceless treasures; for, thanks to you, my mother has now a relic of her son, my brother has employment, and I—I, have hope."

It is love that preserves the empire which power sots up.



A VIEW OF THE TOWN AND ISLAND OF NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS.

ISLAND AND TOWN OF NANTUCKET.

Above we give a fine view of the beautiful Island of Nantucket. The island, town and county have the same limits. It is situated south of the peninsula of Cape Cod, some twenty miles, and is some sixty miles southeast from New Bedford, and about 120 miles south-southeast from Boston. The island, which has a population of 8500 inhabitants, fifty-eight farms and sixty productive establishments, is about fifteen miles long and three and one-half broad. The principal harbor is on the north side, in the head of an extensive bay. Two miles from the land is a bar, admitting vessels of nine feet draft. Eastward and southward are the Nantucket shoals, which compel large ships to keep at a safe distance. On this side stands the Sancy Head Light, a large stone tower, with iron steps and one of the finest lanterns, which sends its light forty miles. The face of the island is generally level, with some elevations. It was settled by some families from Massachusetts, in 1659, to enjoy that religious freedom in a distant island among savages that was denied them at home. Some 1500 In-

dians lived on the island, who are now all gone but one of eighty years. The island was covered with forests, and the soil was luxuriant. The whale fishery has been the principal business of the inhabitants, to this day, as nearly one hundred ships are owned by the people, engaged in whaling. Till 1780, the waters near the island abounded in whales. As they left, the whalers have followed them to their present grounds. The town of Nantucket is a busy place; the people possess the most enterprising genius. We find large churches and school-houses, an Athenæum with a valuable collection, and a library. This Athenæum is a large building, with a portico; containing a convenient lecture-room for 500 people, a library-room, a museum filled with curiosities, consisting chiefly of weapons, dresses and utensils of the natives of the Pacific Ocean islands. The museum alone is worth a visit to the island. The library contains more than 3000 volumes of interesting books, and is open to every stranger. Visitors flock here throughout the summer season, and meet a most cordial reception by the kind people. No place in the United

States presents greater attractions for the invalid than this island; the fine, bracing sea air and the excellent water being admirably adapted to refresh and invigorate mind and body. Visitors find the best accommodations in the large hotel of the town, or in the village of Siasconnet. This village is built on a level grass plat, near the edge of a steep cliff. The eye rests on a broad expanse of the Atlantic, and below, the surf rolling and breaking, gives animation to the scenes by day, and calls to repose by night. Fishing smacks are continually sailing near by, and larger vessels in the distance are passing on longer voyages. The sea bird is ever skimming over the ocean, now eyeing the waters beneath, now darting headlong at his prey. Fishing in the fresh water ponds, and berries in sufficient abundance tempt the resident to a healthful walk. One mile distant, on a small eminence, stands the well-known Sancy Head Light, with a view that can only be compared with the stand on the highest mast top. The eye commands almost the entire horizon, and gives rise to sensations that can be felt, but not described.



REPRESENTATION OF THE "ST. CHARLES PLATE," OF ST. CHARLES HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS.

[For description, see page 191.]



OCCUPATION FOR RAINY DAYS.



A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

SCENES AT THE GOLD DIGGINGS.

On the page herewith we present five pictures so expressive and characteristic, that but few words are required by way of explanation. The series tell a connected story at a glance. The first picture represents the manner in which the gold diggers of California are accustomed to occupy themselves on a rainy day, viz., in mending their clothes, and repairing their boots and tools—in-door occupation, and a very necessary duty. The second picture is rather a ludicrous one, and represents an interior view of a man's cabin, which has been taken possession of by one of the numerous bears that abound in the diggings, and which seeming to have regaled itself sufficiently on the stores of the cabin is now seen warming itself, after the style of a human being across a chair. The third, and centre picture, is a very fine and expressive one, representing the miners engaged in weighing the dust which has cost them so much labor to procure. The tools of their calling are strewn upon the table before them, eating utensils, fire-arms and scales. One is enjoying his pipe, and another looks on thoughtfully at the operation of weighing performed by his comrade. The fourth picture, below, represents the miners engaged in performing their culinary duty. One is actively engaged over the fire, with the food, the savory smell of which attracts the dog hard by, who eyes it wishfully, while the other miner is pounding up corn with a pestle and mortar, to make a pudding with which to finish the meal. Hunger is said to be the best sauce for sup-

per, and consequently, as these hardy sons of toil have plenty of appetite, we must suppose that their sauce is of the choicest sort. The fifth and last picture, represents the miners washing their clothing on the river's bank, and hanging the clothes to dry on

idea of profit by the obtaining of gold, has its charms; and we must confess that we do not wonder that a feeling of this character should possess many a stout heart and gallant spirit. The very flower of New England youth—that is to say, its bone and sinew—have emigrated to the shores of the Pacific, in search of the shining metal and of adventure. As we have before taken occasion to remark, there are very few families, even, who do not count one or more members of their circle as among the gold seekers and California adventurers. The consequence of this immense amount of manual labor devoted to the purpose of mining, is to increase both the yield of gold and the mortality of the country, which, to a vast number of constitutions, proves fatal. And while some return enriched with gold, to the scenes of their childhood, a vast number die at a distance from friends and home.—Many philosophize and say that the discovery of gold in California is, in reality, a curse rather than a blessing. They adduce all the contingent evils that have resulted from the matter, but forget that they cannot divine the hidden purpose of Divine Providence, that has thus revealed the hidden wealth of the earth to men's eyes. The ways of Providence are inscrutable, and no man can fathom them. But that the discovery of gold in California and Australia savors of some goodly use beyond its apparent application, we have not the shadow of a doubt. It seems to have been reserved till this day, as one important auxiliary in bringing the whole world under the influences of civilization and religion.



REPRESENTATION OF MINERS WEIGHING THEIR GOLD.

the branches of the trees. Their wants are simple and easily supplied. They require neither starching nor ironing for their coarse under clothes, and they are quickly cleansed and ready for use without the laundress's care. To many this life, aside from the



MINERS PREPARING THEIR FOOD.



MINERS WASHING THEIR CLOTHING.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LOVE-LOST KATHLEEN.

BY ELLEN LOUISE GLENDLER.

On a night, when stars were smiling
O'er the lost day hushed to rest,
While the earth lay like an Eden,
Long ere sin had stained its breast;—
And from clouds that floated o'er her,
Looked the moon's face, calm and pale
As a nun's, when careless fingers
Lift the dark folds of her veil;—
When the pale flowers closed their leaflets
O'er their bosoms snowy-fair,
Heeding not the zephyr's pleading,
Kissing them with lips of air;—
When the wave with softest murmur,
Broke upon the moon-lit shore,
Low, as when a maiden whispers
Vows and troth-pledgets o'er and o'er;—
Lying then where rays of moonlight
Wove a glory round her head,
Was a being fair and lovely;
One whose smile my steps had led
From the gray-kied elme called real,
To the land of love and dreams,
Lighted by the mystic glory
From her blue eyes' starry beams!

By her side my feet had lingered,
While the summer days grew long,
Childed onward by the music
Of her never-ceasing song,
Till in rays of russet autumn
Smiled the corn-fields on the plain,
And the sickles of the reapers
Gleamed amid the waving grain.
Then in dim old woods we wandered
Searching for the nuts all day,
Where the dry leaves on the dingles
In the autumn sun-shine lay,—
Roamed we o'er the slanting hill-side,
Where the glad breeze kissed her cheek,
And the fair earth seemed to brighten
In her smile so pure and meek,
Till she said "I'm very weary;
Lay me gently down to rest,
Where the stars will smile upon me
As they journey to the west."
And she sleepeth in the forest,
'Neath the shadow of white wings,
For an angel watcheth o'er her
Guarding from all evil things.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

A ROMANCE OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

BY FRANCIS A. DEKIVAGE.

It was a fine night in the autumn of the year 1805, and the stars shone as brilliantly over the gay city of Paris as if they had burned in an Italian heaven. The colossal mass of the palace of the Tuileries, instead of lying like a dark leviathan in the shadows of the night, blazed with light in all its many-windowed length; for the soldier-emperor, the idol of his subjects, that night gave a grand ball and reception to the world. Troops in full uniform were under arms, and the great lamps of the court-yard gazed brightly on the channelled bayonets and polished musket-barrels of the sentinels. Carriage after carriage drew up at the great portal, and emitted beautiful ladies, brilliantly attired, and marshals and staff officers blazing with embroidery; for Napoleon, simple and unostentatious in his own person, well knew the importance of surrounding himself with a brilliant court; and the people, even the rude and ragged denizens of the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau, as they hung upon the iron railing and scanned the splendid dresses of the guests as they alighted from their carriages, were well pleased to see that a throne created by themselves could vie in splendor with the old hereditary seats of loyalty that existed in spite of the execrations of the million. They marked with pleasure the arms of some of the ancient Bourbon nobility on the panels of some of the glittering equipages, for all the aristocracy of France had not joined the banners of her adversaries.

Within the walls of the palace, in the reception-room, the scene was yet more dazzling. The draperies of the throne, at the foot of which stood Josephine, more impressive from her native and winning loveliness than the splendor of the priceless diamonds that decked her brow and neck, and the emperor in the simple attire of a gentleman, with no distinctive ornament save the grand cross of the Legion of Honor,—the draperies of the throne, we say, no longer presented the golden lilies of the Bourbon, but the golden bees of Napoleon,—symbols of the industry and perseverance which had raised him to his rank. The eye, as it roamed around the brilliant circle, encountered few of those rapid faces which make the staple of the surroundings of an hereditary throne. Every countenance that sparkled there, graced the shoulder of a man who had won his grade by exposure, gallantry and intellect. There was the scarred veteran of the Sambre and the Meuse, heroes who had crossed "that terrible bridge of Lodi" in the path of the French tri-color, and the face of the withering fire of Austrian batteries,—dim eyes that had been blighted by the burning sands of Egypt, warriors who had braved the perils of the Alps, and the dangers of the plains of Lombardy.

Somewhat apart from the brilliant circle, in the embrasure of one of the deep and lofty windows, stood a young officer, in conversation with a beautiful young woman. The latter was attired

in white satin, and the rich lace veil that half hid the orange flower in her hair, and descended gracefully over her faultless shoulders, proclaimed her to be a bride. And the young soldier, her companion? The radiant pride and joy that beamed from his fine dark eye, the animation of his manner, and the tenderness of his tone, as he addressed the lady, emphatically proclaimed the bridegroom. Such, indeed, were the relations of Colonel Lioncourt and Leonide Lasalle, who had that day only lost her maiden appellation at the altar of Notre Dame.

So absorbed was the young colonel in the conversation, that it was only after he had been twice addressed that he turned and noticed the proximity of a third person.

"Sorry to interrupt you, colonel," said the new comer, a young man with dark lowering brows, deep set eyes, and a sinister expression, heightened by a sabre cut that traversed his left cheek diagonally, "but his majesty desires to speak to you."

"*Au revoir*, Leonide," said the young colonel, to his bride; "I will join you again in a few moments. The emperor is laconic enough in his communications. Meanwhile, I leave you to the care of my friend."

The emperor was already impatient, and the moment the colonel appeared, he grasped his arm familiarly, and led him aside, while the immediate group of courtiers fell back respectfully, and out of ear-shot.

"Colonel," said Napoleon, "I have news—great news. The enemies of France will not give us a moment's repose. It is no longer England alone that threatens us. I could have crushed England, had she met me single-handed. In a month my eagles would have lighted on the tower of London. Russia, Austria and Sweden have joined her. Our frontier is threatened by half a million men. Lioncourt, you are brave and trusty, and I will tell you what I dare communicate to few. My movements must be as secret as the grave. Paris must not suspect them. What do you think I propose doing?"

"To strengthen the frontier by concentrating your troops on different points, sire."

Napoleon smiled.

"No, Lioncourt; we will beard the lion in his den. I have broken up the camp at Boulogne. I will rush at once into the heart of Germany. I will separate the enemy's columns from each other. The first division that marches against me shall be outflanked, attacked in the rear and cut to pieces. One after another they shall fall before me. In three months I shall triumph over the coalition. I shall dictate terms of peace from the field of battle. Lioncourt, they are short-sighted. They know nothing of me yet. They fancy that my heart is engaged in these frivolous pomps and gaieties with which I amuse the people,—that I have become enervated by 'Capuan delights.' But you know me better. You know that my throne is the back of my war-horse,—that the sword is my sceptre, cannon my diplomatists. I wished for peace—they have elected war; on their heads be the guilt and the bloodshed."

He paused, out of breath with the rapidity of his utterance. Colonel Lioncourt waited respectfully till he should recommence.

"Colonel," he said, at last, in a tone of sadness, a melancholy shade passing over his fine features, "they have described me as a sanguinary monster. History will do me justice. History will attest that I never drew the sword without just cause,—that I returned it to its scabbard on the earliest opportunity. Not on my soul the guilt of slaughtered thousands, of villages burned, of peasants driven from their homes, of fields ravaged, of women widowed, and children orphaned. My whole soul yearns for peace. I would build my true greatness on the promulgation of just laws, the culture of religion and intellect, the triumphs of agriculture, and the arts of peace. But I must obey my destiny. Europe must be ploughed by the sword. The struggle is between civilization and barbarism, freedom and despotism, the Frank and the Cossack. But I prate too long. Colonel, I sent for you to pronounce a hard sentence. Your regiment of hussars is already under arms. You must march to-night—instantly."

"Sire," said Lioncourt, with a sigh. "This news will kill my poor wife."

"Josephine shall console her," said the emperor. "I would have informed you earlier, but St. Eustache, your lieutenant-colonel, whom I now see talking with madame, advised me not to do so."

"I thank him," muttered Lioncourt, bitterly.

"You have no time to lose. I counsel you to leave the presence quietly. Let your wife learn that you have marched, by a letter. Better that than the agony of parting. I know something of human, and particularly feminine nature. Adieu, colonel. Courage and good fortune."

And so saying, the emperor glided easily back to the circle he had left. Lioncourt's brain reeled under the blow he had received. He gazed upon his wife as she stood radiant, beautiful and unsuspecting, under a glittering chandelier, with the same feelings with which a man takes his last look of the shore as he sinks forever in the treacherous wave. In another moment he was gone. The sentries presented arms as he passed out of the palace. His orderly was in the court-yard holding his charger by the bridle. The colonel threw himself into the saddle, and rode to the head of the regiment. The trumpets and kettle drums were mute—for such were the general orders,—and the regiment rode out of the city in silence, broken only by the heavy tramping of the horses' hoofs, and the clanking of scabbards rebounding from their flanks. As they passed out of one of the gates, the lieutenant-colonel, St. Eustache, joined the column at a gallop, and reported to his commander.

St. Eustache had been a lover of Leonide Lasalle, had proposed for her hand and been rejected. Still, he had not utterly ceased to love her, but his desire of possession was now mingled with a

desire of vengeance. He both hated and loved the beautiful Leonide, while he regarded his fortunate rival and commanding officer with feelings of unmitigated hatred. Yet he had art enough to conceal his guilty feelings and guilty projects. While he rode beside the colonel, his thoughts ran somewhat in this vein:

"Well, at least I have succeeded in marrying my joy. Lioncourt's triumph over me was short-lived. He may never see his bride again. He is venturesome and rash. We have sharp work before us, or I'm very much mistaken, and Colonel Eugene Lioncourt may figure in the list of killed in the first general engagement. Then I renew my suit, and if Leonide again rejects me, there's no virtue in determination."

While the colonel's regiment was slowly pursuing its way, the festivities at the Tuileries were drawing to a close. Madame Lioncourt wondered very much at the absence of her husband, and still more so, when the guests began to depart, and he did not re-appear to escort her to her carriage. It was then that the empress honored her with an interview, and with tears in her beautiful eyes, informed her of her husband's march in obedience to orders. The poor lady bore bravely up against the effect of this intelligence so long as she was in the presence of the emperor and empress; but when alone in her carriage, on her way to her now solitary home, she burst into a flood of tears, and it seemed as if her very heart were breaking. The next morning brought a short but kind note from her husband. It was overflowing with affection and full of hope. The campaign, conducted by Napoleon's genius, he thought, could not fail to be brief, and he should return with new laurels, to lay them at the feet of his lovely bride. This little note was treasured up by Leonide as if it had been the relic of a saint, and its words of love and promise cheered her day after day in the absence of her husband.

At last, news came to the capital from the seat of war. The battle of Austerlitz had been fought and won. The cannon thundered from the Invalides, Paris blazed with illuminations, and the steeples reeled with the crashing peals of the joy-bells. No particulars came at first; many had been killed and wounded; but the French eagles were victorious, and this was all the people at first cared for. Lioncourt's regiment had covered itself with glory, but no special mention was made of him in the first despatches.

At last, one morning a visitor was announced to Madame Lioncourt, and she hastily descended to her *salon* to receive him. St. Eustache advanced to meet her. She eagerly scanned his countenance as he held out his hand. It was grave and sombre. A second glance showed her a black crape sword-knot on the hilt of his sabre. She fainted and sank upon the floor before St. Eustache could catch her in his arms. He summoned her maid, and the latter, with the assistance of another servant, bore her mistress from the apartment.

St. Eustache paced the room to and fro, occasionally raising his eyes to contemplate the rich gilded ceiling, the paintings and statuettes which adorned the *salon*.

"Some style here!" he muttered. "And they say she has this in her own right. Lioncourt left her some funds, I fancy. Young, beautiful, rich; by Jove, she is a prize!"

His meditations were interrupted by the return of Madame Lioncourt, who motioned her visitor to be seated, and sank into a *fauteuil* herself. She was pale as marble, and her eyes were red with recent tears, but her voice was calm and firm as she said:

"I need hardly ask you, sir, if my poor husband has fallen. I could read ill news in your countenance as soon as you appeared. Were you near him when he fell?"

"I was beside him, madame. We were charging the flying Russians. Our horses, maddened with excitement, had carried us far in advance of our column, when suddenly we were surrounded by a troop of horsemen, who took courage and rallied for a moment. Lioncourt was carrying death in every blow he dealt, when a Russian cavalry officer, discharging his pistol at point-blank distance, shot him dead from the saddle. I saw no more, for I was myself wounded and swept away in the torrent of the fight. But he is dead. Even if that pistol-shot had not slain him, the hoofs of his own troopers, as they rushed madly forward in pursuit of the enemy, would have trampled every spark of life out of his bosom."

Leonide wrung her hands.

"But you, at least, recovered his—his remains?"

"Pardon, madame. I instituted a search for our colonel's body where he fell. But the spot had already been visited by marauders. All the insignia of rank had disappeared; and in the mangled heap of stripped and mutilated corpses, it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe."

The widowed bride groaned deeply, as she covered her face with her handkerchief and rocked to and fro on her seat.

"Madame," said St. Eustache, "I will no longer intrude upon your grief. When time has somewhat assuaged the poignancy of your affliction, I will again call on you to tender my respectful sympathies."

Time wore on, and with it brought those alleviations it affords to even the keenest sorrow. The assiduity of friends compelled Madame Lioncourt to lay aside her widow's weeds, and re-appear in the great world of fashion. There, whatever may have been her secret sorrow, she learned to wear the mask of a smiling exterior, and even to appear gayest among the gay, as if she sought forgetfulness in the wildest excitement and most frivolous amusement.

During all this time, St. Eustache, who had got a military appointment at Paris, was ever at her side. It was impossible for her to avoid him. He escorted her to her carriage when she left a ball-room; he was the first to claim her hand when she entered. He was so respectful, so sad, so humble, that it was impossible to take offence at his assiduities, and she even began to like him in spite of former prejudices. Though it was evident that the free-

dom of her hand had renewed his former hopes, still no words of his ever betrayed their revival, only sometimes a suppressed sigh, the trembling of his hand as it touched hers, gave evidence that could not be mistaken.

Affairs were in this condition, when a brother of Leonide, Alfred Lasalle, a young advocate from the provinces, came to establish himself in Paris. He at once became the protector and guardian of his sister, and as such, conceived the same violent dislike to St. Eustache that Leonide had formerly entertained towards him. St. Eustache, after many fruitless attempts to conciliate the brother, gave it up in despair. Still, whenever Alfred's affairs called him away, he supplied his place with the young widow.

At this time, play sometimes ran very high in the salons of the capital; and Leonide rose from the *carte* table, one night, indebted to St. Eustache in the sum of a thousand crowns.

"Call on me to-morrow," said Leonide, with a flushed face, "and I will repay you."

St. Eustache was pretty well acquainted with the affairs of the young widow. He knew that she had been living on her capital for some time, and that she had reached the limit of her resources. He knew that it was utterly impossible for her to raise a thousand crowns in twenty-four hours. She must, therefore, he thought, cancel her debt by her hand. This was the alternative to which he had been manoeuvring to bring her; therefore, he entered her salon the next day with the air of a victor. He was no longer covetous of wealth; he had prospered in his own speculations, and was immensely rich; the hand of Leonide, even without her heart, was now all he sought.

Madame Lioncourt received him with the easy assurance of a woman of the world. He, on his part, advanced with the grace of a French coquette.

"You came to remind me, sir," said the lady, "that I was unfortunate at play last night."

"No, madame," said St. Eustache, "it is yourself who reminds me of it. Pardon me, I am somewhat acquainted with your circumstances. I know that you are no longer as rich as you are beautiful—"

"Sir!"

"Pardon the allusion, madame; I did not intend to insult you, but only to suggest that the payment of money was not the only method of cancelling a debt."

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Leonide, it is time that you did understand me!" cried St. Eustache, impetuously. "It is time that I should throw off the mask and assert my claim to your hand. I loved you once—I love you still. You are now in my power. You cannot pay me the money you owe me; but you can make me happy. Your hand—"

"Colonel St. Eustache," said the lady, coldly, as she rose and handed him a pocket-book. "Be good enough to count those notes."

St. Eustache ran over them hastily.

"A thousand crowns, madame," he said.

"Then the debt is cancelled. Never renew the proposal of this morning. Good-day, sir."

With a haughty inclination of the head, she swept out of the room.

"Never renew the proposal of this morning!" said St. Eustache, to himself. "A thousand furies! It shall be renewed to-night. She will be at the masquerade at the opera house. I have bribed her chamber-maid, and know her dress. She shall hear me plead my suit. I have risked too much—periled too much, to give her up so easily."

Amidst the gay crowd at the opera house was a light figure in a pink domino, attended by one in black. Not to make a mystery of these characters, they were Madame Lioncourt and her brother.

"Dear Alfred," said the lady, "I am afraid you impoverished yourself, to aid me in extricating myself from the toils of my persevering suitor."

"Say nothing of it, Leonide," replied Alfred. "Your liberty is cheaply purchased by the sacrifice."

"Lady, one word with you," said a low voice at her side.

She turned and beheld a pilgrim with scrip, staff and cross, and closely masked.

"Twenty, if you will, reverend sir," she replied, gaily. "But methinks this is a strange scene for one of your solemn vocation."

"The true man," replied the mask, "finds something to interest him in every scene of life. Wherever men and women assemble in crowds, there is always an opportunity for counsel and consolation. The pious pilgrim should console the sad; and are not the saddest hearts found in the gayest throngs?"

"True, true," replied Leonide, with a deep sigh.

"But you, at least, are happy, lady," said the pilgrim.

"Happy! Could you see my face, you would see a mask more impenetrable than this velvet one I wear. It is all smiles," she whispered. "But," she added, laying her hand on her bosom,

"I have a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart;
It heaves no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it consumes my heart!"

"Can it be possible!" cried the pilgrim. "You have the reputation of being one of the gayest of the Parisian ladies."

"Then you know me not."

"I know you by name, Madame Lioncourt."

"Then you should know that name represents a noble and gallant heart—the life of my own widowed homestead. You should know that Lioncourt, the bravest of the brave, the truest of the true, lies in a nameless grave at Austerlitz, the very spot unknown."

"I too was at Austerlitz," said the pilgrim, in a deep voice.

"You were at Austerlitz!"

"Yes, madame, in the —th hussars."

"It was my husband's regiment."

"Yes, madame. I was for a long time supposed to be dead. My comrades saw me fall, and I was reported for dead. Faith! I came near dying. But I fell into the hands of some good people, though they were Austrians, and they took good care of me, and cured my wounds, and here I am at last."

"Ah! why," exclaimed Madame Lioncourt, "may this not have been the fate of your colonel? why may not he too have survived the carnage, and been preserved in the same manner? His body was never recognized."

"Very possibly Lioncourt may still be living."

"Yet St. Eustache told me he was dead."

"He is a false traitor!" cried the pilgrim. "Leonide!" cried he, with thrilling emphasis, "you have borne bad news, can you bear good?"

"God will give me strength to bear good tidings," cried the lady.

"Then arm yourself with all your energy," said the stranger. "Lioncourt lives."

"Lives!" said Leonide, faintly, grasping the arm of the stranger to support herself from falling.

"Courage, madame; I tell you the truth. He lives."

"Then take me to him. The crisis is past. I can bear to meet him; nothing but delay will kill me now!" cried the lady, hurriedly.

"He stands beside you!" said the stranger.

A long deep sigh, and Leonide lay in the arms of the pilgrim, who was still masked. But she recovered herself with superhuman energy, and said:

"Come, come, I must see you. I must kneel at your feet. I must clasp your hands; my joy—my love—my life!"

"Room, room, there!" cried a scenschal. "The emperor!"

"Dearest Leonide," whispered a voice in her ear, "I resolved to see you again to-night, in spite of your prohibition to renew my suit."

"Then wait here beside me; do not leave me," answered the lady, as she recognized St. Eustache.

"That will I not, dearest," was the fervent reply.

Napoleon, with Josephine leaning on his arm, advanced through the broad space cleared by the attendants, and when he had taken up a position in the centre of the hall, near Lioncourt and his bride, St. Eustache and Lasalle, gave the signal for the company to unmask. As they obeyed, and every face was uncovered, his quick glance caught the pale and handsome features of the young cavalry colonel.

"What!" he exclaimed, impetuously. "Can the grave give up its dead? Do our eyes deceive us? Is this indeed Lioncourt, whom we left dead upon the field of Austerlitz? Advance, man, and satisfy our doubts."

Lioncourt advanced, and the emperor laid his hand upon his arm.

"You are pale as a ghost, man; but still you're flesh and blood. Give an account of yourself. Speak quickly; don't you see these ladies are dying of curiosity? and faith! so I am too," he added, smiling.

"Sire," said the colonel, "you will, perhaps, remember ordering my regiment in pursuit of the flying Russians?"

"Perfectly well, and they performed the service gallantly. Their rear was cut to pieces."

"St. Eustache and I rode side by side," pursued the colonel.

"Here is St. Eustache," cried the emperor, beckoning the officer to advance.

"My dear colonel!" cried St. Eustache, embracing his old commander.

"Go on, colonel," cried the emperor, stamping his foot impatiently.

"We hung upon the flying rear of the enemy, sabreing every man we overtook. Faith! I hardly know what happened afterwards," said the colonel, pausing.

"Take up the thread of the story, St. Eustache," said the emperor; "don't let it break off here."

"Well, sire," said St. Eustache, drawing a long breath, "as the colonel and I were charging side by side, cutting right and left, separated from our men by the superior speed of our horses, a Russian officer wheeled and shot the colonel from his saddle."

"That was how it happened, Lioncourt," said the emperor. "Now go on. Afterwards—"

"When I came to my senses, sire," resumed Lioncourt, glowingly, "I found myself in the hands of some Austrian peasants. I had been plundered of my epaulettes and uniform, and they took me for a common soldier. But they carried me to their cottage, and dressed my wound, and eventually I got well."

"But where were you wounded, colonel?" asked the emperor.

"A pistol ball had entered behind my left shoulder, and came out by my collar bone."

"Behind your left shoulder!" cried Napoleon. "And yet you were facing the enemy. How was that?"

"Because," said the colonel, sternly, "a Frenchman, a soldier, an officer, a disappointed rival, took that opportunity of assassinating me, and shot me with his own hostler-pistol."

"His name!" shouted the emperor, quivering with passion,—"his name; do you know him?"

"Well—it is Lieutenant-Colonel St. Eustache!"

All eyes were turned on St. Eustache. His knees knocked together, his eyes were fixed, cold drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. But in all that circle of indignant eyes, the detected criminal saw only the eagle orbs of the emperor that pierced to his very soul.

"Is this charge true?" asked Napoleon, quickly, quivering with one of his tremendous tornadoes of passion.

St. Eustache could not answer, but he nodded his head.

"Your sword!" cried the emperor.

Mechanically the criminal drew his sabre, he had thrown off his domino, and now stood revealed in the uniform he disgraced, and offered the hilt to the emperor. Napoleon clutched it, and snapped the blade under foot. Then tearing off his epaulettes he threw them on the floor, stamped on them, and beckoning to an officer who stood by, gasped out:

"A guard, a guard!"

In a few minutes the tramp of armed men was heard in the saloon, and the wretched culprit was removed.

"General Lioncourt," said the emperor, to his recovered officer, "your new commission shall be made out to-morrow. In the meanwhile, the lovely Leonide shall teach you to forget your trials."

The assemblage broke up. Lioncourt, his wife and her faithful brother, retired to their now happy home.

The next day was fixed for the trial of the guilty St. Eustache before a court martial—a mere formal preliminary to his execution, for he had confessed his crime, but it appeared that during the preceding night he had managed to escape.

Flying from justice, the wretched criminal reached one of the bridges that span the Seine. Climbing to the parapet, he gazed down into the dark and turbid flood, now black as midnight, that rolled beneath the yawning arch. There was no star in the sky, and here and there only a light dim-twinkled reflected in the muddy wave. Daylight was beginning to streak the east with sickly rays. Soon the great city would be astir. Soon hoarse voices would be clamoring for the traitor, the assassin, the dastard, who, in the hour of victory, had raised his hand against a brother Frenchman. Soon, if he lingered, his ears would be doomed to hear the death penalty,—soon the muskets, whose fire he had so often commanded, would be levelled against his breast. All was lost—all for which he had schemed and sinned,—the applause of his countrymen, the favor of his emperor, the love of Leonide. At least, he would disappoint Paris of a spectacle. He would die by his own act. A sudden spring, a heavy plunge, a few bubbles breaking on the black surface, and the wretched criminal was no more!

Days afterwards, a couple of soldiers, lounging into La Morgue, the dismal receptacle where bodies are exposed for identification, recognized in a pallid and bloated corpse the remains of the late lieutenant-colonel of the —th hussars.

Lioncourt learned his fate, but it threw no shadow over his bright and cloudless happiness.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE LAY OF THE DEW DROPS.

In the silent hour of the night we lie
From our secret home in the clear blue sky,
To the violet dell and the roses' bower,
And the star-light steal from the sleeping flower.

While the eyes of the world are in slumber sealed,
We sprinkle our pearls o'er the grassy field,
And deck in a diamond robe the grain
That swells on the laden harvest plain.

We lie on the rush by the rivulet's bank,
And peep at the spot where the sunbeams sank;
We trip o'er the mead, and we flit in the dell,
And we hide in the flower's secret cell.

In the silvery light of the moon we sport,
And the fragrant breath of the night-breeze court;
And when the bright beams of the morning fall,
We rest in the shade of the ivied wall,—

Till the fiery day in his chariot rides
Through the orient gate o'er the ocean tides,
When we shake our sheen in his golden ray,
And hie to our other abodes away.

ORATORICAL.

Beyond all question, the man of the meeting was Dr. Duff, the great Scotch missionary at Calcutta. I had heard of him—I had read his powerful and moving addresses and communications; but now I saw and heard him. The day was chilly, and he sat near me, wrapped up in a cloak. He is quite tall, probably six feet, two or three inches, when he takes the folds out of his body. He is a very slender man, with a small head, thick black hair, combed back from his forehead and temples, deep sunken black eyes, hollow cheeks, and presenting on the whole, a worn, sickly aspect. His accent is of the broadest Scotch, and his delivery most furious. When his name was announced, the hall rang again. He commenced like a race-horse, and kept in full gallop to the close of a very long speech. He twisted his body into all possible shapes—at one time, a part of the tail of his coat was over his shoulder; at another he had every available portion of it closely packed under one arm, so as to reveal his waistcoat midway to his shoulders. I never heard such a torrent of information, of history, of invective, of figure and illustration, of vigorous grappling with pantheism, infidelity and formalism, and of earnest exhortation to the whole host of God's elect, to a bold and united assault upon the army of the aliens. And as he traced the progress of the soul emerging from the darkness of nature into the light of revelation, and by the aid of that light ascending step by step until introduced to the general assembly and church of the first-born in heaven, he held his audience in breathless silence. When he concluded his speech he was dripping with perspiration; and the moment his last words were uttered, he rolled his cloak around him, and amid the tumultuous applause of the house, darted out of the hall.—*London Cor. N. Y. Observer.*

Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals till all are dead,
And to the merces of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.—*Young.*

Types of Mind; or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 10...BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.



WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, "being naturally inclined to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about eighteen, and was an actor at one of the play-houses, and did act exceedingly well." So wrote honest Aubrey, in the year 1680, and we can therefore give the post of honor in the histrionic profession to the greatest of dramatic authors, whose varied productions combine the deepest passion, the profoundest philosophy, the wildest romance, the most comprehensive history. And in this instance, for the first time, our engraving is not taken directly from the original manuscript. There are but five authentic autographs of Shakspeare in existence, and we give here-with a fac-simile of one of these, which was purchased by the corporation of London in 1841, at public auction, for seven hundred and twenty-five dollars. It is a deed, and on a strip of parchment (as represented), to which the seal is attached, we see the signature "William Shakspeare." Another autograph, in the same orthography, is a small folio volume, which was bought by the British Museum in 1838, for five hundred dollars, and there are three others (one of which we give a fac-simile of) on three sheets of the poet's will, which is carefully preserved in the Prerogative Office, at London. The tremor of old age is distinguishable in these precious symbols of dramatic talent, yet genius is stamped upon every letter—the spelling, also, is curious, and shows that most of us have erred in adding superfluous letters to "Shakspeare." Of the peculiar histrionic excellences of the poet, we have no information, and rather incline to the opinion of Knight, that Shakspeare became an actor because he was a dramatic writer, and not a dramatic writer because he was an actor. He very quickly made his way to wealth and reputation by the glorious productions of his ripe intellect.

Bristol, April 8/45
 Sir
 The letter from America
 which you forwarded I have
 received
 Yours
 very truly
 Edwin Jones

EDWIN FORREST is unquestionably at the head of his profession in this country, and his autograph shows that he merits the loud applause of the crowded houses which he invariably "draws." On paper, as on the stage, he scorns all imitation of transatlantic mannerism, and displays a vigorous individuality, ever popular in our republic—the style may be somewhat overstrained at times, but it ever bears the sterling impress of truth. Like the "Bard of Avon," Mr. Forrest attained his position by genius and not by favor, and instead of trammelling his fancy to please a few conceited critics, he has won the approbation of the masses by his original delineations of character, "ample and true with life." An earnest student, he is equally fortunate in interpreting the characters of the savage warrior, the ancient Roman, the mysterious Dane, or the chivalric young Frenchman, rendering the precise tone of every passing and changing emotion of the scene. His conceptions are grand, and there is something in the majesty of his voice which sweeps across his audiences, as the north wind, in thrilling tones, passes across an æolian harp. Mr. Forrest is the actor of the millions—the artist of the masses; his style, perhaps, too vigorous for criticism and nice discernment, is yet eminently successful and impressive with the multitude. His engagements in Boston and New York have served to keep him very fresh in the remembrance and appreciation of the public. His hand-writing shows him to be, what he really is, a bold, resolute, and independent man; one governed mainly "by the counsels of his own will." That he is sometimes indiscreet and overacts, we are ready to admit; but that there is a better actor upon the stage at the present time, in Europe or America, we are ready to dispute. He is still in the prime of life.

Ann on Mowatt

Charlotte Cushman

Thos. S. Hamblin

Mrs. ANNA CORA MOWATT, as a dramatic author and artist, has entered upon a brilliant career, already endorsed by the warmest praises of home and foreign critics. Her dashing, almost illegible autography, displays her ideal cast of mind, and that buoyant temperament which so generously forced her to become the heroine of refined comedy, in order that she might repair the fallen fortunes of a loved husband. "Armand," her last production, is highly praised—the verse sparkles with intellect, emotion and dramatic power, nor does the action flag from its commencement to its termination. The authoress enacts the part of the heroine, and in the first act, when she appears as peasant girl, the ease and grace of her manners, coupled with her buoyant step and guileless eye, render her a veritable incarnation of an ideal May

queen. In Shakspeare's "Juliet," she displays the absorbing and delicious love of a young and enthusiastic girl, tempered by the maidenly delicacy of the pure and high-born Veronese. And in Beatrice and Rosalind she must be witnessed to be esteemed—equalled by some in art, and surpassed in force by many, she alone has that poetic fervor which imparts to them their truth, and makes our laughter ever ready to tremble into tears. We regret that we have not space for some of the prominent incidents of Mrs. Mowatt's romantic life, which show her to be a true heroine in domestic affliction, as she is an ornament to her profession. May she write many more such plays as "Armand," and long continue to adorn our stage at home, and honor it abroad.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN is deservedly popular on both sides of

the ocean, and her bursts of conflicting passions are pronounced equal to those of Mrs. Siddons. Every shade of sentiment and every phase of passion are rendered with natural energy, devoid of conventional stage bombast, and the power which she exercises over the imagination of her hearers, absolute as it is, never tends to dislike, so commonly produced in wild phantasy.

THOS. S. HAMBLIN, frank and open-hearted as his own chirography, was an excellent type of an "actor manager." Few men had greater trials, and few men emerged from beneath the cloud of pecuniary distress with brighter honor, or more respected by all concerned. A foreigner by birth, he identified himself with his adopted land, and was second to no citizen in patriotism and national pride. Peace to his manes.

James Quinn J. Cobber Sam Cooke Anne Ades
 Jenny Lind W. C. Macready Tagliioni

JENNY LIND, now Madame Goldsmiecht, reigns queen of song, and the great secret of her acting was, that she never sacrificed sense to sound. Her autograph is as sweeping as is the extraordinary compass of her voice, simple yet marked in character, impulsive, ardent and untrammelled.

MACREADY is idolized by the English play-goers and their imitators in this country, who dilate with raptures upon his melodramatic delineations of Shakspeare's noble characters. His chiro-

graphy displays a strong attempt to be marked in character, without attaining anything beyond the common-place.

DEJAZET is a merry-hearted French actress, who has reigned in the hearts of Parisian audiences through at least half a score of different political dynasties. She has an expressive countenance, a finished style, and a happy aptitude.

TAGLIONI is not only "queen of the dance," but has the honor of giving to the ballet that poetry and intellectuality which is its

essential attribute, although we can seldom realize it on this side of the water. No one ever received such high homage, and for twenty years she was the favorite of Europe.

QUIN, CIBBER, FOOTE and OLDFIELD, a rare quartette of the glories of the British stage, each "made their mark," and were decidedly prominent before the play-goers of their time. We might have given the autographs of those equally popular on the American stage at the present time, but our space will not allow.



FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

ANNE T. WILDER, EDWARD STAGG,
ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER, BEN: PERLEY POORE,
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, MRS. R. F. ELDREDGE,
SYLVANUS COBB, JR., R. A. WIGAT,
HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Old Mill," a story, by REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.
"Waits from Washington," No. XI., by BEN: PERLEY POORE.
"The Discovered Secret," a story, by MISS LUCY BRADSHAW.
"Great Indiana, or Wyandotté Cave," a sketch by C. K. HENDER.
"The Way," verses, by ALICE CARY.
"Repose and Fidelity," a sonnet, by S. H. LLOYD.
"Lines," by WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.
"Memories," verses, by JOHN W. BRAZEL.
"Burial of Ferdinand de Soto," lines, by CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.
"Sabbath in the Country," a poem, by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.
"Death of Little Alice," verses, by HORATIO ALGER, JR.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

On page 181, we give an allegorical representation of the celebration of this famous day—the birth-time of the patron saint of Ireland. On the left of the engraving is seen a picture of St. Patrick himself, represented as banishing all the reptiles and unclean animals from Ireland. On the right, we have a view of Father Mathew delivering a temperance address to the people, in whose ranks banners are waving, and happy faces smiling. In the centre piece, surrounded by a garland, we have a miniature representation of the birth of Christ. On the left, at the bottom of the page, we have a view of the fruits of intemperance. On the right, its contrast—the peaceful products of temperance and honesty. To correspond with these ideas, on the left the sun is hidden behind a cloud; on the right it is bursting forth in clear effulgence. The lofty regions of the left represent ruins. On the right, we have a happy village with its steeples rearing its head towards heaven. The picture is full of suggestions and a very fine one in all its characteristics.

UNDER THE ROSE.

A floating paragraph explains the origin of this expression. The term "under the rose" implies secrecy, and had its origin during the year B. C. 477, at which time Pausanias, the commander of the confederate fleet, was engaged in an intrigue with Xerxes for the marriage of his daughter and the subjugation of Greece to the Median rule. Their negotiations were carried on in a building attached to the Temple of Minerva, called the Brazen House, the roof of which was a garden forming a hower of roses; so that the plot, which was conducted with the utmost secrecy, was literally matured *under the rose*. It was discovered, however, by a slave, and as the sanctity of the place forbade the Athenians to force Pausanias out, or kill him there, they finally walled him in, and left him to die of starvation. It finally grew to be a custom among the Athenians to wear roses in their hair whenever they wished to communicate to another a secret which they wished to be kept inviolate. Hence the saying, *sub rosa*, among them, and now among almost all Christian nations.

SPLINTERS.

.... Captain Ericsson's only brother, says the Home Journal, is the most distinguished engineer in Sweden.

.... It is said that Jenny Lind's profuse charities have quite impoverished her purse, hence her proposed professional tour.

.... Henry Russell, the vocalist, is blackguarding our country shamefully in his songs in London and elsewhere.

.... One of the last famous perfumes is named "Sontag Bonquet," another is "California," and a third, "Airs from Heaven."

.... Two large and costly Congregational churches are soon to be erected, we understand, in New York city.

.... Ex-President Van Buren and son are to visit various parts of Europe this season, on a tour of health-seeking.

.... Another female violinist is coming to America,—a pretty girl, named Marietta Serato, twelve years of age.

.... There are frequently not more than six persons present at the week day services of Trinity Church, New York!

.... Mr. Forrest, we understand, is engaged to play at Placide's Theatre, in New Orleans, at \$2000 per week.

.... At Paris, the sale of Louis Philippe's cabinet of paintings drew a large crowd, and realized some 1,500,000 francs.

.... Madame Alloni is expected to return to Europe in May next, to fulfil an existing engagement with a manager in Paris.

.... President Pierce's inaugural address strikes us as plain, straight-forward and unequivocal in its signification.

.... It is currently reported that Louis Napoleon has ordered a fleet of war ships to be built in New York city.

.... Burning fluid has destroyed two young children in Boston, since our last. It should be an indictable offence to sell it.

PUBLIC FOUNTAINS.

Nothing adds more to the attractiveness and beauty of a city than the establishing of fountains in its midst. In the parching closeness of a mid-summer day, when the blood is excited to almost fever heat, when the brick walls radiate the glowing rays of the sun, when the few trees and shrubs which contrive to exist in a city atmosphere are covered with dust, and exhibit the sad spectacle of verdure in mourning, what is more refreshing to the eye and soul than the exultant leap of a body of pure cold water, gushing up into the bright air, sparkling like a pile of diamonds in the sunshine, and pouring forth melody and light, and fragrant coolness? If this be not a thing of joy and beauty, what can be a type of loveliness and mirth? The few fountains opened in our tri-mountain city are gifts of inestimable worth. The fountain on the Common, with its manifold forms and liberal supply of water, has enhanced a thousand fold the attractions of that far-famed spot. And surely the State House has been infinitely improved by the introduction of those two fountains that sometimes gladden the eye of the visitor to the halls of legislative wisdom.

Does not the reader remember the plan for our Public Garden given in these pages, a short time since? Fountains should grace that spot. We are afraid we should play will have with the finances of the city, were we entrusted with their management; for we would have a fountain at every half mile, and while the funds and Cochituate lasted there would be no lack of water works. But if we would truly appreciate the beauty and value of a fountain, we must travel in the East; there alone does a fountain possess not only a poetical but a sacred character. There, where you may travel for many leagues, and not find one drop of water other than what you carry with you, and that often corrupted by excessive heat, a spring is truly a godsend. Mahomet did no more than faithfully express the sentiments of a people suffering from the perpetual fierceness of the solar heat, when he depicted the garden of Paradise as being watered "by rivers and fountains distilling water clear, sweet and cold as melted snow!"

The fresh and shady fountains of the Arabs are scenes of the most picturesque incidents, where we again become familiar with life under the forms it displayed in primitive ages. The wandering Arab of to-day, a warrior, shepherd and husbandman, like Jacob, pitches his tent beneath the palm trees of an oasis, and establishes himself as the possessor and guardian of the fountain. He is the "squatter" of the East. His sons water the flocks, his daughters, slender and graceful, carry vases of the limpid stream upon their heads; while little children, as lightly draped as cupids, sport like squirrels among the trees. Here the chief traffics with the travelling caravans, and barter wool, butter and camel's milk for cloth, arms, tobacco, grain, and those worthless trinkets which are thought to heighten the beauty of the women, or to serve as amulets to guard them against the machinations and enchantments of the "evil eye."

But without having bestrode the back of a camel, or trodden the shifting sands of a Syrian desert, one can very well appreciate the refreshing qualities of a fountain in the city, during some of the weather we Yankees are apt to encounter in the dog-days. Then the fountain becomes a second Father Mathew, and preaches temperance in accents of delicious music. Let our city fathers think of this, and when they have funds to spare, beautify the city with public fountains.

THE PRESIDENT'S CABINET.

The secret was well kept as to who would compose the Cabinet of President Pierce, until after the inauguration took place. Hon. Wm. L. Marcy, of New York, Secretary of State; Hon. James Guthrie, of Kentucky, Secretary of the Treasury; Hon. Robert McClelland, of Michigan, Secretary of the Interior; Hon. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, Secretary of War; Hon. James C. Dohio, of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy; Hon. James Campbell, of Pennsylvania, Postmaster-General; Hon. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, Attorney General. Thus stands the Cabinet. We have no particular interest in politics, but we doubt not that these constitutional advisers of the President are all good men and true.

TRIBUTE TO GENIUS.—A meeting of artists was held in Rome, Italy, on the reception of the intelligence of the death of Horatio Greenough, the sculptor. All of the American artists were present, and addresses were delivered by Hon. Lewis Cass, Jr., Thomas Crawford, Esq., William U. Story, Esq. A resolution was adopted, that those present wear crape on the left arm for the space of thirty days.

A PENSIONER.—One of the relatives of the new Empress of France—several of whom, it is said, live in New York—is trying to raise money enough to pay his passage to Paris. He is a brush-maker; and does not know but he may sweep up a few crumbs of fortune by presenting himself to his imperial cousin.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—Unlike some periodicals, it grows better instead of worse. The engravings are from well selected subjects, and got up in good artistic taste. The selected and original matter is chaste, elegant, and of a highly moral character.—*Dansville Democrat*.

"RODOLPHO: or, The Mystery of Venice," by GEO. CANNING HILL—We have reprinted the book thus entitled, the demand having been so great; it is now for sale at all the periodical depots.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL for this week is an excellent number, and will command an immense sale. It is confessedly ahead of everything of the kind in America.—*Manchester Daily Mirror*.

POSTAGE.—All letters addressed to this office must be *post paid*, otherwise they are not taken from the post-office.

MARRIAGES

In this city, Mr. Charles Wetzel to Miss Hannah Warnicke; Mr. Martin Blum to Miss Anna E. Adams; Mr. Arthur E. Robinson to Miss Georgiana V. Woodward; Mr. Julius Schunk to Miss L. E. A. Kummerl.
By Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. William J. Abington, of Dover, to Miss Mary A. Newell, of Medfield.
At West Cambridge, by Rev. J. Harvard, Mr. John Hinton, Jr., to Miss Sarah E. Locke.
At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. Benjamin F. Hanscom to Miss Martha A. Wilkey.
In Newburyport, by Rev. D. M. Reed, Mr. William B. Richards to Miss Julia A. Nelson, both of Georgetown.
At Bolton, by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. George H. Eastman to Miss Susan N. Houghton.
At Manchester, N. H., by Rev. B. M. Tillotson, Mr. Carlos Heath to Miss Maria A. Parburst.
At Portland, Me., by Rev. Cyrus Cummings, Mr. Samner Winslow to Miss Mary S. Knight.
At Marysville, Jan. 22, Mr. Alexander Spencer, of Chicago, Ill., to Miss Elizabeth Aspinwall, late of Brookfield, Mass.
At French Camp, Jan. 10, Mr. John C. Childs, of Massachusetts, to Miss Melvina A. Lansing, daughter of Col. J. Lansing.

DEATHS

In this city, March 1, Mrs. Ruth Ballou, aged 74 years, widow of the late Rev. Hosea Ballou; Mrs. Mary Ann Strickland, 19; Mr. Oras Field of Port Huron, Michigan; Mrs. Jane Gardner Hawkins, 75; Mr. Jonathan Pierce, 75 At South Boston, Mrs. Margaret A. Palmer, 41.
At East Boston, Charlotte E. Whittier, 13.
At Charlestown, Mrs. Mary, widow of the late Mr. John Wright, 75; Clara A., daughter of Mr. Hiram Gilles, 17.
At Medford, Mr. Nathan W. Whit, 54.
At Lynn, Mrs. Louisa, wife of Mr. Burrill Graves, 27; Mr. Nehemiah, Jr., son of Mr. Nehemiah Berry, 25.
At Salem, Mr. John Kestell, 73; Mrs. Isannah G., wife of George L. Newcomb, Esq., 39.
At Newton Corner, Gen. Ebenezer Cheney, 94.
At Woburn, Mary Cummings, 88.
At Waltham, Mr. Aaron Brown, 64.
At Newburyport, Mrs. Jane U. Roberts, wife of Mr. Francis S. Roberts, 27.
At Stoughton, Mr. James Capen, a revolutionary soldier, 87.
At Taunton, Mr. John Keel, 40; Mr. Abiathar Wetherell, 65.
At Worcester, Emeline L. Marble, wife of George G. Hildreth, 25.
At Weymouth, Miss Merinda D. Hunt, 26.
At Pittsfield, Miss Sarah Jane Spear, 22; Mr. John Dooley, 33.
At Portland, Me., Mr. William Plummer, 53.
At Carthagen, New Grenada, S. A., Feb. 4, F. Morris Upham, of New York, youngest son of Col. Timothy Upham, of Charlestown, Mass.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SONG.

THE LOVER TO HIS LADY.

BY EDWARD STAOD.

My thoughts go out at early day
To gaze, beloved one, on thy face;
And when my head adown I lay
To sleep, thine image last I trace.

And then in dreams thou com'st to me,
To sweetly bless the hours of rest;
I sit, in fancy, close by thee,
Or fold thee warmly to my breast:

My lips to thine I seem to press,
Thy breath I feel upon my cheek;
While thy mild eyes a love express
Which words are all too weak to speak.

Nor envy I one soul that lives,
While thus I think and thus I dream;
The joys supreme thine image gives
Are sweet and pure as fountain-stream.

My spirit, dear one, always yearns
To hold communion blest with thine;
My heart all sweetly, warmly burns,
And longs to call such treasure mine.

But O, believe 't is not alone
Thy form and face I dearly prize—
Though fair to me as any known,
And sweet the beaming of thine eyes.

I prize, I love thee for the good
And kindly feelings of thy heart;
If not for these thou never couldst
Have been to me what now thou art.

O, blest the hour when first we met,
And blest the hours of joy we passed;
Sweet hours! their bliss will linger yet,
Like fragrant blossoms, till the last.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON.

No. X.

BY HEN. PERLEY POORE.

WASHINGTON city, within a week after the close of an ordinary session, is silent as a theatre when the performances are concluded, and the spectators have gone home. But such is not the case now. The Senate has a deal to do about the eligibility of some of the new members who came on the fourth of March, and then, in secret executive session, new nominations must be discussed—approved or rejected. The House of Representatives is deserted, but many of its members are here, vouching for applicants for office, and endeavoring to have a fair share of the "loaves and fishes" secured for their friends. And then, last, but by no means least, we have a legion of expectants—gentlemen who "have spoken, contributed and voted," and who have any requisite quantity of testimonials. The "outs" look rather ghastly; but, aside from all party considerations (for the Pictorial owes allegiance to no party), these changes have an excellent effect. A faithful, industrious clerk is so absolutely necessary to a department, after four years' good service, that he is invariably retained, and it is but the "chaff" who are ousted, making way for a new set, who, in their turn, may be called and sorted-out four years hence. Anyhow, Washington remains crowded, and it will be well to direct our course, to-day, to the sister city, which crowns a range of heights in full view, behind which rise, in undulating beauty, the hills forming the base of the Alleghanian chain.

Georgetown may be styled the Newport of the South. Much of its ancient commercial glory has departed, and the paving-stones of some streets are set in verdure; but it possesses many attractions, endearing it more to a visitor than its overshadowing neighbor. Old Virginia hospitality reigns in the spacious villas which crown the heights, and if the commerce at the wharves is not gigantic, it is safe. Lines of packets ply to the West Indies, New York and the New England ports—the boatman's horn echoes along the canal, as barges loaded with flour, and coal, and produce, come down on its sluggish tide. A cotton factory and an iron foundry hum with busy industry, and as for the flour which is poured forth from the many spouts of the "Columbian Mills," its reputation is as excellent as the laugh of the "jolly miller" is hearty. The Jesuit's College is one of the oldest literary institutions in the Republic, and many important discoveries have been made at its well-appointed Observatory, by able scholars from Europe; and near by is the "Convent of the Visitation." It is a large, irregular brick edifice, occupying one corner of an enclosure containing twenty acres, in which the recluse can take exercise. Let us go in.

Ringing a door-bell, we enter a narrow hall, at the extremity of which a grating is opened, and a lay-sister presents herself. Finding our permission correct, she shows us into a parlor, divided by a grating, through which only the recluses can converse with their friends—hence the origin of the word *parloir*, from the French verb "to speak." The walls of the outside portion are decorated with paintings and embroidery, the work of the inmates of the institution. One of them makes her appearance, wearing a flowing dress of black bombazine, with long, hanging sleeves, and gathered by a girdle in graceful folds at the waist. A white cambric veil encircles her face, and is neatly pinned beneath her chin, while the ample black veil of the order is draped

over her head, in the picturesque style one sees in prints of Italian peasants. She receives us with the easy dignity of one who has mingled with the world, returns our salutations, and invites us to visit the Academy.

First, we visit the "Odeon," a detached hall, with a vaulted ceiling, where are harps and a grand piano. At the latter sits a "sister," who is performing with so great a delicacy of fingering and brilliancy of execution, that it requires little use of the imagination to think that we listen to St. Cecilia. Soon she is accompanied in a rich tone of gushing melody by one of the scholars—the nuns call them *children*—and then another voice joins in warbling forth clear nightingale notes, that would have elicited bravos from a critical audience.

Next, we traverse the school-rooms, where are about one hundred and twenty young ladies, their ages varying, and their complexions showing the warm blood of the West Indian, the Creole of our sunny South, or the calmer daughters of New England. There is every outward evidence of study, with a long range of separate rooms for the practice of music, a fine collection of philosophical apparatus, and spacious halls for recreation. Upstairs are the dormitories, in which are ranges of dream-inviting couches, separated at night by white curtains. Each dormitory has a cell attached, for the superintending nun, and after the young ladies retire, silence is commanded, under penalty of the usual penance—the committal to memory of a greater or less number of lines of poetry, varying according to the enormity of the offence. The clothing of the pupils is kept with systematic neatness, and admirable order reigns throughout the establishment. Most of the pupils are Catholics, but there are many Protestants, of various denominations, and even Israelites. All seem happy, and benefited by their temporary seclusion, for they can uninterruptedly pursue the path of learning, looking only on the bright side of humanity.

The building occupied by the "sisters" is freely shown to ladies, and to married gentlemen, with a readiness which has divested the Georgetown convent of the objections urged against similar institutions, especially those under the rigid rules of the Ursulines. The "cells" are comfortable little chambers, adorned with religious pictures, and from one of the windows we can see the extensive grounds, in which the nuns take exercise on horse-back or by walking. The chapel is of elegant proportions, neatly fitted up with the insignia of Catholicism, and contains a fine painting presented by the unfortunate Charles Dix, ex king of France. Here we find some of the pupils at their evening devotions, as unmoved as statues, while from behind a black curtain come the sweet voices of the nuns, chanting vespers. Those we meet in the passages, have generally a subdued and pensive cast of countenance, which lights up with a momentary gleam as they exchange a parting salutation, and then relapses into a dignified composure. To those who seek refuge here from disappointment, with sincerity, I can imagine a pleasure in the discharge of their duties.

"How happy is the blameless vestal's lot,
The world forgetting—by the world forgot."

The novitiate is two years—the first for the white veil, and the second for the black—after which, on payment of fifteen hundred dollars entrance fee, the nun is entitled to support for life. In addition to its Academy, this institution has a large charity school, and does much to relieve the wants of the neighboring poor. We leave with feelings of high respect for the unadorned piety and politeness of our guide, and direct our steps to the river-side.

Here the Alexandria branch of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal crosses the Potomac, thirty-eight feet above high-water mark, in an aqueduct which is a monument of engineering talent. It is nearly fifteen hundred feet long, and its granite piers are imbedded seventeen feet in the bed of the river, where they are based on the solid rock. Walking across the tow-path, where we enjoy a fine view of the city, we enter the woods on the Virginian side, pick our way along a shocking bad road, and, climbing an eminence, find ourselves before a noble mansion, the classic portico of which is supported by massive Doric columns.

We are at "Arlington House," and I will guarantee a cordial welcome from its hospitable proprietor, George Washington Parke Custis, Esq., the adopted son of the immortal Washington. The hall and the parlors are adorned with fine paintings, some by Vanduyke, Kneller and Copley, but the most interesting are the first and the last portraits of the *Pater Patria*, and a series of battle paintings from the amateur easel of the host. Educated in Washington's family, Mr. Custis had unrivalled opportunities for becoming familiar with the uniforms, forms and features of the heroes of our Revolution, and has faithfully transferred them to canvass, in portraying scenes often described to him by the actors therein. Here, too, is the Mount Vernon silver-platter, bearing the arms of its great first possessor, the bedstead and bed upon which he reposed during his Presidency, and upon which he expired, and many other mementoes, which coming generations will cherish as national relics. Mr. Custis was the only officer to whom Gen. Washington ever presented a sword, and we will agree with him that it was well to bequeath it to his son-in-law, the gallant Col. Lee, who fought bravely in Mexico.

But the rays of the setting sun tint with golden radiance the Capitol, the Washington Monument, and other buildings on the opposite bank, while between flows the Potomac, glittering like a silver mirror. We linger as we say farewell upon the portico, and endorse Gen. Lafayette in the opinion he expressed on the same spot (when on his last visit he came here), that it was the finest view in the world. "Cherish," said he to Madame Custis, "these forest trees around your mansion. Recollect, my dear, how much easier it is to cut a tree down than to make one grow!"

Our way home leads through "Jackson City," which, it was predicted a few years since, was to rival New York and eclips

Washington. Alas, there is but one house thus far. The cornerstone of the City Hall, laid with pomp by "Old Hickory," has been overturned, rifled of its contents, and is used by the negroes to pound hominy in, while the projected "parade-ground" is so "soft," that an agricultural proprietor, in a recent attempt to explore it, lost his shoe in the mud. An excellent farm it is becoming, covered with fine grain, and "long may it wave."

A miserable scow ferries across the river where the bridge was swept away, never, it is to be hoped, to be rebuilt. It is, in fact, an immense dam nearly across this noble river, and when ice, with resistless force, swept away the wooden bridge at the Virginia extremity, there was loud rejoicing in Georgetown. Half an hour more, and we are again on the Avenue.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MY FIRST CHILD.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDERIDGE.

She came to me in lovely spring,
When earth in green was dressed,
And with the birds she seemed to bring
New joy to my young breast.
The songs that made me glad—some then
Will never seem so sweet again.

The summer days soon passed away,
Birds sought a sunnier land;
An angel stole my pet away,
She dwells in spirit-land.
'T was with the birds she came in spring,
In autumn fled on angel-wing.

I mourned not when she was borne
Unto the spirit-world,
Although my heart with grief was torn;
I knew my angel girl
Had found a home of heavenly rest,
More peaceful than a mother's breast.

'T will be five years when spring returns,
Since she came to my bowser
To cheer me with her short-lived charms,
Then wither like a flower.
I do not wish her back again,
I know my loss to her is gain.

And now a little prattling boy,
With nut-brown, curling hair,
Seems bringing back my buried joy,
Earth still seems bright and fair.
I will not say my heart is riven,
I've one on earth, and one in heaven.

FUN NOT CONFINED TO MAN.

Small birds chase each other about in play; but, perhaps, the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is the most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops about in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersets. The Americans call it the mad bird, on account of these singularities. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing abundant spray around. Deer often engage in a sham battle, or trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals pretending violence in their play, stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the orang-utan, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him. Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey; young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even to the leaves strewn by the autumn wind; they crouch and steal forward, ready for the spring, the body quivering, and the tail vibrating with emotion, they bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another. Benger saw young jaguars and cougars playing with round substances, like kittens. Birds of the magpie-kind are the analogues of monkeys; full of mischief, play and mimicry. There is a story of a tame magpie, that was seen busily employed in a garden, gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air, burying them in a hole made to receive a post. After dropping each stone, it cried "currack!" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor road was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.—*Passions of Animals.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

GENESEE

BY R. A. WIGHT.

I've heard them call Niagara Falls
The fairest ones that be;
But in my heart a something calls
That I love Jenny C.

I've seen Cohoes in thundering might
Roll on so wildly free;
But still my heart with love burned bright
For thee, dear Jenny C.

Some love thee not, "thou art so small!"
But that's a charm with me;
Yes, I prefer thee to them all,
Sweet little Jenny C.

ISLAND OF CUBA.

The island of Cuba lies at our doors; it commands the approach to the Gulf of Mexico, which washes the shores of five of our States; it bars the entrance to that great river which drains half the North American continent, and, with its tributaries, forms the largest system of internal water communication in the world; it keeps watch at the doorway of our intercourse with California by the Isthmus route. If an island like Cuba, belonging to the Spanish crown, guarded the entrance to the Thames or the Seine, and the United States should propose a convention like this to France and England, those powers would assuredly feel that the disability assumed by ourselves was far less serious than that which we asked them to assume.—*Edward Everett.*

He conquers twice, who restrains himself in victory.

THE ST. CHARLES PLATE.—[See Page 184.]

On the 28th of February, 1850, the splendid edifice then constituting the "St. Charles Hotel," at New Orleans, with a large proportion of its valuable furniture, fixtures, etc., was almost entirely consumed. It was a beautiful and commodious building—the pride of the habitants of our sister city, and its destruction was a source of sincere regret to all true lovers of the graceful and chaste in architectural design, while the *bon vivants* among the travelling public universally mourned the loss. It was, at the time, probably the most imposing and extensive structure of the kind, in the United States; its bold and massive proportions instantly arresting the eye of the stranger, while the symmetry, grandeur and richness of its interior arrangements and decorations added nearly a regal magnificence to the comforts of a public dwelling. Such a property, was not, however, long destined to remain unimproved; and, accordingly, on the site of the ruins the new "St. Charles" has arisen, Phoenix-like, from its own ashes, more lofty and beautiful than even the parent structure. The general architectural peculiarities of the former edifice have been admirably preserved, with the exception, perhaps, that the present portico has a higher elevation, and the ceilings throughout the building are more lofty, by which better ventilation is secured. It now stands, the glory of the denizens of the Crescent City, and the boast of the entire South-West.

The present proprietors of the "St. Charles" are Messrs. Hall & Hildreth. Both are well known to the travelling public—the former, as son-in-law and assistant to the recent proprietor, and the latter as the gentlemanly conductor of the "Verandah," which, during his administration, ranked scarcely inferior to the "St. Charles" itself, in its palmiest days. Messrs. Hall & Hildreth, while engaged in furnishing their hotel—for which orders were given on a scale where mere cost was but a secondary consideration—made arrangements with the "Ames Manufacturing Company" of Chicopee, Mass., for extensive services of plate, and among them a most magnificent service of gold. It is a complete dinner suit for twenty-five persons, and has not been inaptly termed "The St. Charles Plate." The artist, in the sketch which we present on page 185, has faithfully delineated a few of the more prominent articles, the large and massive salver, beautifully wrought and splendidly chased, forming the background, in front of which are the two wine coolers, and one of the castors. The soup-tureen, in the centre, forms another portion of this splendid group, flanked on either side by the vegetable and butter dishes, while the salt cellar occupies a position nearest the eye. Besides these, there is in the suit a full complement of spoons, forks, butter and fish knives, etc., etc., the whole forming the most costly and highly finished gold service ever produced in this country.

The articles represented in the engraving, are got up in the Etruscan style of art, and, it will be perceived that while the wine coolers are decorated with the vine and grape clusters, the tureen is ornamented with the oak leaf and acorn. The other pieces have various devices. The goods are struck up from solid silver, upon which is deposited a surface of pure California gold of great thickness, which will wear, at least, a quarter of a century without the least need of re-touching. In the central oval of the salver are the words "St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans," deeply engraved, and the same inscription is also placed upon each article of the suit. The cost of the service was some \$25,000, and, for a number of weeks, in the early part of the present winter, the windows and sales-rooms of the New York depot of the Ames Manufacturing Co. (Messrs. Hitchcock & Co., No. 116 Broadway), were crowded by admiring groups of ladies and gentlemen, commenting on the exquisite proportions and brilliant finish of these superb wares—truly a high tribute to the eminent artist.

The "St. Charles Plate" was accompanied to the same establishment with full silver plated services for the ordinary uses of the hotel—truly beautiful and elegantly wrought goods, and, as specimens of American manufacture, comparing favorably with any from abroad. These services were likewise from the Ames Manufacturing Co.'s works, where, after a system of patient toil and endeavor, continued for years, the art has been brought to a state of perfection entirely satisfactory. Their orders for furnishing our first class hotels, ocean steamers, and genteel private residences are constant, and on the increase, the electro plate, wherever it has been used, fully redeeming every guarantee of its durability, excellence, and even superiority.

The Ames Manufacturing Company's establishment occupies nearly a quarter of a mile of space in the flourishing town of Chicopee, Mass. The company has been many years in existence, and takes its name from the celebrated mechanician and manufacturer, N. P. Ames, Esq.—recently deceased—who for a long time superintended the operations. The present agent is James T. Ames, brother of the deceased, and it has been mainly owing to his discreet, judicious and energetic management that the company has attained its present enviable position among the great manufacturing concerns of the world. They employ constantly some 350 workmen in the different departments, and have long been known as the manufacturers of the regulation swords and bronze cannon used by the United States government. Nearly all the elaborate and costly presentation swords, which for years have been ordered, either as tokens of individual or civic regard, for services rendered in our military and naval operations, have also been fabricated by the Ames Manufacturing Co. A large amount of cotton and woollen machinery is likewise continually under contract, thus rendering the establishment one of vast interest and usefulness, and a centre of attraction to all visitors to that almost universally mechanical region—the banks of the Chicopee and its vicinity.

One of the principal operations of this company has been, and still is, the manufacture of arms and munitions for the United States; yet it will be seen, that while furnishing weapons to defend the rights and honor of our common country they are no less happy and successful in the production of articles of a more practical and peaceful nature, many of which are calculated for the adornment of our quiet homes. There is one branch of the fine arts, however, which they have recently successfully attempted that deserves a few words in addition. Every one conversant with statuary knows something of the difficulties attendant on the perfection of a bronze statue—life size—and how few have ever been essayed on this side of the Atlantic. It was reserved for the Ames Manufacturing Co. to reduce the problem to a certainty in execution, and mainly to Mr. James T. Ames himself, is the public indebted for several beautiful and exquisitely finished bronze statues, either now perfected or fast approaching completion.

After calling to his aid some ingenious artisans of the country, he instituted a series of experiments extending through a number of years, which finally resulted in that beautiful bronze, full size statue, designed by Mr. A. K. Brown, and called "The Angel of the Resurrection," which was recently exhibited at New York, and was visited by thousands. The second, was a colossal bronze statue of "New York's great statesman," De Witt Clinton, and during the Exhibition, will stand under the dome of the New York Crystal Palace. The figure itself is 10 1/2 feet high, on a pedestal of 8 1/2 feet altitude. The statue reflects much credit on the correct judgment of Mr. Brown, who has produced an almost imperishable representation of one of the greatest of New York's favorite and honored sons.

Wayside Gatherings.

It is proposed to build a new and splendid hotel in Lynn. Theodore Parker calls New Hampshire "the land of poor relations and cheap tomb-stones." There are sixty-six babies in Charlestown who have Frank Pierce attached to their names. An oil and candle-house in New York failed last week, with considerably heavy liabilities in New Bedford.

In less than a week, two women in New York city have been murdered by their husbands—both drinking men.

Rich silver mines have been discovered on the Rio Grande, opposite El Paso, causing great excitement. Several tons have already been secured.

Joseph Power has recovered \$10,000 damages against John Lauberstein, in Judge Paine's Court, New York, for biting off the end of the plaintiff's nose.

Pine oranges and lemons have recently been grown in the city of Memphis, Tenn., about three-quarters of a mile east of the Mississippi river, and near the 35th parallel of north latitude.

Mr. Fuller of the New York Mirror, after a pleasant trip to Havana, New Orleans and Mobile, has returned immortalized. He says the daguerrotype men are after his picture.

A petition was presented to the Massachusetts Legislature, not long since, for a law prohibiting the use of tobacco in public places of amusement.

The Mexican paper, *Ordun*, says that unhappy and turbulent country has had six Presidents in one month, commencing on the 5th of January last.

But a single representative of the Mohawk race is left. Would that the author of "The Last of the Mohicans" were alive, to give us a tale about "The Last of the Mohawks."

There is a pottery at Stamford, Conn., where they make 60,000 spittoons annually. And there are fools enough in the country to fill them with tobacco saliva daily.

Mr. Stetson, the well-known Medford ship-builder, is about establishing a ship-yard in Chelsea. It is to be located on the left of the ferry, on the Chelsea House estate.

The capital stock of the Crystal Palace Association has been increased by a new issue of shares to \$3,000,000. It is said the exhibition will be opened between the 1st and 10th of May.

The recent report of the Secretary of the Treasury contains an estimate that the loss suffered by the American fisheries by the late British interruption, is not less than a quarter of a million of dollars.

Wm. Collyer is building two steamboats and a barque, at his yard in New York. One of the steamboats is to run between New York and Portland, and is one hundred feet keel, twenty-seven feet beam, eight and one-half feet hold, and 200 tons register. She will be launched in April.

The Baltimore American learns from good authority that it is likely Congress will make a suitable appropriation to remount the whole of the light or flying artillery attached to the United States army, six or eight companies of which were dismounted about two years since, to reduce the expenditures of the Quartermaster's department. This is the most efficient arm of the public service.

Foreign Items.

The Bank of England employs 800 clerks, and the salaries rise from £50 to £2000 a year.

The weather in England has been remarkably cold. Much snow had fallen, with some severe frosts.

The late young prince, Gustavus of Sweden, has left among his papers a funeral march, composed by and dedicated to himself.

An important trial had been decided against Mr. Hudson, who has been ordered to make restitution of some of his gains improperly obtained during the railway mania.

A sort of prepared linen is now used in Germany to print children's books on. It is dearer than paper, but the youngsters cannot tear it.

A company of Englishmen are recruiting, in France, women to be sent to Australia. Nine hundred females have already gone to Southampton, to be embarked!

According to the last report of the Bank of Vienna, the specie on hand on the 1st ult. was 43,216,336 florins, and the amount of circulation 194,943,256 florins.

The great military activity in Poland increases every day. The number of soldiers in Poland at this moment is not less than 80,000. The cholera has not yet disappeared.

The largest bell in the spire of St. Stephen's Cathedral, in Vienna, is composed of 180 cannon, which were taken from the Turks when they were repulsed from the walls of the city in 1683, and weighs 38,000 pounds!

The German eagle has two necks in heraldry, because the eagle was the ancient banner both of Germany and Rumania, and when the kingdoms were united, the eagle was used with one body, but two necks.

It has been ascertained that 200,000 persons arrive in, and depart from London daily, by rail. The number who arrive in and depart from Boston daily by the various railroads is not far from 12,000.

The Duke and Duchess of Wellington are expected to embark on their tour to Spain and Portugal about the end of March. The special object of the duke is to visit the scenes of his illustrious father's victories.

Accounts from Milan represent the recent outbreak there to have been a small affair. The Austrian government had placed a military cordon on the frontier of Switzerland. Martial law of the most rigorous nature had been enforced at Milan.

The ball given by the French Senate to the Emperor and Empress was very superb. The Empress wore white satin, trimmed with fringed ribbons, a superb pearl necklace, and violets in her hair, and was remarked, among the brilliant throng, as the most beautiful woman present.

The Morning Herald says, that in the course of the present spring, measures will be taken to place the western coast of England in a state of efficient defence. Major-General Sir Harvey Smith has been appointed commander-in-chief of the western district.

A letter from Constantinople, of January 8th, in the Post Ampt Gazette of Frankfort, says: "Abd-el-Kader arrived here yesterday, but he has not yet been presented to the Sultan, on account, it is said, of a difficulty which has arisen between M. de Lavlette and Faud Effendi on the form in which the presentation should take place."

Sands of Gold.

.... Reputation abroad and reverence at home are the pillars of safety and sovereignty.

.... Great men are the first that find their own grief, and the last that find their own faults.

.... Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.

.... The sword is the last reason of kings, and if it be not the best, it is the best able to defend them.

.... Outward esteem to a great person, is as skin to fruit, which, though a thin cover, yet preserves it.

.... There is no greater evil among men than a testament framed with injustice; where caprice hath guided the boon, or dishonesty refused what was due.—*Tupper*.

.... I scarcely know how it is, but the deaths of children seem to me always less premature than those of older persons. Not that they are in fact so, but it is because they themselves have little or no relation to time or maturity.—*Barry Cornwall*.

.... That kind of discipline whose pungent severity is in the manifestations of parental love, compassion and tenderness, is the most sure of its object. It so contrives the administration of chastisement, as to convince the understanding of those who are exercised by it, that reformation is the object aimed at.—*Hosia Ballou*.

.... Error is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil; in the heart of the wise and good, alike with the wicked and foolish; for there is no error so crooked, but it hath in it some lines of truth; nor is any poison so deadly, that it serveth not some wholesome use.—*Tupper*.

.... It is wise, I suppose, that we should attach ourselves to things which are transient; else it seems to be a perilous trust when a man ties his hopes to so frail a thing as woman. They are so gentle, so affectionate, so true in sorrow, so untired and untiring; but the leaf withers not sooner, the tropic lights fade not more abruptly into darkness.—*Barry Cornwall*.

Joker's Budget.

Belles call a great many people to church.

Eagles fly alone—sheep generally flock together—so we have herd.

Punch professes to teach the art of book-keeping in one short lesson, which is, "Don't lend 'em."

Young physicians find it hard to get into business; but they will succeed if they only have patients.

The man who ran against his own will was taken up by a passing omnibus and carried to his own door.

Hope does well enough to breakfast on, if you have eggs and fish-balls, but it makes a cold supper.

The inebriate who got entirely "oblivious" at the election, said it was all owing to his efforts to put down party spirit.

Doctors will differ. No, they will not always—in the propriety of bleeding (as applied to the pockets of their patients) "fore George! their unanimity is wonderful."

A little boy at the South End asked his father, the other day, if the government vessels were not overrun with rats and mice since the "cat" was abolished in the navy?

A poor widow was asked how she became so much attached to a certain neighbor, and replied that she was bound to him by several cords of wood, which he had sent to her during a hard winter.

"Bill, you young scamp, if you had your due, you'd get a good whipping." "I know it, daddy, bills are not always paid when due." The agonized father trembled lest his hopeful son should be suddenly snatched from him.

Punch, speaking of the "Swimming Society," says: "The members were so devoted to the cause, that after dinner, their heads began to swim, but by sticking to the wine, they kept themselves above water."

A formal fashionable visitor thus addressed a little girl: "How are you, my dear?" "Very well, I thank you," she replied. The visitor then added, "Now, my dear, you should ask me how I am." The child simply and honestly replied, "I don't want to know."

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CHANG AND ENG, THE SIAMESE TWINS.

On the page herewith, we give a large and finely executed picture of Chang and Eng, the famous united Siamese Twins, who were born to the city of Meklong, in Siam, in May, 1811. They were brought to this country by the captain of the ship *Sacbern*, arriving in August, 1829. They were at once brought before the

cartilaginous substance; the lower part is soft and fleshy, and contains a tube, or cavity, presumed to be about an inch and a half in circumference. The flexibility of this cartilage is so great, that they can readily turn those shoulders outwards which are together when standing in a natural position. Having secured a competence by exhibiting themselves, they settled in Wilkes County,

while it is certain that the twins are devotedly attached to their wives. At the present time, Mr. Eng has six and Mr. Chang five children, all of whom are apt scholars, and remarkably well behaved. They are also of a very prepossessing appearance, and are great favorites in the community where they reside. The illustration will give a perfect idea of the appearance of the families,

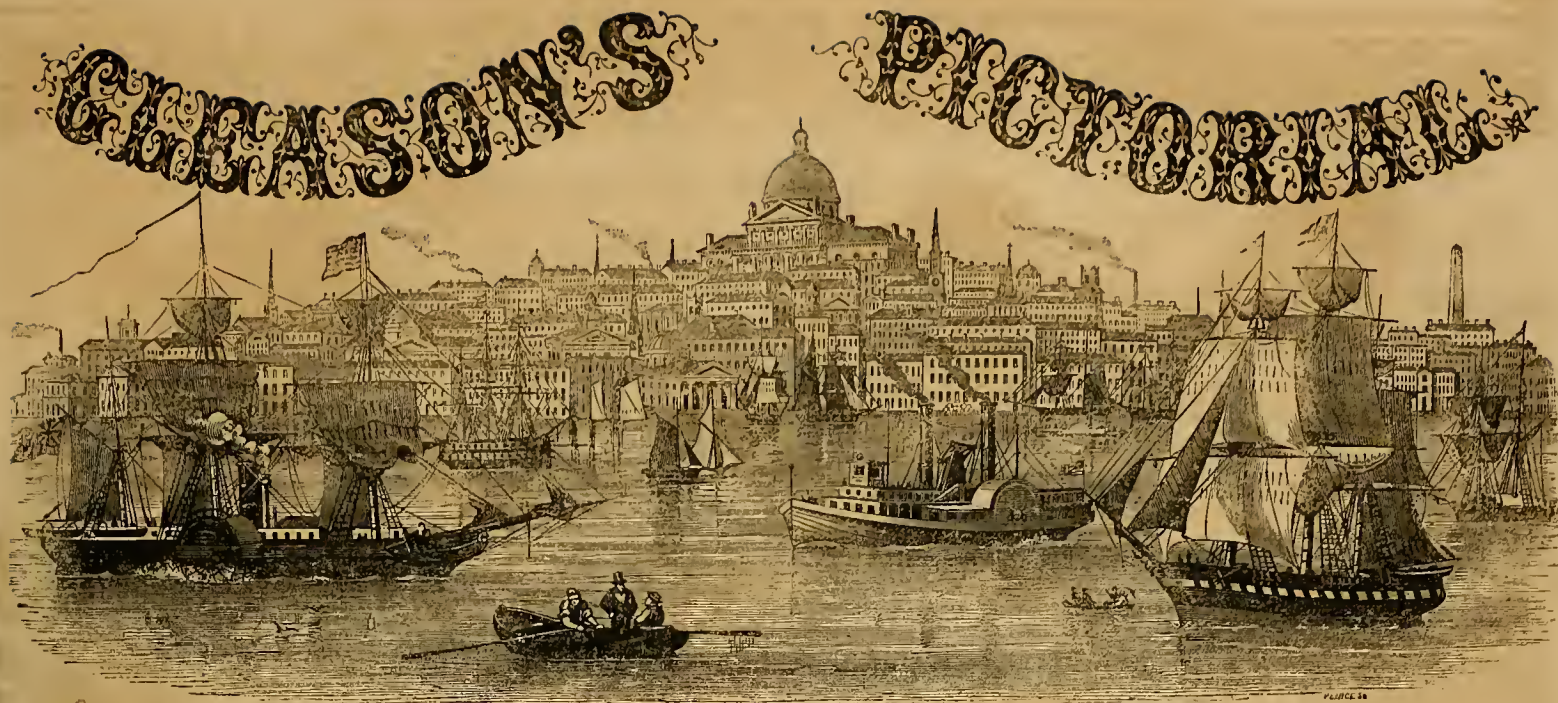


A CHARACTERISTIC GROUP, REPRESENTING CHANG AND ENG, THE SIAMESE TWINS, WITH THEIR WIVES AND CHILDREN.

public for exhibition, and during the twelve ensuing years, were visited by millions of people, taking, in the course of their travels, the United States, Great Britain, France, Holland, and Belgium. They are united to each other by a ligature, or band, about three and a half inches in length, and eight in circumference, formed at the extremity of the breast bone of each, and extending downwards to the abdomen. The upper part of the band is a strong

North Carolina, but afterwards removed to Mt. Airy, Surry County, where they now reside. Soon after taking up their abode in this region, they simultaneously became smitten with the charms of two very pretty sisters, named Yates, and each selecting his partner, the four were made two with all due ceremony. This double union has apparently proved highly satisfactory to all concerned. The ladies are represented as amiable and interesting,

every likeness being copied from daguerrotypes, taken especially for the purpose. In closing these remarks of the twins and their families, we would say that they seem to be remarkably happy, enjoy good health, have ample means to procure not only the comforts but the luxuries of life, and bid fair, as far as human judgment may go, to live many more years of domestic happiness and comfort. They are both naturalized citizens of our country.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1853.

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BIRTHPLACE OF BENJAMIN WEST.

In Springfield township, Delaware county, Pennsylvania, about five miles north of Chester, and half a mile south of what was once Gibbon's Tavern, on the Chadsford Road, as represented in the engraving below, stands the birthplace of Benjamin West, the eminent painter. He was born in the lower room at the southwest corner of the house, and performed his early exploits in painting in the garret above that room. The southwest corner, as seen in the view, is on the right hand towards the spectator. The house, built of stone, is still in good preservation, and is occupied by tenants who cultivate the farm. Benjamin West was the youngest of a family of ten children of John West, who married Sarah Pearson. He was born on the 10th of October, 1738. His ancestors were Quakers, and emigrated to this country with William Penn at the time of his second visit. Many of the family are still residing in Delaware county. Benjamin was reared in the faith and profession of his ancestors, a profession from which

he never swerved when his genius commanded the flattery of courts, and honor from kings and princes. It is recorded of him by Galt, that at the age of seven he made a drawing, in red and black ink, of an infant niece, of whose cradle he had the charge, and whose sweet smile in her sleep excited his imitative powers, though he had never seen a picture or an engraving. With this precocious sign of inherent talent, the boy's mother was charmed, and her admiration and encouragement confirmed his taste. At school, even before he learned to write, pen and ink became his cherished favorites; and birds, flowers and animals adorned his juvenile portfolio. His father, it is said, being admonished by some of the elders of the society of Friends, did all that he could to repress his son's ardent propensity, and sought to direct his attention to more useful pursuits. But it was in vain. It is a tradition in the family, that the father having sent Benjamin out to plough, missed him from his work, and found him under a cockberry bush, where he had sketched the portraits of a whole family

so strikingly that they were instantly recognized. At the age of sixteen, he obtained the consent of his parents to pursue painting as a profession, in Philadelphia. Several of his landscapes, executed on panels, over mantel-pieces, are preserved at the hospital in Philadelphia, where his great picture of "Christ Healing the Sick" is still exhibited. After practising his art successfully in this country until 1759, he embarked for Italy, where he spent about four years in the study of the works of the great masters. Mr. West reached London in 1763, where he settled, and ultimately attained the summit of his fame. Among the earliest of his productions in London, was the subject of Agrippina landing at Brundisium with the ashes of Germanicus. The painting originated from a conversation which took place at the table of Drummond, Archbishop of York, where our artist was a guest. Mr. West died as calmly as he had lived, on the 10th of March, 1820, at the age of eighty-one. His remains repose in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.



Birth Place of
Benjamin West.

A ROMANCE OF SPAIN IN THE 15TH CENTURY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853 by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE KNIGHT OF LEON:

—OR—

THE MONARCH'S LAST BRIDE.

A TALE OF MOORISH GRANADA.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

It was near ten o'clock when Charles of Leon set out in company with his esquire. He was habited in a rich Moorish costume, and Pedro wore a garb of the same description. The knight carried a small lance beneath his arm, and as he passed out from his hotel, he looked carefully about him to see that he was not observed—or that no one was watching him. Having become satisfied on this point, he started off.

The two men walked rapidly until they reached the wall of Ben Hamed's garden, and here they listened to see that all was safe. As no sound was heard, Pedro led the way to a small gate he had marked, and here they gained the garden without difficulty. With careful steps the knight followed his servant along through the shrubbery until they reached a small arbor near the house.

"There," whispered Pedro, pointing up to a window not far from the ground, where a lamp was burning, "that is the girl's apartment."

"Are you sure?"

"As sure as I am that I'm alive."

"Then you remain here. Let your arms be ready, but move not unless there is danger."

"San Jago, but there's danger enough already."

"Are you afraid?"

"No. But yet there's danger."

"So much the better. We ought to lose danger by this time."

"I never could see the use of that, though if danger comes, Pedro Bambino will be the last one to run."

"Yes, good Pedro, I know you have a brave heart."

"Yes, and it may be well for you, sir Charles, that I have a cool head."

"—sh! Was that a step?"

"Yes. Draw back—back, sir Charles."

A servant passed near the spot where our two adventurers were located, but he was quickly out of sight, and when once again all was still, Charles stealthily approached the house. At a convenient position he picked up a few small pebbles and threw them against the lighted window. Twice he repeated the experiment, and then he had the satisfaction of seeing some one approach the window.

The knight drew nearer, and taking his lance from its resting-place, he swept the strings with a light touch, and then commenced a low, thrilling song, unproviding as he went along. The words were meant for Zehra's ears, and ere long the window was opened. Charles hushed his lute, and bent eagerly forward.

"Who calls me?" asked the sweet voice of Zehra, at the same time looking down upon the figure that was revealed by the bright moonlight.

"Your Christian knight," returned Charles.

"Give me some token."

"The Darro. Cannot you join me, Zehra? I would speak with you."

"'Twill be dangerous to you," returned the maiden.

"No, no. Think not of danger to me. Come to me, I implore you."

"If the way is open I will."

The knight's heart beat with joy as Zehra disappeared from the window, and he moved out of the way to await her coming. Pedro expostulated with his master upon the propriety of thus calling the girl from her father's dwelling, but ere he could make any visible impression upon the mind of the young man, the sound of a light footfall was heard, and in a moment more he sprang forth to meet Zehra.

Pedro was directed to remain where he was, to give warning of danger, and then taking the maiden by the hand, Charles led her away out into the garden.

"I bless you that you trust me," said the knight, as they gained a distant spot.

"And why should I not trust you?"

"You should; and in trusting me may I not feel that you love me?"

"I would love you if I dared," returned Zehra, with her eyes bent upon the ground.

"And can you fear to love me?"

"Between the Christian and the Moor I know there have been happy loves," said Zehra; "and how can I think of one like you without warmer feelings than those of mere gratitude? But I should fear to leave my heart where it would be lost to me."

"Give it to me, lady. Let me have your heart, and in return you shall have one as warm and true as ever beat in human bosom. With us there is no time for dalliance. We are separated by walls that admit of no social concourse. If we speak, it must be to the point. You can love me, and you will. I will be faithful and true."

"I am not to blame for a feeling that gives me joy," softly returned the fair maiden.

"Enough," uttered Charles of Leon. "And now for the future. You must go with me to Leon—to my own country."

"Will they be kind to the poor Moorish girl there?"

"Kind? Ay. You will be my wife, and who shall then dare to be otherwise than kind?"

"O, if I thought you would always love me, always—"

"Hush, Zehra. When I prove false to you I pray that my right hand may wither, and my heart dry up. You will go with me from here."

"I can go the better, for I know that Ben Hamed is not my father. What is the matter, sir?"

"Nothing, nothing. Go on. How know you that he is not your parent?"

"By witty words last evening I drew him forth to confessions that opened to me the truth I sought. He spoke not plainly of this thing, nor did I straightway question him, but by slow degrees, while he thought I was aiming at the kieg, did I aim at this, and he obeyed my wish without a suspicious doubt."

"And did you learn whence came the fountain of your blood?"

"No. I dared not question too much."

"You know nothing, then, save that Ben Hamed is not your father?"

"That is all, except that I am the price at which he holds his office."

"I would that you could have learned more from him," said Charles, in a thoughtful mood. "Have you no memories beyond your knowledge of Ben Hamed?"

"No."

For some moments the Christian knight's heart beat with a strange power. He looked earnestly into the face of his companion, as though he would have read her whole life-history from her features. His countenance was lighted up by a curious combination of love, hope, and anxiety, and he stopped in his walk as he lost himself in the labyrinth of his own thick coming thoughts.

"What thought is it that possesses you?" asked Zehra, as she looked wonderingly up into the Christian's face.

"The thought was of you, lady; but it had no definite point. Yet, I wish you could learn more of your early life."

"I know not where I should learn it; I must trust to time for that."

"Then so be it," returned Charles. "And now let us turn upon another matter. Did you know that Mohammed might alter his mind?"

"How?" uttered Zehra, somewhat startled by the question.

"That he might conclude to hasten this odious plan of his—that he might conclude to steal a march upon time, and take you sooner than you expect."

"Indeed, I believe him capable of it."

"And do you not think Ben Hamed would give way should the kieg demand you of him?"

"Yes, yes—alas! yes."

Before Charles spoke again, Zehra related to him the circumstances of her interview with Emina.

"I fear you can place little reliance on that," said Charles. "The queen is impulsive, and the sudden thoughts of the wrong she was to suffer made her frenzied. Zehra, you must flee with me, and that, too, as soon as possible. I will have all in readiness, and we will leave Granada."

It was some time before the maiden spoke. She uttered an objection, but it was tremblingly made, and while she hung upon the young knight's arm, she listened to his warm pleadings with a quickly heating heart. She spoke again, and again Charles of Leon pleaded. He told her of his home in Leon—of the bright flowers and brighter love that should be hers, and he softly swore that he would ever love her, and cherish her, ever honor her, and ever be by her side to point out to her, and guide her in, the road of sweet happiness.

The gentle maiden leaned her head upon the young Christian's bosom, and in a soft, low whisper she consented to love and obey. She looked happy as she spoke, and Charles could see that she trusted him with her whole faith.

When the count turned towards Ben Hamed's dwelling their plans for the future were all arranged. The time was set for their departure from Granada, and they seemed to forget that there might be obstacles in the way. They spoke as though the future were in their hands, and that they could mould it to their will.

Pedro was glad to be relieved of his watch, and he assured his master that no one had been stirring. Zehra received one kiss from her Christian lover, and then she glided away towards the house, while Charles and Pedro took their steps carefully back towards the point from whence they came.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CRUCIFIX.

Zehra glided carefully along through the passages that led to her apartment, and as she went her soul was filled by a variety of emotions. She did not suffer one pang of conscience for what she had done, for in her pure heart she believed she had only been reaching forth for that happiness which by right belonged to her, and which was denied to her by Ben Hamed. In Charles of Leon she had found one whom she could love—one whom she loved when first she saw him, and the affections of her young heart had gathered about him as gathers the sunlight about the earth from the rising orb of day. They had shot forth with that mysterious power which belongs only to love—a power which may never be surely analyzed, and which admits of no similes.

The maiden had nearly reached her apartment, when she was startled by the appearance of a dusky form before her. The

moonlight found its way into the long passage through the windows of the tower that capped the building, and that light was just sufficient to show that the form that had appeared was possessed of life. Zehra moved more quickly towards her room, and she reached it before the unknown came up. She hastily opened the door, but as she closed it she heard quick steps, and before she could move the bolt a strong hand pushed the door back, and Ben Hamed stalked into the apartment. The lamp was still burning which Zehra had left, and by its light the trembling girl could see that Ben Hamed had just come from without, as he was habited in his walking-dress.

"Zehra," said he, in a stern, threatening tone, "where have you been?"

"In the garden, father," she unhesitatingly answered.

"And what did you there?"

"I walked amid the foliage."

"Were you alone?"

The alcalde bent a searching glance upon the maiden as he spoke, and he took a step nearer to her.

"Were you alone?" he repeated.

It was a hard question for Zehra. She knew not how to disobey Ben Hamed, and she knew not how to tell a lie.

"Were you alone?" asked Ben Hamed, for the third time.

"No," tremblingly uttered Zehra.

"Ha! I saw two men leaving my garden as I came in. Who were they?"

Zehra almost wished now that she had told a lie, for she must either brave the anger of Ben Hamed or betray her lover. The former she feared, but the latter she was determined not to do. She knew but too well what might be the fate of the young Christian were he discovered in this, and she resolved to keep the secret. She knew not but that she might have been discovered in company with the young knight, and therefore she determined to tell of truth what she did tell, and keep the rest to herself.

"Who were those men? I asked."

"I cannot tell," returned Zehra, bringing all her fortitude to her assistance.

"Beware, girl. Tell me no falsehoods."

"I shall tell you none."

"Then who were those men?"

"I cannot tell."

"Do you mean that you will not?"

"It cannot matter what I mean else. I cannot tell you."

"By the holy Prophet, girl, I do not brook your stubborn disobedience. Once more I ask you, who were those men?"

"Ben Hamed, were your dagger at this moment pressed upon my bosom, I should give you no other answer."

"But you shall answer me—and let me tell you, too, that I have mistrusted your fidelity, and that such measures have been taken against your disobedience. This very week you go to the king."

If Ben Hamed meant that to have frightened Zehra into a confession, he was greatly mistaken, for it only served to nerve her soul with a stronger resolution.

"Now, Zehra, once more I ask you—who were those men?"

"You have my answer."

"Now, by Allah! I'll take you at your word," cried Ben Hamed, in a fury of passion, at the same time grasping the maiden by the shoulder and pointing his dagger to her heart. "Answer my question, or this sharp steel shall drink your best blood! Answer!"

"Ben Hamed, your weapon frightens me not. Ah, press its point till it feels my heart, if you choose, and while I die I will tell you that it were far preferable to the arms of Mohammed. Strike me, Ben Hamed, but you will get no answer from me."

The alcalde let his dagger fall upon the floor in utter astonishment. To see the maiden thus was what he could not have believed; and even now he doubted whether she were in her right mind. She that had ever been so coy and mild—so meek and unassuming—so see her thus almost turned the will of Ben Hamed in that it puzzled his brain. He was at fault, for he would no more have dared to harm the person of the maiden than he would have dared to cut off his own right hand.

"Zehra," he asked, at length, while he struggled hard to govern his passions, "do you not know who those persons were? and were they not with you?"

"Do not question me further, Ben Hamed, for I will not answer. Ay—strike me if you please, I can bear your blows."

Ben Hamed moved slowly back, and his features underwent a dark, lowering change. The passion settled into a demoniac feeling, and as he laid his hand upon the door knob he turned upon the maiden.

"Keep your secret, but it shall do you no good. Now I know who it is that has been within my garden this night to see you. It is Charles of Leon! But, by Allah, his head shall answer for it!"

Zehra forgot herself. Her woman's heart betrayed her, for as she heard these fearful words she uttered a quick cry, and started towards her guardian.

"O! harm not him!" she cried, clasping her hands together.

Ben Hamed smiled a grim smile.

"I've read your secret," he said; "and then, with sudden energy he asked: 'what did the Christian dog tell you?'"

"Nothing, nothing."

"I know what he told you; but he told you a lie!"

Zehra started, for there were now marks of fear upon Ben Hamed's features. His words were strange, and the girl saw that he was powerfully moved by other feelings than those of anger.

"What—what did he tell you?" repeated the alcalde, letting go his hold upon the door and taking a step towards Zehra.

The fair girl hesitated, for her reason once more came to her

assistance. She had no doubt but that Ben Hamed was confident that the young Christian had been to see her; but she knew that the secret of the plans she had that night agreed to was safe. What the alcalde meant she could not divine, though it was evident to her that he alluded to something of moment of which she was ignorant.

"You need not question me," the maiden at length answered.

"Then Charles of Leon dies! Mark me, girl—Charles of Leon dies! and you will soon be in the hands of one who has the power to—"

Before Ben Hamed finished the sentence, Zehra had swooned and sunk upon the low couch at her feet. The alcalde was alarmed, for he feared that harm might come to her, and in that case he knew that Mohammed would hold him responsible. He sprang to her side, and sinking upon his knees he raised her head to his lap.

"Are you ill, Zehra? Speak to me."

The fair girl opened her eyes, and gazed up into Ben Hamed's face.

"You are not ill," he uttered, while a ray of hope shot athwart his features. But it was a selfish hope, for its opposite was a fear of the king's wrath, and not a love for the girl. "Speak to me, Zehra. You are not ill."

"I shall be better when you are gone."

"But before I go tell me what the Christian said to you," uttered the alcalde, raising Zehra to a sitting posture, and then starting to his feet, a look of relief breaking over his features as he spoke.

"Nothing, nothing," murmured Zehra.

"He did!" cried Ben Hamed, at once moved and blinded by the passion he could not curb. "He told you that you were not my child! But he told you a lie!"

Zehra raised herself to the ottoman that stood near her, and then gazed with a steady, burning look into Ben Hamed's face. She remembered how Charles had started when she spoke to him of her doubts, and she now saw more clearly what might be the fears of the man before her, though she was of course deeply puzzled.

"Ben Hamed," she said, "you have premised that the Christian has spoken with me. On that point you must rest upon your own surmises; but let me assure you that the idea of my not being your daughter was never breathed to me by other lips than your own; unless, indeed, the language of my poor old nurse might have been construed into that meaning. But that was years ago, and I have almost lost the things she told me."

"You are my child," Ben Hamed said. "Your old nurse never told you that you were not."

"If I am your child, then treat me as such," returned Zehra, wishing to have the interview closed, and to that end expressing no doubt upon the subject.

"I will treat you as such; and more than that, I will teach you that I am a parent, and a parent's authority shall be over you till you feel the stronger power of your husband. You leave not this room again till you leave it for your home in the Alhambra. Whatever may have passed thus far you may keep to yourself if you choose; but you had better not whisper it to other ears than mine. I will leave you to your rest now, and you may settle the matter with yourself. From this moment a watch is set over you. You will not leave this place till I will it."

As Ben Hamed ceased speaking he turned and left the apartment. For some time after he had gone Zehra remained upon the low ottoman, but at length she started to her feet.

"Between the Christian knight and Ben Hamed there is some mystery," she said to herself, as she pressed her hand upon her brow. "Upon my soul's happiness I would stake the belief that Ben Hamed fears Charles of Leon far more than he dares to tell. I saw the movement of fear upon his face when he called that name."

As the fair girl sank into her own reflections her lips continued to move, but no sound came forth. Suddenly there came upon her features a bright, startling ray of light, and under its impulse she arose from the ottoman and went to a curiously wrought cabinet that stood in one corner of her apartment. She opened a door, and then drew forth a small drawer, which she took in her hand and carried to where stood the lamp. It was full of trinkets, some of them costly and magnificent, while others were simple and unpretending. She took out, one after another, the articles that lay uppermost, and laid them upon the stand by the side of the lamp. At length she reached the article she sought. It was a small golden crucifix. As the rays of the lamp fell upon it, its jewels sparkled with exceeding lustre, and for some moments Zehra gazed silently upon it.

"This my nurse gave me, and most assuredly she said it was my mother's," murmured the fair girl. "Yet it is no Moslem bauble. 'Tis the Christian's symbol of the Saviour that Charles told me of. Was my mother a Christian?"

The words fell tremblingly from Zehra's lips, and as she pressed the crucifix to her lips, she sank back upon the ottoman and closed her eyes.

"Watch me! watch me!" she said, as she clasped the cross; "but I tell thee, Ben Hamed, you will need a thousand eyes to watch me as you wish."

CHAPTER IX.

ABDALLA AGAIN.

"Do you really mean that thing?" uttered Pedro Bambino, regarding his master with wondering looks.

"Upon my faith I do," returned the knight. "I believe I speak the truth."

"Then God bless us. I'll help you to the last drop of blood I've got."

"I don't doubt you, Pedro."

"You have no reason to. But now how shall this thing be done?"

"It's all arranged. Zehra will be ready to accompany us on the fourth night from this. Our horses are fleet enough, and I will see that a third is procured for her."

This conversation was held while the knight and his esquire were returning from their visit to the house of Ben Hamed. They had entered the street that led into the main portion of the city, and their conversation was dropped.

"Sir Charles, there's somebody watching us from the other side of the street," whispered Pedro.

The knight turned his head, and he could see, beneath the shadow of the high buildings opposite, some one who appeared to be regarding his movements with more than a passing interest. He quickened his pace—and so did the dusky form opposite. He slackened his steps—and so did his *vis-a-vis*.

"He's watching us surely," said Pedro.

"I think I know that form," returned the knight. And as he spoke he stopped.

"—sh!" quickly uttered Pedro. "Are you mad thus to expose yourself?"

"There's no danger."

"Yes there is. You don't want to be known in this disguise. Come."

Pedro caught his master by the arm, but he was too late, for the stranger had already started to cross the street.

"Charles of Leon," said the muffled man.

"San Dominic! that Abdalla again, as I'm a Christian man," said Pedro, as he noticed the features of the new comer.

"Abdalla," uttered Charles, "what seek you of me?"

"The Moor's habiliments befit you well," said the Moslem, as he moved nearer to the knight.

"And what of that?"

"O, nothing, save that they have probably served you well, too."

"Perhaps they have. At all events, I am freer from impertinent curiosity."

The knight spoke in a bitter tone, but Abdalla seemed not to notice it.

"You are not alone," he said.

"So far as secrets are concerned, myself and esquire are one," returned Charles, guessing at the Moor's meaning.

"Then you have been to the dwelling of Ben Hamed."

Charles of Leon started, and instinctively his hand rested upon his sword-hilt.

"I mean you no harm," quickly added Abdalla, as he noticed the Christian's movement.

"Then why do you seek me? Why dog my steps in this way?"

"Because I have an interest in your movements. They may affect me much. You have been to Ben Hamed's."

"Let your assertion be true or false, what matters it?"

"Much to you, and perhaps much to me. Did you see the lady Zehra?"

"To tell you the truth, Moor, I cannot but look upon your questions as impertinent. Why should I tell you what you ask to know?"

"Look ye, Charles of Leon, I know enough of your movements already to send you to the executioner—and let me tell you that our king is not very nice in his distinctions when any one stands in his way. Don't grasp your sword in that fashion, for I assure you there is no need of it. Now tell me—have you not determined to carry Zehra out from Granada?"

The Christian knight was astounded. If he had looked upon Abdalla before with curiosity, he now regarded him with a sort of fearful wonder.

"Who are you," he uttered, "that would even read my very thoughts?"

"I am nothing but what you see. I am poorer, perhaps, than you imagine, and there is but one man in Granada that dares even call me his friend. One thing more I will tell you, and that is, if you have occasion to fear for your safety in the city, I am even with you there. Did you know your own vantage you might at this moment place me where Mohammed would find a right speedy death for me. Ah, sir knight, you have nothing to fear from me. Now tell me, have you not found in Zehra one whom you sought?"

Charles gazed upon the Moslem, but he did not speak.

"Answer me that," urged the Moor.

"And wherefore should I?"

"Because if you did not know, I could tell you who and what she is."

"Is she of Moorish blood?"

"No."

"Was she born in Granada?"

"No."

"Then how came she here?"

"She was taken from her father's tent on the bloody field of Almanza."

"And were you there?"

"Yes. That day the Moslem waded deep in his own blood: but the Christian trembled beneath the shock. Yes, I was there, Christian, and I had better have died there. But Allah rules as he pleases, and we must obey."

Even Pedro now began to look upon the Moor with other interest than that of doubt. There was something frank and noble in his manner, and an air of misfortune surrounded him that was not to be mistaken. Charles of Leon hesitated a few moments ere he spoke, but something told him that the Moor might be trusted.

"Since you know so much," he said, "I may tell you what you ask. I do mean to carry—"

"—sh!" whispered Pedro, pulling his master by the sleeve.

"Don't fear, Pedro," said Charles, gently removing his esquire's hand; and then turning to the Moor, he continued:

"I do mean to carry Zehra away from the power of the Granadan king."

"And do you think you will succeed?"

"I do not mean to fail."

"I am sorry for it," uttered the Moor. "The last hope I had is crushed."

"Ah!" pronounced Charles, in a prolonged tone. "Will you betray me?"

"No, no," quickly returned Abdalla; "Allah knows I will not do that. But perhaps you may not succeed after all."

The last part of the Moor's remark was characterized by a sudden lighting up of strange hope.

"I shall certainly try," said the Christian, eyeing his interlocutor with increasing interest.

"Mark me, sir knight," the Moslem said, "I would that the king might drag the maiden to his palace. Start not, for I mean no evil to the fair lady. But let me assure you that Mohammed shall not harm her."

"What mean you by harm?" bitterly cried the young knight. "What greater harm could come to her than that? I tell you she would rather lie down quietly to her death than be the wife of Mohammed."

"You mistake me. She may go to the king's palace and yet not be his wife. Tell me,"—and Abdalla's voice sank to a strange whisper as he spoke—"do you not think she would have the courage to kill the king?"

Charles recoiled a step before the burning gaze of the Moor. He began to think him bereft of his senses.

"Think you not she would do it?" repeated Abdalla.

"No. I believe she would not."

"There's one there who would. The mother of the prince will not see another wife brought to supersede her. Emina has been faithful, and she will not brook the coming of a younger and more beautiful wife. I thank you that you have told me of your plans, for I was anxious to learn of them, and though I can but hope you may not succeed as you have planned, yet I will pray for Zehra's welfare, and I swear to you that I will not betray you. Our meeting upon the roadside was an accident; but when you told me your name, and when I saw by your esquire who you were, I knew the business upon which you had come. Be careful how you conduct that business, for there may be obstacles you will not so easily surmount. This is not the strange meeting to which I alluded when last I saw you. That meeting may yet take place."

At this moment footsteps were heard approaching the spot, and Abdalla quickly recrossed the street, and glided away into the darkness of a narrow passage that led off towards the eastern part of the city. The Christians drew their mantles more closely about them as they noticed strangers coming towards them; but they passed on without stopping.

After Charles reached his hotel, Pedro tried to persuade him that he had done a very foolish thing, but the knight would not own it.

"He's a spy, I'm sure of it," said Pedro, with an unusual degree of perseverance.

"I think not," answered Charles.

"Then who, or what is he?"

"I don't know any more than he told me to night."

"And that wasn't a very clear account, by any means," said the esquire, in a decided tone.

"As clear as could be expected from one in his situation. He evidently has occasion to fear for his own safety."

"Now don't be offended, sir Charles, if I tell you just what I think."

"By no means, Pedro—you are privileged," returned Charles, with a smile.

"Then you are not so wise as you ought to be. Now just look at your transactions with that Moor. You told him all he wanted to know, and what did you get from him in return? Nothing, only that he hoped you wouldn't succeed! You betrayed your every secret to him—gave him full power over you, and in return you don't even know where to look for him. You don't know who he is, what his business is, nor what his character is. You shouldn't have trusted him."

"What you say is all very well, Pedro, but your conclusions are not warrantable. To be sure I learned but very little of the strange Moslem; but yet I feel sure that he is to be trusted. It is not my disposition to doubt every one I see."

"Let me tell you, my master, that I have a safe rule for that matter. When I am among friends I doubt no one till he proves himself treacherous; but when I am among enemies I doubt every one whom I do not know."

"Well, Pedro, your rule is a good one, I must admit; but I will be responsible for all evil results. It is late now."

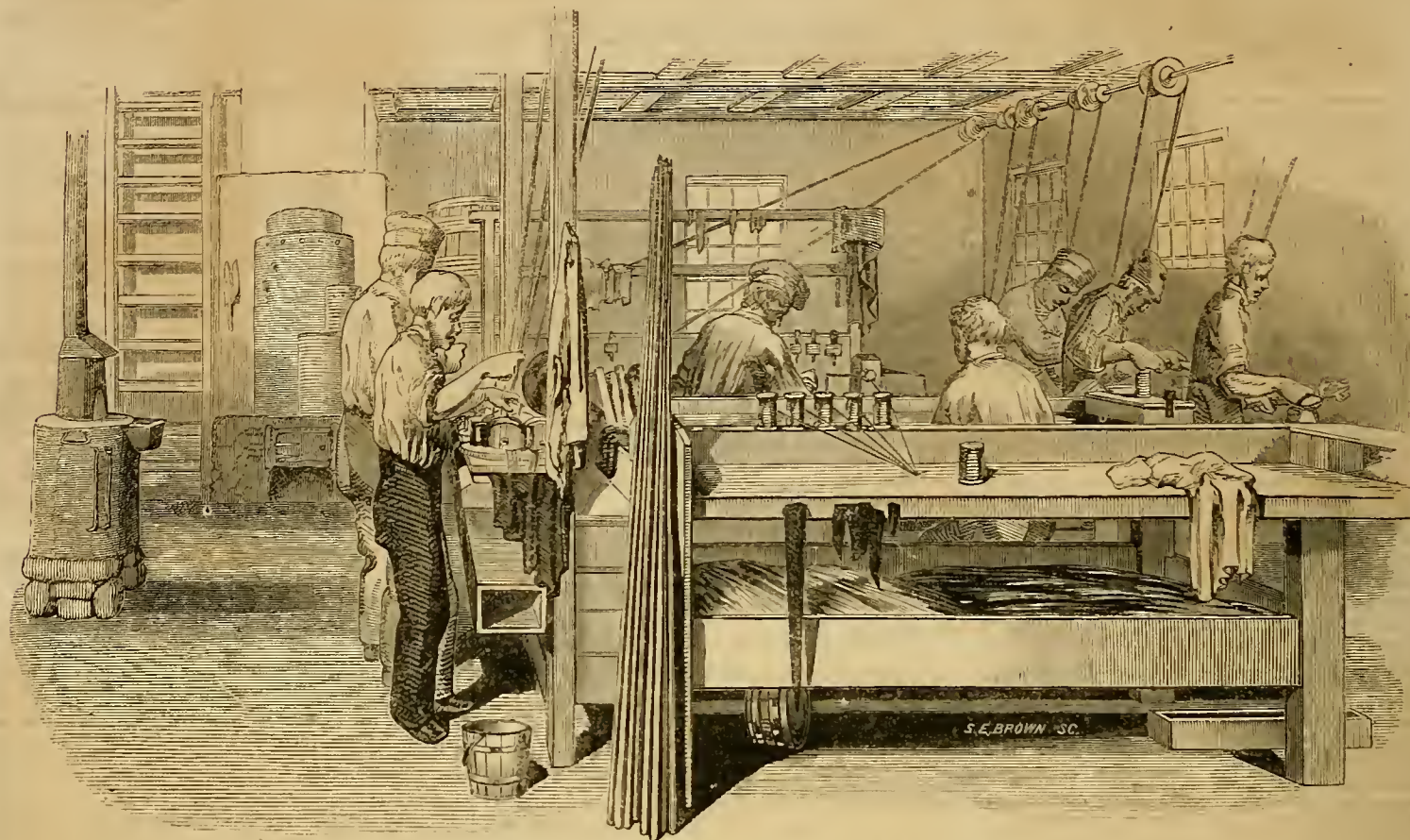
Pedro took the hint, and without further remark he turned towards his own room, which was only separated from his master's by a single door; but as he went his countenance showed plainly that he was not at all satisfied with what had transpired.

It cannot be said that the knight himself felt perfectly free from apprehension, and before he retired to his couch he had wished that he had not told to Abdalla all that he had so fully revealed. But it was too late to cherish regrets now.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It is the ruin of many men, because they cannot be best, they will be nothing; and if they may not do as well as they would, they will not do as well as they may.

INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE STATE PRISON, AT CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.



WHIP-MAKING DEPARTMENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON.

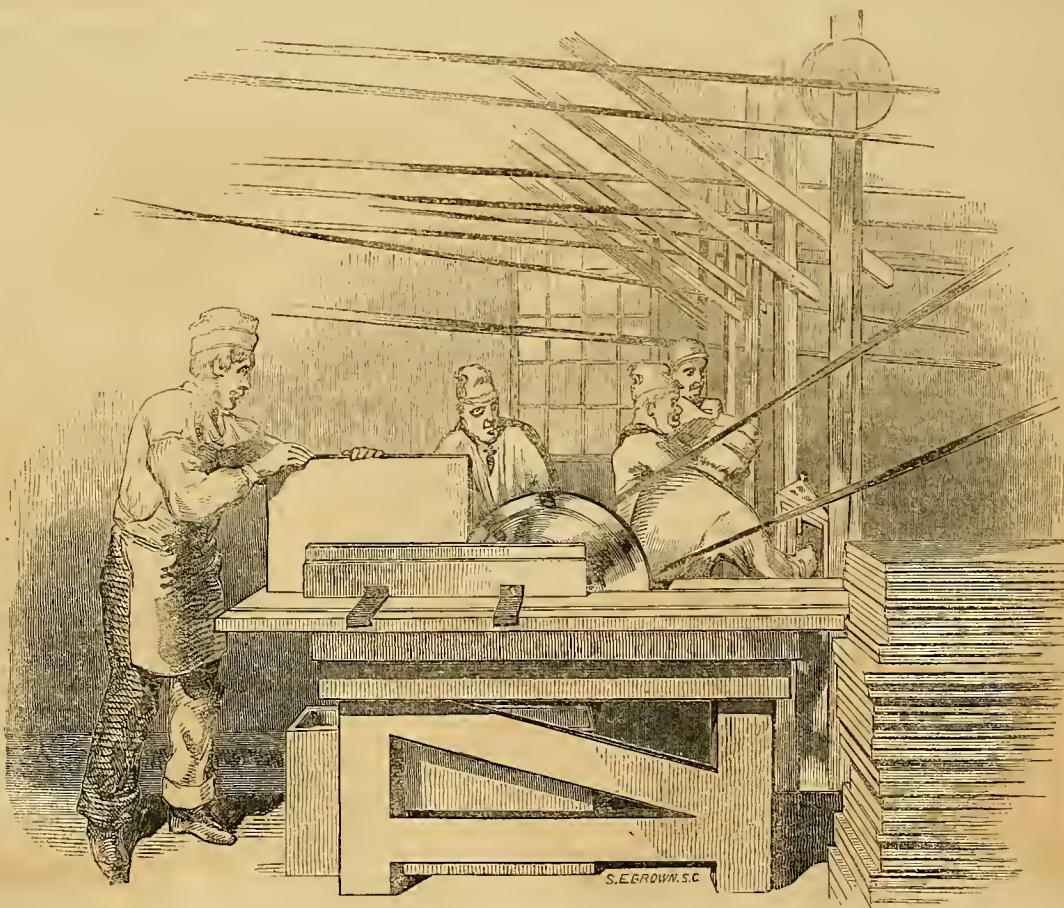
THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON.

The improvements which during the passage of the last two years have taken place in the internal economy and arrangements of the State Prison of Massachusetts, have been so striking as to render something more than a passing notice of them not inappropriate at present upon the part of the journalist. The completion of the new octagonal tower, and the two wings immediately adjoining it, will now enable the warden of the State Prison to keep the whole of the cells under the immediate supervision of the officers of the establishment. The centre of the tower is occupied by a large octagonal chamber, surmounted, on the sides adjoining the two wings of the prison, by iron bars, through which the officer or officers on duty have an uninterrupted view of the front of each of the four tiers of cells into which either side of the wing is divided. Hence the chance of escape from a cell thus located, and arranged so as to be under the constant supervision of the officers employed in the establishment, is rendered almost impossible. The internal arrangements of the cells is admirable, each one being constantly ventilated by the passage of the air through a small grated aperture in the rear, connecting with a covered channel in the interior of the building, while the grated doors in front of each afford sufficient light both for the prisoners to take their meals, and for the officer on duty to inspect any of the cells. That portion of the octagonal tower which is situated immediately above the ward chambers, is devoted to the purposes of a chapel, and has recently been fitted up in a very convenient manner. Above the chapel is the last story of this part of the prison. It is at present intended to be occupied as a hospital, although it may reasonably be considered doubtful whether it will not be necessary, previous to its occupancy by those of the convicts who may be sick, to provide in some more certain manner than it at present does, for the security of the officers employed in the wards, in case of any insubordination on the part of the sick prisoners. Indeed we must confess, that this

appears to us the only portion of the prison in which any danger exists from a sudden outbreak on the part of the convicts, and we would urge upon the legislature of the State the propriety of their making some arrangements to preclude any such possibility. We now come to that which to a visitor is the most interesting portion of the whole of the internal economy of the prison, viz., the workshops and the different branches of industry in which the labor of the convicts is at present employed. This is distributed in seven different departments, which may be considered as productive of a certain pecuniary return; the remainder of the labor in the

prison being confined to the work absolutely necessary to the interior. In two of these—the stone-cutting department and the smithery—the labor is carried on exclusively, at present, on account of the prison, and this is the most profitable, and in every respect the most available department to the State. The first of these is carried on in two large sheds, which occupy the whole of the centre of the prison-yard. A very large proportion of the convicts is employed in this branch of industry, the number of them—when the last year's report was rendered—being one hundred and forty-nine. During the present year the number has of

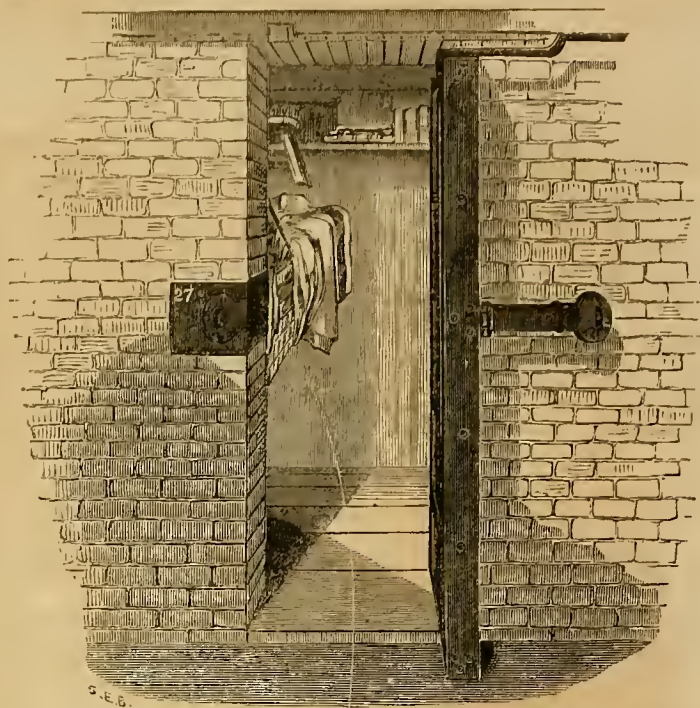
course slightly varied, although this has never been to much extent. The only thing which strikes the spectator in this department, is the silence which is invariably enforced by the officers of the prison in this and in all the workshops, as well as the singular regularity and order with which the labor is carried on. This is indeed excessively striking, and provokes on the part of one who observes it for the first time, a mental comparison between its arrangements and those of other workshops with which he may chance to be acquainted. Almost in connection with this, may be classed the smithery or blacksmith's department. This is indeed almost entirely subservient to it, its operators finding their principal employment in manufacturing and keeping in order the tools which are used by the stone-cutters, and although reckoned as one of the seven, it is perhaps scarcely to be regarded as a distinct department. The remaining departments are those in which the work is done for contractors who 'farm' out the convicts employed by them, as we are informed, at forty-two cents the head per day. These are, the whip factory, the cabinet-making department—which employs a larger number of the convicts than any of the others—the brush-makers, the tin-workshop and the shoemaker's departments. Of these, the whip factory has been fitted up during the recent year in a portion of the new building. It is a branch of business which did not before exist in the prison, and is indeed a very valuable



VIEW OF THE CABINET-MAKING DEPARTMENT IN THE PRISON.



VIEW OF A WATCH BOX IN THE PRISON.

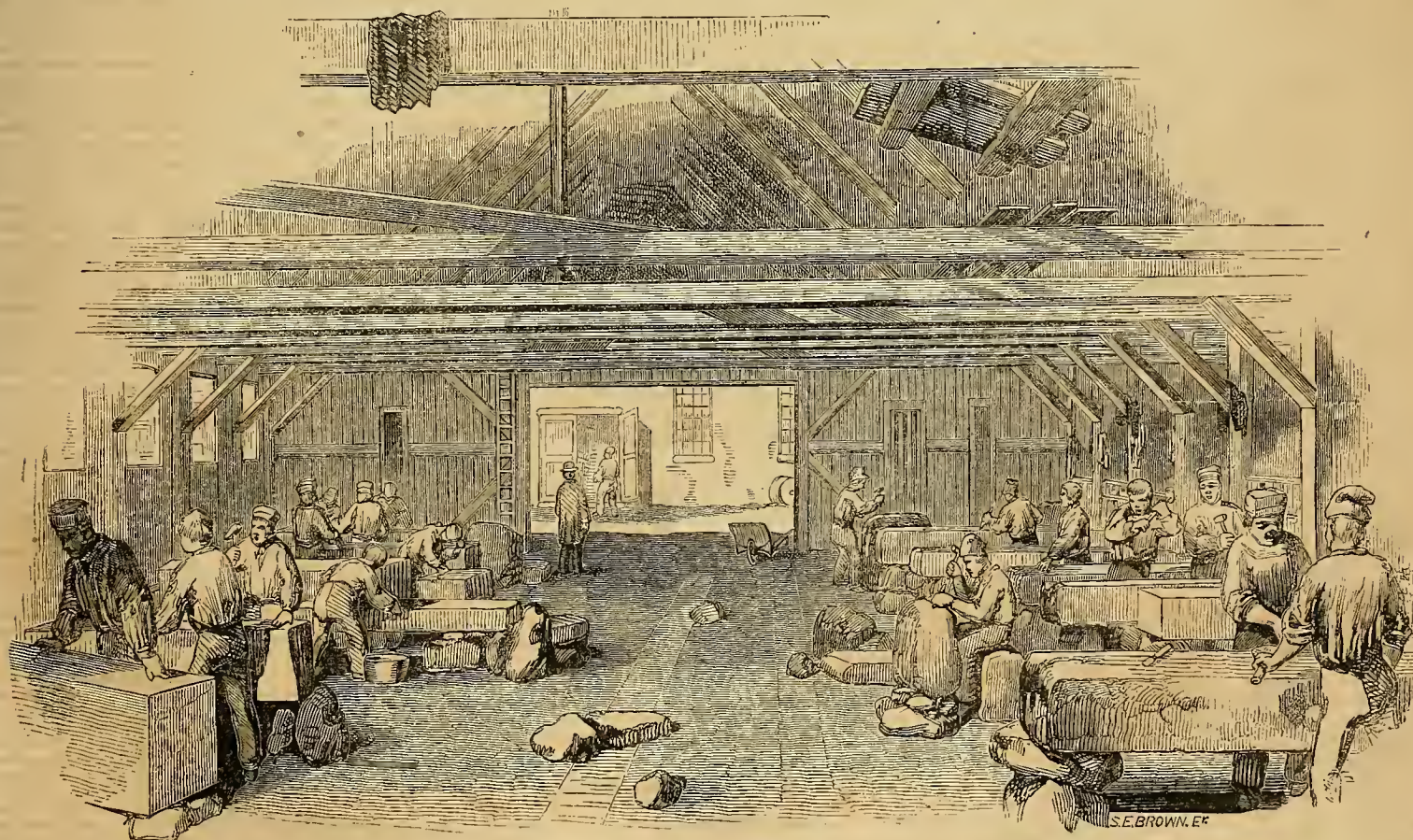


VIEW OF A CELL IN THE PRISON.

department, inasmuch as it finds employment for many of the younger convicts, and those who from physical debility it has hitherto been extremely difficult, and indeed in many cases, impracticable, to find profitable means of labor. We now come to a department which is one of the largest in the prison, it having at different times employed as many as from one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty of the prisoners. Manifest objections have presented themselves to the inspectors, as regards the letting out to one individual or firm so many of the convicts as are at present employed in the business of cabinet-making. It is at once obvious, that, should any necessity arise from the death or failure of the contractors (the last of these is of course at the present moment more than improbable), or from their proving persons unsuitable to be entrusted with the management of convicts, for making a change in employment necessary, it would be far from an easy thing to find immediate occupation for the large number of hands who would be thrown out of work, and a direct loss both of time and income must ensue to the prison. It is therefore obvious that the greater variety of trades which can be introduced into the prison, would be directly for its advantage, while the immediate risk of loss from the death or failure of the contracting party would be materially decreased. Indeed the present number of convicts employed at this mode of labor is more than one half as many again as the warden is compelled by his existing contract to furnish. Exclusive of the stone sheds, this department occupies nearly one third of all the shop room existing

in the prison, this being furnished to the employers without any additional charge beyond that which they pay for the labor of the convicts. Attached to it, and occupying a portion of the space devoted to cabinet-making, is the upholstery business, devoted to the finishing of the articles of furniture manufactured in this department. Twenty-five hands are employed in brush-making, and during the year previous to the publication of the last report, no larger number had been employed. The shop room and storage is also found by the warden of the prison for business of this department. Ten convicts have also been contracted for to labor at tin-working, although as many as twenty have at times been employed. Lastly, in the shoemakers' department, eight convicts are the number stipulated for with the contractors, although they have gradually found work for more—fourteen having been occasionally at work for them. In this department, however, the labor is not paid for in the same manner which it is in the remainder of them—its value not being computed by time, but by the piece. Seven or eight men have also usually been occupied in it in making or mending the shoes for their fellow-prisoners. In this ward, as in all the others, the unvarying silence and assiduity with which the labor is carried on, must strike the stranger, and contrast more than favorably with the style which he may elsewhere have had the opportunity of observing. The kitchen of the prison in its accommodations has not yet been benefited by the change which has taken place in other portions of its internal arrangements, although the basement of the octagonal tower

is now fitting up for it. It is somewhat confined in space, but is admirably clean, and we are by no means indisposed to make a luncheon off the brown bread and chowder which they are preparing to distribute to the convicts. Twelve o'clock has already struck, and the convicts are marshalled and on their way to the kitchen. Each one draws near the apertures in the wall, in rotation, and receives his allowance, and then files off to his solitary cell to take his necessary hour of food and rest. Some have books—these have of course been inspected by the officers of the prison previous to permission having been given to retain them. Others linger over their dinner until the hour allotted for it is past, and then the doors of their cells are once more unbarred, and they return again in order and silence to their allotted labor. In addition to the cooks and bakers, indispensable to the establishment, are the equally indispensable tailor and barber, the washer, wood-sawyer, sweeper, teamster, waiter and common laborer—all convicts—amounting to nearly seventy. Ere we quit the walls of the prison, let us notice the wooden building perched on the summit of the walls about the exterior of the prison. These are the watch-boxes. The officer who is now leaning from the small window in one of them is at present on duty; his restless eye is scanning every movement that goes on in the yard below him—so strict is the surveillance—that no attempt is making to evade the vigilance of those who have the charge of the interior of the prison. There are still other objects of interest which we may hereafter give to our readers.



STONE-CUTTING DEPARTMENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MEMORIES.

BY JOHN W. BEAZELL.

I have seen the infant sinking down, like a stricken flower, to the grave—the strong man fiercely breathing out his soul on the field of battle—the miserable convict, standing upon the scaffold, with a deep groan quivering on his lips. I have viewed death in all its forms of darkness and vengeance with a tearless eye—but I never could look on woman, young and lovely woman, fading away from the earth in beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling the very fountains of life turned to tears.—George D. Prentice.

I have seen the infant sinking,
Into the arms of death,
Like a blighted flower shrinking
From the frost-king's icy breath.

I have seen the strong man struggle,
Like a proud ship in the gale—
Have heard the death-gasp gurgle,
His cheek grow blanched and pale.

I have seen the convict standing
On the scaffold reared by crime,
Whilst curses dark and damning
Quivered on his lips the time.

I have seen the Christian going
With a smile so pure and sweet,
And a chastened beauty glowing
On his brow so calm and meek.

I have viewed death in all stages,
Have seen youth pass away,
And the whitened locks of age
Hid beneath the graveyard clay.

But when woman, fair and lovely,
Is fading from my sight,
The stars seem pale above me,
And the flowers to wear a blight.

Only then my heart throbs wildly,
And the tear is on my cheek—
But I know not why, for mildly
Our loved one went to sleep.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE OLD MILL.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

THERE is a "hip-roofed" old building in our town—or not! recently it was hip-roofed, till it lifted its eaves in astonishment at the ceasing of the Conestoga wagons, and the whistling of the railroad. It needed more capacity for stowage, since improved culture and wider clearings threw more land into grain, and made what was cultivated yield better. A great deal is said of guano and other far-fetched commodities as fructifiers—but there is certainly nothing better than to dig the iron out of the earth, and lay it in rails on the surface. What is the use of production without a market? And what is the use of a market, if it be so far away that the carriage absorbs the value? Ichaboe and Lobos are very well—but without the railroad we could spare their assistance.

The Old Mill has seen many millers in its day, and ground the grists of several generations. Tall men have crept from necessity under its eaves to get in at the door, and short men have pretended to creep, to make the most of appearances. But while men have changed, the other attendants on the hopper look as if they were the original identical covey of the spillings of the first grist—away back in the ancient days when this mill and one house rejoiced under the ambitious name of Mill-Town. That is the same old gander whose water haunts were disturbed by the laying of the foundations a century ago, more or less, and those must be the same respectable family of geese, who look up to their protector with centuries of affection. The old hens and their lord have the same staid demeanor, and are of the good old no-breed-in-particular. No Chitagoes, Shanghais, Cochinchinas or other strange breeds have crept in to disturb the ancient reign. The ducks have the same old rather positive exclamation. The rats are veritable venerables, who have "come down from former generations." The old terrier is always seen with his eye on the same hole under the wall—as if rats were to be caught with a dog's nose, when they have the liberty of the granaries. The swine—what shall we say of them? What can we say more to the point than what we heard an urchin this very day cry out—"My eye! you'd better believe the miller's pigs are fat!" Every thing is fat and well, and quiet looking about the premises.

It's a small corner of the world that the Old Mill stands in, a still corner, save for the monotonous click-clack that is always going, from Monday morning close upon Sunday's elbow, round the week, to the other sleeve, which Sunday morning's nap metaphorically patches—

"Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,"

as Shakespeare hath it. One wonders what the Old Mill can possibly be so busy about—but the "iron top-dressing" before spoken of tells the story—and it is a story that is often heard far away, and has within your time and mine been told to some purpose.

The dog vane of the Old Mill fluttered in the last spent sighings of the wind, which had wandered away from the old world and sought in this valley a place to rest. It came laden with the wail of the dying of hunger. The inhabitants of the land from which this has been so largely peopled were perishing. The swine around the mill-dam, and the venerable colony of which we have before spoken, turned away fastidious from food which in another land would have preserved human life. Men heard the

story here in this quiet spot—but how could they believe? The Old Mill itself seemed incredulous—but still toiled away, and the happy din of peace and plenty went on uninterrupted.

We, in this land of reckless plenty, can understand death by carelessness or violence. We have seen cities depopulated by a pestilence. We have heard of hundreds sacrificed by fire and flood and explosion. These are palpable causes, which we can understand. But death by hunger—the death, not of here and there a neglected and forsaken wretch, but of whole families—and that, not of neglect, but under the very eyes of those who pity, but cannot save—such things appear to us, in this land of plenty, incomprehensible as they are terrible.

Yet such things have been, and such may be again. Let us carry ourselves in imagination back to the days of the famine, and enter one cottage in the famine-stricken land—the land where now they are curing the disease by deporting or driving out the subjects of it. What a group! The father, fortunate enough to procure employment, which all are not—but miserable even then to discover that, at famine prices, cheapening the flesh, and life, and blood of man, but making extortionate demands for what will stay that life—at famine prices, his labor is scarce sufficient to keep the breath in his own famishing body. See him from day to day dividing his pittance with his famishing flock—and almost rejoicing, while the dead lie unburied in his house, that the number of mouths is diminishing! The babe perishes in the arms of the mother, who can no longer, for very starvation, minister to the want expressed in its feeble cry. And see at last the useless self-denial of the famishing father, about to close with his eyes—forever!

Still about the Old Mill the swine wallow in plenty, and hearty farmers, white with the dust of the finest of wheat, bargain for the other shilling, while the wind wails out the cry of the Human, which beseeches us "Be Pitiful!"

"But soon all reason waxeth dull:
Men whisper—He is dying!"
They cry no more "Be pitiful!"
They have no strength for crying—
No strength—no need! O, eyes of mine,
Look up and triumph, rather—
For, in the depth of God's Divine,
The Son implorers the Father—
Be pitiful! Be pitiful, O God!"

And He put it into the heart of man to be merciful. The liberal opened their hearts and their hands, and gave of their substance to the destitute. They gave of their time, moreover, and organized themselves into relief hands to save the famishing. Preachers lifted up their voices in the pulpit, orators and statesmen forgot politics to plead for humanity. The Old Mill, and many more like it, everywhere in their quiet works rejoiced in their mission, and toiled and rumbled on for a purpose—the high purpose of humanity—for men not only said to the suffering "be ye fed," but produced the means to do it.

Look we on the group again. The father has risen from the earth, for in his day of extremity relief came to him by the hand of the charitable. The bereaved mother still lives, and though she has buried some of her little ones, all are not gone; and she takes them by the hand and follows the father, far away from the spot which gave her birth, and where she trusted to lay her bones. But since it is God's will, she does not marmur.

The verdure of spring is over the earth, and our valley charms with its loveliness. We have lost the far views, and can no longer see in the light of the setting sun, the glass glisten in the windows of that house on the hill—for the foliage veils the distant prospect. In lieu of the sky which we have peeped at between the naked trunks of the trees in the distance, we see the hill-sides cushioned with tufts of green trees—terrace above terrace. The earth invites culture, save where the luxuriant grass and the wheat which have been waiting all winter for days like these, put forth their strength, and are preparing herbage for the kine, and food for man.

Road-worn and dusty, here came a travelling party of strangers. The man walks first—as is the custom; the wife, who has followed him it seems to her half the world over, trudges on behind, dragging by the hand the little ones, who wonder in their simplicity why they must forever walk, and find no rest. They look with an eager eye of longing on the comfortable houses on either hand—the farm-houses and buildings snuggled away under shelter of trees or the hill side, and wonder why they cannot take possession of the poorest of these out-houses, and live, and no one question them! Heaven forgive them if they unconsciously break the tenth commandment! It is chiefly those who have a share of this world's goods, that are forbidden to desire those of their neighbors!

Never heed you that little fellow's tatters! He has an eye under that cap rim which may sparkle yet in the Senate Chamber. The soil on that little girl's face needs only the first brook to take its departure, and those unkempt and straggling curls will be rare love-locks for somebody, by-and-by—perhaps for that very lad who has stopped with his satchel, to gaze and consider how little children can live on the road, and eat and sleep without a home. And that comfortable denizen—he gives the strangers, too, a passing look of scrutiny. Never heed them, travellers,—for travellers we are all, and the manner of the journey makes little matter, so that the end be in peace.

They have reached the Old Mill—and it is the same Old Mill as ever. The same feathered colony are now sailing, now fluttering and floundering in the water, or industriously pecking about the door. The same dog is there, and for an instant takes his eye off the rat-hole, as if, like an intelligent beast, it were his duty to assail haggard wayfarers. But he thinks better of it—for plenty to eat makes even the pugnacious civil. It is the

* Mrs. Browning.

plenty of drink that causes quarrels, and dogs are not yet sufficiently advanced for that. So Terrier lets the travellers pass on, if they will.

What a shout for little Pat! He is diligently spelling and reading the head of a barrel—"Br-a-n, bran! d-y-w-i-n-e, dywine! Brandywine! daddy, Brandywine!—the very brother of the barrel that came to th: priest's when we were in the nursery—and we all had a taste of it. Snre, here's the very place where the flour-male grows!"

The father drew up and looked with a great appearance of sagacity, but alas! he was no "scholar," and had to take Pat's word for it. A smile, as of recognition, came on his honest face; and nobody heeded it, though he did try to read the brand upside down.

The mother came and looked, and her eyes filled with tears. "Sure," she said, "it came too late for little Biddy and Phelim—and here are such lushings of it. But God be gracious till us; haven't I the two left, and the man that owns me, over?"

So she caught up the little girl and hugged her in her arms as they walked away. The Old Mill seemed to rumble its pleasure, and the very terrier politely wagged his adieu as the party proceeded on their journey.

The party did not travel far—for when they asked that evening for shelter, they asked at the right place, and of a man who had a heart. Such are not hard to find in our village. And the result of the application was, that the travellers were soon domiciled in one of those little buddings—tenant houses we call them here, the rent of which the occupants pay in labor. An old man, next to bed-ridden, whom we happen to know, lives in such a house; and we one day asked him, "What rent do you pay?" "It's six years, years, your reverence, come Easter, since I moved in. It's twenty dollars I was to pay—but sure I've heard no more of it!" The landlord takes what little the old man can do, in exchange for his shelter, and never troubles himself about a settlement.

Our travelling friend, however, had no need of such a charitable construction of his contract. He was able-bodied and industrious, and his labor not only paid his rent, and the keeping of a cow and pig (with the turnpike for occasional grazing), but produced him his potatoes and cabbages, and found him with a comfortable little balance in hand every year. This was six years ago. And now Patrick, with that fondness for farming on a small scale which is characteristic of his countrymen, lives on his own place. A year or two more will clear away the last vestige of a mortgage. The daughter is at service, the son works on a farm for small, but sufficient wages, and all together, father, mother and children, pull for the same object—to free the house over their heads. They will certainly succeed, and grow in acres as they grow in years. May they live long to bring grist to the Old Mill, between which and them there always seemed a chord of sympathy! Next to his own home, little Pat delights in the pranks of that terrier, and the mock heroism of that feathered patriarch.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

VOICES OF THE SEA.

BY ANNIE JOHNSON.

The shadows of night are falling
On the wild and stormy sea,
Whose mystic voices are calling,
Are calling and chiding me.
The voice of the unquiet ocean!
It will not let me sleep;
For I know what its tones are saying,
Those woe-tones so sad and deep:

Till, like the shell that is singing
Its wave-taught, home-sick strain,
My restless heart is ringing
With the music of the main.
O, playmate of my childhood,
The joyous, wild and free,
My soul forgets not the fancies
And the lore it learned of thee:

When afar on the glancing billow,
Away 'mid the dancing spray
Where the sea-birds have their pillow,
It roved, as free as they.
Then cease that chiding marmur,
Those tones so sad and wild;
For a dweller for aye on thy bosom,
Is the heart of the ocean-child.

THE APOLLO BELVIDERE.

I have been by far the most impressed by the Apollo Belvidere, and the Dying Gladiator—the one the glorious embodiment of the pride and the fire, and power and joy of life; the other of the mournful majesty, the proud resignation, the "conquered agony" of death. In all his triumphant beauty, excellent vitality and rejoicing strength, the Apollo stands forth as a pure type of immortality—every inch a god. There is an Olympian spring in the foot which seems to spurn the earth—a secure disdaining of death in the very curve of his nostrils—a sunburnt light on his brow; while the absolute perfection of grace, the eternal majesty of the figure, now, as in the old time, seem to lift it above the human and the perishing, into the region of the divine and the eternal. Scarcely can it be said that the worship of this god has ceased. The indestructible glory of the lost divinity lingers about him still; and the deep, almost solemn emotion, the sigh of unutterable admiration, with which the pilgrims of art first behold him now, differ little, perhaps, from the hushed adoration of his early worshippers. To me it seems a glowing, divine conception, struck instantly into stone. It surely embodies the very soul and glory of the ancient mythology, and, with kindred works, forms, if not a fair justification of, at least a noble apology for, a religion which revelled in ideas of beauty and grace, which had over something lofty and pure, even in its refined sensuality—and for the splendid arrogance of that genius which boldly chiselled out its own grand conceptions, and named them gods.—Grace Greenwood.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LINES.

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

Within a little mossy dell
A purling brook was found,
Where foxglove and the heather bell
Their perfume shed around;
And there the eglantine did twine
Its graceful branches with the vine.

The crystal brook went swiftly by,
Smooth o'er its pebbly bed,
Here with a murmur, there a sigh,
As if by gentles led;
Its rankling course was never stayed,
But on it ran through mead and glade.

As swiftly as the little stream
Our lives will glide away,
Which, ever changing as a dream,
Speed on from day to day;
For life but transient is at best,
And earth is not our place of rest.

[Translated from the French, for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

BY MISS ANNE T. WILBUR.

THERE was once a young girl who was so beautiful and so good, that the greatest prince in Europe, if he had met her in a cottage, would have left all the princesses, to bestow upon her his hand and his crown. Now, far from having seen the light in a cottage, this young girl was born at the foot of the loftiest throne in the world. It was Marie Nicolowna, the adored daughter of the Emperor of Russia.

Seeing her blooming as a flower of May, and sought by all the heirs of sovereigns, the czar cast his eyes on the richest, handsomest and most powerful among them, and smiling on his idol as a father and a king, said to her:

"My child, you are now of an age to be married, and I have chosen the prince who is to make you a queen, the man who is to render you happy."

"The man who is to render me happy?" stammered the princess, blushing, with a sigh which was the only objection of her heart. "Speak, my father," added she, as she saw her father's brow wrinkled, "speak, and your majesty shall be obeyed."

"Obeyed!" exclaimed the emperor, trembling for the first time in his life; "is it only from duty that you will receive a husband from my hand?"

The young girl remained silent and dropped a tear.

"Your faith is then promised to some one?"

The young girl still kept silence.

"Tell me, Marie, I command it."

At this word, which moves fifty-five millions of men, the princess fell at the feet of the czar.

"Well, yes, my father, my heart is no longer my own. It has been given to a young man who knows nothing of it, who shall never know of it, if such is your desire. He has seen me only two or three times, at a distance—and we have never spoken to each other—we will never speak to each other, if your majesty forbids it."

The emperor in his turn remained silent. He grew pale. He paced the saloon. He dared not ask the name of this man. He who would have braved, for a caprice, all the monarchs at the head of their armies, trembled at the thought of this unknown being who would dispute with him his dearest treasure.

"Is he a king?" asked he, at last.

"No, my father."

"The heir of a king?"

"No, my father."

"A grand duke?"

"No, my father."

"A son of a reigning family?"

"No, my father."

As each step descended, the czar paused, breathless.

"A Russian noble?"

"No, my father."

"A foreigner?"

"Yes."

The emperor threw himself into a chair, and hid his face in his hands, like Agamemnon at the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

"Is he in Russia?"

"Yes, my father."

"At St. Petersburg?"

"Yes, my father."

And the voice of the young girl grew fainter.

"Where can I see him?" asked the czar, rising.

"To-morrow, at the review."

"How shall I recognize him?"

"By his dignity and grace. He is the handsomest cavalier in Europe, next to yourself, my father."

"By what shall I recognize him?" repeated the czar.

"By his green plume and black horse."

"It is well. Go, my daughter, and pray God to have pity on this man."

The princess retired, and the emperor remained absorbed in reflection.

"A child's caprice!" said he. "I am foolish to make myself uneasy about it. She will forget him. She must forget him!" And his lips dared not pronounce what his heart added: "She must, for all my power would not be proof against her tears!"

The next day, at the review, the czar, whose eagle eye embraced all with a glance, sought and saw among the battalions only the green plume and black horse. He recognized in him who wore the one and was mounted on the other, a simple Bavarian colonel of light horse, Maximilian Joseph Eugene Auguste Beauharnais, Duc de Leuchtenberg, the last child of the son of Josephine, the Empress of France, and of Auguste Amélie, the daughter of Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, an admirable and charming cavalier, indeed, but as inferior in rank to Marie Nicolowna as a soldier to an emperor.

"Is it possible?" asked the czar of himself, summoning the colonel, doubtless with the intention of sending him to Munich.

But at the moment he was about to crush him with a word, he stopped short at sight of his daughter, swooning in the carriage.

"There is no room for doubt; alas! it is he," thought he.

And turning away from the astonished stranger, he returned with Marie to the imperial palace.

During six weeks, all that wisdom, tempered with love and severity, could devise, was essayed to destroy the image of the colonel in the heart of the princess. At the end of the first week, the latter was resigned; at the end of the second, she wept in private; at the end of the third, she wept in public; at the end of the fourth, she was willing to sacrifice herself to her father; at the end of the fifth, she felt sick; at the end of the sixth, she was about to die.

Meanwhile the Bavarian colonel, seeing himself in disgrace at the court of his host, without daring to acknowledge to himself the reason, waited only a dismissal to return to his regiment. He was about to set out for Munich, when an aid-de-camp of the czar came to seek him.

"I should have started yesterday," said he to himself; "I should have avoided what now awaits me. At the first flash of lightning we should keep out of the way of the thunder."

Now this was the thunder in store for him. He was introduced into the cabinet reserved for the reception of kings. The emperor was there, with pale complexion and moist eye, but with firm and resolute air.

"Colonel," said he, casting upon him a penetrating glance, "you are one of the finest officers in Europe. It is said of you, and I believe it, that you have a lofty spirit, a learned education, a lively taste for the arts, a noble heart and a loyal character. What do you think of the grand duchess, my daughter, Marie Nicolowna?"

This direct question bewildered the young man. It is time to say that he admired, adored the princess, without having dared to acknowledge it to himself; as a simple mortal adores an angel of Paradise, as an artist adores his ideal of beauty.

"The Princess Marie, sire?" exclaimed he, at last reading his own heart, without daring to read that of the czar; "your anger would crush me if I should say what I think, and I should die of happiness if you would allow me to say it."

"You love her! it is well," resumed the czar, smiling benevolently.

And the royal hand from which he expected the thunderbolt, successively conferred on the colonel the brevets of aid-de-camp general of the empire, president of the Academy of Arts, etc., all with the title of imperial highness and several millions of revenue.

"Now," said the czar to the young man, who was beside himself with joy, "will you quit the service of Bavaria and become the husband of the Princess Marie?"

The officer could only fall on his knees and bathe the hands of the emperor with his tears.

"You see that I also love my daughter," said the father raising his son-in-law in his arms.

On the 14th of July following, the grand duchess was restored to health and to life, and the Duke Beauharnais de Leuchtenberg espoused her in the presence of the representatives of all the royal families of Europe.

Such an act of paternal love merited to the czar and his daughter an age of happiness. Heaven, which has its secrets, had decreed otherwise. On Friday, the 5th of November last, the Duke de Leuchtenberg died at thirty-five, worthy to the last of his high destiny, leaving to Marie Nicolowna eternal regrets.

Her hand is again disputed by all the young princes in the world; but she has been too happy a wife to consent to become a queen.

NEW ORLEANS.

But, as if New Orleans were destined to be the most piquant city in the world, there is another peculiar liability attached to the simple matter of taking a walk in its streets. With the elevation of the bed of the river above the level of the town, the gutters, of course, must either flow up hill to find an outlet, or evaporate at their sulky leisure. The latter is their choice, as far as my observation extended. Hackney-vehicles being in great demand, at the same time, in so warm a climate, and the stands for these conveniences being along the sidewalks of the principal streets—and flies (thirty) being active and numerous amid such fecund stagnation—the dashing of the hoofs of kicking horses, into the pools along which you walk, and in which they stand waiting for your custom, is as perpetual as fly-biting can make it. With at least fifty thousand pair of white pantaloons daily exposed to the broad-sides of this unsavory artillery, gentlemen spotless in the afternoon are, of course, the conspicuous exceptions—a clean outside to a man's leg being tolerable evidence that he has not, that day, been out of doors. Like the yellow fever, for which the city is so formidable, at a distance, however, this trouser varioloid is an epidemic to which the inhabitants themselves are curiously indifferent. The stranger is naturally disturbed by it; but you may know a resident by the easy nonchalance with which he makes his bespattered entrance into bar-room or hotel.—*N. P. Willis.*

Alike to the slave and his oppressor cometh night with sweet refreshment, and half of the life of the most wretched is gladdened by the soothing of sleep.—*Tupper.*

SPIRITS TOLLING THE BELL.

Some thirty years ago, an aged farmer in the western part of this State related to me an occurrence that took place in one of the villages on the Hudson river when he was a young man. It appeared at the time as wonderful as any of the rappings and mysterious noises of our day. The village had a chapel with a bell, and a burying-ground adjoining. The people who had the control of the chapel had for some time refused to toll the bell at deaths and funerals without pay, and the poor were consigned to the grave unknelt. This occasioned excitement among the villagers, who considered such conduct a reproach to humanity. At length, at the dead hour of midnight, the village bell was heard to toll a solemn knell. The villagers awoke in great consternation, and hurried to the spot. The bell was tolling its solemn peals, and those who stood in the burying-ground thought they felt the earth quake under their feet. But on approaching the church door, they found it securely fastened as usual, with no signs of any one having entered. The church was entered, however, and with trembling steps two men ascended to the belfry, but just before they reached it the bell ceased tolling. They entered the belfry with a light, but could discern no traces of any living creature, nor any appearance of any one having been there. All was consternation. "What does this mean?" was in every one's mouth. "Mean?" replied an uncle of the narrator; "why they want toll the bell for the poor, and the angels come and toll their death knell. And such, for aught I know, may be the legend to this day. Now, I have not heard anything in the annals of spirit-rapping more wonderful than this. And yet, to the mind of my informant, it was perfectly clear; though he thought to that day it had never been explained at the place where it had occurred. Himself and his cousin, a son of the uncle alluded to, had made a strong waxed cord, about half a mile in length, and with a ladder ascended to the belfry and tied one end of the cord to the tongue of the bell, and conveyed the other to the window of the house of the uncle, and then taking the precaution to remove the ladder, they began the solemn work of tolling for the poor. But just at the moment the men were entering the belfry, the cord broke. After the people had retired and all was still, the young men took the precaution to remove the remains of the broken string from the tongue of the bell, and the trick was never discovered.—*New York Observer.*

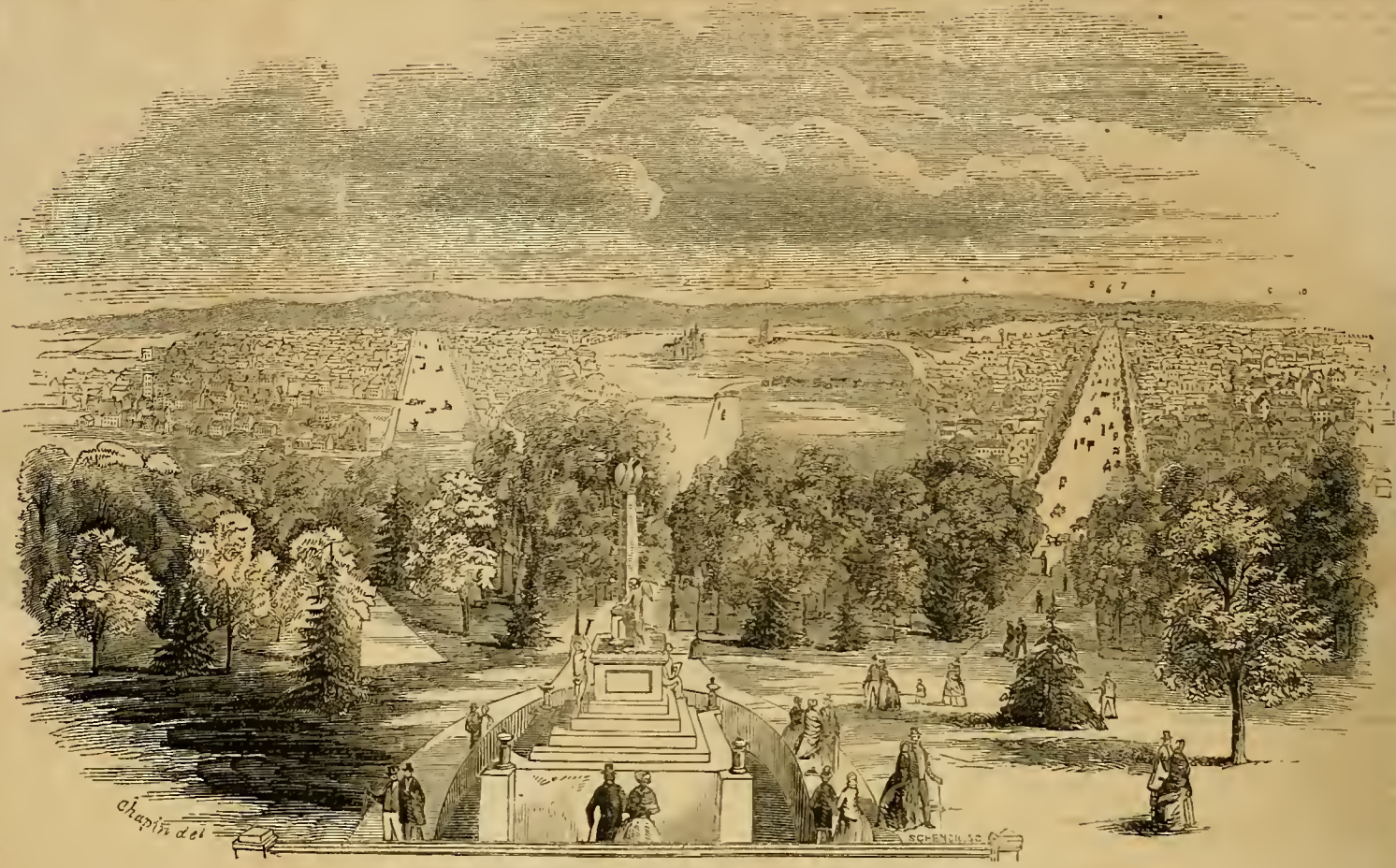
DICKENS AND FLOWERS.

Mr. Charles Dickens has been discoursing very eloquently about flowers, at the ninth anniversary of the Gardeners' Royal Benevolent Institution. We give a short extract from his beautiful address: "Gardening," he said, "was invariably connected with peace and happiness. Gardens are associated in our minds with all countries, all degrees of men, and all periods of time. We know that painters, and sculptors, and statesmen, and men of war, and men who have agreed to nothing else, have agreed, in all ages, to delight in gardens. We know that the most ancient people of the earth had gardens; and that where nothing but heaps of sand are now found, and arid desolation now reigns, gardens once smiled, and the gorgeous blossoms of the East once shed their fragrance on races which would have long ago been forgotten, but for the ruined temples, which, in those distant ages stood in the gardens. We know that the ancients wore crowns of flowers; and the laurel and the bays have stimulated many a noble heart to deeds of heroism and virtue. We know that in China, hundreds of acres of gardens float about the rivers; and, indeed, in all countries, gardening is the favorite recreation of the people. In this country, its love is deeply implanted in the breasts of everybody. We see the weaver striving for a pigmy garden on his house-top; we see the poor man wrestling with the smoke for his little bower of scarlet runners; we know how very many who have no scrap of land to call their own, and never will have, until they lie in their length in the ground, and have passed forever the portals of life, still cultivate their favorite flowers or shrubs in jugs, bottles or basins; we know that in factories and workshops we may find plants; and I have seen the poor prisoner, condemned to linger year after year within the narrow limits of his place of confinement, gardening in his cell. Of the exponents of a language so universal; of the patient followers of Nature in their efforts to produce the finest forms and the richest colors of her most lovely creations, which we enjoy alike at all times of life, and which, whether on the bosom of beauty or the breast of old age, are alike beautiful, surely it is not too much to say that such men have a hold upon our remembrance, when they themselves need comfort."

A SCENE AT A BULL-FIGHT.

A few years ago, the inhabitants of Seville read, with surprise, in the advertisements of an approaching bull-fight, this unusual notice:—"When the third bull shall have attacked the picadors and receives three pairs of banderillas, a young peasant, by whom he has been brought up, will appear in the circus. He will approach the bull, caress it, and, after removing the banderillas, one after another, will lie down between his horns." The announcement of so singular a feat attracted an immense crowd to the amphitheatre. The third bull appeared, an animal with splendid horns, and very brave; he slew four horses, received the banderillas, and became furious. Then, contrary to custom, all the toreros retired from the ring, leaving the bull stamping about, and shaking the bloody darts that hung from his neck. All at once a long whistle was heard. The bull paused and listened. It was repeated. He approached the harrier, and a young man leaped into the ring, calling the bull by his name, "Mosquito!" The animal knew its master, came to caress him, and was appeased. The peasant gave it his hand to lick, and with the other began to scratch it behind the ears—an operation which seemed to afford the poor brute much pleasure. He then gently removed the banderillas which annoyed the neck of Mosquito, made it go down on its knees, and placed his head between its horns. The grateful bull seemed to listen with pleasure to a pastoral melody sung by the master. The admiration of the multitude, hitherto suppressed by surprise, burst forth with Andalusian violence, and shook the building. Hearing this frenzied applause, which had accompanied all his sufferings, the bull, till then under a charm, appeared to awake and return to reality. He suddenly rose, bellowing, and the peasant tried to escape. But it was too late. The animal, as though furious at being betrayed, tossed the young man into the air, received him again on his horns, gored him, trampled on him, and crushed him to pieces, in spite of the efforts of the toreros. The function was suspended—a phenomenon in Spain—the horrified public quitted the circus in silence.—*March's Walk in Spain.*

WHAT IS FAME?—To be rich, to be famous? do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours, when you lie hidden away under ground, along with the idle riddles engraved on your coffin! But only true love lives after you,—follows your memory with secret blessings,—or pervades you, and intercedes for you. *Non omnis moritur*,—if dying, I yet live in a tender heart or two; nor am lost and hopeless living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me.—*Thackeray's Esmond.*



A VIEW OF THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, D. C., FROM THE CAPITOL.

WASHINGTON CITY.

At the present time, when the recent inauguration of our thirteenth President has made the seat of national government the cynosure of all eyes, the accompanying views of the city of Washington and its principal thoroughfare, from sketches made on the spot by our own artist, will be very appropriate, and a few remarks regarding its foundation and erection into the seat of government, may prove of interest to our readers. To Washington himself

are we indebted for the suggestion that the seat of government be located on the Potomac, and the States of Virginia and Maryland having, in accordance with that suggestion, set off and granted a tract on either side of that river for the purpose, Congress passed an act on the 16th of July, 1790, creating the District of Columbia, and providing for the erection of the necessary public buildings for the accommodation of the President, Congress, and the various departments. The name of its noble founder was given to

it, and the year 1800 was fixed upon for Congress to remove from Philadelphia to the new location. A more beautiful site for a large city could scarcely have been selected. On a level plain some three miles in length, and varying from a quarter to two miles wide, and extending from the banks of the Potomac to a range of hills which bounded the plain on the east, the new city was laid out. Quite a number of small streams flowed through the plain.

[For continuation of description see page 207.]



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON CITY, WITH A VIEW OF THE PROCESSION ON THE DAY OF INAUGURATION.

OLD DUTCH HOUSE, ON LONG ISLAND.

Below we give a representation of a peculiarly interesting memento of the past. It is indeed an antique of the first water, and recalls to our minds the past and its primitive associations, as it relates to the early settlers of New York and its immediate vicinity, in a most forcible manner. The artist has given us a plain, unadorned sketch, copying nature and indulging in operation of his fancy. Those who have visited this famous old house, and its romantic neighborhood, will at once recognize the picture.



VIEW OF THE OLD DUTCH HOUSE, LONG ISLAND, ERECTED 1699.

MRS. CHARLES KEAN, AS "VIOLA."

We present below a very perfect likeness of this lady (formerly Ellen Tree), as she appeared, not long since, at the Haymarket Theatre, London, in the character of Viola, in Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night." The great excellence of Mrs. Kean's personation of this and others of the great bard's characters is the charmingly intellectual characteristics she embodies in the performance. She is never for one moment Mrs. Kean, the actress, but at all times the very character which she so faithfully represents. The view we give below represents Mrs. Kean in the fourth scene of the second act, at the touching reply she makes to the duke:



MRS. CHARLES KEAN AS "VIOLA," IN TWELFTH NIGHT.

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

Our latest news from abroad represents Mr. and Mrs. Kean still engaged in the most laudable efforts to sustain the legitimate drama upon the English boards, and under the especial patronage of the Queen and Prince Albert, who have devoted a portion of the royal residence for the purpose of select performances of sterling plays, and some few of the most approved modern farces. The character of Viola, and that of Ion, are said to be Mrs. Kean's best, in which many of our readers will remember to have seen her.

PHILADELPHIA WATER WORKS.

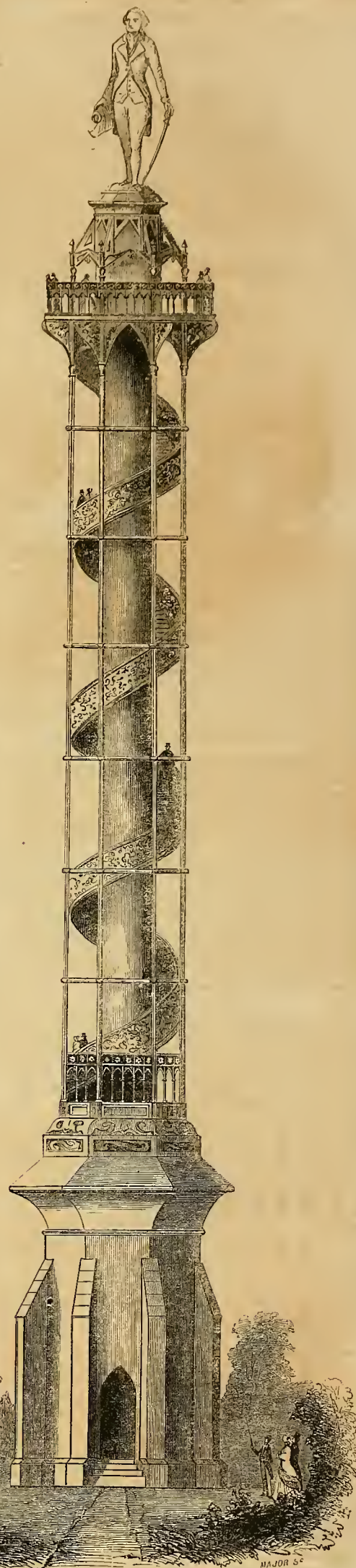
The accompanying illustration is an elevation of the stand pipe or tower about to be erected by Birkinbine & Trotter, of Philadelphia, for the West Philadelphia Water Works. The shaft is of heavy plate iron, five feet in diameter, and one hundred and thirty feet high. The octagonal base is of cut stone, fifty feet high, which supports eight cluster columns of cast iron. Between the columns and the shaft is a spiral stairway of

cast iron, leading from the ground to the landing near the top of the shaft. Upon the top of the shaft and supported by the columns and flying buttresses, is a cast iron statue of Washington, sixteen feet high, making the total height from the ground to the top of the statue one hundred and forty-six feet. This tower will be erected upon the most elevated part of the district, and one hundred and six feet above the low water mark of Schuylkill River. The object of the stand pipe, as represented herewith, is to answer the purpose of a reservoir for the present, and at the same time to give sufficient head of water

for the supply of the district. Its height is sufficient to reach the level of the water in the large reservoirs which are contemplated to be built at some future time. And when they are built, which will probably be in the course of one or two years, they will be about three and a half miles from the pumping machinery; and this stand pipe being upon the ascending main from the pumps to the reservoirs, will act as an equalizer, and thus relieve the pumping machinery. Philadelphia commenced the example in this country, as it regards supplying her citizens with good whole-

some water, by means of public water works; New York followed, and in Boston we have also our own inestimable Cochituate. It can easily be demonstrated that the health of a city largely depends upon a proper supply of the pure element, so as to place it within the reach of all classes. The statistics of the three cities named, before and after the introduction of pure water, give abundant evidence of the truth of this. The Philadelphians, finding their present supply not adequate to the immensely increased demand, are still at work, as our engraving demonstrates, in perfecting and enlarging their means of supply. The committee chosen for the purpose made the following report to the corporation respecting the plan which we illustrate: This plan, which the committee beg leave respectfully to recommend for adoption by the Board, was suggested by Messrs. Birkinbine and Trotter, as an alternative for the third named plan, in the event of that one being considered too costly, and is of the same character as the works constructed by them for Germantown, which are now in successful operation. It proposes the construction of a reservoir on Yarnall's land, some distance above the Fairmount dam, from which the water will be pumped by two high-pressure engines, to a stand-pipe or tower, elevated one hundred and thirty feet above the highest grade of the district, to give the requisite pressure to all parts of the same. A constant supply of Schuylkill water could be thereby distributed at a pressure, when necessary in emergencies, of about one hundred and five feet above the highest, and two hundred and five feet above the lowest part of the district. The average pressure is estimated, for ordinary use, at seventy-five feet above the highest, and one hundred and seventy-five feet above the lowest part of the district. The engines and pumps would be sufficient to raise and distribute 1,000,000

gallons per diem; a quantity sufficient for the daily wants of the district for ten years to come. The stand pipe illustrates a well known principle in philosophy, that water will seek its own level, and though a very plain and simple fact, yet to produce the desired force and head, by bringing this natural effect so to operate as to be of service in supplying the district with water, involves a very complicated and costly arrangement of machinery. When completed, this structure will form one of the notable curiosities in the vicinity of the city of brotherly love, an object of much scientific interest.



STAND PIPE OF PHILADELPHIA WATER WORKS.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

DEATH OF LITTLE ALICE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Shed no tear for little Alice,
She has drained life's bitter chalice;
Never more shall we behold her,
Never to our bosoms fold her:
For the voice of God hath spoken,
And the golden bowl is broken.

Yet we may not feel forsaken,
He that giveth life has taken;
In His keeping let us leave her,
Nothing now can harm or grieve her;
Far beyond the reach of malice
Is the fairy form of Alice.

In the summer, strewn with roses
Be the spot where she reposes;
Let the quiet ivy, creeping,
Mark the grave where she lies sleeping,
In the greenest of our valleys,
Where reposes gentle Alice.

She has only gone before us,
May she not still hover o'er us,
Keep our wayward feet from sliding,
In the path of right still guiding—
'Till in heaven's all radiant palace
We behold our angel Alice.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE DISCOVERED SECRET.

BY MISS LUCY BRADSHAW.

GRACE OSGOOD was one of those kind-hearted, smiling, sunny spirits that seem to have been born under a happy star, and whose province it is to take the evil and the good that Providence sends with an equal degree of philosophy, and who, in short, reasoned that as life has real ills enough to burden the spirit with, she was not inclined to add heaviness of soul to the balance. But then Grace had good cause for gladness and cheerful spirits. Heaven had blessed her with the very sweetest face imaginable, lit up by a pair of soft blue eyes that went straight to your heart every time they rested upon you, and a voice that was never out of tune, because it was in such complete harmony with her kind and gentle heart. Grace was young, handsome, and the pet of parents able to indulge her in all reasonable desires; and why shouldn't she be happy?

Grace was natural—very natural in all her tastes and habits. She rose early in the morning, and went early to her couch at night; for she was a country girl, and knew none of the blandishments and artful allurements of town life. The opera, the theatre, the ball-room, were to her quite the same thing as the descriptions she read of the last court fete, or the opening of Parliament; or the coronation of the new Emperor of the French. Grace had never seen or personally realized any of these. True, she had often been to the city, but it was only for a few days, and then under such strict chaperonage of her parents, who ignored all such vanities as the theatre, that she saw little beyond the immediate society with which their city visits made them acquainted, and she generally returned to her father's spacious house and finely managed estate, with much the same feelings that might be supposed to actuate a bird freed from the bondage and restraint of its cage.

Grace had an abundance of occupation to employ her, besides her regular course of studies. Her father, who, in early life, had made divinity a study, had, on arriving at the age of twenty-two years, when he married, fallen heir to a large fortune; and not relishing the idea of the ministry as a regular calling, retired upon the ample means he now possessed, and occupied his time between such literary pursuits as were most congenial with his tastes and the overseeing of his large property. Added to this, he conducted the studies of Grace, and undertook the task of being her sole instructor. She was an apt scholar, and loving her father better than all else on earth, she needed no other prompting to induce her to strive with her studies, than an approving word from him, or a gratified expression from his lips, at a realization of her admirable proficiency.

Grace had already mastered Latin, Italian and French; was well read in English history, and thoroughly practised in the rudiments of a good English education, besides being quite a proficient in music. She was but eighteen at this time, but her healthful habits, and the constant exercise that she had accustomed herself to, from very childhood, had developed a frame naturally delicate, to the fullness and perfect beauty of womanhood. She would leap on to Romulus, her favorite horse, and dash off for a ten miles' ride and back again without a thought of fatigue. She tended her flowers constantly, watered the plants with her own hands, walked to the top of the neighboring hill, two miles off, and back again, often before breakfast, and feeling richly repaid by the splendid view its summit yielded of the windings of the Hudson River, or of the lofty points of the banks along its romantic course. Grace was no sickly city belle, but a real Di Vernon, such as Scott would have loved to describe.

Her mother was a kind-hearted, pains-taking lady of forty, who loved her daughter and only child, but who was of such a domestic turn of mind as to be entirely satisfied with her husband's assuming the entire charge of Grace, and thus the daughter grew up with a devoted love for the father, and a tender regard and true respect for the mother. There was little sympathy between

Parker Osgood and his wife; they lived happily together, but while one was prone to the ideal, the other sought her main enjoyments amidst tangible matters; and while her husband read Horace in his study, she was very likely to be reducing some one of Miss Leslie's very excellent receipts to actual service in the kitchen. The only confidant, therefore, that Grace had was her father, and as their temperaments were much alike, they were very happy together.

The reader will at once understand, that in referring to these matters, we would show the reason why Grace was endowed with such a peculiar taste and mind, why she loved to muse so often alone, rather than sit by her mother's side, and chat with her upon domestic affairs. All Grace's ideas of mankind had been gathered from her close companionship with her father; he was her model—her beau ideal of a man, noble, generous, brave and intelligent. These qualities she had learned from very childhood to admire and love in him, and she thought to herself sometimes, "O, how dearly I would love a companion like him, in whose heart I could pour every aspiring thought, who would be sure to sympathize with me, and who was really worthy to be loved!" With few associates, and as we have before said, no confidant save her father, Grace was thrown much upon herself, and much within herself. But still she was cheerful and happy, ever good-natured, and ready with a merry laugh and kind word.

"Grace," said her father, one day, "I have received a note this morning from General Armstrong, saying that he shall send Edward and Ernest Winslow to pass the holidays' vacation with us. The general, as you know, was my father's classmate at college, and his firm friend till the day of his death. These gentlemen, Edward and Ernest Winslow, are his nephews, and cousins to each other, and over whom the general has been appointed guardian, and trustee of the property left them by their deceased parents. He says that he had much rather trust the young gentlemen here than in the city, and has, therefore, taken the liberty to billet them upon us for a couple of weeks. They are from West Point, not having yet graduated, though both are very near that period in their term."

"It will be very pleasant, father, to have them here, won't it?"

"Why, yes, Grace, if they are gentlemanly and intelligent, as I hope."

"Of course; but General Armstrong would not have sent them else."

"True," answered the father, somewhat thoughtfully, "he would not."

Grace thought she discovered a slight expression of dissatisfaction in her father's countenance, as he turned away and left her.

"He could not know these young gentlemen,—indeed he said as much. Then why should he dislike to have them come?"

She thought it must be in some way regarding herself that he was troubled, and she resolved to be more than usually reserved in her demeanor when they should come, because she reasoned to herself that her father perhaps thought her too young and too unformed in character to associate much with gentlemen. Grace did not fall asleep half so early as usual that night, but lay awake thinking about the coming visitors. It was quite an era in the history of her home for two young gentlemen visitors to be domiciliated there. And they were cadets—young soldiers! There was a charm in the word "soldier," that, spite of her good judgment, pleased the fancy of Grace Osgood.

When Grace, on the following day, was introduced to two young gentlemen in the undress uniform of the army, she thought them both as fine specimens of men as she had ever beheld. And so very remarkably did they resemble each other (an impression much heightened by the effect of their uniformity in dress), that it was nearly evening before Grace had learned which was Ernest and which Edward. Had they been two brothers, instead of cousins, they could not have looked more alike; and yet, though so similar in person, no two persons could have differed more in temperament.

The cadets, on their part, declared that Grace was a most charming and lovely being; Edward, with all the fire and grace that were his characteristics, and Ernest, with that calm but deep feeling with which he always spoke of what deeply interested him. This was the main difference between the two cousins. Edward was quick to espouse, but fickle to retain; Ernest was slower to embrace a cause, but once having done so, he was decided, and changed not. He was no more affectionate, no more accomplished than Edward, but the latter often laid himself liable to trouble by following his sudden and impulsive feelings. Thus when Edward declared that night to his friend that Grace was a beautiful, a fearless creature, he sincerely thought so, and believed that he had fully analyzed her character, and found good grounds to make such an assertion. He was even vexed with Ernest, who declared that he was not prepared to acknowledge the lady so nearly perfect, as was his companion.

"Fudge, Ernest! you are so cold-blooded," said Edward; "you might, perhaps, have been a Marlborough, but never a Napoleon."

"You are always telling me what a slow coach I drive," replied Ernest, pleasantly.

Delightful was the party at Mr. Osgood's family mansion. Even Mrs. Osgood seemed for a while to forget her preserves and domestic receipts, in listening to the entertaining conversation of Ernest Winslow, who seemingly preferred to leave Grace to his cousin Edward, while he entertained the mother, or held a cheerful and well-conducted chat with the father. Mr. Osgood's stable supplied plenty of excellent horses, and Grace, her father, and the two cousins, often dashed off for a ten miles' ride together. Sometimes Edward and Grace would leave Mr. Osgood and Ernest far behind; sometimes they would drop behind themselves, while the others rode on.

We do not wish to have the reader infer that Ernest never talked with Grace, never rode by her side, or walked with her. On the contrary, he frequently did so, though when this was the case, it seemed as though it happened by chance; while it was plain enough that Edward was ever on the *qui vive* for an opportunity to appropriate Grace's attention and engage her with himself. And Grace, she thought Edward a most delightful man—so vivacious, so agreeable, so full of wit, such a fund of anecdote, such a quick perception of the ridiculous. She was laughing half the time while he was by her side. But somehow when Ernest talked with her, though it was not half so frequently, still some single word, some little thought, perhaps simply the picking of a wild flower, and the sentiment that he applied to it, would leave an impression after they parted that made her recall what he had said.

She found that Ernest would now and then reply to some enthusiastic sentiment of her own, in language that shed new light upon her own theme, and so felicitously that she would try to remember the expression to repeat to her father; and though she seemed thrice as cheerful with Edward, yet she never cared to tell her father what he had said to her. This was a fact that Grace never gave a second thought to, but Mr. Osgood marked everything.

Grace thought much more and oftener of Edward than she did of Ernest. A smile would wreath her beautiful lips, and her soft blue eyes would sparkle with merriment at the recollection of the former, and his thousand and one good stories and sallies of wit; but when she thought of Ernest, it was in a different mood. She seemed to pause, and, instead of merriment, a gentle cast of thoughtfulness overspread her face, as she repeated to herself some of those tender and beautiful illustrations of feeling which came as readily from Ernest's lips as did a repartee from Edward's. But they were charmed days, those two weeks that General Armstrong's proteges passed under Mr. Osgood's hospitable and attractive roof. Even Mr. Osgood himself seemed sorry to part with his young guests, and his wife declared most unhesitatingly that they should miss them vastly. So a general and earnest invitation was given for them to repeat their visit at their earliest convenience.

The cadets returned to West Point, and to their severe routine of discipline; while Grace, and her mother and father again resumed their quiet domestic life. There is always a reaction in every extreme, and as Grace had been so joyous and lively, and so full of spirits for the last two weeks, and as the moving cause of all this had now gone from her, she naturally fell back to a very quiet mood, which, contrasted with her late flow of spirits, might be said to amount almost to a state of melancholy. She did feel vividly the contrast between her present quiet mode of life, and the lively and congenial one of a few weeks ago.

"You enjoyed our young friends' visit very much, Grace, did you not?" asked her father, the day after they had left.

"Yes, father, they were so gentlemanly and so intelligent."

"Which thick you the most so?" said her father, carelessly.

"Why, Edward, of course," said Grace, "that is," she continued, "I should say Edward was the best company."

"Now, to my mind, Ernest is much his superior," said Mr. Osgood.

"Do you think so?" asked Grace, thoughtfully.

"I do, most decidedly; there is more surface to Edward—more heart to Ernest."

"Well," said Grace, ingenuously, "that is just what I should have said, if I had thought one moment before answering your question."

The father watched her somewhat earnestly, as if to read her heart, and then pointed out to her some Latin translation that he wished her to undertake, and with a kind word left her to her studies.

The truth was, that the brief visit the cousins had made to Mr. Osgood and family was only the precursor to many more. West Point was only about twenty miles to the north of the spot where Grace's father lived, and the cadets, procuring a brief leave of absence, would dash off and enjoy a day, or evening, or both, in Mr. Osgood's family, and return again, but always together. These frequent visits were the means of creating a degree of friendship between all parties that fast ripened into intimacy; and Ernest and Edward were regarded almost as members of the family.

All the household thought that Grace and Edward loved each other. Edward was as attentive as ever to her, constantly by her side, ever talking in his best strain of wit and humor, and exuberance of good spirits. True, Ernest was often by her side, but it was only to say some pleasant little sentence, some few kind words, to refer to some beautiful thought that his soul had given birth to, and then he resigned the field to Edward, who, as all thought, was the favored suitor. And yet the father thought not so. He did not speak to Grace upon the matter; that was a subject that she must first speak to him of. He had always been free with her in all else; but her heart, her love, her choice, must be her own, and should receive no prompting from him. It was true that Mrs. Osgood spoke once or twice of the matter to him; but he told her that their guests were honorable men, high in attainment in their class, rich in worldly fortune, and in short, that Grace might choose, if she liked to do so, either Edward or Ernest for a husband.

The intimacy we have described had now existed for more than a year, and both the young officers had graduated high in their class, and had received the usual appointment of lieutenant from the President. Each had also received orders to join the post to which he was attached, and they now came to Mr. Osgood's to bid the family a long farewell. By Mr. Osgood's earnest desire,

they resolved to pass a week with him, when they would leave for the frontier posts.

"I have found a pair of military gauntlets, so small and delicate," said Edward, to Grace, "that I beg you will accept them. They will fit you well, and be very convenient, I think, to hold Romulus's curb with."

"Thank you," said Grace, half blushing. It was the first gift Edward had ever made her. "I shall certainly wear them."

Ernest knew of the gift, and he saw her wear the gauntlets several times when they all rode out together. Of late, he observed that Grace had grown less joyous, and that she evinced less of that free-hearted spirit and merriment that so much became her. He presumed this to be owing to a realization that she was soon to part from Edward for a long period, and he sighed within himself that it was not his lot to possess so dear a being as he felt Grace Osgood to be to him.

"Grace, I have been looking for you," said Ernest, approaching her at the head of the garden-walk, just at twilight, the day but one before they proposed to take their departure. "I have just found a moss rosebud, a dainty one, still wet with the dew it has been sipping. Will you accept it, Grace?"

"Thank you, Ernest," she said, for they all addressed each other thus familiarly; and though she did not say so much to him on receiving this his first gift, she blushed more deeply as she took it, than she had done at Edward's more available present.

But Ernest's heart sank within him as he saw her turn away into the house.

"She avoids me," he said. "I have offended her, perhaps; alas, alas! Grace loves Edward, and why should I complain? He is a generous-hearted fellow. All the class loved him better than they did me. The world will love him better than it can ever love me; and how can Grace help loving him best?"

Ernest was sad and unhappy, but he strove not to show it. He joined the party to the neighboring hill the next morning, saw Grace laugh and chat right merrily with Edward, but he only strove the harder to disguise his own feelings. True, the gentle and thoughtful words he did utter to her almost choked him, but she knew it not, no one should ever know it. He would not even wish that he had been the favored one, because that would have involved Edward's unhappiness, and he loved his cousin as he would have loved a brother.

And then he would turn to Mr. Osgood, and in a cheerful vein endeavor to converse upon some congenial theme; but the father's practised eye detected the shallow pretence, and *divined its cause*; but his lips, for obvious reasons, were sealed. In his kindness of heart, he strove as far as might be to assist his young friend in his attempts at cheerfulness; while in his own heart he secretly grieved that Grace's choice had fallen upon Edward. There was more than one reason that made him dwell upon this subject in his own mind. He not only felt regret, but he was rather surprised, since he had believed that he had thoroughly studied his daughter's feelings, and if he had rightly understood them, Ernest would have been her choice.

That evening—it was the evening prior to the final leave-taking, and the last that Ernest would probably ever pass in that dear place,—that evening he strolled towards the little arbor at the head of the garden, while the rich western horizon still reflected the gorgeous twilight hues. His heart seemed near to breaking, and he bit his lips as he walked on, and thought of leaving Grace Osgood for ever. And this he felt he must do tomorrow. He could never return and see her the wife of another, not even as Edward's wife; he could not bear to think of such a possibility. And then he said to himself:

"O, that I had never seen her—never beheld so much loveliness that I can never possess!"

He walked on musing thus, when he was suddenly startled by hearing a low, and as he thought, convulsive sob. What could it mean? He was very near the arbor. He would look in quietly, and see if it proceeded from thence. Approaching the entrance noiselessly, he found these sobs to increase in distinctness, and as he fairly gained a view of the interior of the little summer house, a sight met his eye that he would probably never forget.

He was still undiscovered, and he paused for a moment to gaze upon the form of Grace Osgood, who was seated with her back to the entrance. Her gentle bosom was heaving with quickened emotion, a pearly tear was coursing down her lovely face, and a deep drawn sigh ever and anon relieved in part the aching fullness of her heart. She held in her hand a tiny object which she was bathing in tears, and now as Ernest stood there, she pressed it tenderly to her lips.

"Was he crazed? did he dream as he stood there? Was this Grace Osgood, and was the object she was thus weeping over and covering with kisses the moss rosebud he had given her? What could all this mean? Alas! his own disappointment must have unsettled his reason, and this was but a mad fantasy of his brain. It must be so; but he must speak to her. He had never told her his love; he could not now restrain his feelings, and hastening forwards, he knelt at her feet.

"Grace—ah, dearest Grace, tell me what this means! tell me if I am not indifferent to you. Tell me why you weep over that little token."

"Alas! Ernest," said the timorous and blushing girl, "I have indeed betrayed myself. I need not tell you any more plainly the promptings of my heart."

"Do I hear aright?" said the now impetuous Ernest. "Is it possible that you can respond to the secret love I have so long borne for you, and which I have never dared to tell you?"

Her head sank upon his shoulder as he knelt there. He needed no other reply. His arm encircled her dear form, and he was happy.

If we were to attempt to describe the secret satisfaction of Mr. Osgood, when he privately listened to Ernest's request for Grace's hand, we should fail to give it half the real force that moved her affectionate parent's breast.

"I felt that I knew my daughter's heart. I would not believe I had fruitlessly studied her for so long," he repeated to himself. "Have her, sir? Yes, with all my heart, and may God bless you both. You are worthy of each other," he replied, with tears in his eyes.

Edward was not long in learning the result. At first, he felt a little piqued, but he was too much of a man of the world at heart to suffer it to render him unhappy in the least. He wished his cousin much happiness, bade all parties a cheerful good-by, and departed for Oregon. What need was there for Ernest to accept his appointment? He had graduated honorably; he had an ample fortune; *fame* was no more a leading star to him. Love had kindled a far more bright and alluring flame to light his footsteps, and the next week's mail carried his resignation to the war department. Happy Grace, thrice happy Ernest!

Mr. Osgood could not think of parting with Grace altogether, and so Ernest has gone to live with them, and few happier families than theirs find a home in the country that borders the Hudson.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

BURIAL OF FERDINAND DE SOTO.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

'T was the solemn hour of midnight, and the woods in dark array,
Stood like giant sentinels while priest and soldier knelt to pray;
And the mighty river hushed its voice, as if to list the sound
Of the first sad requiem notes that poured their solemn strains around.

He had crossed the trackless ocean in a fruitless search for gold,
Had trampled on the red man's rights with footsteps free and bold;
But disappointment crushed, at length, a stubborn heart of pride,
And beneath conflicting passions he had bowed his head and died.

'T was the solemn hour of midnight, and not a single star
Threw one beam upon the waters that were rolling on afar;
Not the dipping of an oar told where gilded on its breast
The frail canoe that bore him to his last deep bed of rest.

They had wrapt him in his mantle, and had sought the river's bed,
Where the waters flowed most deeply, and the current swifter sped;
And coffin-lid had sunk him in the middle of the stream,
Where never ray of light upon the wanderer's grave might gleam.

The mighty Mississippi rolled heavily along,
And its dark and gurgling waters sang another requiem song;
A fitting funeral dirge for that burial place sublime,
Where never pile or mound may show the fretted work of time.

"WOMAN RULES THE CAMP."

Men have all sorts of motives which carry them onwards in life, and are driven into acts of desperation, or, it may be, of distinction, from a hundred different causes. There was one comrade of Esmond's; an honest little Irish lieutenant of Handyside's, who owed so much money to a camp sutler, that he began to make love to the man's daughter, intending to pay his debt that way; and at the battle of Malplaquet, flying away from the debt and lady too, he rushed so desperately on the French lines that he forgot his company, and came a captain out of the action, and had to marry the sutler's daughter after all, who brought him his cancelled debt to her father as poor Rogers's fortune. To run out of the reach of bill and marriage, he ran on the enemy's pikes, and as these did not kill him, he was thrown back upon t'other horn of his dilemma. Our great duke, at the same battle, was fighting, not the French, but the Tories in England, and risking his life and the army's, not for his country, but for his pay and places, and for fear of his wife at home, that only being in life whom he dreaded. I have asked about men in my own company (new drafts of poor country boys were perpetually coming over to us during the wars, and brought from the ploughshare to the sword), and found that a half of them under the flags were driven thither on account of a woman; one fellow was jilted by his mistress, and took the shilling in despair; another jilted the girl, and fled from her and the parish to the tents, where the law could not disturb him. Why go on particularizing? What can the sons of Adam and Eve expect, but to continue in that course of love and trouble their father and mother set out on? O, my grandson! I am drawing nigh to the end of that period of my history, when I was acquainted with the great world of England and Europe; my years are past the Hebrew poet's limit, and I say unto thee, all my troubles and joys too, for that matter, have come from a woman, as time will when thy destined course begins. 'T was a woman that made a soldier of me, that set me intriguing afterwards: I believe I would have spun smocks for her, had she so bidden me; what strength I had in my head I would have given her; hath not every man in his degree had his Omphale and Delilah? Mine befooled me on the banks of the Thames, and in dear old England; thou mayest find thine own by Rappahannock. —*Thackeray's Esmond.*

THE WORD OF GOD.

The mother of a family was married to an infidel, who made a jest at religion in the presence of his own children; yet she succeeded in bringing them up in the fear of the Lord. I one day asked her how she preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so openly opposed to her own. This was her answer: "Because to the authority of a father, I did not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years, my children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This Holy Book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question—did they commit any fault—did they perform any good action, I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reproved or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has alone wrought the prodigy which surprises you." —*André's Memoir.*

O, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god as he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose. —*Moore.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE WAY.

BY ALICE CARY.

I cannot plainly see the way,
So dark the grave is; but I know
If I do truly work and pray,
Some good will brighten out of woe.

For the same hand that doth undid
This winter winds, sends sweetest showers,
And the poor rattle laughs to find
His April meadows full of flowers.

I said I could not see the way,
And yet what need is there to see,
More than to do what good I may,
And trust the great God over me?

Why should my spirit pine, and lean
From its clay house; or restless, low,
Asking the shadows if they mean
To darken always, dim as now.

Why should I vainly seek to solve
Free will, necessity, the pull?
I feel, I know that God is love,
And knowing this, I know it all.

DISCOVERY IN AFRICA.

In a letter addressed to the London Times by Mr. Petermann, on the 28th December, he gives further intelligence recently received from the expedition to Central Africa. It will be recollected, that at the date of the last previous letters, Dr. Overweg was at Kuka, awaiting the return of his colleague, Dr. Barth, who was absent on an exploring journey to Bagirmi, a country between Lake Tchad and the Nile, heretofore unvisited by any European. On the 20th of August last, Dr. Barth returned to Kuka in good health, and well satisfied with his expedition; which he had been able to prosecute as far as the capital of Bagirmi, Masena. About the time of Dr. Barth's return, some long-expected supplies from Prussia, as well as liberal ones from Lord Palmerston, were received. Before this, the members of the expedition had been reduced to great straits, only relieved by the generosity of the Vizier of Bornu, who has all along shown an enlightened interest in their proceedings, and is making collections of the natural products and manufactures of his country to send to England. Dr. Barth recommends the countries bordering on the Kowara (Niger) and the Tchadda, and that part of the coast between the Equator and the Kowara, to our special attention. Mr. Petermann again refers to the activity shown by the Americans in this region. He mentions Captain Lynch's expedition to Western Africa; the object of which, according to President Fillmore's late message to Congress, "is the reconnaissance of the continent of Africa eastward of Liberia." It is stated in their last communication that Dr. Overweg and Dr. Barth are determined, if possible, to push their way across the continent in a southerly direction to the Indian Ocean. They seem to fear the failure of their funds for so hazardous an undertaking. They suggest that other travellers should penetrate into the interior of Africa, and co-operate with them, some coming by way of the Tchadda and the Western coast, and others by way of Zanzibar and the Indian Ocean. The London Athenæum, of January 8, publishing an interesting letter from Dr. Barth—the first letter ever received from a European on the eastern side of Lake Tsad—remarks that Drs. Barth and Overweg must thenceforth take rank as amongst the first—if not as the first—of African travellers. Though not yet within the basin of the Nile, our traveller has now approached so near to its eastern boundary as to be able to furnish information likely to clear up many intricate questions bearing on the subject. One object of importance he has already accomplished; in joining Bagirmi to Dar For by means of his itineraries, he is the first to have carried a line of connected route across Central Africa, from the Kowara to the Nile, and thus, from the Gulf of Guinea to the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. —*N. Y. Mirror.*

MADE FOR IMMORTALITY.

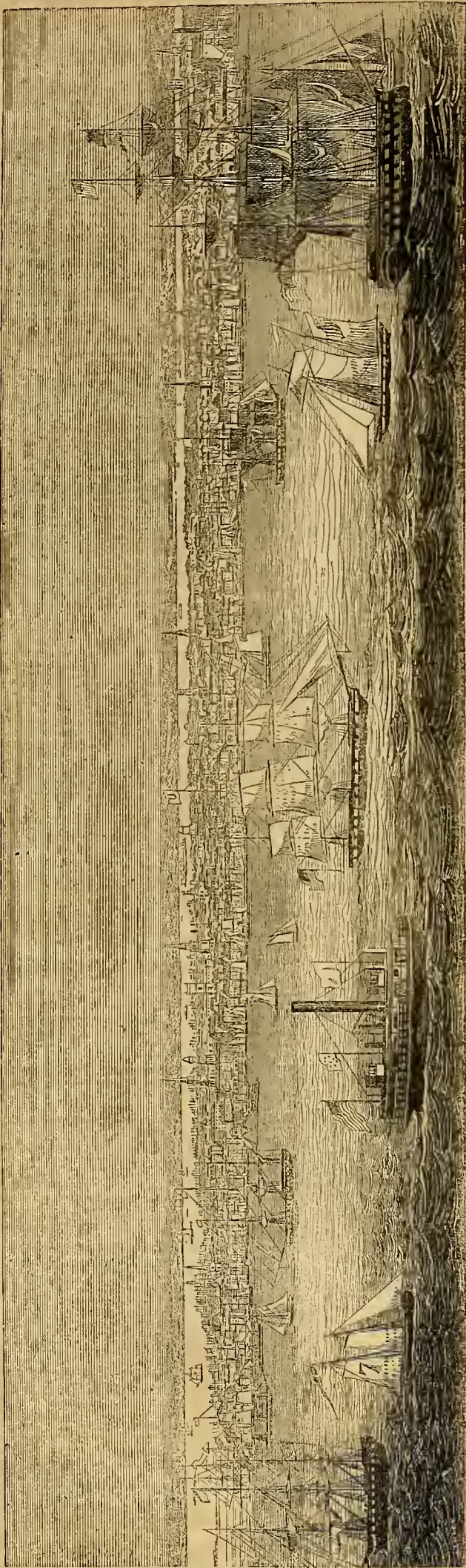
It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding-place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast off by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and then sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are ever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off, and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that stars, which hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it, that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand currents of our affection to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a far higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us, like islands that slumber on the ocean—and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever. —*Whittier.*

MAN'S PREROGATIVE.

The old friar who had taught him in his boyhood, had often explained to him that men were surpassed by the bee in skill, and by the dog in loyalty, by the ant in industry, by the elephant in strength, and by the ape in mimicry; the parrot learns to speak, and the bull bows under the yoke no less than man. What, then, proves the superiority of man—what marks his difference from the beasts? nothing else than that he may be taught to borrow. The exclusive prerogative of man is to incur debts. The friar was looked up to by his friends as a learned man, and he often used to say to those who attentively listened to him: "A day will come when the truth of this distinction will generally be acknowledged, when civilization will be tested by the use the nations make of this greatest human prerogative—their credit; when the communities which have no debt will be called barbarians, and those will be the most powerful rulers of mankind, the missionaries to carry civilization all over the world, who have the largest national debt; though there will always be narrow-minded fools to preach financial reform, unaware of the constitution of mankind, and of their glorious privilege." —*Hungarian Traditions.*

.... Memory is not wisdom; idiots can rote volumes; yet what is wisdom without memory? A babe that is strangled in its birth. —*Topper.*

A FINE PANORAMIC REPRESENTATION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, THE METROPOLIS OF THE UNITED STATES.



THE CITY OF NEW YORK, AS SEEN FROM THE EAST RIVER.



THE CITY OF NEW YORK, AS SEEN FROM THE NORTH RIVER.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ON THE DEATH OF AN EXEMPLARY YOUNG MAN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Age standeth not in length of years,
But in the deeds that show
Time well-improved, true fear of God,
Good will to all below.

For heads may wear the frosted hair
Of a centesimal sun,
Yet drop at last from life, and leave
Its greatest work undone.

So let our grief be mixed with praise,
For those who early find
Unbroken rest from mortal cares,
And pass with soul resigned,

Beyond probation's darkened gate,
Beyond the shaft of pain,
Where everlasting joys await
The Saviour's faithful train.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

GREAT INDIANA, OR WYANDOTTE CAVE.

BY C. K. HENDEE.

THIS cave is situated in Crawford County, Indiana, west of Blue River (formerly Wyandotte), and six miles north of Leavenworth, on the Ohio.

Having prepared ourselves with lights and attire suitable for the occasion, we proceeded from the house of our host, by a tortuous footpath, Indian file, among rocks and brushwood, over the Nobs, which rise three hundred feet above the level of Blue River. Having reached their summit, we descended seventy-five feet on their western side, where is situated the Cave.

On entering, singular and solemn is the sensation produced, after leaving a noonday sun, a sultry atmosphere, and a humming world, in this abode of silence, of dumps and deep darkness,—the habitation of no living creature save the bleary-eyed bat that clung to the rocky ceiling, or flitted across the range of our lights.

Descending an inclined plane for fifty yards (the size of the cave varying from ten to fifteen in height and breadth), through the "Vestibule," we entered the "Ante-chamber." This is a spacious room where our guide first cried "halt;" which though startling, was a relief, having proceeded thus far in silence, none being inclined to disturb the deep solitude even with a breath, such is the effect, treading these seeming "chambers of death."

We were now in the "Old Cave," its existence having been known "time out of mind." It extends about three miles to the northeast, ending in an immense room called the "Circle of the Union," the arch of which is supported by the "Pillar of the Constitution," which is eighty feet in diameter and thirty high, formed by the slow and silent drippings of ages. Though "solitary and alone," it stands in its strength, an emblem of our nationality. Yet unlike it, may the pillar of our Constitution see no time when the curious antiquarian will deck the shelf of his studio with the "fragments of its fading glory."

One fourth of a mile ere you reach the "Circle," is "Pluto's Chasm," two hundred feet in depth. A portion of our party descended its rocky steep to its bottom, from whence the hollow echo of their distant voices resembled more the fancied gibbering of demons than of human voices. This, together with the sickly lights that struggled faintly with the thick darkness, giving a spectral aspect to all around, did not a little in assisting the imagination in the belief, that one was indeed in the dominions of Pluto.

After proceeding four hundred yards in the "Old Cave," we came to the "New Cave," the entrance to which its proprietor has carefully secured with door and lock, to preserve it from vandalism. This new apartment has been known only a short time, having been accidentally discovered by some peering Yankee. The discovery of yet other apartments is very probable. It extends three miles southwest and four miles northeast from its entrance, with various branches, varying from a fourth to several miles in extent. It is situated eighty feet below the "Old Cave," and in many places extends immediately under it.

In the right-hand branches are many places of surpassing beauty, such as the "Throne," the "Dining-Hall," "Albert's Museum," etc., the first of which is a conical, of rocks, fifty feet high, over-arched by a spacious dome, studded above and below with crystals set in concretions of lime, snowy white; and all around stalactites and stalagmites stand out in bold relief, as carved work of every fancied shape. Here also is "Humility Hall," so called from being obliged to go on all fours in passing through it. It is fifty yards long and thirty feet wide, and presents a floor and ceiling smooth as any wrought by masons, save that here and there hangs a beautiful stalactite, which oft comes in unwelcome contact with the back of the unwary passer.

In the left hand cave the first object of interest is "Mt. Olympus." This mount is one hundred and fifty feet high, and is formed by a "helter-skelter" mass of huge rocks that have fallen from the ceiling, and left a spacious dome which spans an area of one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet. This dome is called the "Celestial Canopy," and though beautiful in many respects, is awfully grand, wrapt in the fearful gloom of perpetual darkness. The apex of the mount is crowned with three huge stalagmites, which have been deified with the names of Jupiter, Juno and Hebe. The former occupies the centre of the group, the second the right, and the latter the left, midway between the

former and a sulphur spring issuing from the solid rock, from which she is supposed to bear the ambrosial nectar.

The overhanging arch is decorated with many beautiful formations of carbonate of lime, gypsum, calcareous spar, and crystals, which glimmered in the dark distance like a

"Jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

To proceed further, we were obliged to "snake it" through the "Anger Hole," feet first, in the slime formed by water from the sulphur spring, a portion of which finds an outlet here. This process is death on dandies, and a source of no little merriment and chagrin to those portly gents who "can't pass." This hole is an opening ten feet long and eighteen inches at its minimum diameter. The apartment which we now enter, has two branches, each two miles in extent, besides various minor ones. At the farther end of the right branch, is a spring of beautiful lime water, refreshing indeed to those who resort hither to secure immortal youth by imbibing its crystal waters.

Taking the left branch, we pass into the "White Cloud" room, through the "Hall of Raies," over "Mt. Parnassus," under the "Frosted Rocks," around the "Ice-House," and down "Rothrock's Promenade" (all of which are objects of much interest), till we arrive at "Kendrick's Cabinet." Here is a concentration of all that is beautiful and curious in the cave. Here nature has hid for ages, deep in the bosom of earth, her choicest handiwork, seeming too delicate and too pure for the rough manipulation, and vulgar gaze of man. The floor is literally covered with needles of crystallized sulphate of lime, from two to eight inches long, and in size and shape like a common tape needle. Shelving rocks are wreathed with festoons of gypsum, sparkling white, while from the frosted rocks above hang stalagmites of crystallized carbonate of lime.

Others may have seen this scene surpassed, but as for me, I felt thrice amply paid for travelling many a weary mile to witness it.

Having been underground till weariness and the demands of the inner man were no longer sufferable, we beat up a retreat, bearing with us many specimens of value to the mineralogist, which we were kindly permitted to take.

The cool air and darkness of midnight rendered our egress less sensible than was our ingress to the cave. Having repaired to the hospitable home of our worthy host, Mr. Henry P. Rothrock, we were treated to a soft bed, a hearty breakfast, a small bill, and a kind adieu.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SUNRISE.

BY DR. GEORGE W. BUNGEAT.

The sky-lark meets the distant blue
That stoops to clasp a waking world,
While flowers fling up their crowns of dew,
And hues of heaven are here unfurled.
Pure as the dew dissolved in air,
Like incense rising from the soil,
Shall be our morning praise and prayer,
While faith shall wing our words to God.

He rolls the sun to its decline,
And howls it on to realms afar,
To let the modest glow-worm shine,
And man behold the evening star.
With wings of flame he sweeps away
The stars above so thickly spread,
To light the ant with golden ray,
And show man where to find his bread.

Like silver rain the light will fall
From rosy morning's torch of flame,
Where the mailed beetle rolls his ball,
And the wise beaver builds his dam.
The sun looked from the sky and smiled,
And earth awoke with songs of bliss,
As wakes the sweet and smiling child
Waked by a mother's morning kiss.

CURIOUS MORAVIAN CUSTOMS.

The religious celebration of Christmas Eve among the Moravians is simple and peculiar. The Lancaster Whig thus describes the ceremonies of the occasion at Lititz. They are the same now as in our school-boy days, viz.:—At the appointed hour, the services of the church will commence with instrumental music by the choir, after which the pastor will read the sacred history of the birth of Christ, when all will partake of a Love Feast, consisting of a "Love Feast Cake," and a mug of hot coffee. The choir will again perform a piece of sacred music, near the conclusion of which all the little children will be served with lighted wax candles, which they will hold in their hands till the close of the ceremony. The Moravians have a number of queer customs, among others, that of assembling in the church before day on Easter morning, and marching in procession to the grave yard, to the sound of plaintive music, and sounding a funeral dirge for each member of the community who has died during the preceding year. On New Year's Eve the people also repair to the church about seven o'clock, and pass the time in reading the Scriptures, listening to a sermon, etc., until within a few minutes of twelve o'clock. The congregation then unite in a solemn prayer, but at the first stroke of the clock in the steeple that proclaims the birth of the new year, the band, stationed in the choir, strike up a tremendous claque of welcome, in which cornets, flutes, dulcimer, and all kinds of instruments, help to swell the joyous strain. After performing for several minutes, the congregation interchange congratulations and retire to their respective homes. Very curious people are the Moravians, but a more excellent and worthy set are no where to be found.

Neglect the rule each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise;
And men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, must the less commit.—Pope.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

BY FRANCIS A. DERVAGE.

How softly from yon distant dell,
Melodious peals the Sabbath bell;
And soothing, charms the listening ear,
Like music from another sphere.

The blue sky brighter seems to-day,
More cheerily the streamlets stray;
The birds float up on gladder wing,
With more triumphant carolling.

The snow may lie upon the path
Where last the tempest spent its wrath;
But still the plump pies above
Are symbols of enduring love.

So in the winter of the heart
Faith's green oasis holds a part:
So o'er the thunder-cloud's dark form
The bow of promise spans the storm.

O, Sabbath sweet! O, Sabbath blest!
A foretaste thou of endless rest;
Of changeless love and cloudless hours
In fadeless amarantine bowers.

CAPTAIN ERICSSON.

From the "Men of the Time," we extract a few particulars of Captain Ericsson's life, which, at this moment, will be read with new interest:

JOHN ERICSSON, a distinguished mechanic, was born in the province of Vermeland, Sweden, in 1803. He showed a strong taste for mechanics when quite young, and at the age of eleven attracted the attention of Count Platen, who procured him the appointment of cadet in a corps of engineers, and in 1816, he was made *nivelleur* on the grand ship canal between the Baltic and the North Sea. From his associations with military men, he acquired a taste for military life, and entered the Swedish army as an ensign, a step which lost him the favor of his patron, Count Platen. In the army he rose to the rank of lieutenant, and shortly after his promotion he was employed for some time in the survey of northern Sweden. In the meanwhile he devoted much of his time to his favorite speculations in mechanics, and projected his *flame engine*, one of the earliest of his inventions, an engine intended to work independently of steam, by condensing flame. In 1826, he obtained permission to visit England, where he hoped to bring his invention into public notice, but he soon discovered that, when the engine was worked by mineral fuel, the experiment was a total failure. He was not discouraged, however, and in 1829, he competed for the prize offered by the Liverpool and Manchester railway for the best locomotive, and produced an engine that attained the then incredible speed of fifty miles an hour. Since his residence in the United States, Mr. Ericsson has been the author of many inventions which have made his name familiar to the public. Ericsson's propeller, semi-cylindrical engine, centrifugal blowers, besides some improvements in managing guns, were applied to the steamer Princeton with successful results. In the American department of the great exhibition, he exhibited a distance instrument, for measuring distances at sea, the hydrostatic gauge, for measuring the volume of fluids under pressure, the reciprocating fluid meter, the alarm barometer, the pyrometer, the rotary fluid meter, and the sea lead, of all which instruments he has given a "brief explanation," in a pamphlet published in 1851. The invention, however, which has lately attracted most attention is the caloric engine, intended to supersede the use of steam. Mr. Ericsson first brought this remarkable invention before the scientific world, in London, in 1833, when he constructed an engine of five-horse power, and exhibited it to a number of scientific gentlemen of the metropolis. But although it met with the approbation of many distinguished men, Brunel and Faraday pronounced against the feasibility of the scheme, and the English government, which at first seemed inclined to give the matter their attention, immediately let the matter drop. The subject has again been revived in the United States, apparently with every prospect of success, and a ship measuring 2200 tons, intended to receive a caloric engine, has just been built in the city of New York. Mr. Ericsson is a knight of the order of Vasa, and a member of many scientific societies.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

REPOSE AND FIDELITY.

BY S. H. LLOYD.

Think me not, Rose, grown cold or love thee less
Than when first I learned to bless and speak thy name;
When to the lips our words more freely came,
All fraught with thoughts of hope and tenderness.
It is because I love thee more, that we,
Before our window-pane, in twilight hour,
Now sit entranced; or, that in some sweet bower,
In silence wrapped, we list the melody
Of running brooks that murmur at our feet.
My cup is full, our hearts together chime,
While all our thoughts translate themselves in rhyme,
And thus the circle of our joys complete.
What need of words to break the soothing spell,
To speak what silent lips can better tell?

NATURE VS. ART.

There are looks and gestures of quiet, unheard-of women, a housekeeper, a governess, a sudden washerwoman, and of men as common-place as any whom Holborn, or Manchester, or May Fair generates, in which a thoughtful eye will read tragedies to draw deeper, bitterer tears than Shakspeare's Othello, Goethe's Tasso, or all the woes of Euripides. I have stood in a group of peasants before a painted Crucifixion, and there were looks of sympathy which mine, perhaps, reflected. But I heard a heavy breathing behind me, and turning, I saw a woman who had brought her sorrows thither, not found them there. She stood with dull and heavy eyes beholding the painted grief of the Holy Virgin Mother. I never knew what was her calamity. She, too, doubtless was mourning for a son, perhaps for his crimes. But I felt that to me sublime religion and perfect art were nothing while I saw so close to me a living, genuine misery.—*Stirling*

WASHINGTON CITY.—[See page 290.]

On the south, the east branch of the Potomac jutted into the land, and bounded the city in that direction. On the west, Rock Creek separates it from Georgetown, and the Potomac, which, at this point, is some 295 miles from the ocean, and about a mile wide, forms its southern boundary. The range of hills towards the east would seem to form its natural boundary in that direction, although it was originally supposed that the main portion of the city would be located upon and eastward of these hills; hence the front of the Capitol was erected in that direction. This will serve to explain the reason, which is always sought by the stranger, why the rear of this imposing building is first seen in approaching it. The public buildings were finished in June, 1800, and the departments were removed from Philadelphia, and located at the new seat of government. Congress commenced its first session there on the third Monday of November in that year.

It must not be supposed that the Washington of that day bore any resemblance to that of the present. The public buildings were built in style similar to the present State, War and Navy Departments, which only await a fire, or some similar casualty, to give place to more roomy and beautiful edifices. Mrs. Adams, the lady of the first President of that name, in writing to a friend regarding the city and the White House, says:—"In the city are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it, but as they are, I see no great comfort in them. The river, which runs up to Alexandria, is in full view of my window, and I can see the vessels as they pass and repass. The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables; an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary. The lighting the apartments, from the kitchen to the parlors and chambers, is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues, is another very cheering comfort. To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all we can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience that I know not what to do, or how to do. * * * If they will put me up some bells, and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased. I could content myself anywhere three months, but surrounded by forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it? Briscler entered into a contract with a man to supply him with wood. A small part, a few cords only, has been able to get. Most of that was expended to dry the walls of the house before we came in, and yesterday the man told him it was impossible for him to procure it to be cut and carted. He has had recourse to coals; but we cannot get grates made and set. We have indeed come into a new country."

The plan of the city, as originally laid out, is one well calculated to display its beauties to the greatest advantage. Fifteen noble avenues, each 100 feet in width, pointing to as many States, which were the first to enter the Federal Union, form the basis of the plan, while the remaining streets cross each other at right angles, and range from north to south, and from east to west. The soil is of a sandy nature, intermixed with clay, and as a general thing, the place is healthy, although in certain localities fever and ague is prevalent in the fall of the year.

In the accompanying view of the city, taken from the portico of the Capitol, the following references will serve to point out objects of interest: 1, Maryland Avenue; 2, Smithsonian Institute; 3, Washington Monument (the open space in which the two last is situated is the public garden, which the late lamented A. J. Downing was engaged in laying out at the time of his death); 4, National Observatory; 5, Pension Office (temporarily); 6, Pennsylvania Avenue; 7, President's or White House; 8, Treasury Department; 9, Post Office; 10, Patent Office. In the foreground is the monument erected by officers of the navy to their gallant comrades who fell in the war with Tripoli. It is built of white marble, and rises from a pool or basin of water to a height of forty feet. The column is surmounted with the American eagle in the act of rising, and is ornamented with the paws of Roman galleys. At its base is a figure of Fame, with the laurel wreath in her hand; while lower still are figures of Mercury (emblematical of Commerce, in defence of which the brave and heroic officers fell), History recording their deeds, and America, symbolized by an Indian mother, pointing her children to the names of Sommers, Caldwell, Decaur, Wordsworth, Dorsey and Israel, which are inscribed on its western face; while the other sides bear a brief history and representation in relief, of the actions in which they fell.

Pennsylvania Avenue, a view of which is also given on page 200, is the principal thoroughfare of the city of Washington, and, as will be observed, gives the route of the procession from the White House to the Capitol, on the occasion of the late inauguration of President Pierce. During the sessions of Congress, it presents a scene of the greatest bustle and activity. Here may be seen politicians of every grade, and men of every rank and condition, all hurrying to and fro, and each intent upon his own individual interest, all serving to give life and activity to the picture. During the recess of Congress, when Washington presents no attractions to this class of our people, the aspect is widely different. Then the streets are deserted, except by those whose necessities compel their daily attendance in the now silent city. No dashing equipage, containing the beauty and fashion of the season, attracts the attention and elicits the applause or envy of the sojourner or the rival. No brilliant uniforms, or gay silks and satins, give a rainbow hue to the picture as seen at the present time. Then Washington puts on its every-day working clothes, and like a chandelier covered with gauze, or (a more apt comparison) like a large blue-bottle fly, it wraps itself "in the solitude of its own originality, and" lies dormant until the next session.

The Avenue, beyond the beautiful buildings at its either end, presents no very striking objects of interest, except, perhaps, the hotels, of which there are quite a number. Our artist has included in his view two of the most prominent of these, viz., Brown's (the large marble edifice on the left of the picture), and the National, in the corner above. The latter is probably the largest, though not the most showy of these. It is built in the form of a parallelogram, with a court in the centre, and has a front on the avenue of 160 feet; on C Street, 190 feet; on 6th Street, 185 feet; while on the rear, it extends 265 feet. It contains 365 rooms, 34 of which are private parlors, and will comfortably accommodate 550 guests. Its reputation, as a first class house, needs no eulogium from us. As long as its present urbane and gentlemanly proprietor, Mr. Dexter, continues at his post, the travelling public will need no surer guarantee of every desideratum that goes to make a hotel of the first rank. Courteous, attentive and obliging, he makes his guest perfectly at home, and with the aid of his polite assistants, the arrangements and conduct of his house and servants are perfect. The two views we give of Washington City and of Pennsylvania Avenue are at this moment valuable and timely.

ROOMY.—The Washington Monument is to be upon so large a scale, that Bunker Hill Monument could be placed inside the column, and room for all practical purposes still be left open.

Wayside Gatherings.

Each insurance company in Mobile has agreed to donate \$300 annually to the fire department of that city.

The Governor of Vermont has set apart the 8th of April as a day of "humiliation and prayer."

A wild horse was recently purchased in Cincinnati for \$4000, and will be exhibited in New York at the World's Fair.

At the latest accounts adventurers from all parts of the world were arriving daily by hundreds in Australia.

In a common clay pitcher, from Australia, minute specks of gold have been detected.

Lieut. Dearborn, of the army, died recently at Mount Vernon, Alabama.

The Charleston papers have been crowing over some "ripe pears in February," grown by a gentleman in that city.

The last crop of barley raised at Ashland, Ky., by the late Henry Clay, was recently sold at Louisville by his son, J. M. Clay.

The Middletown, Conn., silver mine has recently been sold for \$50,000. It was bought about a year ago for less than \$5000.

Secretary Kennedy has directed the changes in the uniform of passed-midshipmen, boatswains, gunners, carpenters and sail-makers, approved March 8th, 1852, to take effect immediately.

The Philadelphia North American publishes a rumor that the Cunards intend placing two of their smaller steamships on a line between Liverpool and Philadelphia.

The picturesque ruins of Charlemagne's castle of Heinsberg, near Aix la Chapelle, fell to the ground, during the past month, after an existence of a thousand years.

Bostonians love harmonious sounds at least, for the Transcript states that Oliver Ditson published, last year, one million five hundred thousand sheets of music.

Congress has appropriated for the Equestrian Statue of General Jackson, to compensate Clark Mills therefor, and make it the property of the United States, \$20,000.

Paul Hildreth, of Greenfield, Mass., converts poplar wood into mattresses. The logs are first sawed, and, after the bark is stripped off, they are placed in a machine which reduces them to very fine shavings.

The Christian Register, after mentioning that Louis Napoleon's wedding cake was made in London, adds that there may be some excuse for being beaten at Waterloo; but for France to be outdone in the confectionary line is a sign of weakness.

The Grant County Herald says the annual amount of lead produced from the Wisconsin lead mines is about 40,000,000 pounds, which, at five cents a pound (a low enough estimate now), amounts to \$2,000,000.

The Charleston City Council has appropriated \$10,000 towards the building of a hall of exhibition for the South Carolina Institute; and also an additional sum of \$15,000 as a loan for the same purpose.

An Assay Office, in the city of New York, is to be established for the receipt and for the melting and assaying of gold and silver bullion and foreign coin, and for casting the same into bars, ingots or disks.

The salaries of the Vice President and Cabinet officers, including the Secretaries of State, Treasury, War, Navy and Interior, and the Postmaster General and Attorney General, are respectively increased from \$6000 to \$8000 per annum.

Foreign Items.

Four thousand three hundred and twelve persons were embraced in the amnesty recently granted by the French Emperor.

Louis Napoleon's wedding cake weighed 320 pounds, and was made in London.

The latest news from Bermuda announces a great financial prosperity as prevailing in that colony.

The emigration into Melbourne from Great Britain and the United States is said to average 1000 daily.

Seamen for the public service are now obtained with great difficulty in England.

Twelve steamers are now on their way from England to Australia.

A stoker on board H. M. ship Valorus, has become entitled to the Earldom of Stockport, an estate producing \$175,000 a year.

A severe fight has taken place at the Cape of Good Hope, between 6000 Basutos and 1000 British troops, in which the latter were successful.

Many new deposits of gold have been discovered in Australia, and it was certain that the soils and rocks rich with this metal, extend over many thousands of square miles.

A London paper, published during the past winter, speaks of the "continued rain which has fallen for the last five or six weeks."

There is a report that the East India Company intend to increase the number of Europeans in its army. The total of the Indian army is at present no less than 222,000 men.

The journals of Vienna announce the sale of a music box which plays twelve pieces, entirely new to the world, composed by Haydn for this very box.

The etiquette of the court of the Emperor has caused an enormous demand for elegant and expensive dresses, for both ladies and gentlemen.

Every man from the Australian colonies brings painful accounts of the present state of disorganization and anarchy, induced by the gold diggings.

It is reported that the Emperor intends to settle a pension of 400,000 francs a year upon the Countess of Montijo, and an annuity of 600,000 francs upon the Empress for her toilette.

The Scotch papers assert that thirty years ago, a vessel named the Highland Lad, was fitted up by Messrs. (and, Girswood & Co., of Glasgow, with a caloric engine, the invention of the Rev. Mr. (now Dr.) Stirling, of Galston, in Ayrshire.

It is stated that the Austrian authorities have determined not to permit emigrants to the United States to return to Austria. Cause—the allegation that "they bring back nothing more valuable than the political opinions they have picked up in North America!"

A better and more worthy tone is perceptible in the public mind in regard to the new French Empress. She rides out every day from three to five, and the four exits from the palace are left open, that the people may not know through which she is to pass. A division of the crowd is thus effected. She speaks English and French vernacularly, although Spanish is her native language.

Sands of Gold.

.... All affectation is the attempt of poverty to appear rich.

.... True merit often finds its gold not distinguished from base metal.

.... Uncharitable persons are generally more unthinking than perversely so.

.... To improve a man is to liberalize and enlarge him in thought, feeling and purpose.

.... Nothing ever touched the heart of a reader that did not come from the heart of a writer.

.... Religion is said to be the true basis of man's conduct, but often it is made the pedestal of his pride.

.... He is happier who has little, and with that little is content, than he who has much, with impatience for more.

.... Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.

.... The knowledge of evil may help to good, and assist us to measure its value; every new idea should be to us as a new feather in wings that bear us upward.

.... We should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present. It is no part of wisdom to be miserable to-day, because we may happen to be to-morrow.

.... There are few talents so very inconsiderable as to be unalterably excluded from all degrees of fame; and all should, in life's visit, leave some token of their existence.

.... If you have ever been once in company with an idle person, it is enough. You need never go again. You have heard all he knows. And he has had no opportunity of learning anything new. For idle people make no improvements.

.... All rational happiness consists in a proper and just exercise of those abilities and graces which our Heavenly Father has mercifully bestowed upon us. The higher we rise, and the broader we extend in the knowledge of moral holiness, righteousness and truth, the more happy we are capable of being.—*Hosea Ballou.*

Joker's Budget.

The individual who broke the ice with his first stump speech, was drowned by applause.

Boys are like vinegar—the more "mother" there is in them the sharper they become.

The school girl who "fell into a reverie" last week, has been pronounced out of danger by her physician.

The man who attempted to whistle a bar of soap has injured his voice by trying to sing a stave off a molasses-cask.

An old fogie was recently overtaken by a "train of thought." Through skilful medical treatment it is hoped he may survive the shock.

We note in a cotemporary's column, the advertisement of a lady for a husband. "None need apply under six feet!" Whew! but the lady goes in ferociously for *Hy-men*.

Punch, as a musical critic, in which, as in all other capacities, he is transcendent, speaks of "the Crack Composer Verdi; for it is said he has cracked more voices than any other composer."

"Know thyself" was the remark of a gentleman to his son, in the course of a parental lecture. "Thank you, my list of acquaintances is sufficiently large already," said the aspiring youth.

Spiggles, one day last summer, hired a boat and man to row it, on trust. After they got out a little way, Spiggles remarked that he thought it was rather a row-man-tick excursion.

The horse "warranted to stand without tying," which a man bought at auction the other day, is offered for sale by the purchaser, with the guarantee that "he will not move without a whipping."

"Jane, what letter of the alphabet do you like best?" "Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Saob." "Pooh, nonsense—tell right out, Jane. Which do you like best?" "Well (blushing and dropping her eyes), I like you (U) the best."

Some person asked Charles James Fox what was the meaning of that passage in the Psalms, "He clothed himself with cursing as with a garment." "The meaning," said he, "I think is clear enough; the man had a habit of swearing."

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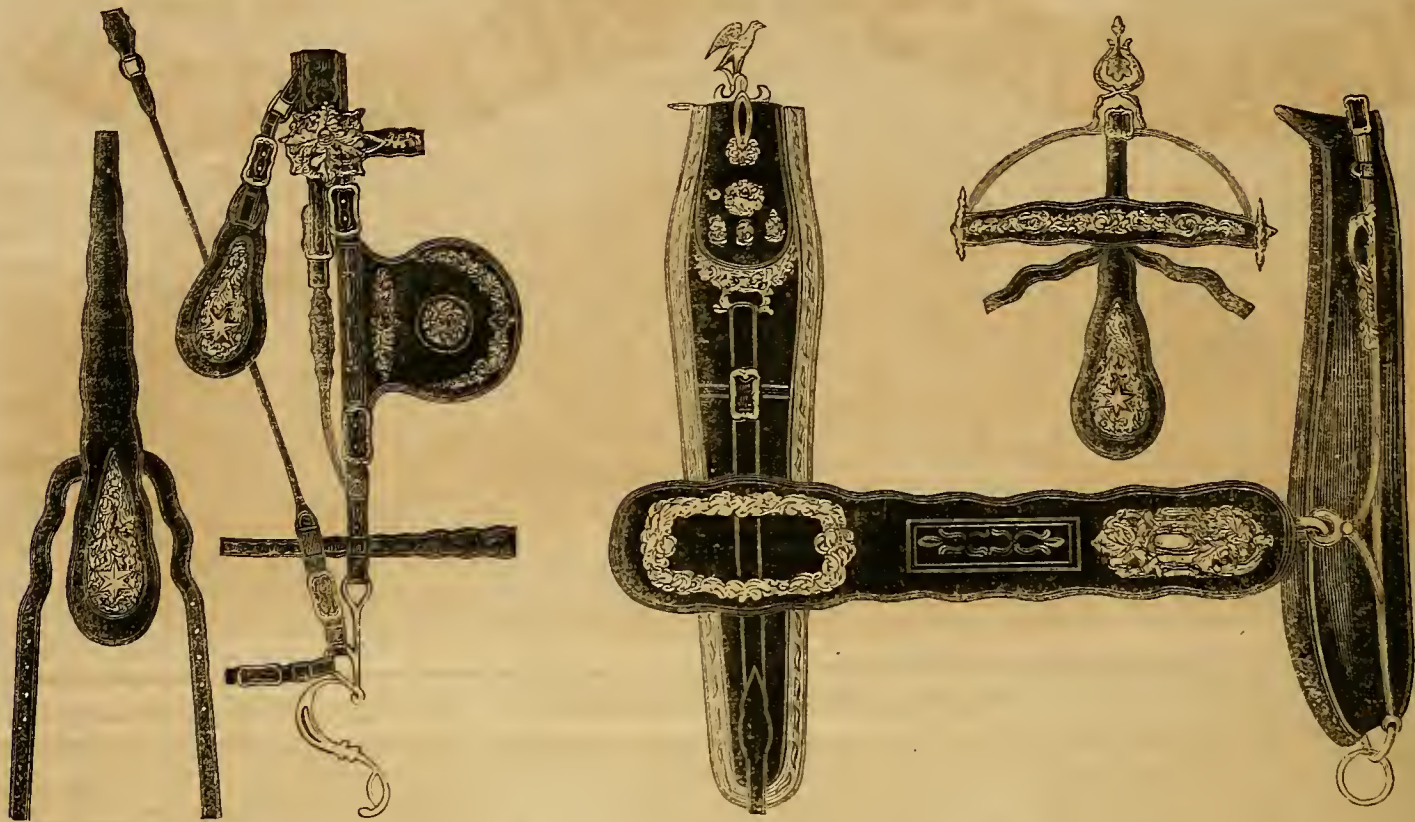
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F. GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.



REPRESENTATION OF THE HARNESS DESIGNED FOR THE CARRIAGE RECENTLY PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT PIERCE.

HARNESS FOR THE PRESIDENT'S CARRIAGE.

It will be remembered that we gave, in a former number, a picture of the carriage and horses presented by the citizens of Boston to President Pierce, and now we give a correct fac-simile of the splendid harness which was designed by William Rogers, and manufactured by Mr. Hannaford, the well known harness maker, and his able corps of assistants. The silver work, which is very rich, was done at the establishment of J. & J. E. Holt, whose experienced workmen have done themselves much credit. As there was some misunderstanding between the committee who ordered the harness and the manufacturers, the harness was not appropriated to the use for which it was originally designed. It was pronounced to be far too rich and elegant for the rest of the establishment, and a cheaper ready-made harness was substituted. This harness was made of the very best of material that could be procured, and of an entirely new and original plan, the whole being very rich and superior. The blinkers are ornamented by three designs in solid silver, oak branches entwined with leaves and acorns, the ornaments being encircled in an enamelled bud. The hame terret, the design of which is in keeping with the rest of the harness, is also of solid silver; the harness tugs are very elaborately worked, the buckles being of solid silver, wrought in the oak leaf and branch pattern—these buckles weigh down \$87 of

coin silver. The snidle, or pad, is very elegantly got up, with rich and massive terrets and water books of solid silver, representing at the base an oak stump, surmounted by an American eagle, with wings extended. The pads are of a white ground, richly inlaid with a red enamelled bud, while between the buds there is a very rich finish of blue enamelled leather, the pattern of which, with the general design of the harness, will be seen in the engraving. This is probably one of the finest harnesses ever manufactured, and by far the richest ever exhibited in this country. We believe in the maxim, "honor to whom honor is due;" and if the presentations from time to time bestowed upon our public dignitaries are really the tribute of personal regard, and the appreciation of public worth, and not the mere offerings at the shrine of selfishness, they will not fail to form a bond of attachment between those who present and those who receive them, and keep up a frank and affectionate interest in both parties, alike honorable to all. We desire to see our public men beloved for their personal worth, as well as honored for the station they occupy; and that is the happiest nation where the people love their rulers, and where rulers acknowledge the mutual tie that unites them together, in one common effort to foster and uphold the institutions and laws they have sworn to cherish, as the bulwark of their country's greatness.

HAYMARKET SQUARE, BOSTON.

We give below a capital picture of this well known spot. It has grown to be a most busy locality, and the centre of a vast amount of trade. Prominent in the picture, we have a fine open spot suitable for a fountain, which, we hope, may soon be improved for this purpose. The spot derives its name from its having been, for a long period of years, devoted to the purpose of the City Hay Scales, and as a stand for the sale of hay. We should multiply these breathing spots in our city; for the town must have lungs as well as human beings, in order to live and be healthy. Conspicuous in the engraving will be seen the large building occupied by Grover, Baker & Co., manufacturers of the Patent Sewing Machines, one of the most extensive and prosperous manufacturing establishments in this country. A better locality for their business could not possibly have been chosen. It gives us pleasure, also, to bear testimony to the high and honorable standing of this house, as it regards its responsibility and general dealings. On the right of the picture, we have a view of the Boston and Maine Railroad Depot, a very large and well arranged building for the purpose designed. Haymarket Square now presents a striking contrast to the period when old Ebenezer Clough (the last of the shoe-buckles) used to weigh the hay and issue the city certificates in a shod-like building stationed near its centre.



VIEW OF HAYMARKET SQUARE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 14.—WHOLE No. 92.
6 CTS. SINGLE.

BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

We here present a very excellent copy from T. Buchanan Read's painting illustrating the beautiful little allegorical poem by Leigh Hunt, which is given herewith. With Mr. Read, as a poet, our readers are already acquainted; but to those who have not enjoyed an opportunity to examine his *pencil and brush versification*, we should say a word of him as a painter. Probably there are few artists of the present day who can equal, and none, within our knowledge, exceed him in point of judicious and yet striking effect in the mingling of color. His pictures are of that cast to take the eye and the deepest interest of the appreciating mind *at once*, the same as any beautiful scene in nature is sure to do. But let us give the reader the exquisite little poem that Mr. Read here illustrates so beautifully and so much to the life:

"Ahon Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase),
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said:
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Replied: 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Ahon. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Ahon spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write mine as one who loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote—and vanished. The next night
He came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!"

The picture is supposed to represent the moment when "the vision raised its head." Ahon, half recumbent, is just awaking from his sleep; and the angel's face represents all the "sweet accord" that the poet refers to. The lines have always struck us as a beautiful theme, and even in boyhood we have read them with delight. Mr. Read is the first artist, probably, who has ever illustrated the beauty of the parable, and having seen the original—a reference to which our readers will recollect we took occasion to make in a former number—we can bear ample testimony to the exquisite finish and perfect grace of the artist's conception. The eagerness with which Mr. Read's paintings are sought for, is a compliment of the most tangible character to the young artist-poet, and we are gratified to know that his genius is paid, not only by appreciation, but by ample pecuniary return for its efforts.



ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE HEAVENLY MESSENGER.

A ROMANCE OF SPAIN IN THE 15TH CENTURY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE KNIGHT OF LEON:

—OR—

THE MONARCH'S LAST BRIDE.

A TALE OF MOORISH GRANADA.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.

THE FLIGHT AND THE BATTLE.

On the next morning Charles of Leon walked out towards the river Xenil, where he knew there were large pastures, for the purpose of seeking a horse. In the suburbs of the city he found plenty of horse dealers, and ere long he was in full tide of barter. He found a horse that suited him exactly. The animal was an Arabian, delicately built, but yet strong and enduring of muscle. He was of a grayish color, rather lighter than ordinary for such a color, however; and having tried his speed, Charles determined to buy him. The price was exorbitant, but the knight was soon satisfied that the owner meant just what he said, so he drew forth his purse and counted out the sum.

Charles sprang upon the back of his new purchase, and as he rode back to the city he felt perfectly satisfied with his bargain. The animal was kind and easy to manage, and he betrayed no dislike to his change of masters.

The horses were now ready; Charles had matured in his own mind the plans he was to follow, and the hours dragged slowly, heavily away while he waited for the moment that was to place Zehra in his possession.

It was a dark night—dark because it was moonless—but yet not dark enough to be gloomy, for there were stars peeping down upon the earth. Charles of Leon and his esquire rode out from the city to the northward, and at a suitable place, where grew a thick grove of oaks, they fastened their horses, Pedro having led the third horse by the bridle. The knight was dressed in his full armor of mail, and Pedro was likewise armed as if for battle.

After the horses were secured, Charles and his companion started off on foot, and having retraced their steps a distance of some fifty rods, they turned from the road and took the way towards a grove that lay at the foot of a gentle hill. Here they stopped to await the coming of Zehra, for it was here that she had agreed to meet her lover. It had been her own choice that he should not come to Ben Hamed's garden, for there was danger in such a course, and it could have been no aid to her.

While the knight was thus waiting, the gentle Zehra was preparing to meet him. A watch had been set upon her movements, but she had contrived to outwit her guardian. One of the alcalde's female slaves had been placed to overlook Zehra's motions, but the simple creature now lay as quiet as an infant beneath the effects of a strong sleeping potion, and her young mistress had nothing to fear from her.

Such trinkets as the fair girl wished to retain she had secured, and the jewelled crucifix she had hung about her neck by the small golden chain that was attached to it. A strong cord she had made of her useless garments, and by this she easily let herself down from her window into the garden below. After she was safe upon the ground, she waited a single moment to assure herself that no one was moving near her, and then drawing her mantle up over her head, she glided swiftly away.

With rapid steps Zehra hastened on. The garden wall offered her no impediment, and she was soon flying along through the gloom far beyond Ben Hamed's grounds. She thought not of the danger she was to meet, but she only thought of the misery she was leaving behind. If she had a fear, it was that she might not find her lover at his post; but this was soon set at rest; for as she drew near the grove where she had promised to meet him, she heard her name pronounced by a voice she could not mistake.

"Zehra."

"It is Zehra," returned the fugitive, as she sank into the knight's arms.

"God be praised! You are not weak, dearest?"

"No, no—I am strong."

"Then let us hasten. Lead the way, Pedro, and have the horses ready."

As the knight spoke he drew the arm of Zehra within his own, and hastened on to the spot where the horses had been left.

"You do not regret this step?" he whispered, as he gained the road.

"No—I am happy."

"You shall always be so."

"And you shall make me so," said Zehra.

"Yes, fair girl—ever. O, there's joy for you in Leon. You shall find friends there you know not of. This heart of mine opened for you when first I saw you, but I knew not then how much I might love you—I knew not then how near, as well as dear, you were."

"Near?" repeated Zehra.

"Yes. There's no Moorish blood in your veins."

"O, I am sure there is not."

"Nor is the Moslem's kingdom your home," said Charles.

"Do you know whence I came? Do you know where my home of birth is?"

"Yes. In Leon. Come—here are the horses."

"We must make all haste," said Pedro, as he led out the horse his master had bought for Zehra, "for in less than an hour the moon will be up."

"And that time shall place us far from here," returned Charles.

"Come, Zehra, let me assist you to your seat. The animal I have procured is kind, and if necessity calls he can be fleet of foot. There, sit firmly in your place, now, and draw the rein without fear."

"I shall not fail," returned the fair girl, as she pressed her foot firmly into the stirrup. "The prize to be won will give me new strength."

"Yon, Pedro, will ride behind," said the knight, as he vaulted into his saddle; "and look well for the approach of danger. Let your ears be open. If we but keep the road, the horses will look out for the stumbling blocks. Come, my faithful steed, bear me now from danger."

The noble horse seemed to comprehend his master's words, for he pricked up his ears and pawed eagerly upon the ground. Charles of Leon satisfied himself that Zehra was safely seated, and then he gave the signal for starting.

"Give your horse the reins," said Zehra, as soon as she found how easily she rode. "Fear not for me. I shall sit firmly."

The knight could not see the girl's features plainly, but he could tell by her voice that she was anxious, and he allowed his steed to go on as fast as he chose, while the fleet Arabian easily kept close at his side.

The road was good, and though the way was dark, yet the horses sped on without hindrance. In half an hour the Guadix had been crossed, and as the bridge was cleared, Charles waited for Pedro to come up.

"Ho, Pedro—will we take the way we came?" asked the knight.

There was a road that led directly on to the northward, but it will be remembered that when Charles came to Granada, he opened upon the river some distance further to the eastward.

"This road will carry us on to Jaen, where we'd better not go," answered Pedro, as he reined up his horse. "Let us take the old route. We can leave El Ajo to the right, and cross the Guadalquivir on the borders of Andalusia."

"Right, Pedro—right. We must reach the stronghold of St. Lorenzo in the morning, and there we shall be safe."

Again the horses were put forward, Pedro falling back into the rear. Charles followed the bank of the river down till he came to the road he sought, and here he turned off. The distance of a mile through a thick wood opened into a wide, cultivated plain, and as they entered upon this the horses were urged somewhat.

"See," said Zehra, as she pointed to where the eastern heavens were growing red, "the moon is rising. We shall soon have a lighter path."

"And yet I should choose a dark one," returned the knight.

"Is not that another wood ahead?" the girl asked, as she saw the dark line that bounded the plain to the northward.

"Yes, and it is the last we shall have to shelter us till we cross the Guadalquivir."

"I think there will be no danger," Zehra said, in a hopeful tone.

"Perhaps there may not be. Let your horse have his rein—keep firm in your seat—the way is smooth and clear."

Paster went the lover and his lady over the plain, and half the distance had been passed, when the knight thought he heard a horse coming after him. He turned his head, and ere long Pedro came galloping furiously up.

"On! on!" cried Pedro, as he dashed alongside. "There are horses in our rear!"

"Pursuers?" uttered Charles.

"Yes—they must be. I heard their horses' hoofs thundering upon the bridge, and they must have followed us on our route."

"O, then let us flee!" cried Zehra, in accents of terror. "I can ride upon the very wind without danger."

"Then on it is," shouted the knight, as he sank his spurs into his horse's flank.

The beast sprang forward, and Zehra's Arabian kept lightly up. The wood was gained, and its deep shade gave the riders an instinctive feeling of security. Of one thing Charles soon became convinced, and that was, that his own horse was no match for the Arabian. He knew that his faithful charger, though strong and powerful, was now going at the top of his speed, while it was evident at a single glance that Zehra's horse was scarcely straining a muscle. The thought gave him a sudden uneasiness, for he knew that there were many of those lithe-limbed beasts in Granada, and it would be hard to distance them.

When the wood was cleared, the open country beyond was bathed in moonlight, and for a moment Charles of Leon hesitated.

"On! on!" shouted Pedro. "They have entered the wood."

The knight had thought of concealment, but the idea passed quickly away.

"They gain upon us," cried Pedro.

"We can gain the steep pass of El Ajo before they overtake us," returned the esquire.

"God grant that we may!" uttered Charles. "Fear not, Zehra, we are safe yet."

The maiden spoke not, but she grasped her rein with a firmer hold and urged her horse on. She sat like a rock in her seat, with no fear save of those behind her.

"They have cleared the wood," cried Pedro.

Charles turned his head, and he could see the pursuers, and he

could see their shields, too, as they glistened in the moonbeams. "Can you count them?" he asked of Pedro.

"Yes—there are six of them; but I am sure there were more than six of them crossed the bridge, for I heard their horses' tramp, and there must have been a score, at least."

"Cheer up, sweet Zehra," said the young Christian, as he noticed that she trembled. "Six of the Moors are nothing to me if I can but reach the El Ajo pass. There I would face a score of them."

The pass to which allusion was made was some eight miles distant, and with the hopes of reaching it the knight urged his horse to the top of his speed. Pedro now kept closely behind, and ever and anon he cast his eyes back to see how came on the pursuers. The moon had risen clear and bright, and her round, full face threw down a flood of light upon the plain—a light so glaring that Charles almost fancied the sun had grown crazy, and rushed untimely to his rising. He could see that Zehra looked anxious—that her face was pale, and as he looked upon her he felt his muscles grow stronger, and his heart grow bigger with love and daring.

Before two thirds of the distance to the pass had been gained, the tramp of the pursuing horses could be heard. They sounded fearfully distinct, and Charles could hear how quick they were.

"They are upon us!" uttered Zehra. "O! Heaven save us!"

"There's hope yet, dearest," cried Charles, assuming a cheerful tone. "If we can but hold out a few minutes longer. I can see the rocky crags now. On, on, Zehra! O, there's hope yet."

"Heaven defend me!"

"Heaven will aid me, and I will defend you. Fear not while this arm holds its strength."

"And if that arm should fail! O, that would be more dreadful still."

Zehra spoke again, but the clatter of the horses' hoofs drowned her voice.

"On! on! One push more!" shouted Pedro, from behind.

That push was given, and the reeking horses entered the pass. It was a narrow defile, not over six feet wide, flanked on either side by high and almost perpendicular cliffs, and some hundred feet long. It was a natural notch through a spur of the Alpujarras, and a passage other than through this could not be made except by going six miles further to the westward. The moment that Charles cleared the pass he reined up his horse and stopped.

"Pedro," he said, "push on with Zehra."

"And you, sir Charles," uttered the esquire, as he pulled in his horse.

"I will stop and cut off the pursuit. Go, now."

"But I must remain by your side."

"No, no. In God's name I order you to push on. I can hold them at bay till you have escaped. On! on! Keep the road to Saint Lorenzo, and I will overtake you. Not another word. Go, now. Fear not for me, Zehra. My love for you shall keep me whole. Go with my man, and I will see you again."

"But this is—"

"Oo, Pedro, and obey me!" shouted the knight, in a tone that was not to be disobeyed. "They are already upon us. In God's name, on. If I fall, you will know what to do; but I will not fall. Sink your bows deeply in."

It was with a dubious look that Pedro obeyed, but he knew there was no time for further reply, and he set off.

"God bless you!" uttered Charles, as he pressed the hand of Zehra to his lips. "There—now follow my esquire."

As the maiden's horse dashed off, the pursuers were almost up to the pass. The knight loosened his shield from its rest, and then drawing his trusty sword, he started back into the narrow notch. On came the Moors, but only two could enter abreast, and even at that they were rather pinched for room.

"Out of the way!" cried a voice, which Charles at once recognized as the alcalde's. "Back, or I'll ride you down!"

"You'll ride down a dead man, then," returned the knight.

"Charles of Leon, by Allah!" exclaimed Ben Hamed. "This for thy carcass, Christian dog!"

Charles slightly backed as the alcalde came furiously on, and the latter received the worst of the shock. The Christian caught the blow of the sword that was aimed at him upon his shield, while his own had only been thrust straight forward, so that Ben Hamed received its point in his side without seeing it. The shock, the glancing of his own weapon from the Christian's shield, and the deep wound in the side, were sufficient to throw the alcalde upon the ground, while Charles allowed the riderless horse to dash on by him.

Pedro had miscounted the pursuers, for Ben Hamed had but four followers; but it made but little difference, for only two could come forward at a time, and even then at a disadvantage. At the present moment the Moors were puzzled, for their leader lay directly in their way. Ben Hamed soon gained his feet, but it was only to be knocked down by the horse of one of his own men. He fell upon one side of the pass, however, and the foremost Moor pushed by him. It was not very light in the notch, but yet things could be distinctly seen in outline, and the Christian was prepared for the onset. He met the coming Moor, and at the fourth pass his sword found the Moslem's bosom.

Two of the Moors had dismounted and were dragging their leader out from the pass, while the remaining one saw his companion fall, and then sprang forward to avenge him. Thus did Charles of Leon take his enemies one at a time, and those who knew him would not have wondered that he conquered. His present opponent held him a smart fight, but his good sword failed him not, and ere long the second Moslem lay dead upon the cold, rocky path.

The most severe trial was yet to come; for no sooner had the

two Moors seen Ben Hamed safe at the other end of the pass, than they sprang back into their saddles and made at the Christian.

"Give way, dog!" cried one of them.

"Not while I live," returned Charles.

Charles of Leon received both of their blows without harm—one upon his shield, and the other upon his mailed shoulder. The Christian had one advantage; his triple mail shielded him against all slashing, cutting blows, while his opponents wore only single breastplates. The clang of swords was sharp and fierce; once the Christian got a prick in the right thigh, but the man that gave him the thrust fell from his horse on the next moment, with his head half severed from his body.

The remaining Moor soon cried for quarter, and Charles let his point fall.

"Back, then," the Christian cried. "Let fall your sword!"

The Moslem dropped his weapon and backed quickly from the pass.

"Help me to my horse," faintly groaned Ben Hamed, who had raised himself upon his elbow.

"Help the poor alcade," said Charles.

"Christian dog!" exclaimed the fallen Moslem, "you have not yet escaped. Vengeance shall yet be mine."

"Rail on, poor fool—then go and find another wife for your king."

The alcade was lifted to the back of one of the horses, and with much difficulty he managed to grasp the reins.

"Don't be too confident," he uttered, at the same time cringing with pain. "You may yet wonder to find who is the fool!"

As the alcade spoke he made a motion to his companion, who had remounted his horse, and they both started off.

Charles of Leon turned back, and instinctively he stopped to gaze upon those whom he had slain. He could just see the glistening of their breastplates, and he guided his horse carefully over the bodies.

"Does Ben Hamed speak with reason?" he uttered to himself, as he thrust his sword back into its scabbard. "I shall wonder to find who is the fool! By heavens! if there be danger ahead!"

The knight's exclamation was cut short by the clatter of horses' hoofs. He quickly drew his sword again, and with much misgiving he set himself on his guard. It was a single horseman, coming from the northward, and as the clatter grew more distinct a variety of fears intruded themselves upon the knight's mind.

CHAPTER XI.

LOST.

CHARLES OF LEON drew farther back into the pass as the horseman approached, but ere long he discovered that he had no personal danger to fear, for he recognized in the horseman who was coming towards him his own esquire. This discovery, however, was far from setting the knight's mind at rest.

"Gads my life! Sir Charles, are you safe?" was Pedro's exclamation, as he drew in his rein.

"Yes, yes. But why are you here?"

"To help my master. Eh! what's that in the pass?"

"Three of the Moors are there."

"And where are the other three?"

"There were but two more. You made a mistake in your count. One of them—the alcade—has gone back to be cured of his bruises, and the other has gone to help him."

"San Domingo, but my master's sword is as good as ever."

"But Zehra—where have you left her?"

"At the edge of the small wood just over yonder hill."

"Pedro, you should not have left her alone."

"But how could I help it? I feared that you might be worsted. I could not rest easy while I knew you were in danger."

"And yet, Pedro, you should not have left Zehra. I told you not to."

"There can be no danger, for I left her in a safe place, and she promised not to move till I returned," urged Pedro, as he noticed that his master was sorely troubled by what had happened.

"You should not have left her."

"She told me to seek you."

"And yet you should have known better than to have disobeyed my injunctions," continued the knight. "If danger comes of this I shall blame you, Pedro. Ben Hamed spoke triumphantly as he rode away, and I think he had reason for it. Those who crossed the bridge, and came not with the alcade, may have gone another way. O! I wish you had kept on. Now haste thee. Sink your rowels deeply."

Pedro's horse was tired, but yet he galloped off abreast of the knight's beast without faltering.

Charles of Leon was moved by a fearful suspicion as he urged his steed onward. From what Pedro had said he felt sure that more horsemen had crossed the Guadix bridge than had met him at the El Ajo pass. He knew, too, that there were many paths that led from the road he was on across to the Jaen highway.

"On! on!" he cried, as the fear began to form more tangibly in his mind. "A thousand pistoles if we find her safe. Bear up your horse, Pedro."

The hill was topped, and Pedro pointed out the wood where he had left Zehra.

"I see her not," said Charles.

"Because she has hidden among the foliage."

"But she would surely come forth when she heard our coming."

Pedro made no reply, for he began to have misgivings in his own mind. At length the wood was reached, and the knight sprang from his horse. He called the name of Zehra, but he gained no answer. He pushed his way among the trees, but he could see no horse—no Zehra. He called again, and then he lis-

tened, but he heard nothing save the sighing of the breeze as it stopped to dally with the aspen leaves that hung above him.

"She's not here," he uttered, as he met Pedro at the farther extremity of the copse.

"No," tremblingly returned the esquire. "She may have ridden on."

"She would not have done it alone."

The two men retraced their steps to where the horses stood.

"'Twas here I left her," said Pedro, "and here she promised to remain."

"O! if she be lost!"

"Wait, Sir Charles. I will see if I can find the marks of her horse's feet."

As Pedro spoke he sprang to the edge of the wood and sank upon his hands and knees.

"Here are the tracks," he said, as he moved along in a north-easterly direction. "And here she stopped," he continued, as he had moved along some two rods. "San Jago! but here's another!"

"Another what?" cried Charles, springing to the spot.

"The tracks of another horse. And another too! And yet another! O! do not curse me, my master—do not. But she's gone!"

"Gone!" echoed Charles, in tones of such keen anguish that his esquire started with new affright. "God defend me."

"O, forgive me, sir Charles—forgive me!" Pedro cried, as he sank upon his knees again and clasped his hands together.

"I know you meant me well, Pedro."

"Yes. It was my love for you that overcame my judgment."

"I forgive you, Pedro. And now let us—"

"God of heaven! what was that?"

As the esquire uttered this exclamation the knight's noble steed reared with a loud snort, and then with one fearful plunge he sank quivering upon the turf. Charles sprang to the side of his horse, and found that a javelin had pierced his neck in an angular direction and entered the vitals.

"We are surrounded!" shouted Pedro. "Mount my horse and flee."

Charles of Leon made no reply, but drawing his sword he turned towards the direction from whence the javelin must have been thrown, and he saw a man at a short distance off, while several horsemen were coming around the eastern sweep of the hill he had passed. There were nearly a score of them soon came in sight, and he who had thrown the javelin called loudly for them to hasten up.

"Mount my horse and flee," cried Pedro. "We cannot give them battle."

"One of us must be left to fight," calmly returned the knight.

"Will you not mount?"

"No."

"Then I will. Don't fight them, sir Charles, but surrender."

As Pedro spoke he leaped into his saddle, and putting spurs to his horse he dashed off through the little wood.

The Moors leaped their horses into the road in a moment afterwards, and surrounded the Christian knight.

"Never mind the servant," cried one who seemed to be the Moslem leader. "Let him go. This is the man we want. Surrender, thou Christian dog! Down with that sword of thine!"

Charles of Leon hesitated. His sword seemed anxious for work, but the odds were too fearful. He on foot against a score of armed men and mounted—it was madness. With a heavy heart he thrust his sword back into its scabbard, and then folded his arms across his breast.

"Where is the maiden?" he instinctively asked, as half a dozen of the Moors laid their hands upon him.

"She is safe. By Allah, but you must have thought Granada a city of dells, if you expected to get clear with such a prize."

Charles felt sure that Zehra was in custody, and he felt for the time that he would rather be a prisoner than be free. With the hope that ardent desire sometimes inspires, the Christian looked ahead to victory yet. The light of his vision must have been an emanation from his own imagination, for no circumstances about him then could have aided him to his hope.

After the knight's hands had been secured, a horse was led up upon which to mount him, and at the first glance he recognized the light Arabian he had bought for Zehra. He was placed upon the animal's back, then secured in his seat, and in a few moments more the whole party were mounted. Several of the Moors still persisted in pursuing Pedro, but their leader said no.

"Let the coward go; we want nothing of him worth the trouble of getting him. By my faith, sir Christian, your man shows but little love for you, to gallop off and leave you alone."

Charles remained silent beneath the taunt, for he could not help thinking for himself that Pedro had acted the coward. But other thoughts of more moment forced themselves upon the mind, and he grew more dejected.

It was evident to our hero that the party that had captured him had kept the Jaen road from the bridge, and crossed over beyond the wood to the way they were now in. This had been his fear when he met Pedro at the El Ajo pass.

The Moors, with their prisoner, passed over the hill, and took their way back as Charles had come. At the top of the elevation the knight looked down, and at the foot he saw a small party of horsemen waiting. With one of them he saw a female. He knew it was Zehra, and at that moment he would have drawn his sword against the host that surrounded him, but the hands pressed hard upon his wrists, and he could only groan in his anguish.

When the captors of the knight reached the foot of the hill, their leader called for the other party—only three in number—to ride on ahead. Charles could see Zehra's pale features, and from the manner in which she relied upon the stout form of the man with whom she rode, she seemed to have fainted.

"By the great God of heaven, Granada shall tremble for this!" uttered Charles of Leon, as Zehra was lost to his sight.

The Moslem leader only laughed.

"Your city shall smoke in ruins, and your blood shall flow like water."

"Will you do all this?"

"Leon and Castile shall do it."

"You will not tell them the tale!" said the Moor.

Charles knew the meaning of those words, but he felt not the dread that might have been expected, for he could not believe that Mohammed would dare to kill him. He did not know the Moslem king!

When those who rode ahead reached the El Ajo pass they stopped. The others soon came up, and not a little astonishment was expressed at the sight of the three dead Moors.

"What is this?" cried the chief, as he bent over his saddle-horn and gazed down upon the corpses.

"That is the mark of my hand," said Charles.

"But Ben Hamed is not here."

"No—I sent him back to Granada to get back the blood he lost. I gave him his pitiful life, and I spared him a companion, too."

The Moor gazed a moment into the face of the Christian, and then he said, while he gathered his reins:

"The vultures of the Alpujarras shall have one meal from Christian flesh!"

Charles of Leon shuddered; but soon he was calm again, and defiance rested upon his brow.

The Moslem dead were left where they lay, and again the party set forward. Zehra was borne on in advance, as before, while the Christian was surrounded more closely by his captors.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MEETING IN PRISON.

"THERE'S more in your osom than you will confess, but, hy Allah, it shall be dragged from you!"

This was spoken by Mohammed, as the Christian knight of Leon stood bound before him. At a short distance Ben Hamed stood, supported by two attendants. He was weak from pain and the loss of blood, but his soul seemed strong with deadly passion.

"You had better beware how you carry out your threats," was the Christian's answer. "I have nothing to tell you, save that which you know."

"And I know enough to cause the death of a score like you. By the sword of the Prophet, Christian cur, your head is not worth the half of revenge I owe you. Three of my knights lie dead by your hand, and you would have snatched away my bride. Away with him to prison!"

"Not yet, sire," interposed Ben Hamed. "Let the dog die now."

"Away with him to prison. He shall die soon enough."

"Let it be now," urged the alcade. "He is dangerous while alive."

"No," thundered the king, springing from his seat and striking his hands together. "His death shall grace my nuptial day, and then your fair daughter shall see his gory head! I'll make her a present of it, and if she love him as she seems, 'twill be a right glorious nuptial present. Away with him, and bid Tarik that he look well to his safety."

The cords that bound the Christian knight were strong, but they came nigh bursting while the king spoke. The young man felt his temples throb and his throat swell, but he had no power of utterance. The king's officers took him by the arm to lead him away, and without a word he turned from the royal presence.

In an hour from that time Charles of Leon was delivered up at the prison of Granada. Tarik, the jailor, received him from the hands of the officers, and took him away. It was not a subterranean dungeon to which Charles was conducted, but a strong, vaulted room on the second floor of the prison. The walls were of solid stone—so were the floor and the vaulted roof. It was early morning, and the light came in through a small loop-hole situated some eight feet from the floor.

In the centre of the room there was a stone bench, and near it a stout iron bolt. An attendant had followed Tarik, with chains, and ere long our hero was securely fastened by a shackle upon each ankle, to which was affixed a chain that was bolted to the ring in the pavement. Manacles were placed upon the knight's wrists, and when all was completed Tarik sent his assistant away.

"You've fallen into rough hands, sir knight," said the jailor, as he arose from his work.

Charles looked upon the stout form of the old man—for the jailor was old—and a painful shadow flitted across his face.

"I do not mean that I am rough," Tarik added, "though my calling is not by any means a gentle one; but I think the king means you little good."

"The king will not dare to take my life," uttered the knight.

"Don't be too sure of that. I have had younger men than yourself come here by the king's orders, and—"

"Go on," said Charles.

"They never went forth to the world again."

The young Christian shuddered.

"My orders with regard to yourself are not very strict, save that my own life is in peril for your safe keeping. If you want any delicacies, and have the means to purchase them, you can be gratified."

"I am thankful for your kindness, but I know of nothing now that I wish which it is in your power to give."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A VIEW OF THE VICTORIA BARRACKS. HONG KONG, CHINA.

ENGLISH BARRACKS, HONG KONG.

Above we give a fine view of the English barracks at Hong Kong, in China. The accompanying account of the present condition of the island will be read with much interest. Hong Kong, "the Red Harbor," is the name given by the Chinese to one of a number of islands called by the Spanish "Ladrones," or "Thieves," from the notorious habits of the inhabitants. It lies about forty miles, east, from Macao, and is eight miles long, and from two to four in breadth. It is separated from the main land of China by a channel of the sea, which varies in width from half a mile to three miles. The Lymoon Pass is about half a mile across. Its physical aspect is that of a broken ridge of hills, the highest being about 1000 feet, running from N.N.W. to S.S.E., and rising abruptly from the sea, particularly on its northern face, where stands the straggling town of Victoria, four miles long. The vegetation of the island during the rainy season is but small; in the other months of the year there is none. Its geology resembles that of the south of China—rotten rock, hard stiff clay, and red sandstone. On digging the foundations for buildings at Victoria a fetid smell arose, caused by a gas, which spreads sickness through the island. There are no marshes to be found, but the heavy rains every year produce a new surface by washing the old into the harbor, which is every year growing shallower from the deposit. Its climate is variable, and, from its sudden transitions, dangerous to the health of its residents. Situate on the verge of the tropics, there is a dry burning heat while the sun is approaching, and during the rainy monsoon a fearful pestiferous gas is emitted from the soil, which, if it does not produce fever and speedy death, has the result of enervating both the body and the mind. The Chinese look upon it as a "fatal" island, and have left it to be inhabited by the very refuse of their population, or for the "outside barbarians." The climate produces the most weakening effects on the European constitution, and few Englishmen can expect to live many years after residing there for some time. Its diseases are endemic fever, diarrhoea, and dysentery. Each European soldier is calculated to pass four times through the hospital in the course of the year. The artillery, infantry, and the crews of the ships stationed there suffer in equal proportion. The

British commander, General d'Aguilar, has declared, that to retain Hong Kong will require the loss of a whole regiment every three years, and that to have 700 effective men, it is necessary to maintain 1400. The graveyard was soon filled, and another was required from the surveyor-general, who found it difficult to point out a proper spot. As to the population and progress, the only known facts are, that in January, 1841, it was ceded to Captain Elliot, and great offers were made by him and Commodore Sir Gordon Bremer to induce settlers to go there. The floating population, on its being taken, was about 7800 smugglers, stonecutters, and vagabonds; in March, 1841, it rose to 12,360; in July, 1845, it was about 19,000; but of the worst characters from the neighboring coast of China, for not one respectable Chinaman had come to settle there during the British occupation.

RUINS OF COWDRAY CASTLE.

We give our readers herewith a view of an old English castle, of a truthful and venerable aspect. These ruins stand about a quarter of a mile east of Midhurst, in the county of Sussex, in England, and form a piece of picturesque scenery that is much admired. Our artist has given a view of a portion of it. At the Conquest this place formed part of the barony of Arundel; but in the time of Henry I., four and a quarter knights'-fees were created by the king in favor of Savarie de Bohun, in whose family the castle continued for many years, and from thence passed into the possession of the Nevilles, and became part of the inheritance of Margaret, countess of Salisbury, daughter of George, duke of Clarence, who resided there. Henry VIII. re-granted her estates, which had been forfeited by the attainder of the countess, to her and her heirs. In 1596 Cowdray was visited by Queen Elizabeth, at the solicitation of its then possessor, Viscount Montacute (Montague). The ancient mansion had then been substituted for one built by the Earl of Southtop, which was destroyed by fire in 1793. The estate by purchase is, we believe, now in the hands of Lord Egmont. It is spoken of as having been a stately pile, with every development of ancient times. The tooth of time has left its mark upon these old relics of feudal ages. Some it has entirely devoured, and obliterated all traces of them. Of some the remains still stand in gloomy grandeur, covered with the moss of ages—the crumbling mementos of greatness and power long since passed from the earth. What tales of thrilling interest would these old baronial castles relate, could their walls embody in speech the deeds transacted within their enclosures! What thousand voices of joy, what notes of sorrow, what records of domestic affection, what details of daring, of chivalry, ay, and of crimes, too, dark and terrible, would stand out to the gaze, could these decaying monuments of the past but daguerreotype the scenes of which they have been witness! Some of these fabrics were noble specimens of architecture, and some were massive prison-houses, where scenes of feudal oppression were enacted, grinding into the very vitals of the people. But all these records both of the power and the tyranny of ancient times must soon disappear before the more social and humane regime of the present age.



RUINS OF COWDRAY CASTLE, SUSSEX COUNTY, ENGLAND.

PORTRAITS OF AFRICAN SLAVES.

We present on the page herewith three characteristic portraits of Brazilian slaves. The marks discernible upon the faces of two of the portraits are indelible, and caused by branding, a cruel operation which these ignorant creatures voluntarily submit to, thinking these marks ornaments. Even Brazil has now joined with all the rest of the world in declaring the slave trade to be piracy, and no more will be imported from Africa. Spain has ostensibly done the same thing, but the authorities of Cuba wink at the business, and receive large bribes from the dealers in the traffic. The portraits which we present are those of imported slaves, African born. Tattooing, or indelible marking of the body, is very common in Africa, and indeed among very many other uncivilized races, people and countries, as the South Sea



PORTRAIT OF A MOZAMBIQUE SLAVE WOMAN, IN BRAZIL.

Islanders, New Zealanders, etc., etc. The negro race of which we give the accompanying specimens, however, show a passion for ornaments that amounts almost to a mania. The native region of the negro seems to be the central portion of Africa, though some tribes of the negro variety have been found in America and the South Sea Islands. The negro formation prevails in Western Africa in the region of the Gambia and Senegal; extending southwards, is most strongly marked in Guinea, and passes gradually over into the Caffre and Hottentot formation. In Eastern Africa, it commences to the south of Abyssinia; prevails in Zanguebar and Monomotapa, though not in general pure. Of the tribes in the more central part of Africa, little is known. The heat of the climate, in all these regions, may have some effect upon the tint of the skin, but is by no means the only or the principal cause of the black color, since, under the same climates of the torrid zone, there are found all shades of complexion. White



PORTRAIT OF A MOZAMBIQUE SLAVE, IN BRAZIL.

men in Africa only become somewhat swarther, but never black, even in a succession of generations, unless they intermingle with the negroes; and blacks, in other regions and climates, are not found to lose their native hue. The seat of the black color is the *rete mucosum*, and the external surface of the true skin, and when the *rete mucosum* is destroyed, as by disease, etc., the color is lost; so, in parts of the body where the epidermis is unusually thick (the palms of the hand and the soles of the feet), it is of a lighter shade. Negroes are also distinguished from the other races by other external, and by some anatomical peculiarities, particularly in the conformation of the cranium. The projection of the whole visage in advance of the forehead; the prolongation of the upper and lower jaws; the small facial angle they evince, the flatness of the forehead and of the hinder part of the head, together with the compression in the direction of the temples, allowing less space for the brain than in some other varieties; the woolly, frizzled hair; the short, broad and flat nose; the thick, projecting lips, with many other peculiarities of formation, constitute some of the characteristics of the negro or Ethiopic race. The African tribes of this variety have in general elevated themselves so far above the simple state of nature, as to have reduced the lower animals to subjection, constructed settled habitations, practised a rude agriculture, and manufactured some articles of clothing or ornament. In political institutions they have made no advance, their governments being simple despotisms, without any regular organization. Their religion is merely the instinctive expression of the religious feeling in its lowest form of fetishism. Their languages are described as extremely rude and imperfect; almost destitute of construction, and incapable of expressing abstractions. They have no art of conveying thoughts or events by writing, not even by the simplest symbolical characters. The negro character, if inferior in intellectual vigor, is marked by a

warmth of social affections, and a kindness and tenderness of feeling, which even the atrocities of foreign oppression have not been able to stifle. All travellers concur in describing the negro as mild, amiable, simple, hospitable, unsuspecting and faithful. They are passionately fond of music, and they express their hopes and fears in extemporary effusions of song. The opinion formerly maintained, that they were of an inferior variety of animals, would not now find an advocate, or a convert, even in the ignorance or the worst passions of the whites. Whether they are capable of reaching to the same height of intellectual cultivation as the Europeans, is a question on which we need more facts before any decision can be arrived at.



PORTRAIT OF A BENGUELA SLAVE, IN BRAZIL.

THE ROYAL TIGER.

Below we give a good representation of this ferocious animal. The tiger and the lion are the largest and most powerful of the cat kind. The tiger is found only in the East Indies, in Hindoostan, Siam, Cochin-China, Malacca and the isles of Suada. Its strength and sanguinary disposition are such that it is the terror of the inhabitants in those countries; and no animal, except the elephant, is capable of resisting it. It even comes into the midst of villages, in the night time, for the purpose of carrying off cattle. The color is yellow, with transverse black stripes; and the tail has alternate black and yellow rings. The pupil of the eye is round. It resembles the other animals of the cat tribe in every respect, and can be tamed as easily as the lion. Its voice is very powerful, and resembles that of the lion.



A REPRESENTATION OF THE ROYAL TIGER.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

KEEP AT WORK.

BY NEALE BERNARD.

Busy hands are apt and pliant,
Hopeful hearts are warm and bright;
Labor's voice bids strong-armed, giant
Drones arouse their inert might.

Laggards have no title places,
No great good in future store;
No stern eyes, nor honest faces,
No frank hearts to truth outpour.

None hut stalwart labor-learners,
Tollers never ceasing strife,
Can attain to earth-discerners
Of the true and perfect life.

Out rude masses forms of beauty
Life-like spring from master hand;
So good deeds from faith and duty,
Emanate to bless our land.

World-wide tollers, skillful moulders,
Delvers in the glorious arts,
Ye are nations' destiny holders,
Men of brave and honest hearts.

Carbers of the lightnings subtle,
Weavers of consummate skill,
Through the loom the darting shuttle
Speed ye, working wonders still.

Nations' wealth and power and blessing,
Shapers of a country's fate,
Proud are we such worth possessing,
To construct and re-create.

Keep at work!

Toll keeps hand and heart from rusting,
Buoyant soul, unfettered mind;
Look back hopeful, forward trusting
Good reward's above enshrined.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE BORROWED TOOLS.

A SKETCH FOR FARMERS.

BY AUSTIN C. NURDICK.

SAMUEL THOMPSON and Nathan Holmes were both of them farmers, and they were also near neighbors. Their land was situated upon a beautiful ridge, and was strong and productive. In the natural capacity of the soil, there was not a cent's worth of difference in the two farms, but yet they bore a very dissimilar aspect after they had been worked a number of years. Mr. Thompson's buildings looked neat and tidy. His door-yard was clean, his windows were whole, his barn was snug and warm, his orchard looked thrifty, and the trees were carefully dressed and pruned. Now Mr. Holmes had no more of a family to support than did his neighbor, but yet his house and out-buildings, and the rural aspect of his farm were very different. A few rags were to be seen in spots where there should have been panes of glass; various things were kicking about in the yard that should have been in other places; there were large cracks in his barn, through which the rain and snow sometimes beat; his apple trees were scabbed with old bark, and the tops were disfigured by scragly, dead limbs. Mr. Holmes worked hard—harder, if anything, than did Mr. Thompson; but yet his matters were always at loose ends, and he often wondered how it was that his neighbor pushed things along so smoothly, and kept everything in such excellent order.

"Ah, Thompson," said Holmes, one day in early spring, as he came up to the door of the former, "have you got an inch auger?"

"Certainly," returned Thompson; "I couldn't get along on a farm without one."

"I wish you would lend it to me a little while. I have delayed sowing my grain for two days, because my harrow is broken, and I had no tools with which to mend it."

"I will lend it to you with pleasure," said Thompson. And then, as a sudden thought seemed to strike him, he added:

"They tell me, Mr. Holmes, that you lost one of your cows yesterday."

"Yes," returned Holmes, with an uneasy look, "one of the best cows I had."

"But how did it happen?"

"She broke her leg."

"Broke her leg? How, pray?"

"Why, you see the floor in my tie-up had got rather worn and shaky, and night before last she got one of her legs through it, and snapped the bone off like a pipe-stem, so I had to kill her."

"Ah, Mr. Holmes, those are things we farmers ought to guard against. A very little labor at the proper time would have saved all that."

"I know it," said Holmes, with a downcast look; "and I should have fixed the floor long ago if I had had the tools. But it's no use in crying now. What's done, can't be helped."

That was always a source of great consolation to Mr. Holmes. When a thing was done, he tried to feel satisfied with the reflection that it could not be undone, though he seldom laid up the experience for future use. Mr. Thompson turned towards the shed door, and led the way up into a neat, light chamber, and Holmes followed. Here was a stout bench, all fixed for handy use, and upon it were a full set of planes, saws, gauges, mallets, hammers, etc., while in a small rack against the partition, were

arranged a set of chisels, gimlets, files and screw-drivers, and overhead hung some half dozen different sized augers. In short, there was everything here that a man could possibly need in building and repairing about the house.

Mr. Thompson took down an inch auger and handed it to his neighbor, and as he did so he remarked:

"I haven't seen your son Thomas about for two or three days. Is he sick?"

"Well, not exactly sick, but he's got a very bad foot. He can't step on it."

"Ah, how did that happen?"

"He trod on an old rusty nail in the barn-floor, and it went into his foot some ways."

"Wh-e-w! that's bad," uttered Thompson, with a sympathetic shudder. "I never allow my boys to be around much barefooted. I have found that the pricks and bruises generally cost more than shoe-leather, aside from the comfort and looks."

"O, Thomas wasn't barefooted, but you see there was a hole in the bottom of his shoe. I meant to have carried it down to the village and had it mended, but I forgot it."

"Ah, friend Holmes, I save all such difficulties as that. I always keep a little leather by me, and then when there is a little tapping or patching to be done, I can fix it up in a few minutes. All these things can be done during rainy days, when I might otherwise be lying idle."

"Well," returned Holmes, "I suppose I could cobble a shoe well enough if I only had the tools; but it takes quite a collection of implements to fill up a cobbler's bench. However, what's done can't be helped. I guess Tom'll be out in a day or two. But I must hurry off now and fix my harrow."

It took Mr. Holmes nearly all day to mend his harrow, so that he had to postpone the harrowing of his land till the next morning, and when he at length got his grain into the ground, he was just five days behind his neighbor Thompson. His son was confined to the house over a week, and during that time he had to hire an extra hand, which cost him about four dollars, besides the doctor's bill he had to pay. When it came baying time, he had to buy new rakes, because the old ones had gone to rack and ruin. Perhaps they had started with the loss of a few teeth, or the breaking of a bow, or, perhaps, even the head might have got broken, and thus, instead of saving a good handle, etc., and making the other parts that were needed, for the want of proper tools, he was obliged to buy new rakes entire. So in all the departments of his business, he was constantly meeting with obstacles that retarded his progress, and all for the want of a few simple tools.

One rainy day in the fall, after the harvesting was completed, Mr. Thompson was in his tool-chamber making some apple-boxes, when his neighbor Holmes entered.

"Thompson," said the latter, after he had watched the movements of his neighbor's fore-plane a few moments, "how much did that ox-sled of yours cost? I have got to have me one this winter."

"O, that cost me nothing. I made it myself during some of those rainy days that we had just before harvesting. I got the timber out when I hauled out my wood last winter, so the job came quite easy."

"Well, neighbor Thompson," said Holmes, after some little time spent in hard study, "I don't see how it is that you get along so. Your farm don't produce any more than mine does, and I'm sure you don't work so hard as I do. Your wife don't make better butter or cheese than mine does, your sheep don't bear better wool, your bees don't make better honey. You raise more fruit than I do, to be sure."

"But I have no more trees," said Thompson.

"No,—but then your fruit is of a better quality and finds a more ready market."

"Certainly,—because I have grafted in the best species. My trees were the same as yours twelve years ago; and with regard to other matters, I think if you will look about the two places you will find that in many respects mine is the most productive. My cows give more milk than yours do through the winter, because they have better shed room and a warmer barn. I raise more pork than you do, because my pens and pig-houses are tight and comfortable; and then I am inclined to think that my bees make rather more honey than yours do, for my hives are in better order. I may not raise more corn than you do, but I guess the rats and squirrels don't have such easy entrance to my grain-chambers as they do to yours."

"Perhaps you are right," muttered Holmes, with a crest-fallen look; "and I suppose you are laying by money."

"Certainly I am,—one or two hundred dollars every year."

"So much as that?" uttered Holmes, with a look of surprise.

"Why, I can't lay up a cent."

"Let me give you a bit of a secret," said Thompson, in a kind, neighborly tone, as he laid his plane upon the bench. "Last summer you bought four new rakes and a pitch-fork. Now how much did they cost you?"

"Let's see: The rakes were twenty-five cents apiece, and the fork came to a dollar."

"Well, now my fork-handle got broken accidentally last winter, and so did some of the rakes; but I immediately took such parts as were good and brought them up here, and then at my first leisure opportunity, I fixed them up. There are two dollars saved. Now you have nothing to do to-day."

"No, it rains too hard."

And yet you see I am at work. Now how are you going to get your apple-boxes?"

"Marmon is going to make them for me, and I am to give him a barrel of good apples."

"There are two dollars more. Now if you hire a sled made as good as mine, it will cost you twelve dollars. That will be sixteen dollars that I have laid up, while you have been able to do nothing. Now let us see how that sixteen dollars will multiply itself. You sold your wool last spring, as soon as you had sheared your sheep?"

"Yes,—I had to, for I needed the money."

"And how much did you get?"

"Thirty cents a pound."

"If you had had sixteen dollars by you in ready cash, you wouldn't have been obliged to have sold then?"

"No," returned Holmes, whose eyes were beginning to open. "I could have squeezed along with that sum."

"Now," continued Thompson, "I sold my wool yesterday, and they sent to my door and took it. I got forty-two cents a pound for it. I had one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and by reckoning it over after I had sold it, I found that I had made just twenty-one dollars; that is,—I had obtained twelve cents more on a pound than I should if I had been obliged to have sold when you did. So you see how these little things multiply themselves."

"And this all comes of your having tools to work with," said Holmes, in a sort of subdued tone.

"Mostly," returned Thompson.

"Well, if I had tools I might save a good many small sums in the course of the year, but I never have the money to spare for them. Why, the tools you have here and in the house, over and above your farming utensils, must be worth fifty dollars."

"Just about that sum."

"Then I fear I shall have to scrape along with borrowed tools. I can never spare any such sum as that."

"You don't understand the secret, Mr. Holmes. Let me explain. I never should have gone with a fifty-dollar bill and bought tools, but I have collected them gradually. I have bought every tool I have on the premises with my grog-money."

"Grog-money!" iterated Holmes, in blank surprise.

"Yes," returned Thompson, with a slight smile,—*"with my grog-money."* Now I am not going to give you a temperance lecture, for you are as well able to judge for yourself as I am; but I am going to give you a little principle of economy, and show you its consequent comfort, content and happiness. The first year I was on this farm, I used occasionally to take a little spirit, and whenever I would go to the village, which was usually twice a week, I would drink two or three times. I know not that I experienced any bad effects from it, but I am confident it did me no good, and that it was a habit that might grow to a big evil. As near as I could calculate, the spirit I had used cost me on an average twenty-five cents a week. I suppose it costs you that now."

"Yes, every cent of it."

"Well, I commenced on the first day of January to lay up my grog-money, and with that disposition came a peculiar desire to commence saving in other ways, and I soon found the means of stopping up many more gaps in my financial affairs. I saw how much might be saved if I could only do some of the work that I was then obliged to pay for, and to this end I commenced buying such tools as I thought would come most handy. At the end of the first year, I found myself the owner of thirteen dollars' worth of tools, and it had all come from the money I might otherwise have drank up. I felt stronger and heartier than I did the year before, and I felt much happier, for I knew that I was laying the foundation for future good. Time passed on, and my twenty-five cents a week kept coming in. It was now a saw, then a hammer, then another plane, then a new auger, then a bit-stock and bits, until, in eleven years, I have, not only collected an excellent variety of tools, but I have drawn directly from my grog-fund nearly a hundred dollars in cash besides; but the value of my tools cannot be estimated in money, as I have already shown you. They are not only a source of great profit, but they are also a source of an incalculable degree of comfort. A small gap in a man's business affairs may seem a trifling thing at first, but it is like a little hole in the bank that confines the high waters of a lake. The almost insignificant stream will be sure to grow frightfully larger, and unless soon stopped up, the pure waters of the lake will ere long lose themselves in the neighboring streams. I believe, my friend, that in giving up my grog, I have not sacrificed one single comfort. Now don't you think you would feel full as well without it? Compare the products of your grog-money with the products of mine."

Mr. Holmes made no answer, but he poked deep down into the shavings with his feet, as though he expected to find an idea there.

"Thompson," he said at length, "I wish you had explained this to me years ago."

"I was afraid it might offend you, for to touch upon a man's private affairs is at best a delicate matter."

"I know it,—but Nathan Holmes is not the man to be offended with his friend for kind admonition and instruction."

"Well," said Thompson, with a look of extreme gratification, "it is not too late now to commence, and if ever you have an opportunity to take advantage of the market, and if fifty dollars or so would be of any use to you, I will lead it to you with pleasure."

Mr. Holmes thanked his friend with moistened eyes, and shortly afterwards he went to his own home. The next day he went to the village, but instead of bringing home his little brown jug, he brought home an auger, and he felt really proud when he found himself at work with one of his own tools.

The winter passed away, and when spring came, Holmes found himself the owner of six dollars' worth of tools, and all from money that he would have worse than wasted had he not have

bought them. But this thing operated in many ways for good. Now that he had the ability to fix up his buildings without borrowing tools, he began to take a degree of pride in them that he had never felt before. He built racks and stands for his farming utensils, reset his windows, fixed up his bee-hives and roofed them over, tightened his barn, and during the rainy days, he found himself with plenty of useful and profitable work to do. His children never wear worthless shoes now, nor do his cows break through the barn-floor, but he is a happy, thriving, contented farmer. His cows give as much milk, his bees make as much honey, his trees yield as many and as good apples, his chambers hold as much grain, and he gets as much money for his wool as does his neighbor Thompson, and all this is because he stopped his grog and bought his own tools, and left off depending upon his neighbors for what he ought to do for himself.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

EMILY.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

I will hope for the future! My dreams of the past
Have been thuctured with sadness, sometimes with regret;
Too early life's sunshine with clouds was o'ercast,
I will hope for the future, and strive to forget.

I will hope for the future! I knew not before
That fortune delighted in changeable moods;
It was told me of late by a sweet little sprite,
Who comes to me often and never intrudes.

She told me whenever a heavy cloud
Came up to darken my path of light,
To look beyond with a fearless eye—
One spot in the future was ever bright.

And I mean to obey her,—besides, she not love
Lest a halcyon charm to my heart's sweet dreams?
And although I know that his rosy smile
Is not always as true and as bright as it seems—

Yet I mean to believe it, and strive to forget
That the past has not always with pleasure been fraught;
I will live for the future, and happiness yet
Shall be mine, though with many a tear-drop 'tis bought.

BIOGRAPHICAL WRITING.

Biography written in a true spirit, while something quite different from history, is nevertheless, an important supplement and aid to it, throwing light into its dark corners, and explaining its obscurity. For the historian, in the spirit of the painter or poet, must dispense with all the minutiae of detail which would interfere with the effect of his conception. He has a broad canvass, crowded with many figures, and in the grouping of these, the bringing out of strong points, the handling of the light and shade, many minor points must be obliterated, or thrown into the background. He presents us with truth, indeed, but not with the whole truth. The historian shows us the warrior in the hour of battle, on the field of review, or in the pomp of a military triumph; the statesman in the light of a senatorial victory, as he appears before the broad gaze of the world; the divine clad in his sacerdotal robe, at the high altar, or in the pulpit, at the moment of addressing listening crowds, and swaying the hearts of men by the fervor of his eloquence. The biographer, on the other hand, dealing with individuals and not with masses, painting portraits and not groups, is permitted a more elaborate finish in the treatment of his subject. He shows us the soldier, not only in the hour of battle, but in the privacy of his tent, or in the bosom of his family; the statesman in his study, or unbending from his public tasks to social intercourse; the divine in the daily walks of life, in the discharge of parochial duties, amid the toils and trials common to all humanity. The biographer is often at variance with the historian in treating the same subject. He often shows us the littleness of the great; for many a prominent actor in the world's great drama wears a mask upon the public stage that conceals his real features. Few men are found abroad, beneath the searching light of heaven, with the same aspect of soul, the same undisturbed native promptings, visible in every act and word, as characterize them at their own firesides, and surrounded by those who know them most intimately. It is truly going "behind the scenes" to enter the domestic circle, for there the artificial man must be dropped, the cloak that is sometimes worn before the eyes of the world is laid aside, and we have the soul unmasked indeed.—*Life of Hosea Ballou.*

ALEXANDER POPE.

He cherished his religion confessedly as a plea for idleness. The result of all this was, that in his habit of thinking and of study, if study we can call a style of reading so desultory as his, Pope became a pure dilettante; in his intellectual eclecticism he was a mere epicure, toying with the delicacies and variances of literature; revelling in the first bloom of moral speculations, but sated immediately; fastidiously retreating from all that threatened labor, or from all that exacted continuous attention; fathoming, throughout all his vagrancies, amongst oaks, no foundation; filling up no chasms; and with all his fertility of thought expanding no germs of new life. This career of luxurious indolence was the result of early luck which made it possible, and of bodily constitution which made it tempting. And when we remember his youthful introduction to the highest circles in the metropolis, where he never lost his footing, we cannot wonder that, without any sufficient motive for resistance, he should have sunk passively under his constitutional propensities, and should have flattered amongst the flower-beds of literature or philosophy far more in the character of a libertine butterfly for casual enjoyment, than of a hard-working bee pursuing a premeditated purpose.—*De Quincey.*

PRIDE.—Diogenes, being at Olympia, saw at that celebrated festival some young men of Rhodes, magnificently dressed. Smiling, he exclaimed, "This is pride." Afterwards meeting some Lacedæmonians, who were in a mean and sordid dress, he said, "This also is pride." The keen observation of the philosopher enabled him to detect pride in these two opposite exhibitions of human nature.

Some play for gain; to pass time, others play
For nothing; both do play the fool, I say;
Nor time or coin I'll lose, or idly spend;
Who gets by play, proves loser in the end.—*Heath.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON.

No. XI.

BY BEN PERLEY POORE.

Adieu to the session! 't is over—
The city no longer is gay—
The member, the gambler, the lover,
Are scattered like swallows away.
The landlords again are at leisure—
Though a few office-seekers remain,
Poor fellows, to see little pleasure,
For most of them labor in vain.

Adieu to the session! the speeches,
Though sometimes both proxy and long—
The claimants who fattened like leeches—
The outsiders, importunate throng—
The pleasures, which fashion made dross—
The praises of fiddles and flutes—
The luxury of flirting with beauties—
The tedium of talking to mates.

Adieu to the session! Another
Will come, with its trifles and toys,
And hurry away, like its brother,
In sunshine, and perfume, and noise.
Will it come with a rose or a briar?
Will it come with a blessing or curse?
Will its dresses be lower or higher?
Will its morals be better or worse?
Will it find me grown thinner or fatter?
Or fonder of wrong or of right?
Or married, or buried? No matter—
Adieu to the session! Good night.

A prologue like the above, friend reader, is a specimen of the expedients which Washington letter writers are reduced to, at this season. Like a garrison, when their stock of provisions is consumed, we are driven to resort to what we should never otherwise think of meddling with, and re-hash poetry for want of original prose to serve up.

The removals and appointments, this year, have kept the metropolis alive a good month longer than it usually shows signs of animation after the close of a session, and the fishers of men who manage the telegraphic drag-nets have landed many a good haul. True, their productions were often decidedly piscatorial in point of fact, and at times important facts escaped their meshes, and were out in the open sea of gossip ere any "special telegraphic correspondent" could catch them. But they have done yeomen service, these caterers for the telegraph; and their employers, especially the proprietors of the New York journals, deserve great credit for their liberal outlays. Little think those who skim over the telegraphic despatches of such a paper as the Daily Times how much money, labor and thought they have cost—how many hands and minds have been employed to convey the rumor floating about the White House, via. correspondent, telegraph, editor, type, press and carrier, to the subscribers. Yet he has it at his breakfast table, and duplicates of it, by the thousand, are sent over the length and breadth of the Republic—price two cents.

President Pierce has naturally been the centre of attraction—not only to the cormorants seeking places, but to the thousands of citizens who have centered at the metropolis. No power could have ordained, no wealth purchased, the homage of the heart which he has received,—nor has any one seen him, to my knowledge, that has not been pleased with his cordial frankness, his hospitable kindness. There is evidently nothing of cunning in his nature, nothing of duplicity in his composition, and language, with him, is the utterance of his real sentiments and feelings. Indeed, I find some of his warmest admirers in the ranks of his political opponents, and the ancient signals will soon be useless as rallying points. The Guelph of Whiggism finds himself by the side of the Democratic Ghibeline, and is not startled by the juxtaposition, for each is ready to battle for the constitution. And all recognize in President Pierce a champion who will sustain that sacred charter of independence, in defiance of bigotry and intolerance—bearing himself proudly in addressing foreign rulers—considering every citizen of the Republic as a sovereign—and only bowing to the King of kings as he solicits "the kind Providence that smiled on our fathers, to preserve the blessings inherited by their children."

The Cabinet officers are well known, and favorably known. Marcy, the able politician, well versed in the machinery of government—Guthrie, whose integrity is equal to his height, and who cannot be easily swerved—Davis, a gallant soldier, who was worthy to be the son-in-law of General Taylor—Dobbin, worthy and well qualified to elevate our depreciated marine—McLelland, who has won high honors in the interior already—Campbell, one of the ablest men in the country—and last, although by no means least, Cushing, who enjoys a deservedly high reputation for learning and talents. Prodigious interests, national and social, are confided to the President, and he has, in the above Cabinet, seven advisers well qualified to counsel him, and to preside over the different departments of government. Yet, if I am not mistaken, President Pierce does not confine his hopes of support to his Cabinet, or to the majorities of his party in each House of Congress. He knows politicians are "weak vessels," and is too good a pilot to embark his hold upon the republican heart in a fleet which can at any time be wrecked by a breath of disaffection sweeping over the surface of popular feeling. Even the proudest ship does not sway the under-currents of the ocean depth, but is as much their toy as the veriest straw that floats on the surface—and the President, by rejecting all consequential supporters, can find a staunch allegiance among the masses. Millions will appreciate his patriotic course, and rally "as a unit" in the support of his administration.

The consumption of paper for the "memorials" must have been enormous, for every office-seeker brought—on an average—five quires. One, and I am sorry to say that he was unsuccessful, came armed with over three hundred letters, coming from members of his State Legislature, chairmen of committees of nine, and secretaries of sub-committees of five. In Ohio, this wholesale system of recommendation was capitally rebuked by a waggish senator, who run a deep-set saw into the endorsing amiability of his brother legislators. Drawing up a paper (as the Cincinnati Gazette informs the world), which in its heading purported to be a memorial to President Pierce, requesting an office for one of the unterrified, he easily obtained the signatures of his "grave and reverend" fellow-honorables. At last one of them, not liking a suppressed chuckling from some "outsiders," read the paper just as he had appended his autograph, and then discovered that he and his brother members had been giving their joint note for one thousand dollars. He smiled ghastly, coughed, said it was "carrying the joke rather too far, but the note was deuced well endorsed."

Prominent in real influence at head-quarters, and never associated with the political gamblers in Congress, is the Hon. Mr. Little, from the Marshfield district, Massachusetts, who was the only Quaker member of the last House. He is a self-educated, staunch yeoman—such a man as was common in Revolutionary days, but seldom found now. True, he has not made a racting speech, or slapped a secretary's face, or got drunk in the lunch-room, or been seen at sunrise near the gas-works, or acted as other "honorable men" have. But he has ever been in his seat, ready to give his excellent judgment when it has been solicited, and I am happy to add my feeble homage to the praise bestowed upon his conduct by other writers. A score of such men would lighten Congress, and the now sodden mass would rise into buoyant, wholesome utility.

The hotels here must have coined money, for the week preceding the inauguration they doubled their prices, and hundreds have paid \$4 00 per day for the privileges of sleeping on one of a dozen cots in a reading-room, and dining on what they could secure by scrambling. As for the bar-rooms, there has been a consumption of spirits rivaling the streams which flooded the gutters of Portland under Mr. Dow's administration; yet such has been the mental excitement that I have seen but few drunken men in the streets. Between here and New York, comfort is an unknown word, and I shall hasten to the American House, at Boston, where the pleasant host and his aid, Major Richardson, will soon make me forget the discomforts of the journey. As to the railroads, upon which a traveller is some dozen hours in creeping over three hundred miles, varied by intervening omnibuses, ferry-boats, and extortionate purveyors of indifferent fares, they are emphatically a "noisance." "There," said Mr. Pickwick, "that word expresses it all."

So endeth my last "Waif," and long before it meets the eye of my readers, I shall have returned to my northern home, well content with my winter's sojourn at the metropolis. The large circulation of the Pictorial, which obliges its energetic and liberal proprietor to "put it to press" long before its date, has prevented my writing with that freshness which can be given to the "sight drafts" for a daily paper. But it is pleasing to reflect that I have steered clear of party politics—sought no favor—dealt no ungenerous blows—and gleaned everything within my reach calculated to amuse and instruct my readers. *Pax vobiscum!* Wa may meet again, and now,

"Ye who have traced the pilgrim to the scene
Which is his home—in his year memories dwell
A thought that once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection; not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell—
Farewell!"

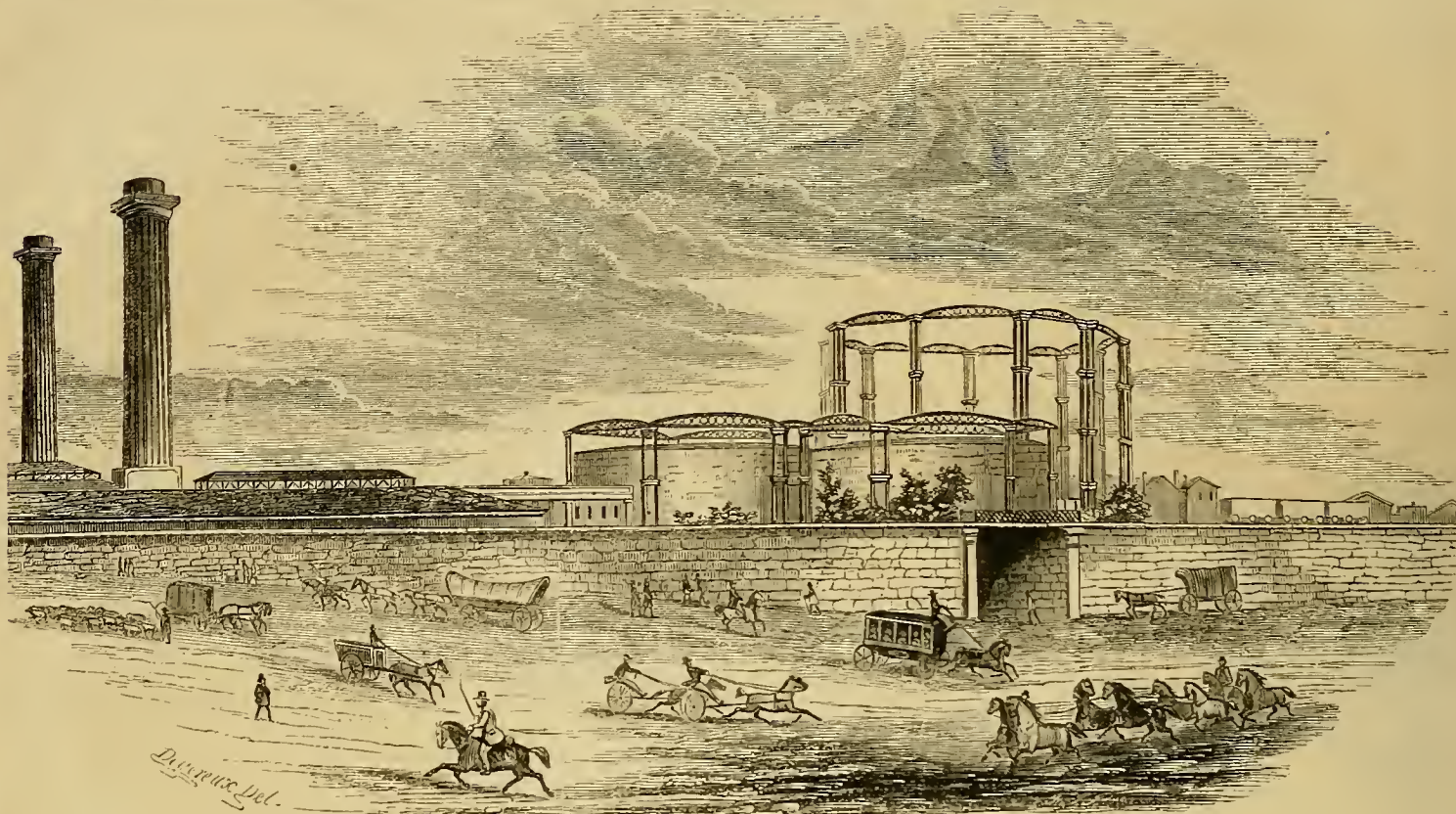
THE AMERICAN MERCHANT.

The American merchant is a type of the restless, adventurous, onward going race of people. He sends his merchandize all over the earth; stocks every market; makes wants, that he may supply them; covers the New Zealander with Southern cotton wove in Northern looms; builds blocks of stores in the Sandwich Islands; swaps with the Fejee cannibals; sends the whaleship among the icebergs of the poles, or to wander in solitary seas, till the log-book tells the tedious sameness of years, and boys become men; gives the ice of a Northern winter to the Torrid Zone, piles up Fresh Pond on the banks of the Hoogly, gladdens the sunny savannahs of the dreamy South, and makes life tolerable in the bungalow of an Indian jungle. The lakes of New England awake to life the rivers of the sultry East, and the antipodes of the earth come in contact at this "meeting of the waters." The white canvass of the American ship glances in every nook of every ocean. Scarcely has the slightest intimation come of some obscure, unknown corner of a remote sea, when the captain is consulting his charts, in full career for the "terra incognita."—*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.*

WHAT SAND IS.

Sand is rock, and other hard substances, reduced into powder of various degrees of coarseness. And there was, therefore, no sand in chaos. While the earth was still without form and void, the materials of which sand is composed had not assumed their present peculiar character, for sand is a highly-manufactured article, and requires time for its production. A bran-new planet can no more have sands (unless ready-made) spread over it, than a new park can be adorned with symmetrical avenues of old staggard oak trees. Allowing, then, for the small proportion of sand which the winds, the rains and the rivers have ground out for us, what an old established concern the ocean wavemill must be, to have pounded thus finely for us the immense quantity of sand which we have in the world!—*Dickens.*

It is as meritorious to attempt sharing in a good man's heart as it is contemptible to have a design upon a rich man's money. A noble nature aims its attentions breast high; a mean mind levels its paltry assidues at the pocket.



REPRESENTATION OF THE GAS WORKS, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS.

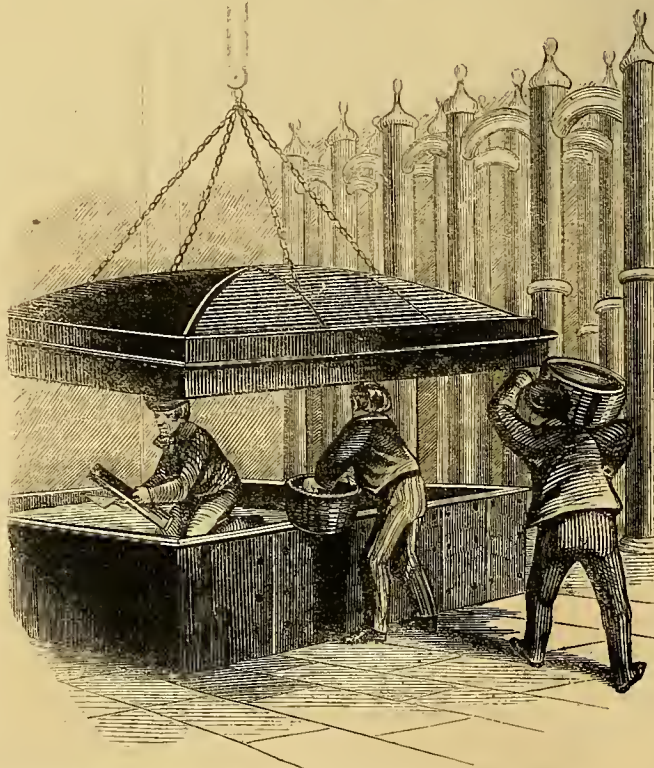
In the year 1835, the erection of the Gas Works was authorized by the corporation of the city of Philadelphia. A small amount of money only was at first expended, simply for the purpose of testing its economy and usefulness. It would seem strange that the good citizens of our sister city should have doubted for a moment the feasibility and economy of such an undertaking, when some eight or ten years before, gas light had been so well tested and adopted by both New York and Boston; for as early as 1826, this brilliant light was used in many stores in Washington street. One in particular of which we well remember—the arcade and stationery store of Isaac W. Goodrich, in State street. Be that as it may, the unenlightened corporation of Philadelphia shrunk from any innovation upon old established systems, and they also regarded it an unsafe means of yielding artificial light. However, old landmarks were soon swept away, and intelligence and enlarged experience, soon acknowledged its superiority over “whale oil,” bog’s lard and “penny dips.” The Philadelphians may now well boast of their gas works and their water works; they form some of the chief attractions of the city. Our artist has given us a correct view of the works from Market street, which we herewith present, accompanied by views of interest in different departments of the establishment. The works cover some eight acres, with a river front of 800 feet on the Schuylkill. In the

establishment there are some four or five different sections, each one of which is an independent gas factory of itself, and capable of management unconnected with the others. The separate buildings comprise two retort-houses, two purifying-houses, two metre-rooms, containing six station metres, and four conical governors, two ranges of workshops, and coke sheds and offices, three coal-stores, two perpetual lime kilns, and eleven gas-holders. The retort-houses are 195 feet long and forty-eight feet wide, comprising eight sections, containing 240 retorts; they are built of brick, and rest upon arches supported by cast iron girders, giving space for the storage of over 50,000 bushels of coal beneath the floors; the roof-frames are of wrought iron, covered with slate; the height of the chimneys is one hundred feet. The range of offices, metre-rooms and workshops, belonging to the old works, is 133 feet by twenty, the coke-shed 170 by twenty-four feet, and the coal shed eighty by fifty feet, arranged round a hollow square. The extent of the range of offices, smith-shops and metre-house of the new works is 122 by 120 feet; the coke-shed, store-rooms, etc., 270 by twenty-two feet. Between the retort-houses, is an underground coal-store, forty by 190 feet, capable of containing 40,000 bushels. The lime-kilns are built of stone, in the usual form of perpetual kilns. The southern coal-store is constructed in four sections, one hundred feet long, thirty feet wide, joined side by side, so that they constitute one building, 100 by 120 feet, with a

roof supported on stone piers eighteen feet high; its capacity is about 200,000 bushels. The old works contain eight gas-holders, of fifty feet diameter and 35,000 cubic feet capacity each. Of those connected with the new division, two are of eighty feet diameter, containing 200,000 cubic feet each, and one of 140 feet diameter, with a capacity of one million cubic feet, all of the telescope form. The guide frames of these gas-holders are entirely of cast iron; those of the eighty feet holders are composed of six stands of fluted columns, arranged in pairs, with an entablature to each pair, and raised to three tiers in height—there being thirty-six columns to each gas-holder—the whole bound together at the top by iron open-work girders. The large holder is guided by twelve sets of columns, standing in groups of three, raised four tiers high; the lower tier is of the Tuscan, the second Doric, the third Ionic, and the upper the Corinthian order of architecture. The number of columns is 144, and the whole height of the structure above the coping of the tank, is seventy-four feet, and the depth of the tank thirty-six feet. A high standard of illuminating quality of gas has been adopted and constantly maintained at these works, by the use of the proper varieties of coals, or by the addition of a proportion of resin, when the coals should chance to fall below the proper standard. The quality aimed at, is that designated “twenty-candle gas;” that is to say, the light of an argand burner, consuming four feet an hour, is equal to that of



THE RETORT ROOM IN THE PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS.



THE PURIFYING ROOM IN THE PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS.



THE METRE ROOM IN THE PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS.

twenty sperm candles, six to the pound. This quality has generally been obtained, without the aid of resin, by the use of certain varieties of coals from the western part of the State. The quantity of gas manufactured during the year, is one hundred and eighty-two millions and sixteen thousand cubic feet. A more definite notion of the magnitude of this volume of gas will be obtained, by converting it into gallons, of which it will make seven and a half millions, or about the same as the daily consumption of hydrant water in the summer months. The extent of main pipes laid in the streets, is five hundred thousand two hundred and sixty-seven feet, or about ninety-four and three fourths miles! The number of metres in use is 9238, and the whole number of customers on the books is 9216, using 115,004 lights, besides 1464 in the streets, fifty in the market houses, and sixty-four in the public squares. The total extent of street, main and service pipe is nearly 115 miles. Extensive as are these works, it appears that they will not be adequate to supply the increasing demand; it is therefore proposed to erect new works. A desirable location has been obtained for this purpose, containing about seventy acres, at Point Breeze, immediately on the banks of the River Schuylkill, on which additional works are to be erected at once. It is contemplated, in time, to remove the old works to this place entirely.

THE PATENT OFFICE AT WASHINGTON,

Of which we give a view below, occupies a commanding position, a few squares from Pennsylvania Avenue, about midway between the Capitol and the White House. It is a noble edifice, with a massive granite foundation, the main building and front portico of free-stone, painted white, while the wings, of more recent construction, are of dazzling white marble. The right wing is not yet completed, but the left wing has been occupied of late by the Metropolitan Mechanics Institute holding their first fair in its upper hall, the largest room in America. The present rooms occupied by the officers of the Patent Office are on the right of the main entrance, and are crowded with models and drawings, undergoing the necessary examinations and comparisons with known inventions—an ordeal which only a fraction can pass. On the left of the main hall, is the collection of models of objects patented, a varied and interesting testimonial to the inventive genius of our untrammelled artisans. Everything, almost, is there, from a bridge to a flat-iron—from a locomotive to a sewing-machine—and most of the models are exquisitely finished. The old models were destroyed by fire some years since, but the present building is fire-proof. Up stairs is the National Museum, open to all, which contains, among other things, the hallowed uniform, equipments, and other relics of the immortal Washington.

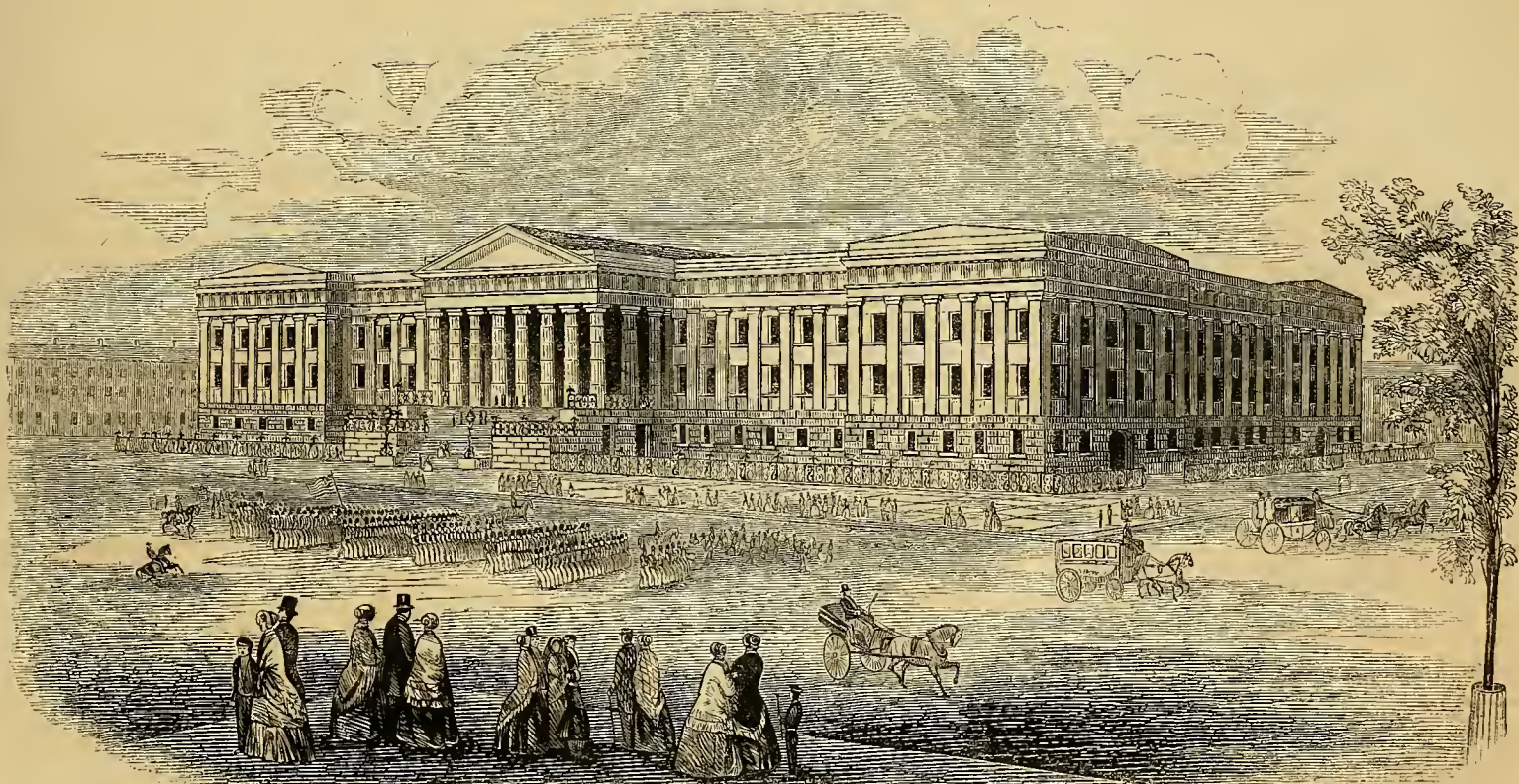
WINTER AND SPRING.
Proud and stern on his mountain throne,
King WINTER kept his state;
In his cloudy robe, with his icy crown,
Dark monarch of earth! he sat
His aged head was wreathed with snow—
With snow like hoary hair;
Din, mist-like forms were crouching low,
In homage round his chair.
Dread and drear is the monarch's power,
And blighting the breath he breathes—
But the sternest heart hath its gentler hour,
As the rock-cliff hideth the more-born flower,
With its pink and tiny wreaths.
"I will prepare a royal feast!"
So spake the monarch's voice—
"That may—such weary ages passed—
My lonely heart rejoice.
Then go, ye vassals! hasten forth
As on the lightning's wing;
Gather all that is fair of earth,
Gather and to me bring!
A robe of soft and summer green
Around my shoulders throw;
Of ivy wreath a verdant screen,
To hide my couch of snow!
Unlock the joy-fettered stream,
To run in silver down;
Call here the zephyr and the beam,
To make the flowers their own.
Call from the sunny lands of song,
The minstrels of the air;
For I have missed and mourned
Too long,
Their notes so silver clear.
And ye, my vassals, bear my throne
Where flowers may round me
spring;
I will no longer dream alone
That I on earth am king!"
And low their heads his vassals
bowed
Before their master's will;
But said, "Thy slaves are not al-
thy bidding to fulfil. How
Had thou for gold or treasure ask'd,
Or the flashing diamond stone,
We would for thee our strength
have tasked—
They should have been thy own.
We'll build for thee thy palace
walls
Of crystal, clear and bright;
And hang around thy regal halls
The rock-born flowers of light,
If so thou wilt!" His face the king,
In sorrow, turned away.
"Go! I have asked of ye a thing
From powers beyond my way.
Stern is my strength, wide my
command;
But my domain of dread
Gives but the sceptre to the hand,
No garland for the head."
And as he spoke, the palace wall
Flew open with a sudden sound,
Again it closed, and in the hall
A lovely boy was standing found.
His graceful limbs with strength
were strung,
His ringlets, bright as sun-
touched gold,
Which he behind him idly flung,
Waved rich in many a glossy
fold.
With dauntless brow he gazed upon
Old Winter and his ancient throne;
And Winter felt a secret fear,
As if a rival power were near.
Yet first the monarch silence broke—
"Speak, youth, and be thine errand told;
Why hath thy foot our echoes woke?"
So questioned he the minstrel bold,
And boldly, too, the answer came—
"A POET I, and SPRING my name;
Where'er I go I hear along
The life of light, the love of song.
But where I dwell, and whence I come,
I may not tell; 'tis distant far.
Thou canst not live where I may roam;
And when I leave my glowing star,
As now I do, to cross the main,
And field, and flood, and mountain chain,
I breathe the spell that sets them free
From all thy icy tyranny."

The voices that around me rise,
Companions of my onward path,
A greater power within them lies
Than dwells in all thy stormy wrath.
For if my golden lyre I take,
And if my gentle song I wake,
The world is softened to the strain,
And laugheth forth in flowers again."
"Then," said the monarch, "wake for me
The song in which such magic dwells,
That I may drink its melody,
And mark the marvel of thy spells."
The youthful minstrel touched the string,
And sang unto the aged king:
And gardens spread, and flowers sprang
Around, like vision, as he sung.
The song was o'er; the minstrel ceased;
No word the monarch said;



WINTER THE KING, AND SPRING THE POET.

But he his hands together pressed,
And bowed his hoary head.
What should that falling tear-drop speak?
It did not flow for pain;
What flush was on that aged cheek
When he raised his head again?
"Take thou the guerdon; 'tis thine own
My kingdom take to thee;
Be thine my diadem and crown,
My sceptre thine shall be.
I'll bend no more beneath the weight
Of stern and blighting power;
I sought in vain, on my throne of state,
For the love-encircling bower.
My heart the joy could never know
That love that song could bring;
POET, thy hand! Farewell my throne
I'll blend my being with thine own,
Thou SPIRIT OF THE SPRING."



A VIEW OF THE PATENT OFFICE BUILDING, WASHINGTON CITY, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE PROVOKING LOVER.

BY FIGURE CASEY.

I cannot lightly talk and smile,
I will not sit and sigh;
I am not vexed enough to scold,
And too much vexed to cry.
So, Annie, do enlighten me,
My hope is all in you;
I'm sure I do n't know what he means,
And can't tell what to do.

Last night when Charley talked to me,
Though he was kind and good,
He acted like an injured man,
Who suffered all he could.
'T would be a pretty way to be,
Without the aching led;
If he wishes me to talk to him,
It's very easy said.

One day he asked me if I thought,
When to another wed,
I'd ever breathe a sigh for him,
Because his hopes were dead?
And if I did not think he'd feel
Disconsolate and sad?
I'm sure I can't tell how he'd feel,
I know that I'd feel bad.

He said he wished he knew my heart,
His own was torn with doubt;
If he'll only ask me what I think
Of him, he'll find it out.
So what to think, or how to act,
I'm sure I do not know,—
But if he wants to marry me,
I wish he'd tell me so!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE NEW DOCTOR:

—OR—

THE PLAIN GOLD RING.

BY ALICE H. NEAL.

"DID N'T you hear the gate shut, Caroline? I wonder who it can be this time of day? just look out of the hall window; I hope it's nobody coming to tea." And Mrs. Dana looked out from under the mass of really very fine hair she was arranging, at her eldest daughter, who was busily employed in sorting patterns from a bureau drawer at the other end of the chamber.

"In one moment, mother. These are the sleeves, I guess. Somebody is coming up the path. Dear me, Mrs. Simpson, of all the world, and she means to stay, you may depend, for she has her bag stuffed with work!"

Mrs. Dana twisted the thick braid around her well shaped head with a sudden jerk, and "prospected" for her cap in a flurry of impatience; but the cap had disappeared, as essentials will when one is dressing in haste, and her guest had fairly knocked at the front hall door, and been admitted by one of the little ones, before she could lay her hands upon it again. Not that she particularly needed a covering for that fine hair, scarcely threaded with gray, but it was the custom of the place and people for matrons to assume them, and Mrs. Dana would not have been seen without hers for the world.

"Dear me, Caroline, do come and help me look. Mrs. Simpson, as particular as she is, and not one crumb of cake or a loaf of fresh bread in the house! I knew somebody would come, if we put off baking. I wish your father hadn't hurried me so about these shirts. There, under that apron pattern, isn't that a blue string? Roll up the muslin, and put it in the spare room closet. Run down and show her into the sitting-room. She'll be right up here. O, there it is!" and Mrs. Dana commenced another search for her cap, which was hanging on the foot of the bed in full view, as her daughter obeyed her last injunction.

Mrs. Simpson had already found her way to the sitting-room, which was cool, and shaded, and had ensconced herself in the Boston rocking-chair in the corner.

"How d'ye do, Caroline? How's your ma? I see Sarah is playin' round again. She's had quite a time with her face, hasn't she? I guess your mother minds old Dr. Lane a little; but I tell you 'twas high time he gave up. The new doctor—how do you do, Miss Dana? I hope you haven't hurried on my account. I was just going to tell Caroline that hearing the doctor say at dinner that the 'squire had asked him 'round here to tea, I thought I'd take my work and come along too. He being a stranger, and young people are mostly bashful. You haven't seen him yet, only in church, have ye, Caroline? He aint a mite like most of them Boston chaps who come up here, and look as if they never saw baked beans before in all their lives. He's a real home body; you never knew a man make so little trouble, though, to be sure, I say my cooking's good enough for anybody!" And Mrs. Simpson's pause for a compliment on her housewifery was as evident as that of any distinguished public speaker we have ever seen take occasion to pour out a glass of water at the conclusion of a period, which ought to bring down the house.

"Yes, indeed, we all know that," responded her hostess, abruptly; for her empty bread tray and cake jar rose in comparison to Mrs. Simpson's bountiful table, and this revelation of another guest, and of all people the new doctor just from the city, invited in the 'squire's usual off hand but often inconvenient hospitality, struck dismay to her already perplexed mind. There was no con-

fectioner at the next corner, no baker down the street to supply the deficiency, as we of city life have always at hand, and worse than all the "hired girl!"—"Squire Dana was guilty of this piece of extravagance, always so considered in rural districts—had gone home to pass the afternoon, leaving all the household care to devolve on Caroline, or Carrie, as her young friends abbreviated it. If either of them was long absent from the room, Mrs. Simpson would be sure to notice it, and insist that they should make no difference for her, and it was late in the season, when neither jam nor preserves could make up the deficiency.

As for Carrie herself, the announcement of the doctor's expected visit had set her heart fluttering at a most unnatural rate. He had been the lion of the town for the past three weeks, having bought out old Dr. Lane, and fitted up the little office next to Mrs. Simpson's in the most tasteful manner. There was a bright ingrain carpet upon the floor, a new revolving office chair, book shelves not all occupied by leatheren bindings, and two or three prints over the mantel. Moreover, the heavy wooden shutter had been replaced by a green Venetian blind, and through the slats the young ladies of the village had caught more than one glance of the new arrival, as he sent forth the vaporizing curls of smoke from his cigar, his feet slightly elevated, and his head thrown back, after the fashion of those addicted to the "pernicious weed." As yet, he had only made professional calls; but Carrie had seen him twice on the meeting-house steps, and once, when riding in the chaise with her father, he had passed them on horseback, and bowed. He was not a "handsome" man; indeed he was pronounced "ugly" by Ellen Ladd, whose little brother had been sick with the measles, and, of course, she could judge, as she had managed to show great devotion to the cross young invalid in the doctor's presence. But Carrie admired tall men, and the new doctor was tall, and she thought his eyes were very expressive; for, of course, he looked up to the gallery in the singing, and the 'squire's daughter had stood next to the chorister for more than a year; a stranger could but notice "her pure voice o'erlaid the rest," and it was only natural for the doctor to look as well as listen. But in the midst of her pleasant anticipations, she, too, recollected Hitty's absence, and what would devolve on her.

"Father was so provoking," thought the audacious little maiden. "He always would invite company without saying a word to them; and what would the doctor think to see her setting the table and clearing away? for the family meals were always taken in the sitting-room, opening from the parlor, and with children running out and in, it was impossible to keep the door shut. Then, too, she had seriously meditated a white dress, but she had only one, and that must be worn Sunday, so it would not do to run the risk of spoiling it by getting tea with it on; father would be sure to notice it, or her blue muslin either, when she was working about, and then the doctor would know it was put on just for him. O dear! all her pleasure spoiled by Hitty's being out of the way. It was always so! Hitty was sure to be gone just when she was most wanted!" And so lost was she in this distressing reverie, that it was a long time before she noticed sundry nods and signals from her mother, who had gone into the kitchen for a moment, under excuse of seeing the time from the tall Geneva clock that stood between the windows.

Mrs. Dana had summoned her daughter, as a committee of ways and means, for to her it was no slight annoyance; her reputation for housewifery, and her husband's for hospitality, were at stake. Mrs. Simpson was good-natured, but she would be sure to mention, the next time she went out to tea, how mean she felt when she found out the Danas hadn't expected company that afternoon; for there wasn't a morsel of cake, nor so much as a hot biscuit on the table; and what would the new doctor think?

"Just like your father," commenced the disturbed little woman. "He never thinks how much we are put out. He might have known Hitty was gone, for I asked him for five dollars for her at dinner time. She never takes up her wages, except when she goes home. There isn't an egg, as sure as I live!" (and the egg box was laid down with no light emphasis on the dresser). "I remember now; that pudding took every one; and by the time John went to the store and back, they'd be here. What shall I do, Caroline?"

Carrie thought of the light rolls, or "soda biscuit," as they were called, which she was so famous for. But it required a stretch of self-denial to offer to prepare them; for with the mixing and baking the whole afternoon would be consumed, and she would not get five minutes in the parlor. However, she was not selfish, and her mother was in an unusual strait; so Carrie proffered her services, and suggested that there were plenty of ripe currants on the bushes, which John and Lucy could gather, and they would look beautifully in the tall glass dish. Mrs. Dana's butter was always good; and there were some honey and dried beef. Carrie ran through all the resources of the buttery, with an eye to their tasteful arrangement, very cheerfully, considering the long anticipated pleasure it was to deprive her of, and her mother went back to her guest little suspecting it, and tolerably well satisfied with the prospect.

There was no time now to think of any change of toilet; the bright tin pints were taken down, and the children despatched to the garden, not unwillingly, for from the time the fruit season commenced, they were forbidden to enter the sacred enclosure without leave, and now they had visions of helping themselves as well as their sister. The best china tea-set, only used on special occasions, was brought from the parlor closet and dusted, before Mrs. Simpson was invited in there from the sitting-room, the flour sifted into the bread bowl, the moulding board, with all its ceteras, prepared, and then, while the fire in the stove was kindling, our young friend went into the parlor for a moment's chat. She had more than usual interest in the good-natured gossiping of

Mrs. Simpson just now; for the new doctor had his meals there, and, of course, his sayings and his doings were the principal themes of her discourse. How food he was of custards, and how much he praised hers! that she had sent all over town that day for some honey, because he had said it would seem like old times to taste real honey once more. Here Mrs. Dana and Carrie exchanged delighted glances, and Carrie remembered the little oval glass dish which always set off the golden syrup so, and determined to take the first chance to slip it out of the closet.

"You never knew such a good-natured man around the house," continued the lady, working very fast, and stitching vigorously on a pair of summer pantaloons, intended for her eldest hope, an uncommonly tall lad of sixteen. "Men folks are generally cross, I think, 'specially in the morning; but, bless you, he comes along with such a smile, a 'how d'ye and yourself this morning, Mrs. Simpson?' just as if I was the greatest stranger in the world. I tell him he ought to get married; a doctor aint good for much until he is. So he laughs and says, 'Just pick me out a wife, Mrs. Simpson, and I'll see about it, only let her know how to make such nice biscuits as these,' says he—'there, just so'—and he takes a hot one. I say you're just the one, Caroline; somehow I thought of you right off. 'There's Caroline Dana, the 'squire's daughter,' says I; 'a mon that gits her is well off; you'd make an elegant couple,' says I, 'for all, Caroline aint very tall.' 'O,' says he, as quick as that, 'the best things come in the smallest quantities!'"

"O, Mrs. Simpson!" said Carrie, deprecatingly, "you didn't tell him about me? how could you?" And a very beaming blush, not of anger, however, flushed her cheek. "And then father's asking him here, he'll think—" but what she supposed he thought was not made manifest at this particular juncture, for there he stood on the very threshold, with her father, they having come around from the barn upon the soft garden walk, where 'Squire Dana had been himself, like a merciful man, to see that the horses were properly fed.

"Don't run away, Caroline," he called out in his bluff, hearty tone. "I've brought the doctor to see you women folks. She don't look much as if she needed one, does she, doctor, with such red cheeks!" And, of course, the cheeks grew redder than ever at the respectful but earnest look she met in answer to this challenge; for she was sure he must have heard what she was saying as he came by the window; and, besides, there was her hair pushed back behind her ears, as she had bent over her work this warm afternoon; and she had her apron on, no fanciful trifle of ribbon or lace, but a full, wide gingham apron, tied over her new calico dress. And now she was too proud to make any change, for the doctor would think it was done just for him. "O dear, why had Hitty gone off this particular afternoon!"

But Mrs. Dana, troubled with no such qualms as these, now that her tea-table was arranged, bustled about to make her guest comfortable, in her kind, motherly way; and Carrie slipped off to hide her chagrin in the kitchen. The 'squire declared this was the pleasantest room in the house, and, indeed, it seemed so this warm July afternoon; for morning-glory vines grew over both the windows; the door, opening from the shady side of the house, let in a pleasant breeze; and it was so neat and tidy, from the yellow painted floor to the bright tins ranged on the newly white-washed wall, that it was a comfort to look about one. Carrie was not the girl to sit down and brood over a mortification, or go to an unwelcome task sullenly; and after watching through the morning-glory vines, to see her father and his guest safely over the clover field, on their way to the orchard and the south meadow, she seated the urchins, with their well-filled pails, on the door step, first seeing that their hands were as clean as soap and water could make them, to the arduous task of "stringing currants," while she went about her self-appointed task. How tempting, in prospective, were these snow-white rolls, ranged in the shining baking-pans, each one carved by the cake-cutter to an exact circle, more tempting still on the first peep into the oven, threatening to be only too light; and then when the first batch came, brown and glowing out upon the kitchen-table, our little heroine felt more than paid for the flushed complexion, the watching and tending of this nice process. And now the snowy cloth is laid, while another detachment is consigned to the oven, and fluttering between the two rooms, singing still as she goes, the tea-table is covered by her skilful hands. Yellow butter and cream from the spring house; the honey melting through the woven cells; the delicate ruby tint of the currants crowning the centre, and heaped with crumbed loaf sugar; the china; the best tea-tray, in all the pstore of new Japan; the best teaspoons, glittering as when they came home from the Boston silversmith's; only wanting the shell-shaped cake plates, heaped with the brown, light, delicious biscuits on either side, to make it quite complete. No wonder Carrie paused a moment to congratulate herself on a closer survey, to lean forward and re-adjust the tall glass dish of currants exactly in the centre; to smooth a fold of the snowy table-cloth; to take up and put down again, quite unnecessarily, the silver butter-knife, and turn the handle of the cream-pitcher. She had a right to be proud of her own neat handiwork, although her face was burned by the stove heat, and her apron had swung around to the side, and her sleeves were still rolled up to the white dimpled elbow; she fully intended to set all these little matters right, and brush her hair forward, before she saw the doctor again; but fate and the thoughtless 'squire willed it otherwise; for he had ushered their guest in at the kitchen door, inviting him to wash, as they had just come from the farm yard, and proceeding to set a good example by a vigorous splashing and application of yellow soap to his own full sized hands. It seemed destined that Carrie should not be at ease in the doctor's society, for she was obliged to obey the call for clean towels, discovering, just at that moment, that

her ring, the only ornament she ever wore, and valued accordingly. It was rather large for her, to be sure, and she usually laid it aside before washing, but in her haste she had not done so this afternoon, and she remembered, with a start of fear, that her father had emptied the water from the basin she had used, and it must have made its way out of the spout to the drain below. The squire did not approve of "Jew gems," so a knot of ribbon was the only brooch she had ever worn, and this one plain gold ring, the gift of an aunt, was treasured accordingly. The thought of her loss made her, for the moment, indifferent to anything else, and she drew a long breath when finally at liberty to commence the search. But no ring made its appearance, neither in the neat, well-painted sink, nor the spout, as far down as it was possible to penetrate. It might have fallen on the ground below, but tall, rank weeds obstructed the search, and there was little time to continue it. The tears sprang to her eyes, as she was warned by the slow striking of the kitchen clock that tea should be announced, or her punctual father would be out to inquire into the matter; and trying to excite the sympathy of John and Lucy, by the hurried promise of "anything they wanted"—rather a broad margin for young people—to the one that found it, she turned reluctantly away. Alas! the doctor's visit had so far proved only a succession of annoyances. She wished he had stayed at home; that he had never come to Milton at all, for her part; and equally uncharitable benedictions were sent after the absent and unconscious Hitty.

Mrs. Dana, her self-complacency thoroughly restored at the sight of the well-spread table, and in blissful unconsciousness of all it had cost the impromptu housemaid, waved her guests to their seats, and chid the children for their eagerness to find *theirs*. The squire insisted on their being at the table, visitors or not, and as children will, they were fired with their own disputes and animosities as to the best right to particular places. All wanted to sit next to mother, of course, and so Carrie came exactly opposite the doctor, so that she could not look up, or be helped to anything, without meeting his eyes, which were very fine, indeed, and lighted by an arch, changeful expression. Mrs. Dana had been taught in the school of rustic politeness, of which apologies for one's table make so large a share. Her visitors were exhorted to "eat if they could," though, to be sure, there did not seem to be much; somehow this was the worst season of the year to get anything. Doughnuts would not do in summer, and sponge cake and that sort dried up so fast, that, for once in their lives, they seemed most out of everything; but they were quite welcome to what there was, and she *did* hope they would make out.

Mrs. Simpson certainly seemed to be doing very well, with a slice of cold milk bread, a hot biscuit, some dried beef, cheese and butter on her small tea plate, flanked on one side by a white saucer of currants, and on the other by a fragrant cup of tea, with real cream—not milk—and a glass dish of honey, her spoon dipping from saucer to saucer alternately. The doctor never ate cake, not even sponge cake; Mrs. Simpson, as sponsor, adding, "he did not consider it healthy, and, for her part, she never cared about it when she could get plenty of good bread and butter;" and though she did not like to own up to it, Miss Dana's soda biscuit certainly beat hers. They always seemed to have the luck, she had told the doctor, had n't she? but Carline did not seem to be making out a tea, and it suddenly came into the good woman's recollection that she had been out of the room almost all of the afternoon, and inquiries particularly agreeable to the young cook had set on foot accordingly.

"O, out in the garden picking these currants, I suppose; thank you, doctor, just another spoonful of that honey; you know it's just what you wanted; where did you get it, squire, this season of the year? I hope you had on your sun-bonnet, Carline; seems to me your face *does* look rather flushed; the sun was dreadful hot coming along. Well, your company's good, and so is these currants, the very first I've tasted this year; our bushes didn't do well a bit."

But here a fresh emente arose between John and Lucy, and the gathering storm broke out with—"Didn't you say I could have just what I wanted, Carrie? and I mean to have—"

"But she said the one that *found* it could choose, and you needn't be so sure, Miss Luce. I'll be up by daylight, and have every one of these weeds rooted up, you'll see. Shall Luce look when I'm gone for the crows, father?"

"I will—I will!" broke in Miss Lucy, appealing to mother, and it was some time before the subject of dispute was ascertained to be Carrie's unfortunate ring; Mrs. Dana seemed by no means pleased when the discovery of the loss was made. Meantime the doctor, as if quite at home, had taken his third biscuit, for he evidently had a good appetite, and as he broke it open, white and creamy as it was, something glittered from its centre. There lay the missing ring, none the worse for the baking, and profoundly innocent of all the commotion it had caused, and was yet to be the author of; while Carrie's eyes were riveted on it, and the blush and tears of vexation rose again; for, quick as thought, it flashed upon her how Mrs. Simpson would retail the whole story—and that would *he* think? The doctor, finding every one else engaged in settling the dispute with the children, very quietly slipped it into his vest pocket, not without an arch and meaning glance at the squire's daughter, it must be confessed.

No wonder that the children at last gave up the hopeless task; for, like the hide of the Mistletoe Bough,

"They sought it that night,
They sought it next day,
They sought it in vain when a week passed away.
In the highest, the lowest, the muddest spot,
The children groped heavily, yet found it not."

And Carrie began to think it might as well have been buried in

the "old oak chest," for all she should ever see of it; for, strange to say, the doctor never so much as hinted that it was in his possession, though he made innumerable calls, and not unfrequently escorted her home from meeting. Nor did it ever come back to her possession, though it was replaced early in the fall by a much handsomer one, which the doctor brought himself from Boston. And how do you think he won the little housemaid's consent to wear it? By reminding her of an old promise, that she was to give the finder of the plain gold ring "anything he wanted." To be sure, she had never imagined that, in her rashness, she had forfeited *herself*. But so it was; the doctor would choose nothing else, and Squire Dana gave a ready and hearty consent, not to speak of a house and furniture for the young people. And Mrs. Dana was in her glory, cutting out and directing the making up of innumerable pieces of muslin. So the story of the ring came out; for the doctor wore it himself now, on his watch ribbon. And Mrs. Simpson said: "Well, to be sure, that was one way of finding out Carline could make good biscuit, and somehow she'd always thought it would make a match!"

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TRINITY CHIMES.

AS HEARD FROM BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, ON A CLEAR SABBATH MORN.

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

Sweet Sabbath bells! how musical ye are,
Your clear tones wafted o'er the waters deep;
Your music seems, thus coming from afar,
A gentle call this holy day to keep;
Those silvery tones, to softened music given,
Seem sent us here below to call our thoughts to heaven.

Like angels' whispers, on this lovely morn,
Your cadence falls upon the listening ear;
Floating o'er water, hill, and dale, and lawn,
Its fairy softness every heart doth cheer;
Of purer skies and brighter worlds above
Ye seem to speak to us,—of heaven, where all is love.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE CRAZED POLITICIAN.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

YESTERDAY I was attracted, when going to the Exchange, by a crowd of people surrounding the steps of Girard Bank. As I came near, I found a crazed politician, whom I had seen many times before, haranguing the people on the abuses of men in power. He was a man of violent movements, impassioned in all his actions and gestures, his face full of wrinkles from the contortions that expressed indignation, and his hair, long and abundant, hanging from his head like white and yellow flax. He labored to speak as though the most tumultuous assembly was before him; his words coming forth as a giant walks, leaving large spaces between the footsteps, and of one tenor was all he said,—the corruption of men in power. He would utter a violent philippic, and, folding his arms, he would then stride along the steps, his face wearing the expression of a man who has accomplished a mighty effort in saying a daring and magnificent thing. He always speaks bareheaded, with steatorian lungs, and as though he beheld the mightiest of crowds before him. He seems to know what many speakers sadly want amid their knowledge, and that is, when he has said the best thing; and then making his bow, and clapping on his hat, he swings off with all the pride of a Roman, who folds his mantle about him, and moves bravely to civil death.

The other day, I heard him declaiming on the duplicity that gained some advantage in reference to public stocks, and thus accumulated a fortune, when "all," he said, "knew the act was against the law—the law, not as our lawyers expound it,—O no! I know them too well for that; but"—and here he lifted himself to the utmost height possible, and swinging his right arm with a most majestic sweep, he said,—"but according to *that* law which binds the universe together, and that will draw us all to the great judgment seat of the Almighty."

As I moved away, two gentlemen passed me, one saying to the other: "He was a man of good intelligence before he got into that way." But there was intelligence enough left, yet all unguided. He most shrewdly argued the great questions of political economy; declared the grand essentials of state integrity, and uttered scores of truths respecting the corruption that enters into many departments of civil affairs. He pictures wire-pullers and puppet-movers most admirably; and whenever the "fierce democracy" assemble in front of old Independence Hall, the crazed politician is sure to be there, filling the flesh of many a sensitive aspirant for office with thorns, by the sharp truths he uttered from the lips of a crazed brain. To some, his presence reads a warning of what they may be reduced to, should, as in his case, they be left to say,

"I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other side."

The wonder is not that this one man in our city is crazed, but that we are sane. So great are the evils which are opened to the slightest insight into the affairs of political maneuvering—so terrible are the contrasts between great promises and small performances, that it is a wonder that sanity does not lose its control, and we go mad. Indeed, it might seem as though we were mad, when we speak our strong words against the governments of the Old World, and talk bravely of the harmonies and stability of republican institutions. But it would help nothing to go mad concern-

ing the evils of state—to declaim and denounce—to rebuke and curse; for this will find its answer from the crazed speech of those on the other side, and they may tell us we rather want their power than to make things right, and to see what is really good.

This crazed politician, whose locks float in the wind like a stained flag of truce, is but a specimen of a class who enact their follies in private.

"What stings
Are theirs! one breast laid open were a school
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule."

They sought the places they did not merit; or they aimed for power, forgetting where many claimants were striving, some must lose, and they forgot that in the lottery where they were trying their luck, there were many blanks. To make politics a trade—to set all our venture there, is a poor business. It has proved so to thousands; and the wild orator on the bank steps, for whom I would express no other feeling than sympathy, is but one exhibition of many of that

"Thrillless ambition that will ravish up
Thine own life's means."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

AN ANGEL'S REVERY.

BY WILLIAM LEIGHTON, JR.

A summer's eve, with gentle light,
Hung o'er the landscape softly bright;
The lord of day had sunk to rest
Behind the distant mountains' crest.
The golden west in splendor shone,
The evening's bright and beauteous throne;
The milder spirits of the air
In shining hosts were clustering there;
They had left their home, the fairy grot,
To share with man his happy lot.

An angel, soaring through the vaulted sky,
Beheld from afar the glorious eye;
On his sunbright pinions he dreweth nigh,
As loth the fair and gentle earth to leave.

Resting now on his silent way,
The pictured earth beneath him lay;
Ne'er had he seen a fairer sight
In his high home so proudly bright.
Thoughts of earth filled the angel's mind—
"O, man," he said, "why art thou blind
To all the joys, thy birthright here?
Why cloud thy soul with sin and fear?
E'en angels' hearts can know no bliss,
Can view no scene more fair than this."

Yet baughty man, against himself arrayed,
Scorns all the pleasures of earth's brightest hour;
He bids the fairest worldly scenes to fade,
And sighs for joys beyond his earthly power.

Thou art half earthly, half divine,
And joys of sense with soul combine
To form thy nature. Born to be
Heir to a vast eternity,
Thy being had a double birth—
A soul for heaven, a form for earth;
The first will never pass away,
The last will mix with earthly clay.
Speed on, and shape thy worldly way,
Fixed is thy future destiny.

Now darkening shades o'er earth their mantle drew,
Announced to man the approach of sable night;
One sorrowing glance on earth the angel threw,
Then heavenward winged his lofty flight.

THE ESPIRITU SANTO.

This beautiful flower appears to be a description of lily, possessing a bulb root, long oval leaves, and a stock from three to four feet in length. The *Espirito Santo* is one of those rare flowers that is said to be found only on one particular part of the isthmus, a short distance from Panama. It requires little earth for vegetation, growing among heaps of stones, with the fibres alone covered, the bulb being almost entirely exposed. The plant possesses little beauty beyond what is contained in the flower itself, which is of a most elegant and peculiar formation. The outward part, which is smaller than a pigeon's egg, resembles a curious shaped vase, on opening the lid of which the most perfect and beautiful *fac-simile* of a dove is found within. The head is turned over its back, appearing as if it were about to take its farewell of earth and soar to some brighter region. No person can see this extraordinary flower for the first time without a deep feeling of wonder and admiration at the perfection and beauty displayed in its formation, and every succeeding time it is met with, the observer gazes upon it with increased admiration and curiosity. Of all the really beautiful plants or flowers we have ever seen, we recollect none so beautiful as the *Espirito Santo*, or "Holy Spirit," and we are sure that if a specimen could be sent to the United States or England, it would be looked upon as an invaluable curiosity.—*Panama Star*.

FRENCH AUTHORS.

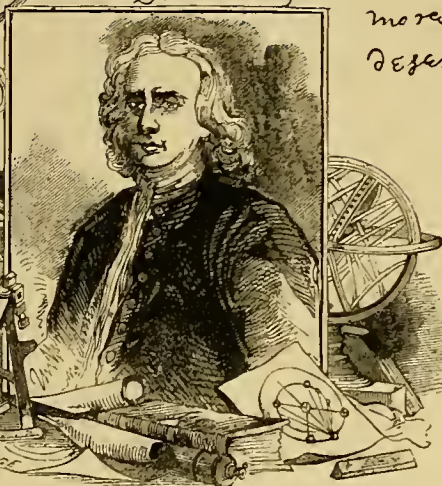
Lord L. mentioned a translation of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" by a foreigner, whom I remember in London called the *Commandeur de Tilley*, and the line, "As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away," was done, "Comme la mer détruit les travaux de la tape." Talked of the egotism of foreign writers. The Abbe de Pradt begins one of his books, "Un seul homme a sauvé l'Europe; c'est moi." The best of it is, he read this in a company where the Duke of Wellington was; and, on the Abbe making a pause at the word "l'Europe," all eyes were turned to the duke; but then came out, to their no small astonishment, "C'est moi!"—*Journal of the poet Moore*.

Speaking of charity, it is a wonder so few people indulge in it. They should do it from motives of ambition, if not from kindness. What inspires us to build fine houses, to purchase fine pictures, fine clothes and other things, at a great expense—but an ambition to be respected more than other people?

Types of Mind; or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 11., BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.



Students.



PRESIDENT SPARKS has indissolubly connected his name with the memories of Washington, Franklin, and other worthies, whose histories he has so ably chronicled, and whose massive intellects are reflected in his very autography. PRESIDENT, more brilliant,

Trin. Coll Cambridge.
I have perused yr very ingenious Theory of Vision in which (to be free wth you as a friend should be) there seems to be some things more solid & satisfactory, others more disputable but yet plausibly suggested & well deserving yr consideration of yr ingenious.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON's autograph is such as might have been expected from an unequalled student. Aware of his position as a "sovereign of science," he was nevertheless modest, candid, and unassuming in his habits. "I do not know," he wrote just previous to his death, "what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me!" What a lesson to the presumption of most students, especially those who have not even found the smoother pebble or the prettier shell, and how emblematic of him upon whose tablet is inscribed:

"Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night.
God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light."

Newton's reigning desire was to prove that his grand discoveries were perfectly in unison with the order which God had, according to Scripture, observed in the creation.

WASHINGTON IRVING is best known by his quaint essays, replete with scenes of love and pathos, descriptions of past days, or legends of the fair clime of Andalusia. But he is nevertheless a diligent student, and even at his present advanced age, is delving in dusty archives, that he may faithfully portray the life of the *Pater Patria*.

J. S. Newton

DAVID RITTENHOUSE was the first American astronomer of eminence, and succeeded Dr. Franklin as president of the "American Philosophical Society." Dr. Rush, his intimate friend, says in a biographical sketch of him, "There was no affectation of singularity, in anything he said or did; even his hand-writing, in which this weakness so frequently discovers itself, was simple and intelligible at first sight, to all who saw it." His close observation of the phenomena of nature, and the clear detail of his style, are patterns which some modern astronomers would do well to follow. In private life, Dr. Rittenhouse exhibited all those mild and amiable virtues by which it is adorned.

David Rittenhouse

GEORGE BANCROFT, in his histories, as in his autography, gives evidence of his nervous temperament, his acute intellect, his ardent patriotism, and his honest heart. His works contain that happy mixture of much truth and little imagination, so desirable in a historian, and so well calculated to ensure popularity and fame.

James Sparks

N. H. Prescott

Washington Irving

George Bancroft

David Home

J. C. Smollett

Gibson

William Macaulay

HOME—SMOLLETT—GIBSON—MACAULAY, form a bright galaxy of English historians, but it will be observed that they lack the freedom of autography which characterizes their American

compeers. [The first three of these signatures, we would state, were copied from an English collection, which cost its proprietor nearly twenty thousand dollars. It contains many rare American

specimens, among them thirty-four letters written by Washington, several by William Penn, autograph signatures of every signer of the Declaration of Independence, save two, etc., etc.]

John. Bishop of Charleston

F. M. Carey

W. E. Channing

Massachusetts

J. A. Hawks

John E. Barry

E. Robinson

The Right Reverend BISHOP ENGLAND, of Charleston, S. C., was a prelate of rare attainments, rapid and vigorous thought, and freedom of expression. As an orator, he had few equals, and in private life he held enthralled the affections of all who enjoyed the rare pleasure of his intimacy.

PRESIDENT WAYLAND is a scholar, and a ripe one—a preacher, too, we have heard said, of much attraction—and a writer of works which have a high reputation.

REV. DR. CHANNING's discourses and works abound with proof of the elaborate study and ornament which are manifest in his autography. For power of thought, beauty of illustration and elegant demonstration, he ranked among the brightest ornaments of the clerical profession.

REV. DR. PALFREY and HAWKS are close students, fluent writers, and display in their chirography little of the elegance and the elaborate finish which characterize their writings.

REV. HOSEA BALLOU's autography is clear, bold and decided, even as was the life of this ecclesiastical parent, "whose whole life was a beautiful and consistent tribute to truth. His epistles were brief, meaning and affectionate, exhibiting the same reliance upon Divine Providence that ever exercised his bosom."

REV. DR. ROBINSON has acquired high fame by his researches in biblical literature and localities, rather sectarian in their tone, but displaying marked genius and decidedly original thought.

James Mansar

Joseph Story

H. Brewster

Chief Justice MARSHALL, who so long presided over the Supreme Court of the United States with unsullied dignity, was an untiring student, whose labors can only be appreciated by the profession of which he was so great an ornament. His decisions live only in the dusty repositories of legal oracles, but equal, in the estimation of a grateful nation, the fame of successful warriors, or the oratorical efforts of gifted statesmen.

MR. JUSTICE STORY wrote as he lived, with precision, method and ability. The results of his studies are to be found in his recorded judgments and in his literary productions, each of which won him honorable favor abroad as well as at home. Whatever subject he touched, was touched with a master's hand and spirit, nor can any one deny him the title which he coveted in his youth and enjoyed in his old age, "The Jurist of the commercial world."

LORD BRIGHAM is a student, and enjoys reputation in his multifarious avocations. Droll in the House of Lords—deep in the Edinburgh Review—diplomatic in France—oracular at his club—exact in his histories—fickle in his attachments—versatile as an actor—profound as a lawyer—we find compounds of all his peculiar qualifications in the many essays which come from his nimble and caustic pen.

Benjamin Rush

John C. Warren

Rumford & Silliman

DR. BENJAMIN RUSH, of revolutionary celebrity as a surgeon, died at the head of his profession on this continent. His autography is characteristic of his declaration that "Medicine without principles is a humble art, and a degrading profession," and every stroke of his pen evinces a bold, decided, and critically accurate mind, intent upon a logical analysis.

DR. WARREN enjoys the confidence and esteem which invariably attend on a long and meritorious professional life. His published productions evince equal research, talent and judgment, and have won him an honorable position throughout the scientific world. Such men give character to whatever department of science they lead.

COUNT RUMFORD was a New England boy, who by study and scientific research rose to wealth, title and fame abroad. Equally distinguished as a practical chemist, and a scientific scholar, is Professor SILLIMAN, whose highest reward is the gratitude of every intelligent fellow-citizen, and the honorable regard of every true philosopher in Christendom.



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MATURIN M. RALLOU, EDITOR.

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CAROLINE A. HAYDEN,
FRANK CARBY,
REV. HENRY BACON,
WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE,
ALICE B. NEAL,
WILLIAM LEIGHTON, JR.,
SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,
REV. F. W. HOLLAND,
BEN: PERLEY POORE.

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"Japan and the Japanese," a sketch, by BEN: PERLEY POORE.
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"Rain," verses, by GEORGE H. COCHRAN.
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THE PATENT OFFICE AT WASHINGTON.

The Patent Office, of which we present a fine picture on page 217, is a striking evidence of the fostering care with which our republican government encourages industry and protects genius. The monarchical powers of Europe levy such exorbitant charges upon their patents, that poor inventors have to dispose of their rights to rich capitalists, who reap the harvest of emolument due to those whose skill has given birth to the improvements. But here, every man can have the fruit of his inventive genius carefully examined, almost free of cost, and if it is worthy of a patent, the charges are within the reach of any mechanic, however humble. The reports of the Patent Office, widely circulated, embody a vast deal of agricultural and mechanical information, and its branch of public administration requires officers of the most varied acquirements. We look upon the institution as one highly creditable to our republican government.

SALARIES RAISED.

The salaries of the Vice President (\$5000), and six members of the Cabinet have been raised from \$6000 to \$8000, each; that of the Attorney General from \$4000 to \$5000; while the four missions to Great Britain, France, Russia, and Spain, have been raised from \$9000 to \$20,000 each per annum. The work was accomplished by inserting these provisions in one of the Appropriation Bills as amendments. To our mind, this is but justice; for our own part, we would not be obliged to live in Washington for double the sum received by the Secretary per annum. As to representatives of our government abroad, it becomes a nation, like our own, to give them ample means to sustain the respectability of its character by a proper liberality in their doings, and to enable them to live in a style that will favorably compare with the representatives of other independent powers.

HOWARD ATHENEUM.—Mr. Willard, the enterprising manager and lessee of this favorite house, has begun the spring season with a most excellent stock company, and other attractions and improvements. The location of the Howard is a great matter to its advantage, and it merits the popularity so freely accorded to it.

SPLINTERS.

.... Two hundred and twenty-three young men graduated at Jefferson Medical College about a fortnight since.
.... Few actors, in Europe or America, equal Mr. J. E. Murdoch. He adds to professional merit the character of a gentleman.
.... It is a sad and somewhat remarkable fact that there are twenty-eight hundred idiots in the State of New Hampshire.
.... Alice Carey is about to issue a second edition of her book entitled "Clovenhook;"—a charming work it is.
.... A large and very finely-conducted public house, called the "Revere House," has lately been opened in Havana, Cuba.
.... We observe that the English government have resolved to establish a national mint in Australia, immediately.
.... Miss Kimherly has been making a very successful professional tour at the South, "reading" and performing on the stage.
.... The population of Italy is three millions greater than that of the entire territory of the United States.
.... The American consulship at Panama is said to be worth \$100,000. Who would live there, at any price?
.... The oldest town in the United States is that of St. Augustine, in Florida, founded in the year 1564.
.... Gas, we observe, is being very generally introduced into the principal towns of New England. Cheap and safe.
.... The first lightning-rod, erected by Dr. Franklin, is still standing in the city of Philadelphia.
.... Hon. Charles G. Greene, lately appointed Naval Officer of this port, is a person to reflect credit on any position.
.... The famous trotting horse "Mac" has just been purchased for eight thousand dollars by a Boston man.
.... Boston Light Dragoons, Company B, Col. I. H. Wright, commander, gave a splendid public entertainment on the 23d ult.

HON. CALIB CUSHING.

Probably the leading feature of the new Cabinet, notwithstanding his apparently secondary position, is General Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts. He is a statesman, in the true acceptance of the term, and by his profound and varied acquirements and superior ability, will take high rank among the rulers of the land. But why he is not Secretary of State, in our view, is because of motives of sound policy on the part of the President, and not that his talents and standing were not equal to the post. The great Democratic State of New York is torn and divided by party quarrels which no man save Governor Marcy can soothe and quell. All important as it was, and is, that the party in that State should be united and effective, the services of Mr. Marcy must be secured. No man like him to pour oil upon the troubled waters, and, therefore, it is that he, and not General Cushing, is premier of the new administration.

But the man is there; he is in the government, and his wisdom and power will be exercised for good upon the destinies of the country. General Cushing began life quite young. At a period of life when others are boys, he was a man; the youngest and yet the leader of his class at college; a tutor to instruct and guide, when his mates were but students. The old Essex North District saw and appreciated his abilities, and promptly sent him to Congress to care for her important interests. At once he took a high position in the National Legislature, and by his celebrated report upon the Oregon question—the clearest and ablest exposition of that important subject that either Europe or America has produced,—he stamped indelibly his character as a whole-souled, clear-headed and warm-hearted American statesman. The Mexican war found him ready to establish by his acts the character which he had won by his pen. Massachusetts hesitated, faltered, failed in her patriotic duty; but General Cushing, with eloquence that cut to the heart like the blast of a trumpet, told her what duty required, and then nobly did what the proud old State unwisely refused to do for herself.

His private parse most generously fitted out the regiment of volunteers, and he girded on the sword and led the troops to the field. This was noble conduct, and right-minded men ever have and ever will applaud him for it. President Polk responded to the impulsive approbation of the popular heart, and made him a general in the army. The people of Massachusetts forgot not his faithful service, and cast their votes for him as governor of the State. False slander reared its baneful crest; but his upright character looked it down and laid it grovelling in the dust. Then friends loved and enemies hated him; but now all respect the man, admire his talents, and thank God that his strong arm and clear head are called to the service of the country in these troubled times.

ART AND ARTISTS.

It is very evident that a more liberal spirit pervades the public mind, of late, touching the matter of art and artists. This is one of the marked evidences of our steady advancement in true civilization and refinement. No artist who exhibits any kind of excellence has reason to complain of want of patronage. If he is a good draughtsman, his services are always in demand; if he is merely a fine colorist, though deficient in drawing, purity of color will command a sale for his pictures; if he paints every-day life, like Mount or Edmunds, his compositions are taken from his easel as fast as he can finish them. Landscape painters, like Cropsey, Durand and Cassilear, do not find their works slow of sale; while Hinkley has realized a fortune by painting cattle. In a word, talent is justly and even generously rewarded; it is only quackery and false pretensions that fail.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—The publisher has forwarded us the back numbers of Volume IV. of the above elegantly illuminated journal. It is a publication that Americans should be proud and elated by sustaining it. The engravings are numerous of the finest description, and the subjects judiciously selected. The letter-press is very beautiful—and the contents of the work possess a high order of literary merit. The Pictorial is printed in Boston, weekly, at \$3 for single subscribers; two subscribers for \$5; four subscribers for \$9; eight subscribers for \$16. It numbers among its contributors some of the most eminent writers in the Union—such as Rev. H. Hastings Weld, T. Buchanan Read, Henry William Herbert, Epes Sargent, Park Benjamin, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Mrs. Alice B. Neal, Miss Phoebe Carey, Mrs. Caroline Orne, etc., etc. This work is printed suitable for binding, and will make at the end of the year two beautiful and valuable volumes of 416 pages each. It is worth ten times the subscription price, and should have at least 200,000 subscribers.—*Mineral Point (Wis.) Democrat.*

"THE STORM CHILDREN: or, The Light-Keeper of the Channel. A story of Adventure upon the Sea and the Shore." By AUSTIN C. BURDICK.—This story, just completed in the columns of the Flag of our Union, is now issued in book form, and can be had at any of the periodical depots throughout the country. The story is one of more than usual interest, and will richly repay perusal.

THE HEIGHT OF AUDACITY.—The English papers hardly know what to make of Ericsson's engine and the big ship. One says it is a "stupendous experiment unequalled in point of audacity in the history of mechanics!"

REMARKABLE.—Mr. Moore has communicated to the Entomological Society a note on an Indian spider, in whose gigantic web, five feet in diameter, a bird was found entangled, and the young spiders feeding upon the body.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—This much admired work has reached its fourth volume, and maintains its former character for correctness in engravings and its high order of original articles, which will always claim the attention of a discerning public. Its equal as a good family periodical, is not to be found in the Union.—*Delhi (Indiana) Journal.*

LAWYERS.—Kentucky takes the fifth rank in the Union as to the number of its lawyers. New York has 4740; Ohio, 3031; Virginia, 1420; Massachusetts, 1132; and Kentucky, 1066.

PASSING AWAY.—The old churchyard of Alloway, the scene of "Tam O'Shanter," has been levelled, and all the gravestones removed. Thus are perishing the memorials of the past.



MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr. Samuel Green to Miss Jacobella Dally; Mr. Samuel Jander, of Hartford, Ct., to Miss Susan W. Kimball; Mr. John H. Stokes to Miss Susan McMill; Mr. Frederick Weniger to Miss Helen Kop; Mr. William Perry to Miss Catherine Foley.
At South Boston, Mr. Ellis F. Peterson, of Duxbury, to Miss Martha J. Parker, of Boston.
At Charlestown, by Rev. Wm. C. Whitcomb, D.D., J. C. Dorr, of Stoneham, to Miss Mary Ann Flint, of Charlestown, daughter of George S. Flint, Esq., of Rutland, Mass.
At North Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Farnsworth, Mr. Thomas Davis to Miss Mary Sylvester.
At Malden, Mr. Oliver P. Fernald to Miss Lydia R. Harlow.
At South Frammingham, by Rev. Joseph H. Phipps, Mr. G. A. Somerby, of Woburn, to Miss Abigail O. Clark, youngest daughter of Charles Clark, Esq.
At Lowell, Mr. Isaac Pearl to Miss Mary F. Bowker; Mr. Joseph C. Richardson to Miss Maria N. Gregg.
At Marlboro, March 10, by Rev. Mr. Alger, Mr. A. Lewis Maynard, of Yeltonville, to Miss Mary B. Howe, of Marlboro.
At Bridgewater, by Rev. Thomas P. Rodman, Mr. Lewis Holmes to Mrs. Mary Ann Drew.
At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. Everett F. Sherman to Miss Elizabeth Talbot.
At Lee, by Rev. A. Oale, Mr. Samuel B. Ingram to Miss Martha A. Johnson both of Becket.



DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Rebecca Barron, 77; William H. Prantley, Esq., 72; Mrs. Sarah Oerry, 65; Mrs. Mary O. Richards, wife of Joseph L. Richards, 86.
At Lynn, Mrs. Martha Smith, 21; Mr. John K. Crosby, 27; Eunice Collins 72; Mrs. Frances Hanson, 23.
At Salem, Mr. Thomas Barker, Jr., 72; Mrs. Eliza Ann Read, wife of Mr. Henry J. Read, 25.
At East Lexington, Mrs. Nancy Billings, 80.
At Westboro, Mrs. Amy Davenport, 78.
At Woxford, widow Melitable Perley, 91.
At Wareham, Mrs. Hannah S., wife of Alfred Dykes, 23.
At Chester, Mr. Lindsey M. H. Brown, 21.
At Roxbury, Rebecca D. Samson, 27.
At Townsend, Mrs. Eunice, wife of Levi Conant, 72.
At Springfield, Mrs. Sabra O., wife of George Dewey, 59.
At Pittsfield, Mr. Ichabod Clark, 57; Mr. Reuben W. Brooks, 23.
At Providence, R. I., Mrs. Abby Constantine, 60.
At Portland, Me., Nathan Dyer, Esq., 73.
At Fort Cabello, of yellow fever, Capt. Thomas C. Page, master of schooner Acadia, of Newburyport.
Lost overboard from whaler Dunbarton, Dec. 23, Augustus W. Nichols, of Woburn, Mass., 19.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A SEA SONG.

BY MATTHEW M. BALLOU.

Away, away,
With her sails drawing free,
Danceth our bark
O'er the billowy sea;
Kissing her prow,
The blue wavelets break,
Quickly to form
In her silvery wake.

Away, away,
From land she is steered;
With courage and sea-room
There's naught to be feared:
Daintily dipping
Her prow in the wave,
The rippling waters
Her dark sides lave.

Hoist every sail,
Let us speed her away,
Beating the dolphins
'Neath her swift keel at play.
Bravely she pranceeth,
Like a charger on shore;
Lightly she glideth
The deep waters o'er.

Thus on time's ocean
Man steereth his way,—
His span but a moment,
His life but a day.
On death's dark billow
Soon tempts he the wave,
Shoreward he's heading,
His port is—the grave!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ATHENS AS IT IS.

BY REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

"Fair Greece! sad relics of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more—though fallen, great."

ATHENS still has a deep interest, wholly her own. She is now to Greece what Paris is to France, and Constantinople to Turkey. Nearly all that one wishes to see, nearly all that one cares to know of Grecian art in its ruin is here. The cities that laid nearer the seashore have been entirely rifled; every marble block in them has been counted a fair prize; the spoiler has done as much mischief as he pleased; the Corinthian temple has served as a convenient quarry for the modern builder; the graceful mausoleum has fallen an easy victim to the inexorable museum-collector.

Not so in Athens. A greater than Minerva has spread his protecting wings over the beloved city of the goddess of Wisdom—has, far more than is generally believed, preserved the most precious relics of the past. Nay, there is something like a resurrection of buried glory in the excellent restoration of the temple of Theseus, and of the exquisite shrine of Victory on the Acropolis. And then, another matter moves an American's heart towards Athens, besides its delicious sky, its healthy breezes, its rich mountain-ranges, its civilized welcome-back from the constant discomfortableness of Syria or Turkey,—it is the indefinite hope which arches over this soft sky with its bow of promise! In Constantinople there must evidently be destruction before there can be regeneration. In Syria there is no party of progress, no republicanism, "red" or otherwise, no distinct hope for any coming generation; the nightmare of despair presses down the heart of poor Palestine. Egypt cannot rise with its present ruler, yet none was ever more firmly seated on its vice-royal throne; and her people, like most of the African and Asiatic family, have not caught the first Promethean spark; no progress spirit stirs their sluggish-bosom; a little more ease under their burdens, and they, and their children, and their children's children will bear those burdens, without a murmur, to the grave. Thank God, it is not so at Athens. No satisfaction is there with their present puppet of a king, none with their theatre-show of a church. Witnessing every kind of perversion in both, rejecting both alike in indignant scorn, the young men of Greece "hide their time." By a spirited press and an ever-thronged cafe they utter their indignation at present corruption, their pantings for a brighter day to come. There never was a nobler opening for a great work of national construction, than when the throne of Greece offered itself to our Europe of the nineteenth century. And there never was a more cruel insult to a hopeful people, just rising from ages of bondage, than palming off upon them this water-soaked log as a king. A soldier they would have respected, a scholar they might have revered, a philanthropist they must have loved, an artist they would have almost worshipped. But this poor, pasteboard show, this mere king's son, this weakest decoction of a feeble line, they would have been satisfied to ridicule, had he not proved himself an outrageous oppressor. Every drachma which he can wring from grinding poverty has he squandered on an immense, tasteless, marble palace, for his own childless family,—from its fine situation, near the ancient Lyceum, looking down a noble street in sad evidence of the degeneracy of modern art, and the profanation of the sacred earnings of toil among the most modern of nations. The sum which this needless, hospital-like structure has cost, though not even the government knows the precise amount, is reckoned at millions. Meanwhile, education is little more than a name; and, save the five miles to the Piræus, the first road has not been made. An army as large as that the United States is

maintained for a bare million of people, who could not protect anything their own but by the guarantee of the great powers of Europe. A police force is no doubt needed, while the people are rather oppressed than encouraged in their industry; but this crowd of soldiers is evidently eating out the heart of the land, merely to gratify the vanity of the mimic monarch. The besetting sins of the Greek, his credulity, simplicity, fickleness, dishonesty, are not such as demand an armed force to keep them under restraint. While his kind-heartedness, his good nature, his spirit of hope, his childlike love of pleasure, would respond at once to the paternal sway of a government like our own,—would, I doubt not, bear richest fruit again, were the vine, which has so long drunk only its own blood, suffered to imbibe freely God's quickening sunlight and generous dew.

But I have made heavier charges against the government of Greece than its mere waste of revenue, a very kingly failing, would justify. The name of Otho has been very much hidden from us of late. He is nothing but a stupid tyrant; his policy is strictly Russian. The youth of Greece suspect him of intending to crush them into serfdom. In Athens, particularly, there is a just horror of his administration, which the American residents fully share. Bribes are taken regularly by high officers of government, crimes escape punishment, the royal right of pardon is shockingly abused, robberies are increasing, the public morals have to struggle against every obstacle, the greater part of a most fertile land is still untilled, and, worst of all, the government espouses the cause of an utterly effectual superstition.

Words are wanting to express disgust enough at this gibbering ghost of ancient piety. I had seen the Greek Church despised in other lands, I looked to see it honored at home. I found it the lowest mummery at Jerusalem; I should have rejoiced to own it as the regenerator of a rising people. But there is no land calling itself Christian, where Christianity has so little dignity or power, so little life or grace. The Sabbath is the grand auction and parade-day. The principal business street, that is in the neighborhood of the coffee-houses, is entirely thronged on that day. No Catholic community, certainly no Protestant one, presents any such sight, with the exception of the Jews' Fair at London. All young Greece seems just ready to swarm—every man, as in Paul's day, anxious to hear or tell some new thing. It is a boiling sea of gossip, which makes the only Sunday worship of thousands in Athens,—the worship of vanity, curiosity, indolence, pleasure, folly and sin. With the exception of some forty adults attendant upon the English service of Dr. Hill, and as many more gathered under Dr. King, at a service recently broken up by a priestly mob, the Sabbath seems left to the clergy alone. On a perfectly beautiful Sunday I visited many of the principal Greek churches in the city, and was surprised to find myself nearly alone, as on other days of the week. But a moment's thought satisfied me; never was the Great Spirit insulted by so wretched a mockery. The church-interiors have not half the solemnity of the mosque, nor the worshippers the devotion of the Moslem, nor are the paintings even tolerable, and statuary is absolutely proscribed in obedience to the commandment against graven images. But the service itself is a mere snore, witnessed with indifference, and hastened through as an ugly job. The priests are generally low and ignorant; the more intelligent youth are French skeptics. The present spiritual state of the country is worse than nothing, and does not promise anything better for the future. Hardly another spot can be found on the wide earth, where missionaries are so much needed, where they are certain to bring so rich a blessing and work so vast a change, raising up a glorious church upon the smouldering ruins of priestcraft mummery, spiritual stupor and superstition. It must be, however, a higher task, reserved for minds like Heber and Arnold,—minds quickened by intelligence, strengthened by philosophy, and warmed by a Christian-like love.

As the Sabbath morning is consecrated at Athens to vendues, the afternoon is chiefly interesting for its royal exhibition. An excellent military band plays opera tunes in the midst of a public square surrounded by a great circle of the gayest-looking fops in the richest dress of modern Europe; and the prettiest existing specimen of quondam appears on horseback, with a few maids of honor and cavaliers, circles the ring four times at a graceful canter, bows to the gratified crowd, then gallops back to her marble halls. It was agreed on all hands to be a rich exhibition. Delicious music, fine horsemanship, a lady whose beauty is not wholly a tale of the past, and a very well behaved turn-out of the gayer part of the people. The stranger has certainly reason to be grateful for this weekly opportunity of seeing all that is most interesting in the Athens of "to-day."

The architectural remains of the capital of Greece are far more interesting than we were prepared to meet. And, after witnessing the rapid ruin going on in Egypt, where every traveller defaces and pillages what he can, without restraint, remorse, or fear of punishment, it is really a relief to see the past respected in its renowned achievements. Giant robberies have been committed in days gone by, but now everything is sacredly guarded. The temple of Theseus, an older, simpler structure than the Parthenon, with the labors of Hercules on its frieze, one of the finest things in Greece, is quite full of precious fragments gathered all over the country; some of their blocks which have lain buried for centuries, some of Egyptian parentage, but many of them the unmistakable creations of the ripest art the world has ever seen. Here, as at the Parthenon, are always present some of the old soldiers of the revolution, to see that nothing is injured or carried away; and, though no sum is asked, the traveller who hears of their extreme poverty is glad to bestow some expression of respectful sympathy.

Around this Theseum cluster the most fragrant memories of Athens. A little back is the ancient "Faneuil Hall," where

the cradle of liberty with a master's hand; the "cradle of liberty" for the orator; a magnificent sky spread over the possible arch, the marble glories of the Parthenon, the continuity in snow-white marble, appling themselves to the other the loveliest waters in the world, kindling the eye at one time with hope, at another shrouding it in despair; directly in the rear, the prison where Socrates is said to have met his fate; in front the most impressive audience which ever echoed to human voice; and all over the city below the monuments of national glory, the beacon-lights by which the genius of a Phidias and a Praxiteles illuminated the path of the past, and beckoned on the future. Modern eloquence can hardly hope such outward inspiration as in this "land of lost gods and godlike men."

Nearer to the Acropolis, and yet separate from it by a natural or artificial hollow, is the Areopagus, so memorable in Paul's history, where the known God was announced in vain to the worshippers of the "unknown." But the Acropolis itself is one of the noblest sights in the world, and one of the few things to which the rest of earth offers no resemblance; whose interest, too, is deeper in its ruined state than in its pride of renown. It is a mass of solid rock, thrown up a few hundred feet above the crust of earth, walled around with some immensely large and some very curious stones, and entirely filled within by buildings, chiefly the remains of temples. There is only one eyesore, and that a shapeless, lofty tower, erected for military purposes by the first Frank princes. The little temple to the right as you enter, put in excellent order by the present government, contains the perfectest bas-relief in existence—the goddess Victory stooping to bind on her sandal. Unlike many of the over-praised relics of ancient genius, this gem cannot be admired too much; modern art has thus far produced nothing so instinct with beauty. It must have been almost preternaturally hidden, to have escaped the greedy hand of the spoiler.

The great portico of the Parthenon must have been intended for defence as well as ornament, like a Propylon in Egypt. Its huge blocks are of a pearly white, while the same marble in the main building takes a brownish tinge. Passing through this entrance-way, where are traces of a carriage-path, between lofty columns whose capitals are no higher than the floor of the Parthenon, and passing by one of the square blocks, the ancient pedestal of a statue lofty enough to be seen by the whole city, the immense ruin rises before you in its unrivalled glory. The bursting of a powder-magazine, in a needless attack made by the Venetians on the then Turkish city, has destroyed all the middle of the temple; but the front and rear have lost nothing, and the modern robberies of the English and French collectors have really been a greater calamity than the mischance or malice of war. Still much of the famous frieze standing now upon a level with the beholder, on the pavement of the temple, is in a far better position for the study of its delicate beauty than when it was raised forty feet above his head; and the whole effect of the interior is preserved.

I noticed one curious illustration of the admirable finish of the work. The dragomen show some immensely long stones, with no trace of joint on face or side, and as such they are warmly praised in the books of travellers. On kneeling down and looking under, however, it was very easy to detect the dividing line of this most finished masonry in the world. Evidently the surfaces must have been polished, to unite so perfectly and become a single inseparable stone; and yet this was merely the outside pavement on one side of the structure. Even the admirable joiner-work of the interior of the Cheops Pyramid will not bear comparison.

The temples of Erechtheus and Minerva Polias, much smaller buildings than the Parthenon, communicating with one another, are of a later and more florid style. One of them with six marble statues adds to the beauty of the chaster but more injured sister at its side.

The view from this height is superb. The city, which once held the Acropolis as its central heart, now lies on one side. The sixteen huge pillars of the temple of Jupiter stand quite alone in the distant plain. Pentelicus is full in view with its unexhausted quarries of the finest marble. Hymettus makes a back ground to the picture, still celebrated for its singular honey, of a wild but pleasant taste. A curious conical mountain, bearing the name and chapel of St. Elias, rises before you just at the other end of the town, and the heights of Parnassus and Salamis nobly close the view; while from every part of the city the Acropolis is seen towering up as its guardian genius,—and when its altars were smoking with incense and an illustrious throng of heroes, sages, poets and orators gathered to worship amid the immortal creations of Phidias, earth can have witnessed no prouder spectacle. And

"Though here no more Apollo haunts his grove,
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave."

TALLEYRAND'S CUNNING.

A lady, who professed to be charmed with Talleyrand's wit, begged of him to write his name in her album. His gallantry could not refuse, and he began to write a verse.

"Arretez, Monsieur!" exclaimed the lady; "it may be very well for inferior persons to write verses, but the name of Talleyrand is enough to appear in my book. It is fame."

He fixed his keen eyes on the supplicating fair one, and wrote his name at the very top of the page. The anecdote spread; and all Paris laughed at the happy evasion of perhaps seeing his name in a few days signed to a bill of 10,000 francs!—*N. Y. Mirror.*

True modesty is a discerning grace,
And only blushes in the proper place;
But counterfeit is blind, and skulls through fear,
Where 'tis a shame to be ashamed to appear.—*Courper.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The new Territory of Washington, created by the last Congress, comprises that part of Oregon which lies north of the channel of the Columbia River, to where it crosses the 46th degree of latitude and thence along said degree of latitude to the top of the Cascade Mountains. It is said that the height of a rope is perfectly harmless. The brightness of the plow-share will prove a better security to our republican institutions than all the windy patriotism of long speeches in Congress. It is fortunate for public speakers that deluges cannot be daguerreotyped. A workman, engaged in digging clay at a brick-yard, in Carlisle, Pa., a few days since, dug up, at the depth of several feet from the surface, a bomb-shell, containing twenty-three balls. It had evidently been in the ground many years. Colonel Colt is rapidly becoming a millionaire, from the immense demand for his revolvers in all parts of the belligerent world. It is not uncommon to meet with men who have learned the art of turning brass into gold. Since French invasion has been agitated, England has re-organized her militia system, and 60,000 defensive troops are now at the command of the military authorities for any emergency. The child shooteth at a butterfly, but the man's mark is an eagle. The dramatic critic of the London Times says it is surprising how popular an exhibition of drunkenness always is with an English theatrical audience. "A foreigner, expressing the sympathy it produces, might reasonably infer that sobriety was regarded as one of the national virtues." In whatever shape evil comes, we are apt to exclaim, with Hamlet: "Take any shape but that!" In 1849, a man in New York, who wished to obtain office under the government, sent to the New York Courier and Enquirer a puff of himself, with a promise of fifty dollars in case he succeeded. The editors of the paper properly published both puff and promise. Two persons lost their lives during the fog in London, recently, by accidentally walking into the canal. The Spaniards do not often pay hyperbolic compliments, but one of their admired writers, speaking of a lady's black eyes, says, "They were in mourning for the murders they had committed." The weather in Ireland has been very severe. The fall of snow has been heavier than for twelve years, and sleighs have been introduced into the streets of Dublin. The Cork papers state that several trees have been killed with the extreme cold in the vicinity of that city. Thackeray, in one of his lectures, paid a deserved compliment to the English language. "It is the only language," he said, "that Freedom is permitted to speak." Shakespeare says, that "the fashion doth wear out more apparel than the man." In this way the caprices of the rich help to supply the wants of the poor, and so not much harm is done. Some men think themselves inspired when they are only inflated.

TRUE GENEROSITY.

We learn from the Home Journal that Charles Partridge, match manufacturer, of New York, a few days ago invited all the workmen in his employ to a banquet at his own house. Before the repast, he announced his intention, during the present year, of testing the practicability of uniting the interests of the capitalist and the laborer, by dividing among his employees ten per cent. of the profits of his business. Next year he intends to go farther, and divide a still greater proportion. The banquet is to be given every year. One act of justice, like this, is worth ten thousand acts of charity, such as are heralded abroad as the doings of the rich. Is not this an example worthy of imitation, a model profitably to be followed?

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—The first submarine telegraph on the American continent has been put in operation under the arm of the sea which separates Prince Edward's Island from Nova Scotia. It is 140 miles long, five times the length of that from the French to the English coasts. This telegraph is a link in the line that is to be used, in connection with the ocean steamers, in bringing England and the United States within five days' communication—a consummation that is confidently expected.

THE "NORTH STAR."—Mr. Vanderbilt's steamship, in which it is proposed to make a pleasure trip to Europe and the Mediterranean, has been named the "North Star." It is expected she will make the passage from there to Southampton, the first port visited, in twelve days. She is only five hundred tons smaller than the Collins' steamers.

COWS IN SAVOY.—M. Eugene Sue states that in Savoy all the work of ploughing and drawing, instead of being done by horses or oxen, is performed by milch cows, which work eight or ten hours a day, without the slightest depreciation of the quality or quantity of milk.

RETURNED.—Col. T. B. Lawrence, *attache* to the American legation to England, after a brief absence, on a visit to the United States, has returned to his post in London. Col. Lawrence has become very popular, during his residence abroad, and has reflected credit and honor upon the position he holds.

FORTUNE'S CHANGES.—It is reported there is a prince of royal blood, who, instead of guiding the ship of state, guides the horses before one of the omnibuses that pass through Broadway, New York.

PERSONAL.—We hear excellent accounts of the young American tragedian, Mr. E. L. Davenport, now performing in London. He has created for himself a distinguished European reputation.

Wayside Gatherings.

The Masonic fraternity in New Orleans have purchased the Commercial Exchange in that city for \$55,000.

In a poor-house, in Alabama, is said to be one of the ferry-men of Washington across the Delaware before the battle of Trenton.

There have been thirteen wrecks upon the reefs in the vicinity of Key West since the 1st of January.

Three thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight houses have been erected in Philadelphia during the past year.

The Vincennes (Ind.) Gazette proposes the erection of a monument to Gen. Harrison at Vincennes.

He who encourages young men in the pursuit of agriculture, is doing a good work for the morals of society a hundred years hence.

The Lower House of the Canada Legislature passed an act allowing such interest to be charged as the lender chooses, but six per cent. only to be recoverable by law.

A "curious woman" in Rockville, says the Hartford Courant, counted the stitches she took in making a shirt. The number was fourteen thousand four hundred and thirty-five.

An increase of farm products lessens the market price, and the consumer is more benefited than the producer. Therefore, the encouragement of agriculture is the interest of the whole people.

A philanthropist in Missouri has just invented a cradle, which, on being wound up like a clock, will rock the baby twenty-four hours without stopping.

The ice is so scarce in Paris, that the ice-cream confectioners have formed an association to send to Sweden and Norway, twenty ships, to be loaded with this useful and much wanted article.

Judge Warren, of Cincinnati, has refused to order the restoration of a child from the Orphan Asylum to its mother, from the fact of her having deserted it at the time it was taken to the Asylum.

Mayor Gilpin, of Philadelphia, has had daguerreotypes taken of all the noted characters arrested within the past year or two, and he has now quite a gallery of the celebrities. This is an excellent police arrangement.

Mr. Irving has been occupying himself during a part of his visit, with Mr. Kennedy, Secretary of the Navy, in Washington, with researches in the public offices, for his "Personal Memoirs" of the Father of his Country.

The citizens of Princeton have petitioned the Legislature for a law prohibiting billiards in that borough, which they represent as necessary to protect the morals of the college students, who are diverted from their studies and drawn into evil habits.

Louis Napoleon has recently returned to Professor Anderson, the "Wizard of the North," £30, which he borrowed of that mysterious individual, and by way of interest, has accompanied the remittance with a diamond ring and a letter of thanks.

A singular accident occurred at Saukville, Washington county, Wisconsin, on the night of the 21st ult. A man named Day was performing, among others, the feat of swallowing the sword, and it appears swallowed it too far. He was conveyed to his lodgings by some of the audience, and medical aid was immediately procured, but at the last accounts, Day was not expected to live.

Foreign Items.

Snails are eaten on the continent as a substitute for oysters.

Sugar of a very fine quality is being manufactured in the Sandwich Islands.

It is a fact, that 200,000 people daily arrive in, and quit London by rail.

Max Bohrer and Emile Prudent have been giving concerts in Paris.

By the adoption of a newly invented screw, her Majesty's steam tender Fairy has attained a speed of 15 1-2 knots.

A whale of immense size was thrown by the tide on the shores of Algiers, near that city, at St. Eugene, on the 5th ult. The Arabs took possession of the carcass.

Although the French Legislature will support the government, they have determined to act more independently in checking expenditures.

The King of Siam acknowledges himself a tributary to England. The rebellion in China is more threatening than ever. The insurgents have progressed with exceeding boldness, and are gathering force.

Rumors have been in circulation in Paris for some days past, of the probability of an alliance by treaty, between France, England, and two or three minor States, with a view to counterbalance the power of the north of Europe.

The Sultan has given notice through the Charge d'Affaires of the United States at Constantinople, that the Turkish Government will be unable to despatch a war steamer with Turkish goods to the Crystal Palace exhibition at New York.

Three speculators are now publishing, in Paris, the music of Queen Hortense, the mother of Louis Napoleon, who, it is well known, used to compose very pretty songs, and to sing them with much taste. The book is elegantly printed in gold and colors, and bound in a very brilliant style. It will sell well.

Letters from Milan to the 15th say that there was still great difficulty in obtaining access to, or egress from, the city. Baron Martini, the military commandant, had threatened to punish severely any person raising cries, singing, or whistling in the streets. Singing was also prohibited in the churches.

The English Board of Trade returns for the year, show a surplus of exports over the preceding year of £2,900,000 sterling. Metals show over a million increase, while cotton manufactures show £150,000 decrease. Other exports all increased, except candles, cordage, cutlery, drysalteries, salt, refined sugar and woollen yarns.

An English gentleman was recently assaulted, arrested, and imprisoned in the most outrageous manner in Naples. A complaint, however, being made, he was freed; Prince Ischitellar, the minister of war, unbinding him and brushing his clothes. The sergeant who ordered the arrest was degraded, and the soldier who had instigated and made the arrest received two hundred lashes.

The dragoman of the Russian legation, at Constantinople, has announced to the Porte that the cabinet of St. Petersburg was ready to induce Prince Daniel, of Montenegro, to evacuate the Turkish territory and the positions he had taken up, in return for which, he required that the Porte should immediately discontinue hostilities, and offered his assistance to smooth the existing difficulties.

Sands of Gold.

.... The nightingale that sings to us nestles nowhere but in our own breasts.

.... Upright politicians ask what recommends an aspirant—corrupt ones who.

.... Beware of judging hastily; it is better to suspend an opinion than to retract an assertion.

.... Those who are in the habit of making themselves "all honey," are apt to be troubled by the flies.

.... An economical application of time brings leisure and method, and enables us to drive our business, instead of our business driving us.

.... Affect not to despise beauty, no one is freed from its dominion; but regard it not a pearl of price, it is fleeting as the bow in the clouds.—*Tupper.*

.... We never knew a scolding person that was ever able to govern a family. What makes people scold? because they cannot govern themselves, how can they govern others.

.... It is harder to avoid censure, than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age; but, to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.

.... 'Tis a pity we so often succeed in our attempts to deceive each other, for our double-dealing generally comes down upon ourselves. To speak a lie or to act a lie is alike contemptible in the sight of God and man.—*Everton.*

.... Know thyself, thy evil as thy good, and flattery shall not harm thee; yea, her speech shall be a warning, a humbling and a guide. For wherein thou lackest most, there chiefly will the sycophant commend thee.—*Tupper.*

.... In the humblest condition, a power goes forth from a devout and disinterested spirit, calling forth silently, moral and religious sentiment, perhaps in a child, or some other friend, and teaching, without the aid of words, the loveliness and peace of sincere and single-hearted virtue.—*Channing.*

Joker's Budget.

The cannon that pealed on the fourth of March has been cured by a single application of the Russia Salve.

If the Doge of Venice were to lose his eight, what useful article would he be converted into? A Venetian blind.

"I wish you would pay a little attention, sir," said a stage manager to a careless actor. "Well, I am paying as little as I can," was the calm reply.

"I've three cents left," said a loafer, "so I'll buy a paper with 'em." "What paper will you buy?" said a friend, curious to learn the literary taste of his acquaintance. "A paper of tobacco," replied the loafer.

Should poultry breeders continue increasing the size of their stock at the present rate, the housekeeper will have occasionally to choose between a leg of fowl and a leg of mutton; we shall have chicken cutlets and capon steaks.

"Does the court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the Anger of Freedom intoxicated?" "Not at all, sir; I merely said that I had seen him frequently so flurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the snuffers—that's all."

"A certain man in this region," says a new correspondent, "looking the other morning at a picture of Cupid on a 'valentine' handbill, asked, 'Who is that portrait of?' 'Of Cupid,' was the reply. 'Humph! he was the rejoinder; it must have been taken when it was very young!'"

A traveller on the continent, visiting a celebrated cathedral, was shown by the sacristan, among other marvels, a dirty, opaque vial. After eyeing it some time, the traveller said: "Do you call this a relic?" "Sir," said the sacristan, indignantly, "it contains some of the darkness that Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

"I don't say, Mr. Judge, that the defendant was drunk. No, not by no means; but this I will say—when I last seen him he was washing his face in a mud puddle, and drying it on a door mat. Whether a sober man would do this, in course, I can't say." The court thought he wouldn't. The consequence was, the "defendant" went up for sixty days.

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F. GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK, THE PIANIST.

This gentleman, a native of New Orleans, who has but lately returned from Europe, whither he has been to perfect his musical education, has turned out to be one of the finest pianists in the world. The likeness which we herewith present of him is an excellent one. The critic of the New York Courier and Enquirer says: "Mr. Gottschalk's style is full of dash, and glitter, and quaint conceit. He piles the Pelion upon the Ossa of difficulty, but his Titanic labors do not enable him to mount heavenward. His command of the mechanism of his instrument is so vast, so unerring, that it seems as if it must have been born with him; as if it were impossible that mere practice and mere will could enable a man to do all that he does with his fingers. In this respect he has few rivals, perhaps no superior in the world. He annihilates difficulties; they fall around him, heaps upon heaps. They are not always of tremendous proportions, for he has as much delicacy of finger as power of arm and firmness of touch, and many of his triumphs seem to be the result of fineness of organization. He is ambidexter; and reversing the old saying, his thumbs are fingers. His first concert in this country filled the newspapers with rapturous eulogiums, fully sustaining the many tokens of approval which the foreign papers have given to him, and which led us to look with so much interest for his debut in this country. The Home Journal says:—"He produces the same sort, and the same degree of effect, as that which oratory sometimes has, in times of public commotion."

SHIP BUILDING.

Darius Davidson, a celebrated naval architect, of Boston, proposes to construct an immense steamer 700 feet in length. She is to be driven by sixteen separate engines, having a total of 5000 horse power, and the average speed of twenty-five miles per hour, and to have berths and state rooms for 3000 passengers! These figures seem large ones, but we are travelling towards their realization. Three thousand passengers is a great number to be on board a single ocean steamship, but one-half that number have, if we mistake not, already been carried on a single trip of some of the California steamers. Seven hundred feet is a great length for a sea going vessel now, but not nearly so great as half that length would have been considered fifteen years ago. The 350 feet we have—the 700 feet we may yet have. Where are the passengers to come from? say the doubting. Put the passage at \$20 to \$25, and you will see! If 250 per week offer themselves at \$125 fare, it is not unreasonable to expect 500 at \$75, or 1000 at \$50, or 3000 at \$25, and when the figures are made, the "Leviathan" will carry the palm by all odds, both of profit to the owners and comfort to the passengers. All that prevents the experiment is the fear that passengers and freight will not offer, because the people cannot be made to believe that such a vessel would be safe. There are merchants and moneyed men, who are personal believers in the project, but they want confidence

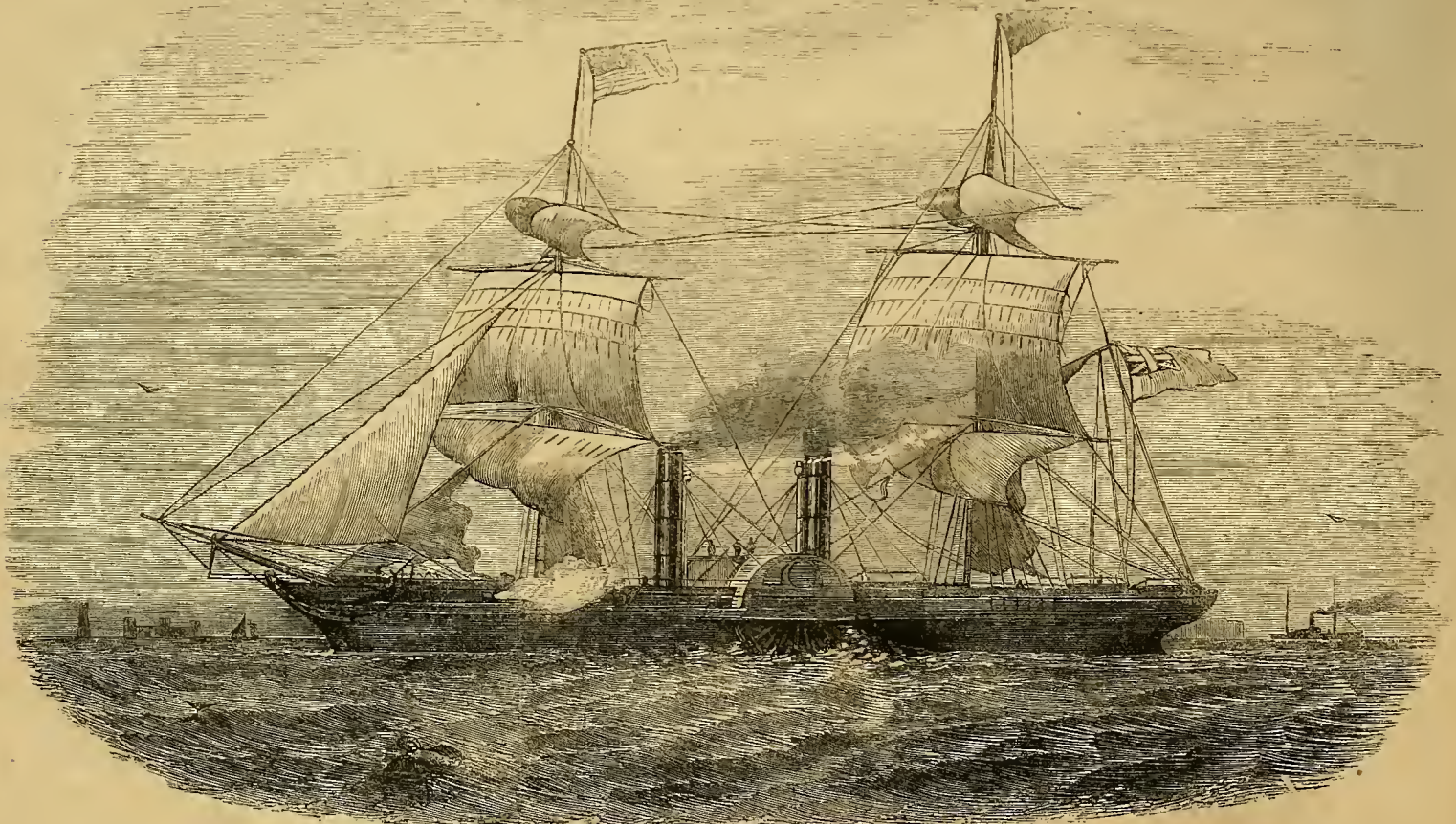


LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK, THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN PIANIST

that they will be sustained in the undertaking. It is worthy of notice that the largest ocean steamships now plying on the Atlantic, bear precisely the same proportion in length, breadth and depth, as is recorded to have existed in Noah's ark. The dimensions of the Atlantic steamers are,—length, 233 feet, breadth of beam, 50 feet, depth, 25 1-2. The dimensions of the ark were,—length, 300 cubits, breadth, 50 cubits, depth, 30 cubits. It will be seen, therefore, that the ark was nearly twice the size in length and breadth of these vessels, the cubit being twenty-two inches. After all the improvements of forty-two centuries, which have elapsed since the deluge, the ship-builders have to return to the model afforded by Noah's ark.—*Newburyport Herald*.

THE STEAMSHIP "ARABIA."

We herewith afford our readers a very fine view of the large and splendid steamship "Arabia," built at Glasgow, Scotland, for the Cunard Steamship Company, and designed as a regular packet between Liverpool and Boston and New York. The Arabia is of the following dimensions:—285 feet keel and fore-rake; beam, 41 feet; depth of hold, 28 feet; Custom-House measurement, 2393 37-100 tons; the engines of nine feet stroke; the diameter of the cylinders 103 inches; and the diameter of the paddle-wheels 36 feet. She is provided with tubular boilers, which are fired from amidships. She has two masts, unlike the other vessels of the company, which have three; and there are two chimneys. The figure-head of the Arabia is an Arab chief, in a warlike attitude. The stern, which is elliptical, is beautifully ornamented. The promenade deck extends the entire length of the vessel. The internal arrangements of the Arabia are very similar to those in the other vessels of the Cunard fleet, the comfort and convenience of passengers being the first consideration. Beneath the upper deck are saloons, stewards' pantry, etc. Between this pantry and the saloon two well-furnished libraries have been placed. The saloon itself is capable of dining 160 persons; and here a different style has been adopted from that to be seen in the other ships of the line. As the vessel has no mizzenmast, the saloon forms an unbroken apartment; and the absence of the mast has also given an opportunity to introduce a cupola, filled with stained glass. The cabinet work is of bird's-eye maple, panelled with a marqueterie of ebony. The ceiling blends oak beams, with green, and gold, and white alternately. In the upholstery, crimson hangings have been adopted. The sofas are covered with Utrecht crimson velvet, and the floor is laid with a rich tapestry carpet. The stern lights of the saloon are filled with stained glass, representing groups of camels, with their drivers, and other Oriental sketches; and the opposite end of the saloon is decorated with plate-glass mirrors, in highly-wrought gilt-frames. There are no fire-places, the whole of the apartments being heated by steam pipes traversing the floors, and the temperature can be regulated at pleasure. The gentlemen's retiring saloon is panelled with bird's-eye maple, and curtained and carpeted in the same way as the saloon. The ladies' boudoir, on the same deck, is of sash-wood, exquisitely carved in arabesques, and through the openings of which a crimson silk back-ground is introduced. A velvet pile carpet is laid on the floor, and the panels are adorned with paintings on glass, representing scenes in Arabia and other parts of the East, amongst which is a view of Jerusalem, another of Mount Ararat, and an encampment in the desert, which are very beautiful. The sleeping apartments are hung with Tournay curtains, and the floors are laid with Brussels carpets. The Arabia is stated to have the largest and most powerful engines ever put into a ship, and the ease and facility with which they work is a marked feature in their performance.



A REPRESENTATION OF THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP ARABIA, OF THE CUNARD LINE.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 14.—WHOLE No. 92.
6 CTS. SINGLE.

BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

We here present a very excellent copy from T. Buchanan Read's painting illustrating the beautiful little allegorical poem by Leigh Hunt, which is given herewith. With Mr. Read, as a poet, our readers are already acquainted; but to those who have not enjoyed an opportunity to examine his pencil and brush versification, we should say a word of him as a painter. Probably there are few artists of the present day who can equal, and none, within our knowledge, exceed him in point of judicious and yet striking effect in the mingling of color. His pictures are of that cast to take the eye and the deepest interest of the appreciating mind *at once*, the same as any beautiful scene in nature is sure to do. But let us give the reader the exquisite little poem that Mr. Read here illustrates so beautifully and so much to the life:

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase),
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said:
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Replied: 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write mine as one who loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote—and vanished. The next night
He came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blis'd,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

The picture is supposed to represent the moment when "the vision raised its head." Abou, half recumbent, is just awaking from his sleep; and the angel's face represents all the "sweet accord" that the poet refers to. The lines have always struck us as a beautiful theme, and even in boyhood we have read them with delight. Mr. Read is the first artist, probably, who has ever illustrated the beauty of the parable, and having seen the original—a reference to which our readers will recollect we took occasion to make in a former number—we can bear ample testimony to the exquisite finish and perfect grace of the artist's conception. The eagerness with which Mr. Read's paintings are sought for, is a compliment of the most tangible character to the young artist-poet, and we are gratified to know that his genius is paid, not only by appreciation, but by ample pecuniary return for its efforts.



ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE HEAVENLY MESSENGER.

A ROMANCE OF SPAIN IN THE 15TH CENTURY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE KNIGHT OF LEON:

—OR—

THE MONARCH'S LAST BRIDE.

A TALE OF MOORISH GRANADA.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.

THE FLIGHT AND THE BATTLE.

On the next morning Charles of Leon walked out towards the river Xenil, where he knew there were large pastures, for the purpose of seeking a horse. In the suburbs of the city he found plenty of horse dealers, and ere long he was in full tide of bargain. He found a horse that suited him exactly. The animal was an Arabian, delicately built, but yet strong and enduring of muscle. He was of a grayish color, rather lighter than ordinary for such a color, however; and having tried his speed, Charles determined to buy him. The price was exorbitant, but the knight was soon satisfied that the owner meant just what he said, so he drew forth his purse and counted out the sum.

Charles sprang upon the back of his new purchase, and as he rode back to the city he felt perfectly satisfied with his bargain. The animal was kind and easy to manage, and he betrayed no dislike to his change of masters.

The horses were now ready; Charles had matured in his own mind the plans he was to follow, and the hours dragged slowly, heavily away while he waited for the moment that was to place Zehra in his possession.

It was a dark night—dark because it was moonless—but yet not dark enough to be gloomy, for there were stars peeping down upon the earth. Charles of Leon and his esquire rode out from the city to the northward, and at a suitable place, where grew a thick grove of oaks, they fastened their horses, Pedro having led the third horse by the bridle. The knight was dressed in his full armor of mail, and Pedro was likewise armed as if for battle.

After the horses were secured, Charles and his companion started off on foot, and having retraced their steps a distance of some fifty rods, they turned from the road and took the way towards a grove that lay at the foot of a gentle hill. Here they stopped to await the coming of Zehra, for it was here that she had agreed to meet her lover. It had been her own choice that he should not come to Ben Hamed's garden, for there was danger in such a course, and it could have been no tid to her.

While the knight was thus waiting, the gentle Zehra was preparing to meet him. A watch had been set upon her movements, but she had contrived to outwit her guardian. One of the alcalde's female slaves had been placed to overlook Zehra's motions, but the simple creature now lay as quiet as an infant beneath the effects of a strong sleeping potion, and her young mistress had nothing to fear from her.

Such tricks as the fair girl wished to retain she had secured, and the jewelled crucifix she had hung about her neck by the small golden chain that was attached to it. A strong cord she had made of her useless garments, and by this she easily let herself down from her window into the garden below. After she was safe upon the ground, she waited a single moment to assure herself that no one was moving near her, and then drawing her mantle up over her head, she glided swiftly away.

With rapid steps Zehra hastened on. The garden wall offered her no impediment, and she was soon flying along through the gloom far beyond Ben Hamed's grounds. She thought not of the danger she was to meet, but she only thought of the misery she was leaving behind. If she had a fear, it was that she might not find her lover at his post; but this was soon set at rest; for as she drew near the grove where she had promised to meet him, she heard her name pronounced by a voice she could not mistake.

"Zehra."

"It is Zehra," returned the fugitive, as she sank into the knight's arms.

"God be praised! You are not weak, dearest?"

"No, no—I am strong."

"Then let us hasten. Lead the way, Pedro, and have the horses ready."

As the knight spoke he drew the arm of Zehra within his own, and hastened on to the spot where the horses had been left.

"You do not regret this step?" he whispered, as he gained the road.

"No—I am happy."

"You shall always be so."

"And you shall make me so," said Zehra.

"Yes, fair girl—ever. O, there's joy for you in Leon. You shall find friends there you know not of. This heart of mine opened for you when first I saw you, but I knew not then how much I might love you—I knew not then how near, as well as dear, you were."

"Near?" repeated Zehra.

"Yes. There's no Moorish blood in your veins."

"O, I am sure there is not."

"Nor is the Moslem's kingdom your home," said Charles.

"Do you know whence I came? Do you know where my home of birth is?"

"Yes. In Leon. Come—here are the horses."

"We must make all haste," said Pedro, as he led out the horse his master had bought for Zehra, "for in less than an hour the moon will be up."

"And that time shall place us far from here," returned Charles. "Come, Zehra, let me assist you to your seat. The animal I have procured is kind, and if necessity calls he can be fleet of foot. There, sit firmly in your place, now, and draw the rein without fear."

"I shall not fail," returned the fair girl, as she pressed her foot firmly into the stirrup. "The prize to be won will give me new strength."

"You, Pedro, will ride behind," said the knight, as he vaulted into his saddle; "and look well for the approach of danger. Let your ears be open. If we but keep the road, the horses will look out for the stumbling blocks. Come, my faithful steed, bear me now from danger."

The noble horse seemed to comprehend his master's words, for he pricked up his ears and pawed eagerly upon the ground. Charles of Leon satisfied himself that Zehra was safely seated, and then he gave the signal for starting.

"Give your horse the reins," said Zehra, as soon as she found how easily she rode. "Fear not for me. I shall sit firmly."

The knight could not see the girl's features plainly, but he could tell by her voice that she was anxious, and he allowed his steed to go on as fast as he chose, while the fleet Arabian easily kept close at his side.

The road was good, and though the way was dark, yet the horses sped on without hindrance. In half an hour the Guadix had been crossed, and, as the bridge was cleared, Charles waited for Pedro to come up.

"Ho, Pedro—will we take the way we came?" asked the knight.

There was a road that led directly on to the northward, but it will be remembered that when Charles came to Granada, he opened upon the river some distance further to the eastward.

"This road will carry us on to Jaen, where we'd better not go," answered Pedro, as he reined up his horse. "Let us take the old route. We can leave El Ajo to the right, and cross the Guadalquivir on the borders of Andalusia."

"Right, Pedro—right. We must reach the stronghold of St. Lorenzo in the morning, and there we shall be safe."

Again the horses were put forward, Pedro falling back into the rear. Charles followed the bank of the river down till he came to the road he sought, and here he turned off. The distance of a mile through a thick wood opened into a wide, cultivated plain, and as they entered upon this the horses were urged somewhat.

"See," said Zehra, as she pointed to where the eastern heavens were growing red, "the moon is rising. We shall soon have a lighter path."

"And yet I should choose a dark one," returned the knight.

"Is not that another wood ahead?" the girl asked, as she saw the dark line that bounded the plain to the northward.

"Yes, and it is the last we shall have to shelter as till we cross the Guadalquivir."

"I think there will be no danger," Zehra said, in a hopeful tone.

"Perhaps there may not be. Let your horse have his rein—keep firm in your seat—the way is smooth and clear."

Faster went the lover and his lady over the plain, and half the distance had been passed, when the knight thought he heard a horse coming after him. He turned his head, and ere long Pedro came galloping furiously up.

"On! on!" cried Pedro, as he dashed alongside. "There are horses in our rear!"

"Pursuers?" uttered Charles.

"Yes—they must be. I heard their horses' hoofs thundering upon the bridge, and they must have followed us on our route."

"O, then let us flee!" cried Zehra, in accents of terror. "I can ride upon the very wind without danger."

"Then on it is," shouted the knight, as he sank his spurs into his horse's flank.

The beast sprang forward, and Zehra's Arabian kept lightly up. The wood was gained, and its deep shade gave the riders an instinctive feeling of security. Of one thing Charles soon became convinced, and that was, that his own horse was no match for the Arabian. He knew that his faithful charger, though strong and powerful, was now going at the top of his speed, while it was evident at a single glance that Zehra's horse was scarcely straining a muscle. The thought gave him a sudden uneasiness, for he knew that there were many of those lithe-limbed beasts in Granada, and it would be hard to distance them.

When the wood was cleared, the open country beyond was bathed in moonlight, and for a moment Charles of Leon hesitated.

"On! on!" shouted Pedro. "They have entered the wood."

The knight had thought of concealment, but the idea passed quickly away.

"They gain upon us," cried Pedro.

"We can gain the steep pass of El Ajo before they overtake us," returned the esquire.

"God grant that we may!" uttered Charles. "Fear not, Zehra, we are safe yet."

The maiden spoke not, but she grasped her rein with a firmer hold and urged her horse on. She sat like a rock in her seat, with no fear save of those behind her.

"They have cleared the wood," cried Pedro.

Charles turned his head, and he could see the pursuers, and he

could see their shields, too, as they glistened in the moonbeams.

"Can you count them?" he asked of Pedro.

"Yes—there are six of them; but I am sure there were more than six of them crossed the bridge, for I heard their horses' tramp, and there must have been a score, at least."

"Cheer up, sweet Zehra," said the young Christian, as he noticed that she trembled. "Six of the Moors are nothing to me if I can but reach the El Ajo pass. There I would face a score of them."

The pass to which allusion was made was some eight miles distant, and with the hopes of reaching it the knight urged his horse to the top of his speed. Pedro now kept closely behind, and ever and anon he cast his eyes back to see how came on the pursuers. The moon had risen clear and bright, and her round, full face threw down a flood of light upon the plain—a light so glaring that Charles almost fancied the sun had grown crazy, and rushed antimes to his rising. He could see that Zehra looked anxious—that her face was pale, and as he looked upon her he felt his muscles grow stronger, and his heart grow bigger with love and daring.

Before two thirds of the distance to the pass had been gained, the tramp of the pursuing horses could be heard. They sounded fearfully distinct, and Charles could hear how quick they were.

"They are upon us!" uttered Zehra. "O! Heaven save us!"

"There's hope yet, dearest," cried Charles, assuming a cheerful tone. "If we can but hold out a few minutes longer. I can see the rocky crags now. On, on, Zehra! O, there's hope yet."

"Heaven defend me!"

"Heaven will aid me, and I will defend you. Fear not while this arm holds its strength."

"And if that arm should fail! O, that would be more dreadful still."

Zehra spoke again, but the clatter of the horses' hoofs drowned her voice.

"On! on! One push more!" shouted Pedro, from behind.

That push was given, and the reeking horses entered the pass. It was a narrow defile, not over six feet wide, flanked on either side by high and almost perpendicular cliffs, and some hundred feet long. It was a natural notch through a spur of the Alpujarras, and a passage other than through this could not be made except by going six miles further to the westward. The moment that Charles cleared the pass he reined up his horse and stopped.

"Pedro," he said, "push on with Zehra."

"And you, sir Charles," uttered the esquire, as he pulled in his horse.

"I will stop and cut off the pursuit. Go, now."

"But I must remain by your side."

"No, no. In God's name I order you to push on. I can hold them at bay till you have escaped. On! on! Keep the road to Saint Lorenzo, and I will overtake you. Not another word. Go, now. Fear not for me, Zehra. My love for you shall keep me whole. Go with my man, and I will see you again."

"But this is—"

"On, Pedro, and obey me!" shouted the knight, in a tone that was not to be disobeyed. "They are already upon us. In God's name, on. If I fall, you will know what to do; but I will not fall. Sink your rowels deeply in."

It was with a dubious look that Pedro obeyed, but he knew there was no time for further reply, and he set off.

"God bless you!" uttered Charles, as he pressed the hand of Zehra to his lips. "There—now follow my esquire."

As the maiden's horse dashed off, the pursuers were almost up to the pass. The knight loosened his shield from its rest, and then drawing his trusty sword, he started back into the narrow notch. On came the Moors, but only two could enter abreast, and even at that they were rather pinched for room.

"Out of the way!" cried a voice, which Charles at once recognized as the alcalde's. "Back, or I'll ride you down!"

"You'll ride down a dead man, then," returned the knight.

"Charles of Leon, by Allah!" exclaimed Ben Hamed. "This for thy carcass, Christian dog!"

Charles slightly backed as the alcalde came furiously on, and the latter received the worst of the shock. The Christian caught the blow of the sword that was aimed at him upon his shield, while his own had only been thrust straight forward, so that Ben Hamed received its point in his side without seeing it. The shock, the glancing of his own weapon upon the Christian's shield, and the deep wound in the side, were sufficient to throw the alcalde upon the ground, while Charles allowed the riderless horse to dash on by him.

Pedro had miscounted the pursuers, for Ben Hamed had but four followers; but it made but little difference, for only two could come forward at a time, and even then at a disadvantage. At the present moment the Moors were puzzled, for their leader lay directly in their way. Ben Hamed soon gained his feet, but it was only to be knocked down by the horse of one of his own men. He fell upon one side of the pass, however, and the foremost Moor pushed by him. It was not very light in the notch, but yet things could be distinctly seen in outline, and the Christian was prepared for the onset. He met the coming Moor, and at the fourth pass his sword found the Moslem's bosom.

Two of the Moors had dismounted and were dragging their leader out from the pass, while the remaining one saw his companion fall, and then sprang forward to avenge him. Thus did Charles of Leon take his enemies one at a time, and those who knew him would not have wondered that he conquered. His present opponent held him a smart fight, but his good sword failed him not, and ere long the second Moslem lay dead upon the cold, rocky path.

The most severe trial was yet to come; for no sooner had the

two Moors seen Ben Hamed safe at the other end of the pass, than they sprang back into their saddles and made at the Christian.

"Give way, dog!" cried one of them.

"Not while I live," returned Charles.

Charles of Leon received both of their blows without harm—one upon his shield, and the other upon his mailed shoulder. The Christian had one advantage; his triple mail shielded him against all slashing, cutting blows, while his opponents wore only single breastplates. The clang of swords was sharp and fierce; once the Christian got a prick in the right thigh, but the man that gave him the thrust fell from his horse on the next moment, with his head half severed from his body.

The remaining Moor soon cried for quarter, and Charles let his point fall.

"Back, then," the Christian cried. "Let fall your sword!"

The Moslem dropped his weapon and backed quickly from the pass.

"Help me to my horse," faintly groaned Ben Hamed, who had raised himself upon his elbow.

"Help the poor alcalde," said Charles.

"Christian dog!" exclaimed the fallen Moslem, "you have not yet escaped. Vengeance shall yet be mine."

"Rail on, poor fool—then go and find another wife for your king."

The alcalde was lifted to the back of one of the horses, and with much difficulty he managed to grasp the reins.

"Don't be too confident," he uttered, at the same time cringing with pain. "You may yet wonder to find who is the fool!"

As the alcalde spoke he made a motion to his companion, who had remounted his horse, and they both started off.

Charles of Leon turned back, and instinctively he stopped to gaze upon those whom he had slain. He could just see the glistering of their breastplates, and he guided his horse carefully over the bodies.

"Does Ben Hamed speak with reason?" he uttered to himself, as he thrust his sword back into its scabbard. "'I shall wonder to find who is the fool!' By heavens! if there be danger ahead!"

The knight's exclamation was cut short by the clatter of horses' hoofs. He quickly drew his sword again, and with much misgiving he set himself on his guard. It was a single horseman, coming from the northward, and as the clatter grew more distinct a variety of fears intruded themselves upon the knight's mind.

CHAPTER XI.

LOST.

CHARLES OF LEON drew farther back into the pass as the horseman approached, but ere long he discovered that he had no personal danger to fear, for he recognized in the horseman who was coming towards him his own esquire. This discovery, however, was far from setting the knight's mind at rest.

"Gads my life! I see Charles, are you safe?" was Pedro's exclamation, as he drew in his rein.

"Yes, yes. But why are you here?"

"To help my master. Eh! what's that in the pass?"

"Three of the Moors are there."

"And where are the other three?"

"There were but two more. You made a mistake in your count. One of them—the alcalde—has gone back to be cured of his bruises, and the other has gone to help him."

"San Dominic, but my master's sword is as good as ever."

"But Zehra—where have you left her?"

"At the edge of the small wood just over yonder hill."

"Pedro, you should not have left her alone."

"But how could I help it? I feared that you might be worsted. I could not rest easy while I knew you were in danger."

"And yet, Pedro, you should not have left Zehra. I told you not to."

"There can be no danger, for I left her in a safe place, and she promised not to move till I returned," urged Pedro, as he noticed that his master was sorely troubled by what had happened.

"You should not have left her."

"She told me to seek you."

"And yet you should have known better than to have disobeyed my injunctions," continued the knight. "If danger comes of this I shall blame you, Pedro. Ben Hamed spoke triumphantly as he rode away, and I think he had reason for it. Those who crossed the bridge, and came not with the alcalde, may have gone another way. O! I wish you had kept on. Now haste thee. Slink your rowels deeply."

Pedro's horse was tired, but yet he galloped off abreast of the knight's beast without faltering.

Charles of Leon was moved by a fearful suspicion as he urged his steed onward. From what Pedro had said he felt sure that more horsemen had crossed the Guadix bridge than had met him at the El Ajo pass. He knew, too, that there were many paths that led from the road he was on across to the Jaen highway.

"On! on!" he cried, as the fear began to form more tangibly in his mind. "A thousand pistoles if we find her safe. Bear up your horse, Pedro."

The hill was topped, and Pedro pointed out the wood where he had left Zehra.

"I see her not," said Charles.

"Because she has hidden among the foliage."

"But she would surely come forth when she heard our coming."

Pedro made no reply, for he began to have misgivings in his own mind. At length the wood was reached, and the knight sprang from his horse. He called the name of Zehra, but he gained no answer. He pushed his way among the trees, but he could see no horse—no Zehra. He called again, and then he lis-

tened, but he heard nothing save the sighing of the breeze as it stopped to dally with the aspen leaves that hung above him.

"She's not here," he uttered, as he met Pedro at the further extremity of the copse.

"No," tremblingly returned the esquire. "She may have ridden on."

"She would not have done it alone."

The two men retraced their steps to where the horses stood.

"'Twas here I left her," said Pedro, "and here she promised to remain."

"O! if she be lost!"

"Wait, Sir Charles. I will see if I can find the marks of her horse's feet."

As Pedro spoke he sprang to the edge of the wood and sank upon his hands and knees.

"Here are the tracks," he said, as he moved along in a northerly direction. "And here she stopped," he continued, as he had moved along some two rods. "San Jago! but here's another!"

"Another what?" cried Charles, springing to the spot.

"The tracks of another horse. And another too! And yet another! O! I do not curse me, my master—do not. But she's gone!"

"Gone!" echoed Charles, in tones of such keen anguish that his esquire started with new affright. "God defend me."

"O, forgive me, sir Charles—forgive me!" Pedro cried, as he sank upon his knees again and clasped his hands together.

"I know you meant me well, Pedro."

"Yes. It was my love for you that overcame my judgment."

"I forgive you, Pedro. And now let us—"

"God of heaven! what was that?"

As the esquire uttered this exclamation the knight's noble steed reared with a loud snort, and then with one fearful plunge he sank quivering upon the turf. Charles sprang to the side of his horse, and found that a javelin had pierced his neck in an angular direction and entered the vitals.

"We are surrounded!" shouted Pedro. "Mount my horse and flee."

Charles of Leon made no reply, but drawing his sword he turned towards the direction from whence the javelin must have been thrown, and he saw a man at a short distance off, while several horsemen were coming around the eastern sweep of the hill he had passed. There were nearly a score of them soon came in sight, and he who had thrown the javelin called loudly for them to hasten up.

"Mount my horse and flee," cried Pedro. "We cannot give them battle."

"One of us must be left to fight," calmly returned the knight.

"Will you not mount?"

"No."

"Then I will. Don't fight them, sir Charles, but surrender."

As Pedro spoke he leaped into his saddle, and putting spurs to his horse he dashed off through the little wood.

The Moors leaped their horses into the road in a moment afterwards, and surrounded the Christian knight.

"Never mind the servant," cried one who seemed to be the Moslem leader. "Let him go. This is the man we want. Surrender, thou Christian dog! Down with that sword of thine!"

Charles of Leon hesitated. His sword seemed anxious for work, but the odds were too fearful. He on foot against a score of armed men and mounted—it was madness. With a heavy heart he thrust his sword back into its scabbard, and then folded his arms across his breast.

"Where is the maiden?" he instinctively asked, as half a dozen of the Moors laid their hands upon him.

"She is safe. By Allah, but you must have thought Granada a city of dells, if you expected to get clear with such a prize."

Charles felt sure that Zehra was in custody, and he felt for the time that he would rather be a prisoner than be free. With the hope that ardent desire sometimes inspires, the Christian looked ahead to victory yet. The light of his vision must have been an emanation from his own imagination, for no circumstances about him then could have aided him to his hope.

After the knight's hands had been secured, a horse was led up upon which to mount him, and at the first glance he recognized the light Arabian he had bought for Zehra. He was placed upon the animal's back, then secured in his seat, and in a few moments more the whole party were mounted. Several of the Moors still persisted in pursuing Pedro, but their leader said no.

"Let the coward go; we want nothing of him worth the trouble of getting him. By my faith, sir Christian, your man shows but little love for you, to gallop off and leave you alone."

Charles remained silent beneath the taunt, for he could not help thinking for himself that Pedro had acted the coward. But other thoughts of more moment forced themselves upon the mind, and he grew more dejected.

It was evident to our hero that the party that had captured him had kept the Jaen road from the bridge, and crossed over beyond the wood to the way they were now in. This had been his fear when he met Pedro at the El Ajo pass.

The Moors, with their prisoner, passed over the hill, and took their way back as Charles had come. At the top of the elevation the knight looked down, and at the foot he saw a small party of horsemen waiting. With one of them he saw a female. He knew it was Zehra, and at that moment he would have drawn his sword against the host that surrounded him, but the hands pressed hard upon his wrists, and he could only groan in his anguish.

When the captors of the knight reached the foot of the hill, their leader called for the other party—only three in number—to ride on ahead. Charles could see Zehra's pale features, and from the manner in which she reclined upon the stout form of the man with whom she rode, she seemed to have fainted.

"By the great God of heaven, Granada shall tremble for this!" uttered Charles of Leon, as Zehra was lost to his sight.

The Moslem leader only laughed.

"Your city shall smoke in ruins, and your blood shall flow like water."

"Will you do all this?"

"Leon and Castile shall do it."

"You will not tell them the tale!" said the Moor.

Charles knew the meaning of those words, but he felt not the dread that might have been expected, for he could not believe that Mohammed would dare to kill him. He did not know the Moslem king!

When those who rode ahead reached the El Ajo pass they stopped. The others soon came up, and not a little astonishment was expressed at the sight of the three dead Moors.

"What is this?" cried the chief, as he bent over his saddle-bow and gazed down upon the corpses.

"That is the mark of my hand," said Charles.

"But Ben Hamed is not here."

"No—I sent him back to Granada to get back the blood he lost. I gave him his pitiful life, and I spared him a companion, too."

The Moor gazed a moment into the face of the Christian, and then he said, while he gathered his reins:

"The vultures of the Alpujarras shall have one meal from Christian flesh!"

Charles of Leon shuddered; but soon he was calm again, and defiance rested upon his brow.

The Moslem dead were left where they lay, and again the party set forward. Zehra was borne on in advance, as before, while the Christian was surrounded more closely by his captors.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MEETING IN PRISON.

"THERE'S more in your bosom than you will confess, but, by Allah, it shall be dragged from you!"

This was spoken by Mohammed, as the Christian knight of Leon stood bound before him. At a short distance Ben Hamed stood, supported by two attendants. He was weak from pain and the loss of blood, but his soul seemed strong with deadly passion.

"You had better beware how you carry out your threats," was the Christian's answer. "I have nothing to tell you, save that which you know."

"And I know enough to cause the death of a score like you. By the sword of the Prophet, Christian cur, your head is not worth the half of revenge I owe you. Three of my knights lie dead by your hand, and you would have snatched away my bride. Away with him to prison!"

"Not yet, sire," interposed Ben Hamed. "Let the dog die now."

"Away with him to prison. He shall die soon enough."

"Let it be now," urged the alcalde. "He is dangerous while alive."

"No," thundered the king, springing from his seat and striking his hands together. "His death shall grace my nuptial day, and then your fair daughter shall see his gory head! I'll make her a present of it, and if she love him as she seems, 'twill be a right glorious nuptial present. Away with him, and bid Tarik that he look well to his safety."

The cords that bound the Christian knight were strong, but they came nigh bursting while the king spoke. The young man felt his temples throb and his throat swell, but he had no power of utterance. The king's officers took him by the arm to lead him away, and without a word he turned from the royal presence.

In an hour from that time Charles of Leon was delivered up at the prison of Granada. Tarik, the jailer, received him from the hands of the officers, and took him away. It was not a subterranean dungeon to which Charles was conducted, but a strong, vaulted room on the second floor of the prison. The walls were of solid stone—so were the floor and the vaulted roof. It was early morning, and the light came in through a small loop-hole situated some eight feet from the floor.

In the centre of the room there was a stone bench, and near it a stout iron bolt. An attendant had followed Tarik, with chains, and ere long our hero was securely fastened by a shackle upon each ankle, to which was affixed a chain that was bolted to the ring in the pavement. Manacles were placed upon the knight's wrists, and when all was completed Tarik sent his assistant away.

"You've fallen into rough hands, sir knight," said the jailer, as he arose from his work.

Charles looked upon the stout form of the old man—for the jailer was old—and a painful shadow flitted across his face.

"I do not mean that I am rough," Tarik added, "though my calling is not by any means a gentle one; but I think the king means you little good."

"The king will not dare to take my life," uttered the knight.

"Don't be too sure of that. I have had younger men than yourself come here by the king's orders, and—"

"Go on," said Charles.

"They never went forth to the world again!"

The young Christian shuddered.

"My orders with regard to yourself are not very strict, save that my own life is in peril for your safe keeping. If you want any delicacies, and have the means to purchase them, you can be gratified."

"I am thankful for your kindness, but I know of nothing now that I wish which it is in your power to give."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A VIEW OF THE VICTORIA BARRACKS. HONG KONG, CHINA.

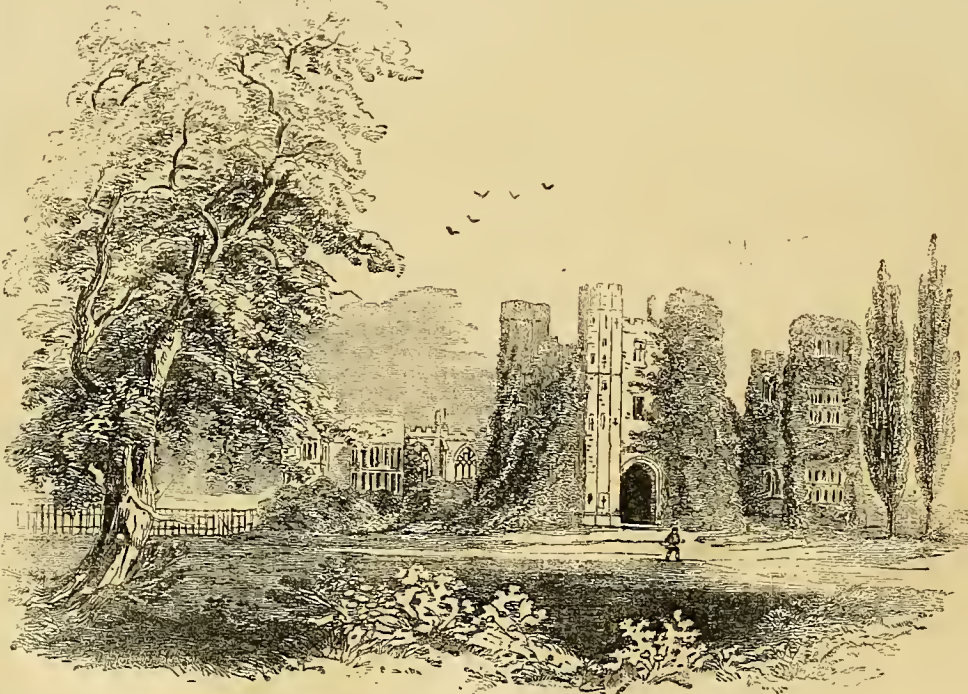
ENGLISH BARRACKS, HONG KONG.

Above we give a fine view of the English barracks at Hong Kong, in China. The accompanying account of the present condition of the island will be read with much interest. Hong Kong, "the Red Harbor," is the name given by the Chinese to one of a number of islands called by the Spanish "Ladrones," or "Thieves," from the notorious habits of the inhabitants. It lies about forty miles, east, from Macao, and is eight miles long, and from two to four in breadth. It is separated from the main land of China by a channel of the sea, which varies in width from half a mile to three miles. The Lymoon Pass is about half a mile across. Its physical aspect is that of a broken ridge of hills, the highest being about 1000 feet, running from N.N.W. to S.S.E., and rising abruptly from the sea, particularly on its northern face, where stands the straggling town of Victoria, four miles long. The vegetation of the island during the rainy season is but small; in the other months of the year there is none. Its geology resembles that of the south of China—rotten rock, hard stiff clay, and red sandstone. On digging the foundations for buildings at Victoria a fetid smell arose, caused by a gas, which spreads sickness through the island. There are no marshes to be found, but the heavy rains every year produce a new surface by washing the old into the harbor, which is every year growing shallower from the deposit. Its climate is variable, and, from its sudden transitions, dangerous to the health of its residents. Situate on the verge of the tropics, there is a dry burning heat while the sun is approaching, and during the rainy monsoon a fearful pestiferous gas is emitted from the soil, which, if it does not produce fever and speedy death, has the result of enervating both the body and the mind. The Chinese look upon it as a "fatal" island, and have left it to be inhabited by the very refuse of their population, or for the "outside barbarians." The climate produces the most weakening effects on the European constitution, and few Englishmen can expect to live many years after residing there for some time. Its diseases are endemic fever, diarrhoea, and dysentery. Every European soldier is calculated to pass four times through the hospital in the course of the year. The artillery, infantry, and the crews of the ships stationed there suffer in equal proportion. The

British commander, General d'Aguilar, has declared, that to retain Hong Kong will require the loss of a whole regiment every three years, and that to have 700 effective men, it is necessary to maintain 1400. The graveyard was soon filled, and another was required from the surveyor-general, who found it difficult to point out a proper spot. As to the population and progress, the only known facts are, that in January, 1841, it was ceded to Captain Elliot, and great offers were made by him and Commodore Sir Gordon Bremer to induce settlers to go there. The floating population, on its being taken, was about 7800 smugglers, stonecutters, and vagabonds; in March, 1841, it rose to 12,360; in July, 1845, it was about 19,000; but of the worst characters from the neighboring coast of China, for not one respectable Chinaman had come to settle there during the British occupation.

RUINS OF COWDRAY CASTLE.

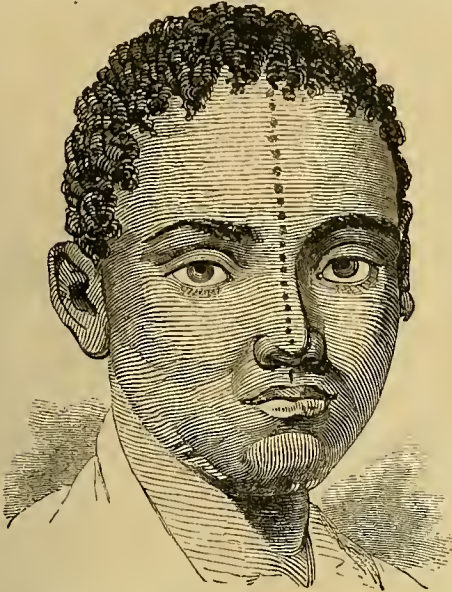
We give our readers herewith a view of an old English castle, of a truthful and venerable aspect. These ruins stand about a quarter of a mile east of Midhurst, in the county of Sussex, in England, and form a piece of picturesque scenery that is much admired. Our artist has given a view of a portion of it. At the Conquest this place formed part of the barony of Arundel; but in the time of Henry I., four and a quarter knights'-fees were created by the king in favor of Savarie de Bohun, in whose family the castle continued for many years, and from thence passed into the possession of the Nevilles, and became part of the inheritance of Margaret, countess of Salisbury, daughter of George, duke of Clarence, who resided there. Henry VIII. re-granted her estates, which had been forfeited by the attainder of the countess, to her and her heirs. In 1596 Cowdray was visited by Queen Elizabeth, at the solicitation of its then possessor, Viscount Montacute (Montague). The ancient mansion had then been substituted for one built by the Earl of Southampton, which was destroyed by fire in 1793. The estate by purchase is, we believe, now in the hands of Lord Egmoat. It is spoken of as having been a stately pile, with every development of ancient times. The tooth of time has left its mark upon these old relics of feudal ages. Some it has entirely devoured, and obliterated all traces of them. Of some the remains still stand in gloomy grandeur, covered with the moss of ages—the crumbling mementos of greatness and power long since passed from the earth. What tales of thrilling interest would these old baronial castles relate, could their walls embody in speech the deeds transacted within their enclosures! What thousand voices of joy, what notes of sorrow, what records of domestic affection, what details of daring, of chivalry, ay, and of crimes, too, dark and terrible, would stand out to the gaze, could these decaying monuments of the past but designate the scenes of which they have been witness! Some of these fabrics were noble specimens of architecture, and some were massive prison-houses, where scenes of feudal oppression were enacted, grinding into the very vitals of the people. But all these records both of the power and the tyranny of ancient times must soon disappear before the more social and humane regime of the present age.



RUINS OF COWDRAY CASTLE, SUSSEX COUNTY, ENGLAND.

PORTRAITS OF AFRICAN SLAVES.

We present on the page herewith three characteristic portraits of Brazilian slaves. The marks discernible upon the faces of two of the portraits are indelible, and caused by branding, a cruel operation which these ignorant creatures voluntarily submit to, thinking these marks ornaments. Even Brazil has now joined with all the rest of the world in declaring the slave trade to be piracy, and no more will be imported from Africa. Spain has ostensibly done the same thing, but the authorities of Cuba wink at the business, and receive large bribes from the dealers in the traffic. The portraits which we present are those of imported slaves, African born. Tattooing, or indelible marking of the body, is very common in Africa, and indeed among very many other uncivilized races, people and countries, as the South Sea



PORTRAIT OF A MOZAMBIQUE SLAVE WOMAN, IN BRAZIL.

Islanders, New Zealanders, etc., etc. The negro race of which we give the accompanying specimens, however, show a passion for ornaments that amounts almost to a mania. The native region of the negro seems to be the central portion of Africa, though some tribes of the negro variety have been found in America and the South Sea Islands. The negro formation prevails in Western Africa in the region of the Gambia and Senegal; extending southwards, is most strongly marked in Guinea, and passes gradually over into the Caffre and Hottentot formation. In Eastern Africa, it commences to the south of Abyssinia; prevails in Zanguebar and Monomotapa, though not in general pure. Of the tribes in the more central part of Africa, little is known. The heat of the climate, in all these regions, may have some effect upon the tint of the skin, but is by no means the only or the principal cause of the black color, since, under the same climates of the torrid zone, there are found all shades of complexion. White



PORTRAIT OF A MOZAMBIQUE SLAVE, IN BRAZIL.

men in Africa only become somewhat swarther, but never black, even in a succession of generations, unless they intermingle with the negroes; and blacks, in other regions and climates, are not found to lose their native hue. The seat of the black color is the *rete mucosum*, and the external surface of the true skin, and when the *rete mucosum* is destroyed, as by disease, etc., the color is lost; so, in parts of the body where the epidermis is unusually thick (the palms of the hand and the soles of the feet), it is of a lighter shade. Negroes are also distinguished from the other races by other external, and by some anatomical peculiarities, particularly in the conformation of the cranium. The projection of the whole visage in advance of the forehead; the prolongation of the upper and lower jaws; the small facial angle they evince, the flatness of the forehead and of the hinder part of the head, together with the compression in the direction of the temples, allowing less space for the brain than in some other varieties; the woolly, frizzled hair; the short, broad and flat nose; the thick, projecting lips, with many other peculiarities of formation, constitute some of the characteristics of the negro or Ethiopic race. The African tribes of this variety have in general elevated themselves so far above the simple state of nature, as to have reduced the lower animals to subjection, constructed settled habitations, practised a rude agriculture, and manufactured some articles of clothing or ornament. In political institutions they have made no advance, their governments being simple despotisms, without any regular organization. Their religion is merely the instinctive expression of the religious feeling in its lowest form of fetishism. Their languages are described as extremely rude and imperfect; almost destitute of construction, and incapable of expressing abstractions. They have no art of conveying thoughts or events by writing, not even by the simplest symbolical characters. The negro character, if inferior in intellectual vigor, is marked by a

warmth of social affections, and a kindness and tenderness of feeling, which even the atrocities of foreign oppression have not been able to stifle. All travellers concur in describing the negro as mild, amiable, simple, hospitable, unsuspecting and faithful. They are passionately fond of music, and they express their hopes and fears in extemporary effusions of song. The opinion formerly maintained, that they were of an inferior variety of animals, would not now find an advocate, or a convert, even in the ignorance or the worst passions of the whites. Whether they are capable of reaching to the same height of intellectual cultivation as the Europeans, is a question on which we need more facts before any decision can be arrived at.



PORTRAIT OF A BENGUELA SLAVE, IN BRAZIL.

THE ROYAL TIGER.

Below we give a good representation of this ferocious animal. The tiger and the lion are the largest and most powerful of the cat kind. The tiger is found only in the East Indies, in Hindoostan, Siam, Cochin-China, Malacca and the isles of Sunda. Its strength and sanguinary disposition are such that it is the terror of the inhabitants in those countries; and no animal, except the elephant, is capable of resisting it. It even comes into the midst of villages, in the night time, for the purpose of carrying off cattle. The color is yellow, with transverse black stripes; and the tail has alternate black and yellow rings. The pupil of the eye is round. It resembles the other animals of the cat tribe in every respect, and can be tamed as easily as the lion. Its voice is very powerful, and resembles that of the lion.



A REPRESENTATION OF THE ROYAL TIGER.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

KEEP AT WORK.

BY NEALE BERNARD.

Busy hands are apt and pliant,
Hopeful hearts are warm and bright;
Labor's voice bids strong-armed, giant
Drones arouse their inert might.

Laggards have no title places,
No great good in future store;
No stern eyes, nor honest faces,
No frank hearts to truth outpour.

None but stalwart labor-learners,
Toilers never ceasing strife,
Can attain to earth-discerners
Of the true and perfect life.

Out rude masses forms of beauty
Life-like spring from master hand;
So good deeds from faith and duty,
Emanate to bless our land.

World-wide toilers, skillful moulders,
Delvers in the glorious arts,
Ye are nations' destiny holders,
Men of brave and honest hearts.

Carbers of the lightnings subtle,
Weavers of consummate skill,
Through the loom the darting shuttle
Speed ye, working wonders still.

Nations' wealth and power and blessing,
Shapers of a country's fate,
Proud are we such worth possessing,
To construct and re-create.

Keep at work!
Toil keeps hand and heart from rusting,
Buoyant soul, unfettered mind;
Look back hopeful, forward trusting
Good reward's above enshrined.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE BORROWED TOOLS.

A SKETCH FOR FARMERS.

BY AUSTIN C. BURNICK.

SAMUEL THOMPSON and Nathan Holmes were both of them farmers, and they were also near neighbors. Their land was situated upon a beautiful ridge, and was strong and productive. In the natural capacity of the soil, there was not a cent's worth of difference in the two farms, but yet they bore a very dissimilar aspect after they had been worked a number of years. Mr. Thompson's buildings looked neat and tidy. His door-yard was clean, his windows were whole, his barn was snug and warm, his orchard looked thrifty, and the trees were carefully dressed and pruned. Now Mr. Holmes had no more of a family to support than did his neighbor, but yet his house and out-buildings, and the rural aspect of his farm were very different. A few rags were to be seen in spots where there should have been panes of glass; various things were kicking about in the yard that should have been in other places; there were large cracks in his barn, through which the rain and snow sometimes beat; his apple trees were scabbled with old bark, and the tops were disfigured by scraggly, dead limbs. Mr. Holmes worked hard—harder, if anything, than did Mr. Thompson; but yet his matters were always at loose ends, and he often wondered how it was that his neighbor pushed things along so smoothly, and kept everything in such excellent order.

"Ah, Thompson," said Holmes, one day in early spring, as he came up to the door of the former, "have you got an inch auger?"

"Certainly," returned Thompson; "I couldn't get along on a farm without one."

"I wish you would lend it to me a little while. I have delayed sowing my grain for two days, because my harrow is broken, and I had no tools with which to mend it."

"I will lend it to you with pleasure," said Thompson. And then, as a sudden thought seemed to strike him, he added:

"They tell me, Mr. Holmes, that you lost one of your cows yesterday."

"Yes," returned Holmes, with an uneasy look, "one of the best cows I had."

"But how did it happen?"

"She broke her leg."

"Broke her leg? How, pray?"

"Why, you see the floor in my tie-up had got rather worn and shaky, and night before last she got one of her legs through it, and snapped the bone off like a pipe-stem, so I had to kill her."

"Ah, Mr. Holmes, those are things we farmers ought to guard against. A very little labor at the proper time would have saved all that."

"I know it," said Holmes, with a downcast look; "and I should have fixed the floor long ago if I had had the tools. But it's no use in crying now. What's done, can't be helped."

That was always a source of great consolation to Mr. Holmes. When a thing was done, he tried to feel satisfied with the reflection that it could not be undone, though he seldom laid up the experience for future use. Mr. Thompson turned towards the shed door, and led the way up into a neat, light chamber, and Holmes followed. Here was a stout bench, all fixed for handy use, and upon it were a full set of planes, saws, gauges, mallets, hammers, etc., while in a small rack against the partition, were

arranged a set of chisels, gimlets, files and screw-drivers, and overhead hung some half dozen different sized augers. In short, there was everything here that a man could possibly need in building and repairing about the house.

Mr. Thompson took down an inch auger and handed it to his neighbor, and as he did so he remarked:

"I haven't seen your son Thomas about for two or three days. Is he sick?"

"Well, not exactly sick, but he's got a very bad foot. He can't step on it."

"Ah, how did that happen?"

"He trod on an old rusty nail in the barn-floor, and it went into his foot some ways."

"Wh-e-w! that's bad," uttered Thompson, with a sympathetic shudder. "I never allow my boys to be around much barefooted. I have found that the pricks and bruises generally cost more than shoe-leather, aside from the comfort and looks."

"O, Thomas wasn't barefooted, but you see there was a hole in the bottom of his shoe. I meant to have carried it down to the village and had it mended, but I forgot it."

"Ah, friend Holmes, I save all such difficulties as that. I always keep a little leather by me, and then when there is a little tapping or patching to be done, I can fix it up in a few minutes. All these things can be done during rainy days, when I might otherwise be lying idle."

"Well," returned Holmes, "I suppose I could cobble a shoe well enough if I only had the tools; but it takes quite a collection of implements to fill up a cobbler's bench. However, what's done can't be helped. I guess Tom'll be out in a day or two. But I must hurry off now and fix my harrow."

It took Mr. Holmes nearly all day to mend his harrow, so that he had to postpone the harrowing of his land till the next morning, and when he at length got his grain into the ground, he was just five days behind his neighbor Thompson. His son was confined to the house over a week, and during that time he had to hire an extra hand, which cost him about four dollars, besides the doctor's bill he had to pay. When it came baying time, he had to buy new rakes, because the old ones had gone to rack and ruin. Perhaps they had started with the loss of a few teeth, or the breaking of a bow, or, perhaps, even the head might have got broken, and thus, instead of saving a good handle, etc., and making the other parts that were needed, for the want of proper tools, he was obliged to buy new rakes entire. So in all the departments of his business, he was constantly meeting with obstacles that retarded his progress, and all for the want of a few simple tools.

One rainy day in the fall, after the harvesting was completed, Mr. Thompson was in his tool-chamber making some apple-boxes, when his neighbor Holmes entered.

"Thompson," said the latter, after he had watched the movements of his neighbor's fore-plane a few moments, "how much did that ox-sled of yours cost? I have got to have me one this winter."

"O, that cost me nothing. I made it myself during some of those rainy days that we had just before harvesting. I got the timber out when I hauled out my wood last winter, so the job came quite easy."

"Well, neighbor Thompson," said Holmes, after some little time spent in hard study, "I don't see how it is that you get along so. Your farm don't produce any more than mine does, and I'm sure you don't work so hard as I do. Your wife don't make better butter or cheese than mine does, your sheep don't bear better wool, your bees don't make better honey. You raise more fruit than I do, to be sure."

"But I have no more trees," said Thompson.

"No,—but then your fruit is of a better quality and finds a more ready market."

"Certainly,—because I have grafted in the best species. My trees were the same as yours twelve years ago; and with regard to other matters, I think if you will look about the two places you will find that in many respects mine is the most productive. My cows give more milk than yours do through the winter, because they have better shed room and a warmer barn. I raise more pork than you do, because my pens and pig-houses are tight and comfortable; and then I am inclined to think that my bees make rather more honey than yours do, for my hives are in better order. I may not raise more corn than you do, but I guess the rats and squirrels don't have such easy entrance to my grain-chambers as they do to yours."

"Perhaps you are right," muttered Holmes, with a crest-fallen look; "and I suppose you are laying by money."

"Certainly I am,—one or two hundred dollars every year."

"So much as that?" uttered Holmes, with a look of surprise.

"Why, I can't lay up a cent."

"Let me give you a bit of a secret," said Thompson, in a kind, neighborly tone, as he laid his place upon the bench. "Last summer you bought four new rakes and a pitch-fork. Now how much did they cost you?"

"Let's see: The rakes were twenty-five cents apiece, and the fork came to a dollar."

"Well, now my fork-handle got broken accidentally last winter, and so did some of the rakes; but I immediately took such parts as were good and brought them up here, and then at my first leisure opportunity, I fixed them up. There are two dollars saved. Now you have nothing to do to-day."

"No, it rains too hard."

And yet you see I am at work. Now how are you going to get your apple-boxes?"

"Marston is going to make them for me, and I am to give him a barrel of good apples."

"There are two dollars more. Now if you hire a sled made as good as mine, it will cost you twelve dollars. That will be sixteen dollars that I have laid up, while you have been able to do nothing. Now let us see how that sixteen dollars will multiply itself. You sold your wool last spring, as soon as you had sheared your sheep?"

"Yes,—I had to, for I needed the money."

"And how much did you get?"

"Thirty cents a pound."

"If you had had sixteen dollars by you in ready cash, you wouldn't have been obliged to have sold then?"

"No," returned Holmes, whose eyes were beginning to open. "I could have squeezed along with that sum."

"Now," continued Thompson, "I sold my wool yesterday, and they sent to my door and took it. I got forty-two cents a pound for it. I had one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and by reckoning it over after I had sold it, I found that I had made just twenty-one dollars; that is,—I had obtained twelve cents more on a pound than I should if I had been obliged to have sold when you did. So you see how these little things multiply themselves."

"And this all comes of your having tools to work with," said Holmes, in a sort of subdued tone.

"Mostly," returned Thompson.

"Well, if I had tools I might save a good many small sums in the course of the year, but I never have the money to spare for them. Why, the tools you have here and in the house, over and above your farming utensils, must be worth fifty dollars."

"Just about that sum."

"Then I fear I shall have to scrape along with borrowed tools. I can never spare any such sum as that."

"You don't understand the secret, Mr. Holmes. Let me explain. I never should have gone with a fifty-dollar bill and bought tools, but I have collected them gradually. I have bought every tool I have on the premises with my grog-money."

"Grog-money!" iterated Holmes, in blank surprise.

"Yes," returned Thompson, with a slight smile,—"with my grog-money. Now I am not going to give you a temperance lecture, for you are as well able to judge for yourself as I am; but I am going to give you a little principle of economy, and show you its consequent comfort, content and happiness. The first year I was on this farm, I used occasionally to take a little spirit, and whenever I would go to the village, which was usually twice a week, I would drink two or three times. I know not that I experienced any bad effects from it, but I am confident it did me no good, and that it was a habit that might grow to a big evil. As near as I could calculate, the spirit I had used cost me on an average twenty-five cents a week. I suppose it costs you that now."

"Yes, every cent of it."

"Well, I commenced on the first day of January to lay up my grog-money, and with that disposition came a peculiar desire to commence saving in other ways, and I soon found the means of stopping up many more gaps in my financial affairs. I saw how much might be saved if I could only do some of the work that I was then obliged to pay for, and to this end I commenced buying such tools as I thought would come most handy. At the end of the first year, I found myself the owner of thirteen dollars' worth of tools, and it had all come from the money I might otherwise have drunk up. I felt stronger and heartier than I did the year before, and I felt much happier, for I knew that I was laying the foundation for future good. Time passed on, and my twenty-five cents a week kept coming in. It was now a saw, then a hammer, then another plane, then a new auger, then a bit-stock and bits, until, in eleven years, I have, not only collected an excellent variety of tools, but I have drawn directly from my grog-fund nearly a hundred dollars in cash besides; but the value of my tools cannot be estimated in money, as I have already shown you. They are not only a source of great profit, but they are also a source of an incalculable degree of comfort. A small gap in a man's business affairs may seem a trifling thing at first, but it is like a little hole in the bank that confines the high waters of a lake. The almost insignificant stream will be sure to grow frightfully larger, and unless soon stopped up, the pure waters of the lake will ere long lose themselves in the neighboring streams. I believe, my friend, that in giving up my grog, I have not sacrificed one single comfort. Now don't you think you would feel full as well without it? Compare the products of your grog-money with the products of mine."

Mr. Holmes made no answer, but he poked deep down into the shavings with his feet, as though he expected to find an idea there.

"Thompson," he said at length, "I wish you had explained this to me years ago."

"I was afraid it might offend you, for to touch upon a man's private affairs is at best a delicate matter."

"I know it,—but Nathan Holmes is not the man to be offended with his friend for kind admonition and instruction."

"Well," said Thompson, with a look of extreme gratification, "it is not too late now to commence, and if ever you have an opportunity to take advantage of the market, and if fifty dollars or so would be of any use to you, I will lend it to you with pleasure."

Mr. Holmes thanked his friend with moistened eyes, and shortly afterwards he went to his own home. The next day he went to the village, but instead of bringing home his little brown jug, he brought home an anger, and he felt really proud when he found himself at work with one of his own tools.

The winter passed away, and when spring came, Holmes found himself the owner of six dollars' worth of tools, and all from money that he would have worse than wasted had he not have

bought them. But this thing operated in many ways for good. Now that he had the ability to fix up his building without borrowing tools, he began to take a degree of pride in them that he had never felt before. He built racks and stands for his farming utensils, reset his windows, fixed up his bee-hives and roofed them over, tightened his barn, and during the rainy days, he found himself with plenty of useful and profitable work to do. His children never wear worthless shoes now, nor do his cows break through the barn-floor, but he is a happy, thriving, contented farmer. His cows give as much milk, his bees make as much honey, his trees yield as many and as good apples, his chambers hold as much grain, and he gets as much money for his wool as does his neighbor Thompson, and all this is because he stopped his grog and bought his own tools, and left off depending upon his neighbors for what he ought to do for himself.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

EMILY.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

I will hope for the future! My dreams of the past
Have been tinged with sadness, sometimes with regret;
Too early life's sunshine with clouds was overcast,
I will hope for the future, and strive to forget.

I will hope for the future! I know not before
That fortune delighted in changeable moods;
It was told me of late by a sweet little sprite,
Who comes to me often and never intrudes.

She told me whenever a heavy cloud
Came up to darken my path of light,
To look beyond with a fearless eye—
One spot in the future was ever bright.

And I mean to obey her,—besides, has not love
Lent a halcyon charm to my heart's sweet dreams?
And although I know that his rosy smile
Is not always as true and as bright as it seems—

Yet I mean to believe it, and strive to forget
That the past has not always with pleasure been fraught;
I will live for the future, and happiness yet
Shall be mine, though with many a tear-drop 'tis bought.

BIOGRAPHICAL WRITING.

Biography written in a true spirit, while something quite different from history, is nevertheless, an important supplement and aid to it, throwing light into its dark corners, and explaining its obscurity. For the historian, in the spirit of the painter or poet, must dispense with all the minutiae of detail which would interfere with the effect of his conception. He has a broad canvass, crowded with many figures, and in the grouping of these, the bringing out of strong points, the handling of the light and shade, many minor points must be obliterated, or thrown into the background. He presents us with truth, indeed, but not with the whole truth. The historian shows us the warrior in the hour of battle, on the field of review, or in the pomp of a military triumph; the statesman in the light of a senatorial victory, as he appears before the broad gaze of the world; the divine clad in his sacerdotal robe, at the high altar, or in the pulpit, at the moment of addressing listening crowds, and swaying the hearts of men by the fervor of his eloquence. The biographer, on the other hand, dealing with individuals and not with masses, painting portraits and not groups, is permitted a more elaborate finish in the treatment of his subject. He shows us the soldier, not only in the hour of battle, but in the privacy of his tent, or in the bosom of his family; the statesman in his study, or unbending from his public tasks in social intercourse; the divine in the daily walks of life, in the discharge of parochial duties, amid the toils and trials common to all humanity. The biographer is often at variance with the historian in treating the same subject. He often shows us the littleness of the great; for many a prominent actor in the world's great drama wears a mask upon the public stage that conceals his real features. Few men are found abroad, beneath the searching light of heaven, with the same aspect of soul, the same undisguised native promptings, visible in every act and word, as characterize them at their own firesides, and surrounded by those who know them most intimately. It is truly going "behind the scenes" to enter the domestic circle, for there the artificial man must be dropped, the cloak that is sometimes worn before the eyes of the world is laid aside, and we have the soul unmasked indeed.—*Life of Hosea Ballou.*

ALEXANDER POPE.

He cherished his religion confessedly as a plea for idleness. The result of all this was, that in his habit of thinking and of study, if study we can call a style of reading so desultory as his, Pope became a pure *dilettante*; in his intellectual eclecticism he was a mere epicure, toying with the delicacies and varnishes of literature; revelling in the first bloom of moral speculations, but sated immediately; fastidiously retreating from all that threatened labor, or from all that exacted continuous attention; fathoming, throughout all his vagrancies, amongst oaks, no foundation; filling up no chasms; and with all his fertility of thought expanding no germs of new life. This career of luxurious indolence was the result of early luck which made it possible, and of bodily constitution which made it tempting. And when we remember his youthful introduction to the highest circles in the metropolis, where he never lost his footing, we cannot wonder that, without any sufficient motive for resistance, he should have sunk passively under his constitutional propensities, and should have flattered amongst the flower-beds of literature or philosophy far more in the character of a libertine butterfly for casual enjoyment, than of a hard-working bee pursuing a premeditated purpose.—*De Quincey.*

PRIDE.—Diogenes, being at Olympia, saw at that celebrated festival some young men of Rhodes, magnificently dressed. Smiling, he exclaimed, "This is pride." Afterwards meeting some Lacedaemonians, who were in a mean and sordid dress, he said, "This also is pride." The keen observation of the philosopher enabled him to detect pride in these two opposite exhibitions of human nature.

Some play for gain; to pass time, others play
For nothing; both do play the fool, I say;
Nor time or coin I'll lose, or idly spend;
Who gets by play, proves loser in the end.—*Heath.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON.

No. XI.

BY BEN PERLEY POORE.

Adieu to the session! 'tis over—
The city no longer is gay—
The member, the gambler, the lover,
Are scattered like swallows away.
The landlords again are at leisure—
Though a few office-seekers remain,
Poor fellows, to see little pleasure,
For most of them labor in vain.

Adieu to the session! the speeches,
Though sometimes both proxy and long—
The claimants who fattened like leeches—
The outsiders, importunate throng—
The pleasures, which fashion made duties—
The prizes of fiddles and flutes—
The luxury of flirting with beauties—
The tedium of talking to nutes.

Adieu to the session! Another
Will come, with its trifles and toys,
And hurry away, like its brother,
In sunshine, and perfume, and noise.
Will it come with a rose or a briar?
Will it come with a blessing or curse?
Will its dresses be lower or higher?
Will its morals be better or worse?
Will it find me grown thinner or fatter?
Or fonder of wrong or of right?
Or married, or buried? No matter—
Adieu to the session! Good night.

A prologue like the above, friend reader, is a specimen of the expedients which Washington letter writers are reduced to, at this season. Like a garrison, when their stock of provisions is consumed, we are driven to resort to what we should never otherwise think of meddling with, and re-hash poetry for want of original prose to serve up.

The removals and appointments, this year, have kept the metropolis alive a good month longer than it usually shows signs of animation after the close of a session, and the fishers of men who manage the telegraphic drag-nets have landed many a good haul. True, their productions were often decidedly piscatorial in point of fact, and at times important facts escaped their meshes, and were out in the open sea of gossip ere any "special telegraphic correspondent" could catch them. But they have done yeoman service, these caterers for the telegraph; and their employers, especially the proprietors of the New York journals, deserve great credit for their liberal outlays. Little think those who skim over the telegraphic despatches of such a paper as the Daily Times how much money, labor and thought they have cost—how many hands and minds have been employed to convey the rumor floating about the White House, via. correspondent, telegraph, editor, type, press and carrier, to the subscribers. Yet he has it at his breakfast table, and duplicates of it, by the thousand, are sent over the length and breadth of the Republic—price two cents.

President Pierce has naturally been the centre of attraction—not only to the cormorants seeking places, but to the thousands of citizens who have centered at the metropolis. No power could have ordained, no wealth purchased, the homage of the heart which he has received,—nor has any one seen him, to my knowledge, that has not been pleased with his cordial frankness, his hospitable kindness. There is evidently nothing of cunning in his nature, nothing of duplicity in his composition, and language, with him, is the utterance of his real sentiments and feelings. Indeed, I find some of his warmest admirers in the ranks of his political opponents, and the ancient signals will soon be useless as rallying points. The Guelph of Whiggism finds himself by the side of the Democratic Ghibelline, and is not startled by the juxtaposition, for each is ready to battle for the constitution. And all recognize in President Pierce a champion who will sustain that sacred charter of independence, in defiance of bigotry and intolerance—hearing himself proudly in addressing foreign rulers—considering every citizen of the Republic as a sovereign—and only bowing to the King of kings, as he solicits "the kind Providence that smiled on our fathers, to preserve the blessings inherited by their children."

The Cabinet officers are well known, and favorably known. Marcy, the able politician, well versed in the machinery of government—Guthrie, whose integrity is equal to his height, and who cannot be easily swerved—Davis, a gallant soldier, who was worthy to be the son-in-law of General Taylor—Dobbin, worthy and well qualified to elevate our depreciated marine—McClelland, who has won high honors in the interior already—Campbell, one of the ablest men in the country—and last, although by no means least, Cushing, who enjoys a deservedly high reputation for learning and talents. Prodigious interests, national and social, are confided to the President, and he has, in the above Cabinet, seven advisers well qualified to counsel him, and to preside over the different departments of government. Yet, if I am not mistaken, President Pierce does not confine his hopes of support to his Cabinet, or to the majorities of his party in each House of Congress. He knows politicians are "weak vessels," and is too good a pilot to embark his hold upon the republican heart in a fleet which can at any time be wrecked by a breath of disaffection sweeping over the surface of popular feeling. Even the proudest ship does not sway the under-currents of the ocean depth, but is as much their toy as the veriest straw that floats on the surface—and the President, by rejecting all consequential supporters, can find a staunch allegiance among the masses. Millions will appreciate his patriotic course, and rally "as a unit" in the support of his administration.

The consumption of paper for the "memorials" must have been enormous, for every office-seeker brought—on an average—five quires. One, and I am sorry to say that he was unsuccessful, came armed with over three hundred letters, coming from members of his State Legislature, chairmen of committees of nine, and secretaries of sub-committees of five. In Ohio, this wholesale system of recommendation was capably rebuked by a waggish senator, who ran a deep-set saw into the endorsing amiability of his brother legislators. Drawing up a paper (as the Cincinnati Gazette informs the world), which in its heading purported to be a memorial to President Pierce, requesting an office for one of the untried, he easily obtained the signatures of his "grave and reverend" fellow-honorables. At last one of them, not liking a suppressed chuckling from some "outsiders," read the paper just as he had appended his autograph, and then discovered that he and his brother members had been giving their joint note for one thousand dollars. He smiled ghastly, coughed, said it was "carrying the joke rather too far, but the note was deuced well endorsed."

Prominent in real finances at head-quarters, and never associated with the political gamblers in Congress, is the Hon. Mr. Little, from the Marshfield district, Massachusetts, who was the only Quaker member of the last House. He is a self-educated, staunch yeoman—such a man as was common in Revolutionary days, but seldom found now. True, he has not made a ranting speech, or slapped a secretary's face, or got drunk in the lunch-room, or been seen at sunrise near the gas-works, or acted as other "honorable men" have. But he has ever been in his seat, ready to give his excellent judgment when it has been solicited, and I am happy to add my feeble homage to the praise bestowed upon his conduct by other writers. A score of such men would leaven Congress, and the now sodden mass would rise into buoyant, wholesome utility.

The hotels here must have coined money, for the week preceding the Inauguration they doubled their prices, and hundreds have paid \$4 00 per day for the privileges of sleeping on one of a dozen cots in a reading-room, and dining on what they could secure by scrambling. As for the bar-rooms, there has been a consumption of spirits rivaling the streams which flooded the gutters of Portland under Mr. Dow's administration; yet such has been the mental excitement that I have seen but few drunken men in the streets. Between here and New York, comfort is an unknown word, and I shall hasten to the American House, at Boston, where the pleasant host and his aid, Major Richardsoo, will soon make me forget the discomforts of the journey. As to the railroads, upon which a traveller is some dozen hours in creeping over three hundred miles, varied by intervening omnibuses, ferry-boats, and extortionate purveyors of indifferent fares, they are emphatically a "nuisance." "There," said Mr. Pickwick, "that word expresses it all."

So endeth my last "Waif," and long before it meets the eye of my readers, I shall have returned to my northern home, well content with my winter's sojourn at the metropolis. The large circulation of the Pictorial, which obliges its energetic and liberal proprietor to "put it to press" long before its date, has prevented my writing with that freshness which can be given to the "sight drafts" for a daily paper. But it is pleasing to reflect that I have steered clear of party politics—sought no favor—dealt no ungenerous blows—and gleaned everything within my reach calculated to amuse and instruct my readers. *Pax vobiscum!* We may meet again, and now,

"Ye who have traced the pilgrim to the scene
Which is his home—if in your memories dwell
A thought that once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection; not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell—
Farewell!"

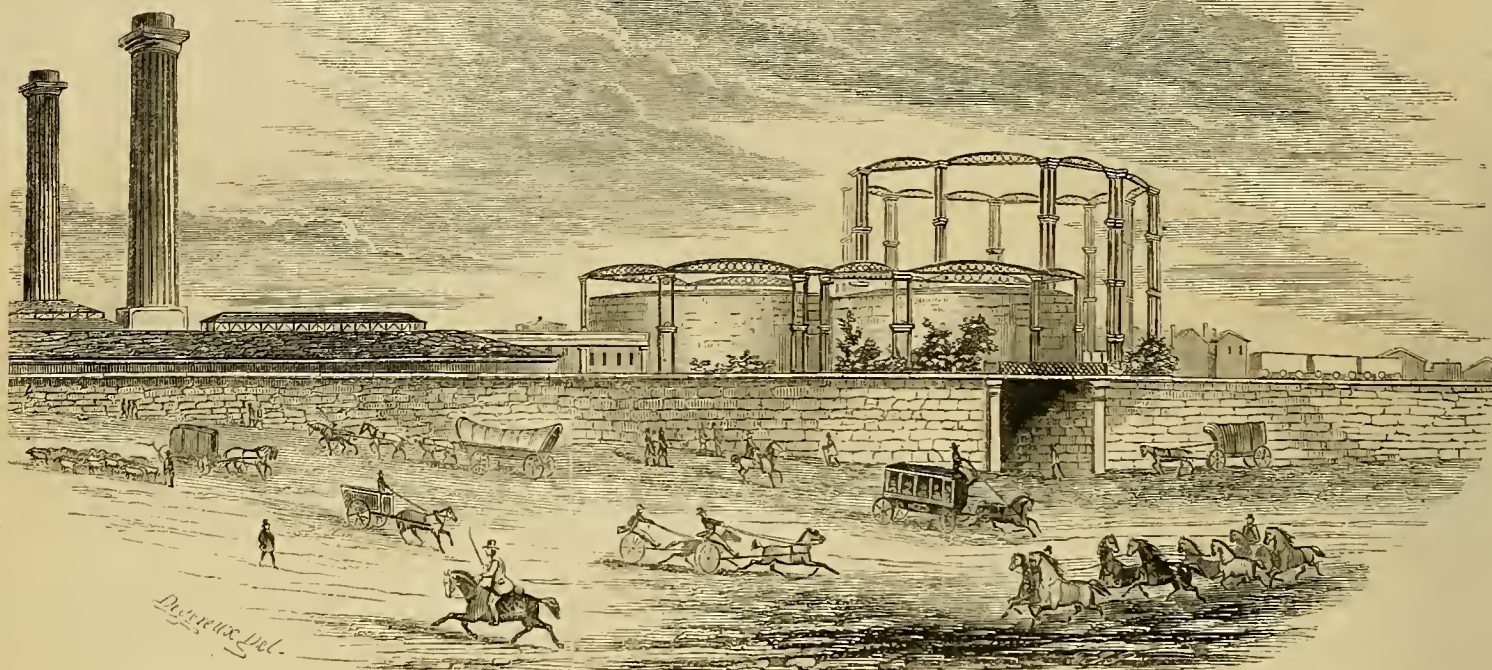
THE AMERICAN MERCHANT.

The American merchant is a type of the restless, adventurous, onward going race of people. He sends his merchandize all over the earth; stocks every market; makes wants, that he may supply them; covers the New Zealand with Southern cotton woven in Northern looms; builds blocks of stores in the Sandwich Islands; swaps with the Fejee cannibals; sends the whaleship among the icebergs of the poles, or to wander in solitary seas, till the log-book tells the tedious sameness of years, and boys become men; gives the ice of a Northern winter to the Torrid Zone, piles up Fresh Pond on the banks of the Hoogly, gladdens the sunny savannahs of the dreamy South, and makes life tolerable in the bungalow of an Indian jungle. The lakes of New England awake to life the rivers of the sultry East, and the antipodes of the earth come in contact at this "meeting of the waters." The white canvass of the American ship glances in every nook of every ocean. Scarcely has the slightest intimation come of some obscure, unknown corner of a remote sea, when the captain is consulting his charts, in full career for the "terra incognita."—*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.*

WHAT SAND IS.

Sand is rock, and other hard substances, reduced into powder of various degrees of coarseness. And there was, therefore, no sand in chaos. While the earth was still without form and void, the materials of which sand is composed had not assumed their present peculiar character, for sand is a highly-manufactured article, and requires time for its production. A brand-new planet can no more have sands (unless ready-made) spread over it, than a new psrk can be adorned with symmetrical avenues of old stag-headed oak trees. Allowing, then, for the small proportion of sand which the winds, the rains and the rivers have ground out for us, what an old established concern the ocean wavemill must be, to have pounded thus finely for us the immense quantity of sand which we have in the world!—*Dickens.*

It is as meritorious to attempt sharing in a good man's heart as it is contemptible to have a design upon a rich man's money. A noble nature aims its attentions breast high; a mean mind levels its paltry assidues at the pocket.



REPRESENTATION OF THE GAS WORKS, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS.

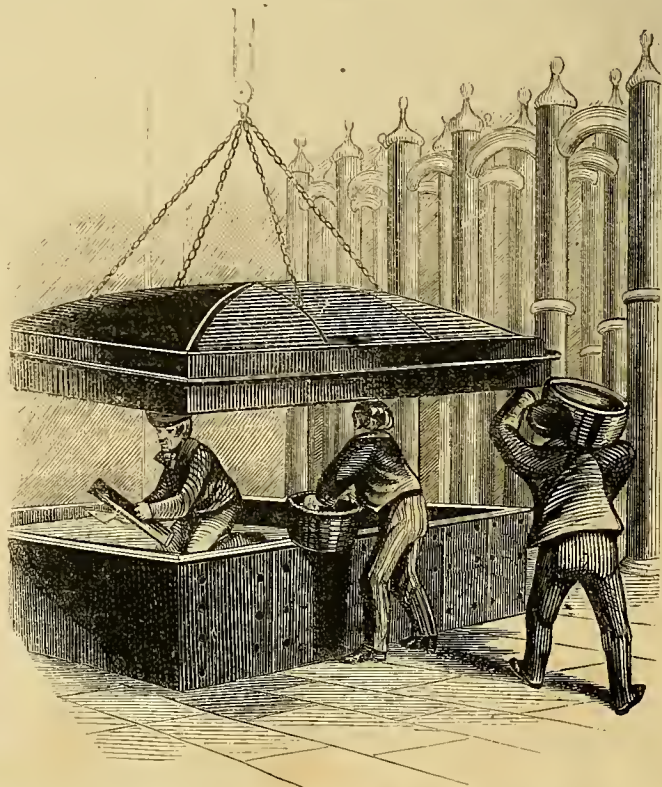
In the year 1835, the erection of the Gas Works was authorized by the corporation of the city of Philadelphia. A small amount of money only was at first expended, simply for the purpose of testing its economy and usefulness. It would seem strange that the good citizens of our sister city should have doubted for a moment the feasibility and economy of such an undertaking, when some eight or ten years before, gas light had been so well tested and adopted by both New York and Boston; for as early as 1826, this brilliant light was used in many stores in Washington street. One in particular of which we well remember—the arcade and stationery store of Isaac W. Goodrich, in State street. Be that as it may, the unenlightened corporation of Philadelphia shrunk from any innovation upon old established systems, and they also regarded it an unsafe means of yielding artificial light. However, old landmarks were soon swept away, and intelligence and enlarged experience, soon acknowledged its superiority over “whale oil,” hog’s lard and “penny dips.” The Philadelphians may now well boast of their gas works and their water works; they form some of the chief attractions of the city. Our artist has given us a correct view of the works from Market street, which we herewith present, accompanied by views of interest in different departments of the establishment. The works cover some eight acres, with a river front of 800 feet on the Schuylkill. In the

establishment there are some four or five different sections, each one of which is an independent gas factory of itself, and capable of management unconnected with the others. The separate buildings comprise two retort-houses, two purifying-houses, two metre-rooms, containing six station metres, and four conical governors, two ranges of workshops, and coke sheds and offices, three coal-stores, two perpetual lime kilns, and eleven gas-holders. The retort-houses are 195 feet long and forty-eight feet wide, comprising eight sections, containing 240 retorts; they are built of brick, and rest upon arches supported by cast iron girders, giving space for the storage of over 50,000 bushels of coal beneath the floors; the roof-frames are of wrought iron, covered with slate; the height of the chimneys is one hundred feet. The range of offices, metre-rooms and workshops, belonging to the old works, is 133 feet by twenty, the coke-shed 170 by twenty-four feet, and the coal-shed eighty by fifty feet, arranged round a hollow square. The extent of the range of offices, smith-shops and metre-house of the new works is 122 by 120 feet; the coke-shed, store rooms, etc., 270 by twenty-two feet. Between the retort-houses, is an underground coal-store, forty by 190 feet, capable of containing 40,000 bushels. The lime-kilns are built of stone, in the usual form of perpetual kilns. The southern coal-store is constructed in four sections, one hundred feet long, thirty feet wide, joined side by side, so that they constitute one building, 100 by 120 feet, with a

roof supported on stone piers eighteen feet high; its capacity is about 200,000 bushels. The old works contain eight gas-holders, of fifty feet diameter and 35,000 cubic feet capacity each. Of those connected with the new division, two are of eighty feet diameter, containing 200,000 cubic feet each, and one of 140 feet diameter, with a capacity of one million cubic feet, all of the telescope form. The guide frames of these gas-holders are entirely of cast iron; those of the eighty feet holders are composed of six stands of fluted columns, arranged in pairs, with an entablature to each pair, and raised to three tiers in height—there being thirty-six columns to each gas-holder—the whole bound together at the top by iron open-work girders. The large holder is guided by twelve sets of columns, standing in groups of three, raised four tiers high; the lower tier is of the Tuscan, the second Doric, the third Ionic, and the upper the Corinthian order of architecture. The number of columns is 144, and the whole height of the structure above the coping of the tank, is seventy-four feet, and the depth of the tank thirty-six feet. A high standard of illuminating quality of gas has been adopted and constantly maintained at these works, by the use of the proper varieties of coals, or by the addition of a proportion of resin, when the coals should chance to fall below the proper standard. The quality aimed at, is that designated “twenty-candle gas;” that is to say, the light of an argand burner, consuming four feet an hour, is equal to that of



THE RETORT ROOM IN THE PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS.



THE PURIFYING ROOM IN THE PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS.



THE METRE ROOM IN THE PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS.

twenty sperm candles, six to the pound. This quality has generally been obtained, without the aid of resin, by the use of certain varieties of coals from the western part of the State. The quantity of gas manufactured during the year, is one hundred and eighty-two millions and sixteen thousand cubic feet. A more definite notion of the magnitude of this volume of gas will be obtained, by converting it into gallons, of which it will make seven and a half millions, or about the same as the daily consumption of hydrant water in the summer months. The extent of main pipes laid in the streets, is five hundred thousand two hundred and sixty-seven feet, or about ninety-four and three fourths miles! The number of metres in use is 9238, and the whole number of customers on the books is 9216, using 115,004 lights, besides 1464 in the streets, fifty in the market houses, and sixty-four in the public squares. The total extent of street, main and service pipe is nearly 115 miles. Extensive as are these works, it appears that they will not be adequate to supply the increasing demand; it is therefore proposed to erect new works. A desirable location has been obtained for this purpose, containing about seventy acres, at Point Breeze, immediately on the banks of the River Schuylkill, on which additional works are to be erected at once. It is contemplated, in time, to remove the old works to this place entirely.

THE PATENT OFFICE AT WASHINGTON,

Of which we give a view below, occupies a commanding position, a few squares from Pennsylvania Avenue, about midway between the Capitol and the White House. It is a noble edifice, with a massive granite foundation, the main building and front portico of free-stone, painted white, while the wings, of more recent construction, are of dazzling white marble. The right wing is not yet completed, but the left wing has been occupied of late by the Metropolitan Mechanics Institute holding their first fair in its upper hall, the largest room in America. The present rooms occupied by the officers of the Patent Office are on the right of the main entrance, and are crowded with models and drawings, undergoing the necessary examinations and comparisons with known inventions—an ordeal which only a fraction can pass. On the left of the main hall, is the collection of models of objects patented, a varied and interesting testimonial to the inventive genius of our untrammelled artisans. Everything, almost, is there, from a bridge to a flat-iron—from a locomotive to a sewing-machine—and most of the models are exquisitely finished. The old models were destroyed by fire some years since, but the present building is fire-proof. Up stairs is the National Museum, open to all, which contains, among other things, the hallowed uniform, equipments, and other relics of the immortal Washington.

WINTER AND SPRING.

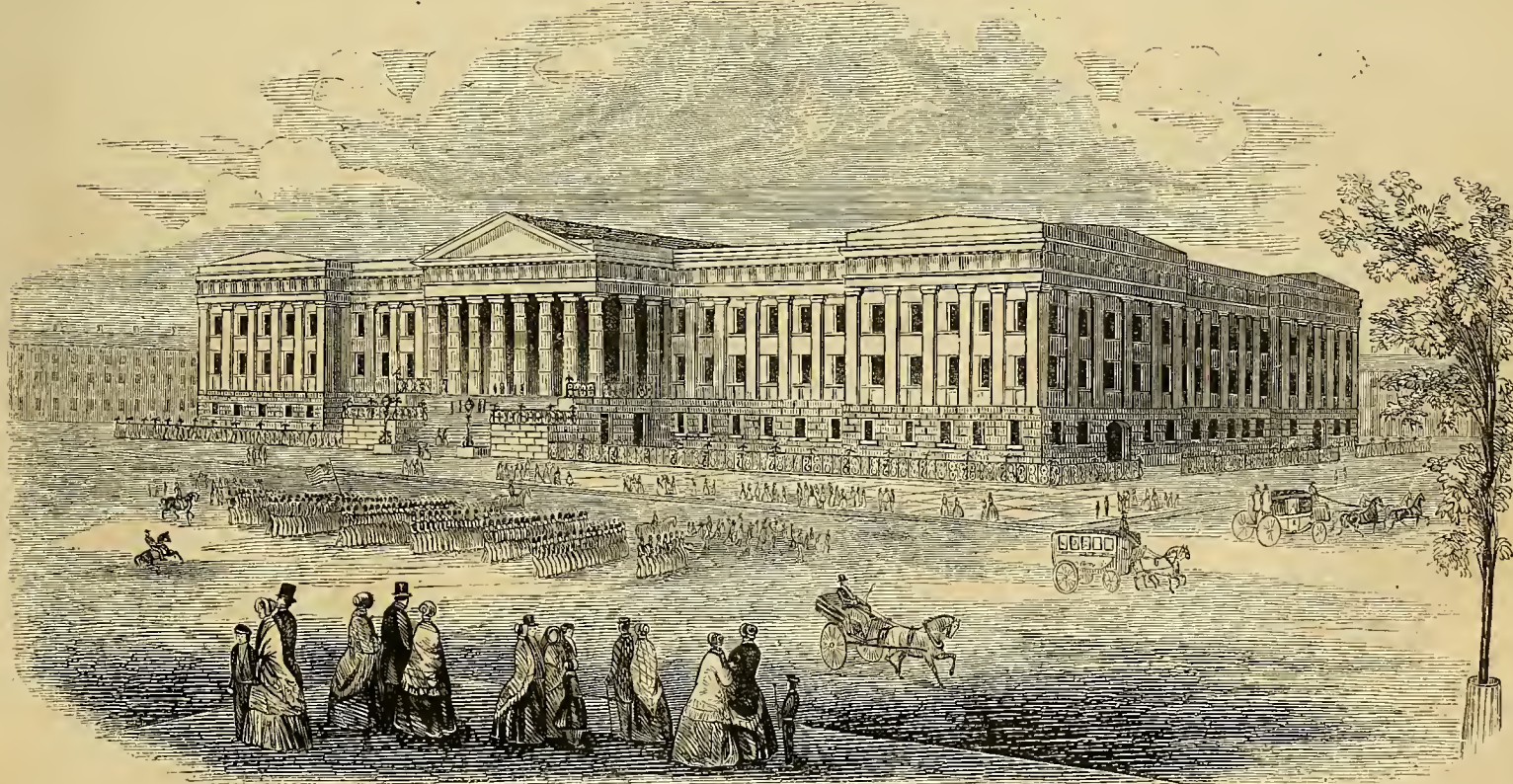
Proud and stern on his mountain throne,
King WINTER kept his state;
In his cloudy robe, with his icy crown,
Dark monarch of earth! he sat
His aged head was wreathed with snow—
With snow like hoary hair;
Dim, mist-like forms were crouching low,
In homing round his chair.
Dread and dread is the monarch's power,
And blighting the breath he breathes—
But the sternest heart hath its gentler hour,
As the rock-cleft hideth the moss-born flower,
With its pluck and tiny wreaths.
"I will prepare a royal feast!"—
So spake the monarch's voice—
"That may—such weary ages passed—
My lonely heart rejoice.
Then go, ye vassals, hasten forth
As on the lightning's wing;
Outher all that is fair of earth,
Gather and to me bring;
A robe of soft and summer green
Around my shoulders throw;
Of ivy wreath a verdant screen,
To hide my couch of snow!
Unlock the icy-fettered stream,
To run in silver down;
Call hore the zephyr and the beam,
To make the flowers their own,
Call from the sunny lands of song,
The minstrels of the air;
For I have missed and mourned
Too long,
Their notes so silver clear.
And ye, my vassals, hear my throne
Where flowers may round me
spring;
I will no longer dream alone
That I on earth am king!"
And low their heads his vassals
bowed
Before their master's will;
But said, "Thy slaves are not al-
thy bidding to fulfil. (lowed
Hast thou for gold or treasure ask'd,
Or the flashing diamond stone,
We would for thee our strength
have tasked.
They should have been thy own.
We'll build for thee thy palace
walls
Of crystal, clear and bright;
And hang around thy regal halls
The rock-born flowers of light,
If so thou wilt." He face the king,
In sorrow, turned away.
"Go! I have asked of ye a thing
From powers beyond my way.
Stern is my strength, wide my
command;
But my domain of dread
Gives but the sceptre to the hand,
No garland for the head."
And as he spoke, the palace wall
Flew open with a sudden sound,
Again it closed, and in the hall
A lovely boy was standing found.
His graceful limbs with strength
were strung,
His ringlets, bright as sun-
teached gold,
Which he behind him idly flung,
Waved rich in many a glossy
fold.
With daughter's brow he gazed upon
Old Winter and his ancient throne;
And Winter felt a secret fear,
As if a rival power were near.
Yet first the Monarch silence broke—
"Speak, youth, and be thine errand told;
Why hath thy foot our echoes woke?"
So questioned he the minstrel bold,
And boldly, too, the answer came—
"A POET I, and SPRING my name;
Where'er I go I bear along
The life of light, the love of song.
But where I dwell, and whence I come,
I may not tell: 'tis distant far,
Thou canst not live where I may roam;
And when I leave my glowing star,
As now I do, to cross the main,
And field, and flood, and mountain chain,
I breathe the spell that sets them free
From all thy icy tyranny."

The voices that around me rise,
Companions of my onward path,
A greater power within them lies
Than dwells in all thy stormy wrath.
For if my golden lyre I take,
And if my gentle song I wake,
The world is softened to the strain,
And laughter forth in flowers again."
"Then," said the monarch, "wake for me
The song in which such magic dwells,
That I may drink its melody,
And mark the marvel of thy spells."
The youthful minstrel touched the string,
And sang unto the aged king;
And gardens spread, and flowerets sprung
Around, like visions, as he sung.
The song was o'er; the minstrel ceased;
No word the monarch said;



WINTER THE KING, AND SPRING THE POET.

But he his hands together pressed,
And bowed his hoary head.
What should that falling tear-drop sprak?
It did not flow for pain;
What flush was on that aged cheek
When he raised his head again?
"Take thou the guerdon; 'tis thine own
My kingdom take to thee;
Be thine my diadem and crown,
My sceptre thine shall be.
I'll bend no more beneath the weight
Of stern and blighting power;
I sought in vain, on my throne of state,
For the love-suspiring bower.
My heart the joy could never know
That love that song could bring;
POET, thy hand! Farewell my throne
I'll bend my being with thine own,
Thou SPIRIT of the SPRING."



A VIEW OF THE PATENT OFFICE BUILDING, WASHINGTON CITY, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE PROVOKING LOVER.

BY FRIGEE CASSY.

I cannot lightly talk and smile,
I will not sit and sigh;
I am not vexed enough to scold,
And too much vexed to cry.
So, Annie, do enlighten me,
My hope is all in you;
I'm sure I don't know what he means,
And can't tell what to do.

Last night when Charley talked to me,
Though he was kind and good,
He acted like an injured man,
Who suffered all he could.
'T would be a pretty way to be,
Without the asking led;
If he wishes me to talk to him,
It's very easy said.

One day he asked me if I thought,
When to another wed,
I'd ever breathe a sigh for him,
Because his hopes were dead?
And if I did not think he'd feel
Disconsolate and sad?
I'm sure I can't tell how he'd feel,
I know that I'd feel bad.

He said he wished he knew my heart,
His own was torn with doubt;
If he'll only ask me what I think
Of him, he'll find it out.
So what to think, or how to act,
I'm sure I do not know.—
But if he waits to marry me,
I wish he'd tell me so!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE NEW DOCTOR:

—OR—

THE PLAIN GOLD RING.

BY ALICE H. NEAL.

"DIDN'T you hear the gate shnt, Caroline? I wonder who it can be this time of day? Just look out of the hall window; I *hope* it's nobody coming to tea." And Mrs. Dana looked out from under the mass of really very fine hair she was arranging at her eldest daughter, who was busily employed in sorting patterns from a bureau drawer at the other end of the chamber.

"In one moment, mother. These are the sleeves, I guess. Somebody is coming up the path. Dear me, Mrs. Simpson, of all the world, and she means to stay, you may depend, for she has her bag *stuffed* with work!"

Mrs. Dana twisted the thick braid around her well shaped head with a sudden jerk, and "prospected" for her cap in a flurry of impatience; but the cap had disappeared, as essentials will when one is dressing in haste, and her guest had fairly knocked at the front hall door, and been admitted by one of the little ones, before she could lay her hands upon it again. Not that she particularly needed a covering for that fine hair, scarcely threaded with gray, but it was the custom of the place and people for matrons to assume them, and Mrs. Dana would not have been seen without hers for the world.

"Dear me, Caroline, do come and help me look. Mrs. Simpson, as particular as *she* is, and not one crumb of cake or a loaf of fresh bread in the house! I *knew* somebody would come, if we put off baking. I wish your father hadn't hurried me so about these shirts. There, under that apron pattern, isn't that a blue string? Roll up the muslin, and put it in the spare room closet. Run down and show her into the sitting-room. She'll be right up here. O, there it is!" and Mrs. Dana commenced another search for her cap, which was hanging on the foot of the bed in full view, as her daughter obeyed her last injunction.

Mrs. Simpson had already found her way to the sitting-room, which was cool, and shaded, and had ensconced herself in the Boston rocking-chair in the corner.

"How d'ye do, Caroline? How's your ma? I see Sarah is playin' round again. She's had quite a time with her face, hasn't she? I guess your mother minds old Dr. Lane a little; but I tell you 'twas high time he gave up. The new doctor—how do you do, Miss Dana? I hope you haven't hurried on my account. I was just going to tell Caroline that hearing the doctor say at dinner that the 'squire had asked him 'round here to tea, I thought I'd take my work and come along too. He being a stranger, and young people are mostly bashful. You haven't seen him yet, only in church, have ye, Caroline? He aint a mite like most of them Boston chaps who come up here, and look as if they never saw baked beans before in all their lives. He's a real *home body*; you never knew a man make so little trouble, though, to be sure, I say my cooking's good enough for anybody!" And Mrs. Simpson's pause for a compliment on her housewifery was as evident as that of any distinguished public speaker we have ever seen take occasion to pour out a glass of water at the conclusion of a period, which *ought* to bring down the house.

"Yes, indeed, we all know that," responded her hostess, abruptly; for her empty bread tray and cake jar rose in comparison to Mrs. Simpson's beautiful table, and this revelation of another guest, and of all people the new doctor just from the city, invited in the 'squire's usual off hand but often inconvenient hospitality, struck dismay to her already perplexed mind. There was no con-

fectioner at the next corner, no baker down the street to supply the deficiency, as we of city life have always at hand, and worse than all the "hired girl!"—Squire Dana was guilty of this piece of extravagance, always so considered in rural districts—had gone home to pass the afternoon, leaving all the household care to devolve on Caroline, or Carrie, as her young friends abbreviated it. If either of them was long absent from the room, Mrs. Simpson would be sure to notice it, and insist that they should make no difference for her, and it was late in the season, when neither jam nor preserves could make up the deficiency.

As for Carrie herself, the announcement of the doctor's expected visit had set her heart fluttering at a most unnatural rate. He had been the lion of the town for the past three weeks, having brought out old Dr. Lane, and fitted up the little office next to Mrs. Simpson's in the most tasteful manner. There was a bright ingrain carpet upon the floor, a new revolving office chair, book shelves not all occupied by leathern bindings, and two or three prints over the mantel. Moreover, the heavy wooden shutter had been replaced by a green Venetian blind, and through the slats the young ladies of the village had caught more than one glance of the new arrival, as he sent forth the vaporizing curls of smoke from his cigar, his feet slightly elevated, and his head thrown back, after the fashion of those addicted to the "pernicious weed." As yet, he had only made professional calls; but Carrie had seen him twice on the meeting-house steps, and once, when riding in the chaise with her father, he had passed them on horse-back, and bowed. He was not a "handsome" man; indeed he was pronounced "ugly" by Ellen Ladd, whose little brother had been sick with the measles, and, of course, she could judge, as she had managed to show great devotion to the cross young invalid in the doctor's presence. But Carrie admired tall men, and the new doctor was tall, and she *thought* his eyes were very expressive; for, of course, he looked up to the gallery in the singing, and the 'squire's daughter had stood next to the chorister for more than a year; a stranger could but notice "her pure voice o'erfloated the rest;" and it was only natural for the doctor to look as well as listen. But in the midst of her pleasant anticipations, she, too, recollected Hitty's absence, and what would devolve on her.

"Father was so provoking," thought the undutiful little maiden. "He always *would* invite company without saying a word to them; and what would the doctor think to see her setting the table and clearing away? for the family meals were always taken in the sitting-room, opening from the parlor, and with children running out and in, it was impossible to keep the door shnt. Then, too, she had seriously meditated a white dress, but she had only one, and that must be worn Sunday, so it would not do to run the risk of spoiling it by getting tea with it on; father would be sure to notice it, or her blue muslin either, when she was working about, and then the doctor would know it was put on just for him. O dear! all her pleasure spoiled by Hitty's being out of the way. It was always so! Hitty was sure to be gone just when she was most wanted!" And so lost was she in this distressing reverie, that it was a long time before she noticed sundry nods and signals from her mother, who had gone into the kitchen for a moment, under excuse of seeing the time from the tall Geneva clock that stood between the windows.

Mrs. Dana had summoned her daughter, as a committee of ways and means, for to her it was no slight annoyance; her reputation for housewifery, and her husband's for hospitality, were at stake. Mrs. Simpson was good-natured, but she would be sure to mention, the next time she went out to tea, how mean she felt when she found out the Danas hadn't expected company that afternoon; for there wasn't a morsel of cake, nor so much as a hot biscuit on the table; and what would the new doctor think?

"Just like your father," commenced the disturbed little woman. "He never thinks how much *we* are put out. He might have known Hitty was gone, for I asked him for five dollars for her at dinner time. She never takes up her wages, except when she goes home. There isn't an egg, as sure as I live!" (and the egg box was laid down with no light emphasis on the dresser). "I remember now; that pudding took every one; and by the time John went to the store and back, they'd be here. What shall I do, Caroline?"

Carrie thought of the light rolls, or "soda biscuit," as they were called, which she was so famous for. But it required a stretch of self-denial to offer to prepare them; for with the mixing and baking the whole afternoon would be consumed, and she would not get five minutes in the parlor. However, she was not selfish, and her mother was in an unusual strait; so Carrie professed her services, and suggested that there were plenty of ripe currants on the bushes, which John and Lucy could gather, and they would look beautifully in the tall glass dish. Mrs. Dana's butter was always good; and there were some honey and dried beef. Carrie ran through all the resources of the buttry, with an eye to their tasteful arrangement, very cheerfully, considering the long anticipated pleasure it was to deprive her of, and her mother went back to her guest little suspecting it, and tolerably well satisfied with the prospect.

There was no time now to think of any change of toilet; the bright tin pints were taken down, and the children despatched to the garden, not unwillingly, for from the time the fruit season commenced, they were forbidden to enter the sacred enclosure without leave, and now they had visions of helping themselves as well as their sister. The best china tea-set, only used on special occasions, was brought from the parlor closet and dusted, before Mrs. Simpson was invited in there from the sitting-room, the flour sifted into the bread bowl, the moulding board, with all its et ceteras, prepared, and then, while the fire in the stove was kindling, our young friend went into the parlor for a moment's chat. She had more than usual interest in the good-natured gossiping of

Mrs. Simpson just now; for the new doctor had his meals there, and, of course, his sayings and his doings were the principal themes of her discourse. How fond he was of custards, and how much he praised hers! that she had sent all over town that day for some honey, because he had said it would seem like old times to taste real honey once more. Here Mrs. Dana and Carrie exchanged delighted glances, and Carrie remembered the little oval glass dish which always set off the golden syrup so, and determined to take the first chance to slip it out of the closet.

"You never knew such a good-natured man around the house," continued the lady, working very fast, and stitching vigorously on a pair of summer pantaloons, intended for her eldest hope, an uncommonly tall lad of sixteen. "Men folks are generally cross, I think, 'specially in the morning; but, bless you, he comes along with such a smile, a 'how d'ye find yourself this morning, Mrs. Simpson?' just as if I was the greatest stranger in the world. I tell him he ought to get married; a doctor aint good for much until he is. So he laughs and says, 'Just pick me out a wife, Mrs. Simpson, and I'll see about it, only let her know how to make such nice biscuits as these,' says he—'there, just so'—and he takes a hot one. I say *you're* just the one, Carline; somehow I thought of you right off. 'There's Carline Dann, the 'squire's daughter,' says I; 'a man that gits her is well off; you'd make an elegant couple,' says I, 'for all, Carline aint very tall.' 'O,' says he, as quick as that, 'the best things come in the smallest quantities!'"

"O, Mrs. Simpson!" said Carrie, deprecatingly, "you didn't tell him about me? how could you?" And a very beaming blush, not of anger, however, flushed her cheek. "And then father's asking him here, he'll think—" but what she supposed he thought was not made manifest at this particular juncture, for there he stood on the very threshold, with her father, they having come around from the barn upon the soft garden walk, where 'Squire Dana had been himself, like a merciful man, to see that the horses were properly fed.

"Don't run away, Carline," he called out in his bluff, hearty tone. "I've brought the doctor to see you women folks. She don't look much as if she needed one, does she, doctor, with such red cheeks?" And, of course, the cheeks grew redder than ever at the respectful but earnest look she met in answer to this challenge; for she was sure he must have heard what she was saying as he came by the window; and, besides, there was her hair pushed back behind her ears, as she had bent over her work this warm afternoon; and she had her apron on, no fanciful trifle of ribbon or lace, but a full, wide gingham apron, tied over her new calico dress. And now she was too proud to make any change, for the doctor would think it was done just for him. "O dear, why had Hitty gone off this particular afternoon!"

But Mrs. Dana, troubled with no such qualms as these, now that her ten-table was arranged, hustled about to make her guest comfortable, in her kind, motherly way; and Carrie slipped off to hide her chagrin in the kitchen. The 'squire declared this was the pleasantest room in the house, and, indeed, it seemed so this warm July afternoon; for morning-glory vines grew over both the windows; the door, opening from the shady side of the house, let in a pleasant breeze; and it was so neat and tidy, from the yellow painted floor to the bright ties ranged on the newly white-washed wall, that it was a comfort to look about one. Carrie was not the girl to sit down and brood over a mortification, or go to an unwelcome task sullenly; and after watching through the morning-glory vines, to see her father and his guest safely over the clover field, on their way to the orchard and the south meadow, she seated the urchins, with their well-filled pails, on the door step, first seeing that their hands were as clean as soap and water could make them, to the arduous task of "stringing currants;" while she went about her self-appointed task. How tempting, in prospective, were these snow-white rolls, ranged in the shining baking-pans, each one carved by the cake-cutter to an exact circle, more tempting still on the first peep into the oven, threatening to be only too light; and then when the first hatch came, brown and glowing out upon the kitchen-table, our little heroine felt more than paid for the flushed complexion, the watching and tending of this nice process. And now the snowy cloth is laid, while another detachment is consigned to the oven, and fluttering between the two rooms, singing still as she goes, the ten-table is covered by her skilful hands. Yellow butter and cream from the spring house; the honey melting through the woven cells; the delicate ruby tint of the currants crowning the centre, and heaped with crushed loaf sugar; the china; the best tea-tray, in all the lustre of new Japan; the best teaspoons, glittering as when they came home from the Boston silversmith's; only wanting the shell-shaped cake plates, heaped with the brown, light, delicious biscuits on either side, to make it quite complete. No wonder Carrie paused a moment to congratulate herself on a closer survey, to lean forward and re-adjust the tall glass dish of currants exactly in the centre; to smooth a fold of the snowy table-cloth; to take up and put down again, quite unnecessarily, the silver butter-knife, and turn the handle of the cream-pitcher. She had a right to be proud of her own neat handiwork, although her face was burned by the stove heat, and her apron had swung around to the side, and her sleeves were still rolled up to the white dimpled elbow; she fully intended to set all these little matters right, and brush her hair forward, before she saw the doctor again; but fate and the thoughtless 'squire willed it otherwise; for he had ushered their guest in at the kitchen door, inviting him to wash, as they had just come from the farm yard, and proceeding to set a good example by a vigorous splashing and application of yellow soap to his own full sized hands. It seemed destined that Carrie should not be at ease in the doctor's society, for she was obliged to obey the call for clean towels, discovering, just at that moment, that

her ring, the only ornament she ever wore, and valued accordingly, was gone. It was rather large for her, to be sure, and she usually laid it aside before washing, but in her haste she had not done so this afternoon, and she remembered, with a start of fear, that her father had emptied the water from the basin she had used, and it must have made its way out of the spout to the drain below. The 'squire did not approve of "few gems," so a knot of ribbon was the only brooch she had ever worn, and this one plain gold ring, the gift of an aunt, was treasured accordingly. The thought of her loss made her, for the moment, indifferent to anything else, and she drew a long breath when finally at liberty to commence the search. But no ring made its appearance, neither in the nest, well-painted sink, nor the spout, as far down as it was possible to penetrate. It might have fallen on the ground below, but tall, rank weeds obstructed the search, and there was little time to continue it. The tears sprang to her eyes, as she was warned by the slow striking of the kitchen clock that tea should be announced, or her punctual father would be out to inquire into the matter; and trying to excite the sympathy of John and Lucy, by the hurried promise of "anything they wanted"—rather a broad margin for young people—to the one that found it, she turned reluctantly away. Alas! the doctor's visit had so far proved only a succession of annoyances. She wished he had stayed at home; that he had never come to Milton at all, for her part; and equally uncharitable benedictions were sent after the absent and unconscious Hitty.

Mrs. Dana, her self-complacency thoroughly restored at the sight of the well-spread table, and in blissful unconsciousness of all it had cost the impromptu handmaiden, waved her guests to their seats, and chid the children for their eagerness to find theirs. The 'squire insisted on their being at the table, visitors or not, and as children will, they were fired with their own disputes and animosities as to the best right to particular places. All wanted to sit next to mother, of course, and so Carrie came exactly opposite the doctor, so that she could not look up, or he helped to anything, without meeting his eyes, which were very fine, indeed, and lighted by an arch, changeful expression. Mrs. Dana had been taught in the school of rustic politeness, of which apologies for one's table make so large a share. Her visitors were exhorted to "eat if they could," though, to be sure, there did not seem to be much; somehow this was the worst season of the year to get anything. Doughnuts would not do in summer, and sponge cake and that sort dried up so fast, that, for once in their lives, they seemed most out of everything; but they were quite welcome to what there was, and she *did* hope they would make out.

Mrs. Simpson certainly seemed to be doing very well, with a slice of cold milk bread, a hot biscuit, some dried beef, cheese and butter on her small tea plate, flanked on one side by a white saucer of currants, and on the other by a fragrant cup of tea, with real cream—not milk—and a glass dish of honey, her spoon dipping from saucer to saucer alternately. The doctor never ate cake, not even sponge cake; Mrs. Simpson, as sponsor, adding, "he did not consider it healthy, and, for her part, she never cared about it when she could get plenty of good bread and butter;" and though she did not like to own up to it, Miss Dana's soda biscuit certainly beat hers. They always seemed to have the luck, she had told the doctor, had n't she? but Caroline did not seem to be making out a tea, and it suddenly came into the good woman's recollection that she had been out of the room almost all of the afternoon, and inquiries particularly agreeable to the young cook had set on foot accordingly.

"O, out in the garden picking these currants, I suppose; thank you, doctor, just another spoonful of that honey; you know it's just what you wanted; where did you get it, 'squire, this season of the year? I hope you had on your sun-bonnet, Caroline; seems to me your face *does* look rather flushed; the sun was dreadful hot coming along. Well, your company's good, and so is these currants, the very first I've tasted this year; our hushes didn't do well a bit."

But here a fresh emeute arose between John and Lucy, and the gathering storm broke out with—"Didn't you say I could have just what I wanted, Carrie? and I mean to have—"

"But she said the one that found it could choose, and you needn't be so sure, Miss Luce. I'll be up by daylight, and have every one of these weeds rooted up, you'll see. Shall Luce look when I'm gone for the cows, father?"

"I will—I will!" broke in Miss Lucy, appealing to mother, and it was some time before the subject of dispute was ascertained to be Carrie's unfortunate ring; Mrs. Dana seemed by no means pleased when the discovery of the loss was made. Meantime the doctor, as if quite at home, had taken his third biscuit, for he evidently had a good appetite, and as he broke it open, white and creamy as it was, something glittered from its centre. There lay the missing ring, none the worse for the baking, and profoundly innocent of all the commotion it had caused, and was yet to be the author of; while Carrie's eyes were riveted on it, and the blush and tears of vexation rose again; for, quick as thought, it flashed upon her how Mrs. Simpson would retail the whole story—and what would he think? The doctor, finding every one else engaged in settling the dispute with the children, very quietly slipped it into his vest pocket, not without an arch and meaning glance at the 'squire's daughter, it must be confessed.

No wonder that the children at last gave up the hopeless task; for, like the hide of the Mistletoe Bough,

"They sought it that night,
They sought it next day,
They sought it in vain when a week passed away.
In the highest, the lowest, the faintest spot,
The children groped bravely, yet found it not."

And Carrie began to think it might as well have been buried in

the "old oak chest," for all she should ever see of it; for, strange to say, the doctor never so much as hinted that it was in his possession, though he made innumerable calls, and not unfrequently escorted her home from meeting. Nor did it ever come back to her possession, though it was replaced early in the fall by a much handsomer one, which the doctor brought himself from Boston. And how do you think he won the little handmaid's consent to wear it? By reminding her of an old promise, that she was to give the finder of the plain gold ring "anything he wanted." To be sure, she had never imagined that, in her rashness, she had forfeited herself. But so it was; the doctor would choose nothing else, and 'Squire Dana gave a ready and hearty consent, not to speak of a hoese and furniture for the young people. And Mrs. Dana was in her glory, cutting out and directing the making up of innumerable pieces of muslin. So the story of the ring came out; for the doctor wore it himself now, on his watch ribbon. And Mrs. Simpson said: "Well, to be sure, that was one way of finding out Caroline could make good biscuit, and somehow she'd always thought it would make a match!"

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TRINITY CHIMES.

AS HEARD FROM BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, ON A CLEAR SABBATH MORN.

BY WILLIAM E. LAWRENCE.

Sweet Sabbath bells! how musical ye are,
Your clear tones wafted o'er the waters deep;
Your music seems, thus coming from afar,
A gentle call this holy day to keep;
Those silvery tones, to softened music given,
Seem sent us here below to call our thoughts to heaven.

Like angels' whispers, on this lovely morn,
Your cadence falls upon the listening ear;
Floating o'er water, hill, and dale, and lawn,
Its fairy softness every heart doth cheer;
Of purer skies and brighter worlds above
Ye seem to speak to us,—of heaven, where all is love.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE CRAZED POLITICIAN.

BY REV. HENRY DACON.

YESTERDAY I was attracted, when going to the Exchange, by a crowd of people surrounding the steps of Girard Bank. As I came near, I found a crazed politician, whom I had seen many times before, haranguing the people on the abuses of men in power. He was a man of violent movements, impassioned in all his actions and gestures, his face full of wrinkles from the contortions that expressed indignation, and his hair, long and abundant, hanging from his head like white and yellow flax. He labored to speak as though the most tumultuous assembly was before him; his words coming forth as a giant walks, leaving large spaces between the footsteps, and of one tenor was all he said,—the corruption of men in power. He would utter a violent philippic, and, folding his arms, he would then stride along the steps, his face wearing the expression of a man who has accomplished a mighty effort in saying a daring and magnificent thing. He always speaks bareheaded, with stentorian lungs, and as though he beheld the mightiest of crowds before him. He seems to know what many speakers sadly want amid their knowledge, and that is, when he has said the best thing; and then making his bow, and clapping on his hat, he swings off with all the pride of a Roman, who folds his mantle about him, and moves bravely to civil death.

The other day, I heard him declaiming on the duplicity that gained some advantage in reference to public stocks, and thus accumulated a fortune, when "all," he said, "knew the act was against the law—the law, not as our lawyers expound it,—O no! I know them too well for that; but"—and here he lifted himself to the utmost height possible, and swinging his right arm with a most majestic sweep, he said,—"but according to *that* law which binds the universe together, and that will draw us all to the great judgment seat of the Almighty."

As I moved away, two gentlemen passed me, one saying to the other: "He was a man of good intelligence before he got into that way." But there was intelligence enough left, yet all unguided. He most shrewdly argued the great questions of political economy; declared the grand essentials of state integrity, and uttered scores of truths respecting the corruption that enters into many departments of civil affairs. He pictures wire-pullers and puppet-movers most admirably; and whenever the "fierce democratic" assembly in front of old Independence Hall, the crazed politician is sure to be there, filling the flesh of many a sensitive aspirant for office with thorns, by the sharp truths he uttered from the lips of a crazed brain. To some, his presence reads a warning of what they may be reduced to, should, as in his case, they be left to say,

"I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other side."

The wonder is not that this one man in our city is crazed, but that we are sane. So great are the evils which are opened to the slightest insight into the affairs of political manœuvring—so terrible are the contrasts between great promises and small performances, that it is a wonder that sanity does not lose its control, and we go mad. Indeed, it might seem as though we were mad, when we speak our strong words against the governments of the Old World, and talk bravely of the harmonies and stability of republican institutions. But it would help nothing to go mad concern-

ing the evils of state—to declaim and denounce—to rebuke and curse; for this will find its answer from the crazed speech of those on the other side, and they may tell us we rather want their power than to make things right, and to see what is really good.

This crazed politician, whose locks float in the wind like a stained flag of truce, is but a specimen of a class who enact their follies in private.

"What stings
Are there! one breast laid open were a school
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule."

They sought the places they did not merit; or they aimed for power, forgetting where many claimants were striving, some must lose, and they forgot that in the lottery where they were trying their luck, there were many blanks. To make politics a trade—to set all our venture there, is a poor business. It has proved so to thousands; and the wild orator on the bank steps, for whom I would express no other feeling than sympathy, is but one exhibition of many of that

"Thrifless ambition that will reviv
Thine own life's curse."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

AN ANGEL'S REVERY.

BY WILLIAM LEIGHTON, JR.

A summer's eve, with gentle light,
Hung o'er the landscape softly bright;
The lord of day had sunk to rest
Behind the distant mountains' crest.
The golden west in splendor shone,
The evening's bright and beauteous throne;
The milder spirits of the air
In stinging hosts were clustering there;
They had left their home, the fairy grot,
To share with man his happy lot.

An angel, soaring through the vaulted sky,
Beheld from afar the glorious eve;
On his sunbright pinions he dreweth nigh,
As loth the fair and gentle earth to leave.

Resting now on his silent way,
The pictured earth beneath him lay;
Ne'er had he seen a fairer sight
In his high home so proudly bright.
Thoughts of earth filled the angel's mind—
"O, man," he said, "why art thou blind
To all the joys, thy birthright here?
Why cloud thy soul with sin and fear?
E'en angels' hearts can know no bliss,
Can view no scene more fair than this."

Yet haughty man, against himself arrayed,
Scorns all the pleasures of earth's brightest hour;
He bids the fairest worldly scenes to fade,
And sighs for joys beyond his earthly power.

Thou art half earthly, half divine,
And joys of sense with soul combine
To form thy nature. Born to be
Heir to a vast eternity,
Thy being had a double birth—
A soul for heaven, a form for earth;
The first will never pass away,
The last will mix with earthly clay.
Speed on, and shape thy worldly way,
Fixed is thy future destiny.

Now darkening shades o'er earth their mantle drew,
Announced to man the approach of sable night;
One sorrowing glance on earth the angel threw,
Then heavenward winged his lofty flight.

THE ESPIRITU SANTO.

This beautiful flower appears to be a description of lily, possessing a bulb root, long oval leaves, and a stock from three to four feet in length. The Espiritu Santo is one of those rare flowers that is said to be found only on one particular part of the isthmus, a short distance from Panama. It requires little earth for vegetation, growing among heaps of stones, with the fibres alone covered, the bulb being almost entirely exposed. The plant possesses little beauty beyond what is contained in the flower itself, which is of a most elegant and peculiar formation. The outward part, which is smaller than a pigeon's egg, resembles a curious shaped vase, on opening the lid of which the most perfect and beautiful *fac-simile* of a dove is found within. The head is turned over its back, appearing as if it were about to take its farewell of earth and soar to some brighter region. No person can see this extraordinary flower for the first time without a deep feeling of wonder and admiration at the perfection and beauty displayed in its formation, and every succeeding time it is met with, the observer gazes upon it with increased admiration and curiosity. Of all the really beautiful plants or flowers we have ever seen, we recollect none so beautiful as the Espiritu Santo, or "Holy Spirit," and we are sure that if a specimen could be sent to the United States or England, it would be looked upon as an invaluable curiosity.—*Panama Star*.

FRENCH AUTHORS.

Lord L. mentioned a translation of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" by a foreigner, whom I remember in London called the Commandeur de Tilley, and the line, "As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away," was done, "Comme la mer détruit les travaux de la tape." Talked of the egotism of foreign writers. The Abbe de Pradt begins one of his books, "Un seul homme a sauvé l'Europe; c'est moi." The best of it is, he read this in a company where the Duke of Wellington was; and, on the Abbe making a pause at the word "l'Europe," all eyes were turned to the duke; but then came out, to their no small astonishment, "C'est moi!"—*Journal of the poet Moore*.

Speaking of charity, it is a wonder so few people indulge in it. They should do it from motives of ambition, if not from kindness. What inspires us to build fine houses, to purchase fine pictures, fine clothes and other things, at a great expense, but an ambition to be respected more than other people?

Types of Mind; or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 11., BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.



President SPARKS has indissolubly connected his name with the memories of Washington, Franklin, and other worthies, whose histories he has so ably chronicled, and whose massive intellects are reflected in his very autography. PRESCOTT, more brilliant, is equally renowned as a historian.

Trin. Coll. Cambridge.
I have perused your very ingenious Theory of Vision in which (to be free with you as a friend should be) there seems to be some things more solid & satisfactory, others more disputable but yet plausibly suggested & well deserving of consideration of your ingenious.

Sir ISAAC NEWTON's autograph is such as might have been expected from an unequalled student. Aware of his position as a "sovereign of science," he was nevertheless modest, candid, and unceasing in his habits. "I do not know," he wrote just previous to his death, "what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me!" What a lesson to the presumption of most students, especially those who have not even found the smoother pebble or the prettier shell, and how emblematic of him upon whose tablet is inscribed:

"Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night.
God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light."

Newton's reigning desire was to prove that his grand discoveries were perfectly in nison with the order which God had, according to Scripture, observed in the creation.

WASHINGTON IRVING is best known by his quaint essays, replete with scenes of love and pathos, descriptions of past days, or legends of the fair clime of Andalusia. But he is nevertheless a diligent student, and even a his present advanced age, is delving in dusty archives, that he may faithfully portray the life of the *Pater Patria*.

DAVID RITTENHOUSE was the first American astronomer of eminence, and succeeded Dr. Franklin as president of the "American Philosophical Society." Dr. Rush, his intimate friend, says in a biographical sketch of him, "There was no affectation of singularity, in anything he said or did; even his hand-writing, in which this weakness so frequently discovers itself, was simple and intelligible at first sight, to all who saw it." His close observation of the phenomena of nature, and the clear detail of his style, are patterns which some modern astronomers would do well to follow. In private life, Dr. Rittenhouse exhibited all those mild and amiable virtues by which it is adorned.

Jared Sparks
David Hume

N. W. Prescott
T. Smollett

Washington Irving
Edgerton
George Bancroft
William Macaulay

HUME—SMOLLETT—GIBBON—MACAULAY, form a bright galaxy of English historians, but it will be observed that they lack the freedom of autography which characterizes their American

compeers. [The first three of these signatures, we would state, were copied from an English collection, which cost its proprietor nearly twenty thousand dollars. It contains many rare American

specimens, among them thirty-four letters written by Washington, several by William Penn, autograph signatures of every signer of the Declaration of Independence, save two, etc., etc.]

John Bishop of Charleston

F. W. Carey
J. D. Hawks

W. E. Channing
John E. Barry

Hosea Ballou
E. Robinson

The Right Reverend Bishop ENGLAND, of Charleston, S. C., was a prelate of rare attainments, rapid and vigorous thought, and freedom of expression. As an orator, he had few equals, and in private life he held enthralled the affections of all who enjoyed the rare pleasure of his intimacy.

President WAYLAND is a scholar, and a ripe one—a preacher, too, we have heard said, of much attraction—and a writer of works which have a high reputation.

REV. DR. CHANNING's discourses and works abound with proof of the elaborate study and ornament which are manifest in his autography. For power of thought, beauty of illustration and elegant demonstration, he ranked among the brightest ornaments of the clerical profession.

REV. DRS. PALFREY and HAWKS are close students, fluent writers, and display in their chirography little of the elegance and the elaborate finish which characterize their writings.

REV. HOSEA BALLOU's autography is clear, bold and decided, even as was the life of this ecclesiastical parent, "whose whole life was a beautiful and consistent tribute to truth. His epistles were brief, meaning and affectionate, exhibiting the same reliance upon Divine Providence that ever exercised his bosom."

REV. DR. ROBINSON has acquired high fame by his researches in biblical literature and localities, rather sectarian in their tone, but displaying marked genius and decidedly original thought.

John Marshall

Joseph Story

Lord Brougham

Chief Justice MARSHALL, who so long presided over the Supreme Court of the United States with unsullied dignity, was an untiring student, whose labors can only be appreciated by the profession of which he was so great an ornament. His decisions live only in the dusty repositories of legal oracles, but equal, in the estimation of a grateful nation, the fame of successful warriors, or the oratorical efforts of gifted statesmen.

Mr. Justice STORY wrote as he lived, with precision, method and ability. The results of his studies are to be found in his recorded judgments and in his literary productions, each of which won him honorable favor abroad as well as at home. Whatever subject he touched, was touched with a master's hand and spirit, nor can any one deny him the title which he coveted in his youth and enjoyed in his old age, "The jurist of the commercial world."

LORD BROUGHAM is a student, and enjoys reputation in his multifarious avocations. Droll in the House of Lords—deep in the Edinburgh Review—diplomatic in France—oracular at his club—exact in his histories—fickle in his attachments—versatile as an actor—profound as a lawyer—we find compounds of all his peculiar qualifications in the many essays which come from his nimble and caustic pen.

Benjamin Rush

John C. Warren

Prinford Silliman

Dr. BENJAMIN RUSH, of revolutionary celebrity as a surgeon, died at the head of his profession on this continent. His autography is characteristic of his declaration that "Medicine without principles is a bumble art, and a degrading profession," and every stroke of his pen evinces a bold, decided, and critically accurate mind, intent upon a logical analysis.

Dr. WARREN enjoys the confidence and esteem which invariably attend on a long and meritorious professional life. His published productions evince equal research, talent and judgment, and have won him an honorable position throughout the scientific world. Such men give character to whatever department of science they lead.

COUNT REMFORD was a New England boy, who by study and scientific research rose to wealth, title and fame abroad. Equally distinguished as a practical chemist, and a scientific scholar, is Professor SILLIMAN, whose highest reward is the gratitude of every intelligent fellow-citizen, and the honorable regard of every true philosopher in Christendom.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. HALLOU, EDITOR.

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REV. F. W. HOLLAND,
BEN: PERLEY POORE.

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"Russia and the Russians," No. 1, by ANNA T. WILBUR.
"The Neglected Daughter," a story, by MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.
"Japan and the Japanese," a sketch, by BEN: PERLEY POORE.
"Leonora," a poem, by H. S. CORNWELL.
"Mignon," verses from the German, by EMMA T. WILSON.
"The Herdsman of the Heights," a poem, by CHARLES H. STEWART.
"Rain," verses, by GEORGE H. COOPER.
"Buckeye Song," by ALICE CARLY.

THE PATENT OFFICE AT WASHINGTON.

The Patent Office, of which we present a fine picture on page 217, is a striking evidence of the fostering care with which our republican government encourages industry and protects genius. The monarchical powers of Europe levy such exorbitant charges upon their patents, that poor inventors have to dispose of their rights to rich capitalists, who reap the harvest of emolument due to those whose skill has given birth to the improvements. But here, every man can have the fruit of his inventive genius carefully examined, almost free of cost, and if it is worthy of a patent, the charges are within the reach of any mechanic, however humble. The reports of the Patent Office, widely circulated, embody a vast deal of agricultural and mechanical information, and its branch of public administration requires officers of the most varied acquirements. We look upon the institution as one highly creditable to our republican government.

SALARIES RAISED.

The salaries of the Vice President (\$5000), and six members of the Cabinet have been raised from \$6000 to \$8000, each; that of the Attorney General from \$4000 to \$5000; while the four missions to Great Britain, France, Russia, and Spain, have been raised from \$9000 to \$20,000 each per annum. The work was accomplished by inserting these provisions in one of the Appropriation Bills as amendments. To our mind, this is but justice; for our own part, we would not be obliged to live in Washington for double the sum received by the Secretary per annum. As to representatives of our government abroad, it becomes a nation, like our own, to give them ample means to sustain the respectability of its character by a proper liberality in their doings, and to enable them to live in a style that will favorably compare with the representatives of other independent powers.

HOWARD ATHENÆUM.—Mr. Willard, the enterprising manager and lessee of this favorite house, has begun the spring season with a most excellent stock company, and other attractions and improvements. The location of the Howard is a great matter to its advantage, and it merits the popularity so freely accorded to it.

SPLINTERS.

.... Two hundred and twenty-three young men graduated at Jefferson Medical College about a fortnight since.
.... Few actors, in Europe or America, equal Mr. J. E. Mordoch. He adds to professional merit the character of a gentleman.
.... It is a sad and somewhat remarkable fact that there are twenty-eight hundred idiots in the State of New Hampshire.
.... Alice Carey is about to issue a second edition of her book entitled "Clovernook,"—a charming work it is.
.... A large and very finely-conducted public house, called the "Revere House," has lately been opened in Havana, Cuba.
.... We observe that the English government have resolved to establish a national mint in Australia, immediately.
.... Miss Kimberly has been making a very successful professional tour at the South, "reading" and performing on the stage.
.... The population of Italy is three millions greater than that of the entire territory of the United States.
.... The American consuls at Panama is said to be worth \$100,000. Who would live there, at any price?
.... The oldest town in the United States is that of St. Augustine, in Florida, founded in the year 1564.
.... Gas, we observe, is being very generally introduced into the principal towns of New England. Cheap and safe.
.... The first lightning-rod, erected by Dr. Franklin, is still standing in the city of Philadelphia.
.... Hon. Charles G. Greene, lately appointed Naval Officer of this port, is a person to reflect credit on any position.
.... The famous trotting horse "Mac" has just been purchased for eight thousand dollars by a Boston man.
.... Boston Light Dragoons, Company B, Col. F. H. Wright, commander, gave a splendid public entertainment on the 23d ult.

HON. CALSB CUSHING.

Probably the leading feature of the new Cabinet, notwithstanding his apparently secondary position, is General Calsb Cushing, of Massachusetts. He is a statesman, in the true acceptance of the term, and by his profound and varied acquirements and superior ability, will take high rank among the rulers of the land. But why he is not Secretary of State, in our view, is because of motives of sound policy on the part of the President, and not that his talents and standing were not equal to the post. The great Democratic State of New York is torn and divided by party quarrels which no man save Governor Marcy can soothe and quell. All important as it was, and is, that the party in that State should be united and effective, the services of Mr. Marcy must be secured. No man like him to pour oil upon the troubled waters, and, therefore, it is that he, and not General Cushing, is premier of the new administration.

But the man is there; he is in the government, and his wisdom and power will be exercised for good upon the destinies of the country. General Cushing began life quite young. At a period of life when others are boys, he was a man; the youngest and yet the leader of his class at college; a tutor to instruct and guide, when his mates were but students. The old Essex North District saw and appreciated his abilities, and promptly sent him to Congress to care for her important interests. At once he took a high position in the National Legislature, and by his celebrated report upon the Oregon question—the clearest and ablest exposition of that important subject that either Europe or America has produced,—he stamped indelibly his character as a whole-souled, clear-headed and warm-hearted American statesman. The Mexican war found him ready to establish by his acts the character which he had won by his pen. Massachusetts hesitated, faltered, failed in her patriotic duty; but General Cushing, with eloquence that cut to the heart like the blast of a trumpet, told her what duty required, and then nobly did what the proud old State unwisely refused to do for herself.

His private purse most generously fitted out the regiment of volunteers, and he girded on the sword and led the troops to the field. This was noble conduct, and right-minded men ever have and ever will applaud him for it. President Polk responded to the impulsive approbation of the popular heart, and made him a general in the army. The people of Massachusetts forgot not his faithful service, and cast their votes for him as governor of the State. False slander reared its baneful crest; but his upright character looked it down and laid it grovelling in the dust. Then friends loved and enemies hated him; but now all respect the man, admire his talents, and thank God that his strong arm and clear head are called to the service of the country in these troubled times.

ART AND ARTISTS.

It is very evident that a more liberal spirit pervades the public mind, of late, touching the matter of art and artists. This is one of the marked evidences of our steady advancement in true civilization and refinement. No artist who exhibits any kind of excellence has reason to complain of want of patronage. If he is a good draughtsman, his services are always in demand; if he is merely a fine colorist, though deficient in drawing, purity of color will command a sale for his pictures; if he paints every-day life, like Mount or Edmunds, his compositions are taken from his easel as fast as he can finish them. Landscape painters, like Cropsey, Durand and Cassilear, do not find their works slow of sale; while Hinckley has realized a fortune by painting cattle. In a word, talent is justly and even generously rewarded; it is only quackery and false pretensions that fail.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—The publisher has forwarded on the back numbers of Volume IV. of the above elegantly illustrated journal. It is a publication that Americans should be proud of and evince their pride by sustaining it. The engravings are numerous of the finest description, and the subjects judiciously selected. The letter-press is very beautiful—and the contents of the work possess a high order of literary merit. The Pictorial is printed in Boston, weekly, at \$3 for single subscribers; two subscribers for \$5; four subscribers for \$9; eight subscribers for \$16. It numbers among its contributors some of the most eminent writers in the Union—such as Rev. H. Hastings Weld, T. Buchanan Read, Henry William Herbert, Epes Sargent, Park Benjamin, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Mrs. Alice D. Neal, Miss Phebe Carey, Mrs. Caroline Urne, etc. etc. This work is printed suitable for binding, and will make at the end of the year two beautiful and valuable volumes of 416 pages each. It is worth ten times the subscription price, and should have at least 200,000 subscribers.—Mineral Point (Wis) Democrat.

"THE STORM CHILDREN: or, The Light-Keeper of the Channel. A story of Adventure upon the Sea and the Shore." By AUSTIN C. BURDICK.—This story, just completed in the columns of the Flag of our Union, is now issued in book form, and can be had at any of the periodical depots throughout the country. The story is one of more than usual interest, and will richly repay perusal.

THE HEIGHT OF AUDACITY.—The English papers hardly know what to make of Ericsson's engine and the big ship. One says it is a "stupendous experiment unequalled in point of audacity in the history of mechanics!"

REMARKABLE.—Mr. Moore has communicated to the Entomological Society a note on an Indian spider, in whose gigantic web, five feet in diameter, a bird was found entangled, and the young spiders feeding upon the body.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—This much admired work has reached its fourth volume, and maintains its former character for correctness in engravings and its high order of original articles, which will always claim the attention of a discerning public. Its equal as a good family periodical, is not to be found in the Union.—Delhi (Indiana) Journal.

LAWYERS.—Kentucky takes the fifth rank in the Union as to the number of its lawyers. New York has 4740; Ohio, 2031; Virginia, 1420; Massachusetts, 1132, and Kentucky, 1066.

PASSING AWAY.—The old churchyard of Alloway, the scene of "Tam O'Shanter," has been levelled, and all the gravestones removed. Thus are perishing the memorials of the past.

MARRIAGES

In this city, Mr. Samuel Gonnness to Miss Isabella Daily; Mr. Samuel Landers, of Hartford, Vt., to Miss Susan W. Kimball; Mr. John H. Stokes to Miss Susan M. Meall; Mr. Frederick Weniger to Miss Helen Kopp; Mr. William Perry to Miss Catherine Foley.
At South Boston, Mr. Ellis F. Poteroc, of Duxbury, to Miss Martha J. Parker, of Boston.
At Charlestown, by Rev. Wm. C. Whitcomb, D.D., J. C. Dorr, of Stoneham, to Miss A. Malvina Flint, of Charlestown, daughter of George S. Flint, Esq., of Rutland, Mass.
At North Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Farnsworth, Mr. Thomas Davis to Miss Mary Sylvester.
At Malden, Mr. Oliver P. Fernald to Miss Lydia R. Harlow.
At South Framingham, by Rev. Joseph H. Phillips, Mr. G. A. Somerby, of Waltham, to Miss Abby O. Clarke, youngest daughter of Charles Clarke, Esq., of Lowell.
At Lowell, Mr. Isaac Pearl to Miss Mary F. Bowker; Mr. Joseph C. Richardson to Miss Maria N. Gregg.
At Marlboro, March 10, by Rev. Mr. Alger, Mr. A. Lewis Maynard, of Fentonville, to Miss Mary B. Howe, of Marlboro.
At Bridgewater, by Rev. Thomas P. Rodman, Mr. Lewis Holmes to Mrs. Mary Ann Brew.
At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. Everett F. Sherman to Miss Elizabeth Talbot.
At Lee, by Rev. A. Gale, Mr. Samuel B. Ingram to Miss Martha A. Johnson both of Becket.

DEATHS

In this city, Mrs. Rebecca Barron, 77; William H. Prentice, Esq., 72; Mrs. Sarah Gerry, 65; Mary G. Richards, wife of Joseph L. Richards, 38.
At Lynn, Mrs. Martha Smith, 21; Mr. John K. Crosby, 27; Eunice Collins 72; Mrs. Frances Hanson, 28.
At Salem, Mr. Thomas Barker, Jr., 72; Mrs. Eliza Ann Read, wife of Mr. Henry J. Read, 25.
At East Lexington, Mrs. Nancy Billings, 80.
At Westboro, Mrs. Amy Davenport, 78.
At Foxford, widow Melitahle Perley, 91.
At Wareham, Mrs. Hannah S., wife of Alfred Dykes, 23.
At Chester, Mr. Lindley M. H. Brown, 21.
At Duxbury, Rebecca B. Samson, 37.
At Townsend, Mrs. Eunice, wife of Levi Conant, 72.
At Springfield, Mrs. Sutra C., wife of George Bewey, 59.
At Pittsfield, Mr. Ichabod Clark, 57; Mr. Reuben W. Brooks, 23.
At Providence, R. I., Mrs. Abby Constantine, 60.
At Portland, Me., Nathan Dyer, Esq., 73.
At Porto Cabello, of yellow fever, Capt. Thomas C. Page, master of schooner Amphib, of Newburyport.
East overboard from whaleship Dunbarton, Dec. 26, Augustus W. Nichols, of Woburn, Mass., 19.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A SEA SONG.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Away, away,
With her sails drawing free,
Danceth our bark
O'er the billowy sea;
Kissing her prow,
The blue wavelets break,
Quickly to form
In her silvery wake.

Away, away,
From land she is steered;
With courage and sea-room
There's naught to be feared:
Daintily dipping
Her prow in the wave,
The rippling waters
Her dark sides lave.

Hoist every sail,
Let us speed her away,
Beating the dolphins
'Neath her swift keel at play.
Bravely she pranceth,
Like a charger on shore;
Lightly she glideth
The deep waters o'er.

Thus on time's ocean
Man steereth his way,—
His span but a moment,
His life but a day.
On death's dark billow
Soon tempts he the wave,
Shoreward he's heading,
His port is the grave!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ATHENS AS IT IS.

BY REV. F. W. DOLLARD.

"Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more—though fallen, great!"

ATHENS still has a deep interest, wholly her own. She is now to Greece what Paris is to France, and Constantinople to Turkey. Nearly all that one wishes to see, nearly all that one cares to know of Grecian art in its ruin is here. The cities that laid nearer the seashore have been entirely rifled; every marble block in them has been counted a fair prize; the spoiler has done as much mischief as he pleased; the Corinthian temple has served as a convenient quarry for the modern builder; the graceful mausoleum has fallen an easy victim to the inexorable museum-collector.

Not so in Athens. A greater than Minerva has spread his protecting wings over the beloved city of the goddess of Wisdom—has, far more than is generally believed, preserved the most precious relics of the past. Nay, there is something like a resurrection of buried glory in the excellent restoration of the temple of Theseus, and of the exquisite shrine of Victory on the Acropolis. And then, another matter moves an American's heart towards Athens, besides its delicious sky, its healthy breezes, its rich mountain-ranges, its civilized welcome-back from the constant uncomforthableness of Syria or Turkey,—it is the indefinite hope which arches over this soft sky with its bow of promise! In Constantinople there must evidently be destruction before there can be regeneration. In Syria there is no party of progress, no republicanism, "red" or otherwise, no distinct hope for any coming generation; the nightmare of despair presses down the heart of poor Palestine. Egypt cannot rise with its present ruler, yet none was ever more firmly seated on its vice-royal throne; and her people, like most of the African and Asiatic family, have not caught the first Promethean spark; no progress spirit stirs their sluggish-hosom; a little more ease under their burdens, and they, and their children, and their children's children will bear those burdens, without a murmur, to the grave. Thank God, it is not so at Athens. No satisfaction is there with their present puppet of a king, none with their theatre-show of a church. Witnessing every kind of perversion in both, rejecting both alike in indignant scorn, the young men of Greece "hide their time." By a spirited press and an ever-thronged café they utter their indignation at present corruption, their pantings for a brighter day to come. There never was a nobler opening for a great work of national construction, than when the throne of Greece offered itself to our Europe of the nineteenth century. And there never was a more cruel insult to a hopeful people, just rising from ages of bondage, than palming off upon them this water-soaked log as a king. A soldier they would have respected, a scholar they might have revered, a philanthropist they must have loved, an artist they would have almost worshipped. But this poor, pasteboard show, this mere king's son, this weakest decoction of a feeble line, they would have been satisfied to ridicule, had he not proved himself an outrageous oppressor. Every drachma which he can wring from grinding poverty has he squandered on an immense, tasteless, marble palace, for his own childless family,—from its fine situation, near the ancient Lyceum, looking down a noble street in sad evidence of the degeneracy of modern art, and the profanation of the sacred earnings of toil among the most modern of nations. The sum which this needless, hospital-like structure has cost, though not even the government knows the precise amount, is reckoned at millions. Meanwhile, education is little more than a name; and, save the five miles to the Piræus, the first road has not been made. An army as large as that of the United States is

maintained for a bare million of people, who could not pretend to call anything their own but by the guarantee of the great powers of Europe. A police force is no doubt needed, while the people are rather oppressed than encouraged in their industry; but this crowd of soldiers is evidently eating out the heart of the land, merely to gratify the vanity of the mimic monarch. The besetting sins of the Greek, his credulity, simplicity, fickleness, dishonesty, are not such as demand an armed force to keep them under restraint. While his kind-heartedness, his good nature, his spirit of hope, his childlike love of pleasure, would respond at once to the paternal sway of a government like our own,—would, I doubt not, bear richest fruit again, were the vine, which has so long drunk only its own blood, suffered to imbibe freely God's quickening sunlight and generous dew.

But I have made heavier charges against the government of Greece than its mere waste of revenue, a very kingly failing, would justify. The name of Otto has been very much hidden from us of late. He is nothing but a stupid tyrant; his policy is strictly Russian. The youth of Greece suspect him of intending to crush them into serfs. In Athens, particularly, there is a just horror of his administration, which the American residents fully share. Bribes are taken regularly by high officers of government, crimes escape punishment, the royal right of pardon is shockingly abused, robberies are increasing, the public morals have to struggle against every obstacle, the greater part of a most fertile land is still untilled, and, worst of all, the government espouses the cause of an utterly effete superstition.

Words are wanting to express disgust enough at this gibbering ghost of ancient piety. I had seen the Greek Church despised in other lands, I looked to see it honored at home. I found it the lowest mummery at Jerusalem; I should have rejoiced to own it as the regenerator of a rising people. But there is no land calling itself Christian, where Christianity has so little dignity or power, so little life or grace. The Sabbath is the grand anction and parade-day. The principal business street, that is in the neighborhood of the coffee-houses, is entirely thronged on that day. No Catholic community, certainly no Protestant one, presents any such sight, with the exception of the Jews' Fair at London. All young Greece seems just ready to swarm—every man, as in Paul's day, anxious to hear or tell some new thing. It is a boiling sea of gossip, which makes the only Sunday worship of thousands in Athens,—the worship of vanity, curiosity, indolence, pleasure, folly and sin. With the exception of some forty adults attendant upon the English service of Dr. Hill, and as many more gathered under Dr. King, at a service recently broken up by a priestly mob, the Sabbath seems left to the clergy alone. On a perfectly beautiful Sunday I visited many of the principal Greek churches in the city, and was surprised to find myself nearly alone, as on other days of the week. But a moment's thought satisfied me; never was the Great Spirit insulted by so wretched a mockery. The church-interiors have not half the solemnity of the mosque, nor the worshippers the devotion of the Moslem, nor are the paintings even tolerable, and statuary is absolutely proscribed in obedience to the commandment against graven images. But the service itself is a mere snore, witnessed with indifference, and hastened through as an ugly job. The priests are generally low and ignorant; the more intelligent youth are French skeptics. The present spiritual state of the country is worse than nothing, and does not promise anything better for the future. Hardly another spot can be found on the wide earth, where missionaries are so much needed, where they are certain to bring so rich a blessing and work so vast a change, raising up a glorious church upon the smouldering ruins of priestcraft mummery, spiritual stuper and superstition. It must be, however, a higher task, reserved for minds like Heber and Arnold,—minds quickened by intelligence, strengthened by philosophy, and warmed by a Christian-like love.

As the Sabbath morning is consecrated at Athens to readiness, the afternoon is chiefly interesting for its royal exhibition. An excellent military band plays opera tunes in the midst of a public square surrounded by a great circle of the gayest-looking fops in the richest dress of modern Europe; and the prettiest existing specimen of queenhood appears on horseback, with a few maids of honor and cavaliers, circles the ring four times at a graceful canter, bows to the gratified crowd, then gallops back to her marble halls. It was agreed on all hands to be a rich exhibition. Delicious music, fine horsemanship, a lady whose beauty is not wholly a tale of the past, and a very well behaved turn-out of the gayer part of the people. The stranger has certainly reason to be grateful for this weekly opportunity of seeing all that is most interesting in the Athens of "to-day."

The architectural remains of the capital of Greece are far more interesting than we were prepared to meet. And, after witnessing the rapid ruin going on in Egypt, where every traveller defaces and pillages what he can, without restraint, remorse, or fear of punishment, it is really a relief to see the past respected in its renowned achievements. Giant robberies have been committed in days gone by, but now everything is sacredly guarded. The temple of Theseus, an older, simpler structure than the Parthenon, with the labors of Hercules on its frieze, one of the finest things in Greece, is quite full of precious fragments gathered all over the country; some of their blocks which have lain buried for centuries, some of Egyptian parentage, but many of them the namistakable creations of the ripest art the world has ever seen. Here, as at the Parthenon, are always present some of the old soldiers of the revolution, to see that nothing is injured or carried away; and, though no sum is asked, the traveller who hears of their extreme poverty is glad to bestow some expression of respectful sympathy.

Around this Theseum cluster the most fragrant memories of Athens. A little back is the ancient "Faneuil Hall," where

Demosthenes rocked the cradle of liberty with a master's hand; a splendid "stand-point" for the orator; a magnificent sky spreading over it the richest possible arch, the marble glories of the Parthenon with its intalar divinity in snow-white marble, uplifting themselves on one side, on the other the loveliest waters in the world, kindling the patriotic eye at one time with hope, at another shrouding it in despair; directly in the rear, the prison where Socrates is said to have met his fate; in front the most impressive audience which ever echoed to human voice; and all over the city below the monuments of national glory, the beacon-lights by which the genius of a Phidias and a Praxiteles illuminated the path of the past, and beckoned on the future. Modern eloquence can hardly hope such outward inspiration as in this "land of lost gods and godlike men."

Nearer to the Acropolis, and yet separate from it by a natural or artificial hollow, is the Aropeagus, so memorable in Paul's history, where the known God was announced in vain to the worshippers of the "unknown." But the Acropolis itself is one of the noblest sights in the world, and one of the few things to which the rest of earth offers no resemblance; whose interest, too, is deeper in its ruined state than in its pride of renown. It is a mass of solid rock, thrown up a few hundred feet above the crust of earth, walled around with some immensely large and some very curious stones, and entirely filled within by buildings, chiefly the remains of temples. There is only one eyecore, and that a shapeless, lofty tower, erected for military purposes by the first Frank princes. The little temple to the right as you enter, put in excellent order by the present government, contains the perfectest bas-relief in existence—the goddess Victory stooping to bind on her sandal. Unlike many of the overpraised relics of ancient genius, this gem cannot be admired too much; modern art has thus far produced nothing so instinct with beauty. It must have been almost preternaturally hidden, to have escaped the greedy hand of the spoiler.

The great portico of the Parthenon must have been intended for defence as well as ornament, like a Propylon in Egypt. Its huge blocks are of a pearly white, while the same marble in the main building takes a brownish tinge. Passing through this entrance-way, where are traces of a carriage-path, between lofty columns whose capitals are no higher than the floor of the Parthenon, and passing by one of the square blocks, the ancient pedestal of a statue lofty enough to be seen by the whole city, the immense ruin rises before you in its norivallied glory. The bursting of a powder-magazine, in a useless attack made by the Venetians on the then Turkish city, has destroyed all the middle of the temple; but the front and rear have lost nothing, and the modern robberies of the English and French collectors have really been a greater calamity than the mischance or malice of war. Still much of the famous frieze standing now upon a level with the beholder, on the pavement of the temple, is in a far better position for the study of its delicate beauty than when it was raised forty feet above his head; and the whole effect of the interior is preserved.

I noticed one curious illustration of the admirable finish of the work. The dragomen show some immensely long stones, with no trace of joint on face or side, and as such they are warmly praised in the books of travellers. On kneeling down and looking under, however, it was very easy to detect the dividing line of this most finished masonry in the world. Evidently the surfaces must have been polished, to unite so perfectly and become a single inseparable stone; and yet this was merely the outside pavement on one side of the structure. Even the admirable joiner-work of the interior of the Cheops Pyramid will not bear comparison.

The temples of Erechthens and Minerva Polias, much smaller buildings than the Parthenon, communicating with one another, are of a later and more florid style. One of them with six marble statues adds to the beauty of the chaster but more injured sister at its side.

The view from this height is superb. The city, which once held the Acropolis as its central heart, now lies on one side. The sixteen huge pillars of the temple of Jupiter stand quite alone in the distant plain. Pentelions is full in view with its unexhausted quarries of the finest marble. Hymettus makes a back ground to the picture, still celebrated for its singular honey, of a wild but pleasant taste. A curious conical mountain, bearing the name and chapel of St. Elias, rises before you just at the other end of the town, and the heights of Parnassus and Salamis nobly close the view; while from every part of the city the Acropolis is seen towering up as its guardian genius,—and when its altars were smoking with incense and an illustrious throng of heroes, sages, poets and orators gathered to worship amid the immortal creations of Phidias, earth can have witnessed no prouder spectacle. And

"Though here no more Apollo haunts his grove,
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er our melodious wave."

TALLEYRAND'S CUNNING.

A lady, who professed to be charmed with Talleyrand's wit, begged of him to write his name in her album. His gallantry could not refuse, and he began to write a verse.

"Arretez, Monseigneur!" exclaimed the lady; "it may be very well for inferior persons to write verses, but the name of Talleyrand is enough to appear in my book. It is fame."

He fixed his keen eyes on the supplicating fair one, and wrote his name at the very top of the page. The anecdote spread; and all Paris laughed at the happy evasion of perhaps seeing his name in a few days signed to a bill of 10,000 francs!—*N. Y. Mirror.*

True modesty is a discerning grace,
And only blushes in the proper place;
But counterfeits are blind, and skulks through fear,
Where 'tis a shame to be ashamed to appear.—*Courper.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The new Territory of Washington, created by the last Congress, comprises that part of Oregon which lies north of the channel of Columbia River, to where it crosses the 46th degree of latitude, and thence along said degree of latitude to the top of the Rocky Mountains. — It is said that the bight of a rope is perfectly harmless. — The brightness of the plow-share will prove a better security to our republican institutions than all the windy patriotism of long speeches in Congress. — It is fortunate for public speakers that debates cannot be digressed. — A workman, engaged in digging clay at a brick-yard, in Carlisle, Pa., a few days since, dug up, at the depth of several feet from the surface, a bomb-shell, containing twenty-three balls. It had evidently been in the ground many years. — Colonel Colt is rapidly becoming a millionaire, from the immense demand for his revolvers in all parts of the belligerent world. — It is not uncommon to meet with men who have learned the art of turning brass into gold. — Since French invasion has been agitated, England has re-organized her militia system, and 60,000 defensive troops are now at the command of the military authorities for any emergency. — The child shooteth at a butterfly, but the man's mark is an eagle. — The dramatic critic of the London Times says it is surprising how popular an exhibition of drunkenness always is with an English theatrical audience. "A foreigner, witnessing the sympathy it produces, might reasonably infer that inebriety was regarded as one of the national virtues." — In whatever shape evil comes, we are apt to exclaim, with Hamlet: "Take any shape but that!" — In 1849, a man in New York, who wished to obtain office under the government, sent to the New York Courier and Enquirer a puff of himself, with a promise of fifty dollars in case he succeeded. The editors of the paper properly published both puff and promise. — Two persons lost their lives during the fog in London, recently, by accidentally walking into the canal. — The Spaniards do not often pay hyperbolic compliments, but one of their admired writers, speaking of a lady's black eyes, says, "They were in mourning for the murders they had committed." — The weather in Ireland has been very severe. The fall of snow has been heavier than for twelve years, and sleighs have been introduced into the streets of Dublin. The Cork papers state that several trees have been killed with the extreme cold in the vicinity of that city. — Thackeray, in one of his lectures, paid a deserved compliment to the English language. "It is the only language," he said, "that Freedom is permitted to speak." — Shakespeare says, that "the fashion doth wear out more apparel than the man." In this way the caprices of the rich help to supply the wants of the poor, and so not much harm is done. — Some men think themselves inspired when they are only inflated.

TRUE GENEROSITY.

We learn from the Home Journal that Charles Partridge, match manufacturer, of New York, a few days ago invited all the workmen in his employ to a banquet at his own house. Before the repast, he announced his intention, during the present year, of testing the practicability of uniting the interests of the capitalist and the laborer, by dividing among his employees ten per cent. of the profits of his business. Next year he intends to go farther, and divide a still greater proportion. The banquet is to be given every year. One act of justice, like this, is worth ten thousand acts of charity, such as are heralded abroad as the doings of the rich. Is not this an example worthy of imitation, a model profitably to be followed?

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—The first submarine telegraph on the American continent has been put in operation under the arm of the sea which separates Prince Edward's Island from Nova Scotia. It is 140 miles long, five times the length of that from the French to the English coasts. This telegraph is a link in the line that is to be used, in connection with the ocean steamers, in bringing England and the United States within five days' communication—a consummation that is confidently expected.

THE "NORTH STAR."—Mr. Vanderbilt's steamship, in which it is proposed to make a pleasure trip to Europe and the Mediterranean, has been named the "North Star." It is expected she will make the passage from there to Southampton, the first port visited, in twelve days. She is only five hundred tons smaller than the Collins' steamers.

COWS IN SAVOY.—M. Eugene Sue states that in Savoy all the farm-work of ploughing and drawing, instead of being done by horses or oxen, is performed by milch cows, which work eight or ten hours a day, without the slightest depreciation of the quality or quantity of milk.

RETURNED.—Col. T. B. Lawrence, *attache* to the American legation to England, after a brief absence, on a visit to the United States, has returned to his post in London. Col. Lawrence has become very popular, during his residence abroad, and has reflected credit and honor upon the position he holds.

FORTUNE'S CHANGES.—It is reported there is a prince of royal blood, who, instead of guiding the ship of state, guides the horses before one of the omnibuses that passes through Broadway, New York.

PERSONAL.—We hear excellent accounts of the young American tragedian, Mr. E. L. Davenport, now performing in London. He has created for himself a distinguished European reputation.

Wayside Gatherings.

The Masonic fraternity in New Orleans have purchased the Commercial Exchange in that city for \$55,000.

In a poor-house, in Alabama, is said to be one of the ferry-men of Washington across the Delaware before the battle of Trenton.

There have been thirteen wrecks upon the reefs in the vicinity of Key West since the 1st of January.

Three thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight houses have been erected in Philadelphia during the past year.

The Vincennes (Ind.) Gazette proposes the erection of a monument to Geo. Harrison at Vincennes.

He who encourages young men in the pursuit of agriculture, is doing a good work for the morals of society a hundred years hence.

The Lower House of the Canada Legislature passed an act allowing such interest to be charged as the lender chooses, but six per cent. only to be recoverable by law.

A "curious woman" in Rockville, says the Hartford Courant, counted the stitches she took in making a shirt. The number was fourteen thousand four hundred and thirty-five.

An increase of farm products lessens the market price, and the consumer is more benefited than the producer. Therefore, the encouragement of agriculture is the interest of the whole people.

A philanthropist in Missouri has just invented a cradle, which, on being wound up like a clock, will rock the baby twenty-four hours without stopping.

The ice is so scarce in Paris, that the ice-cream confectioners have formed an association to send to Sweden and Norway, twenty ships, to be loaded with this useful and much wanted article.

Judge Warren, of Cincinnati, has refused to order the restoration of a child from the Orphan Asylum to its mother, from the fact of her having deserted it at the time it was taken to the Asylum.

Mayor Gilpin, of Philadelphia, has had daguerreotypes taken of all the noted characters arrested within the past year or two, and he has now quite a gallery of the celebrities. This is an excellent police arrangement.

Mr. Irving has been occupying himself during a part of his visit, with Mr. Kennedy, Secretary of the Navy, in Washington, with researches in the public offices, for his "Personal Memoirs" of the Father of his Country.

The citizens of Princeton have petitioned the Legislature for a law prohibiting billiards in that borough, which they represent as necessary to protect the morals of the college students, who are diverted from their studies and drawn into evil habits.

Louis Napoleon has recently returned to Professor Anderson, the "Wizard of the North," £30, which he borrowed of that mysterious individual, and by way of interest, has accompanied the remittance with a diamond ring and a letter of thanks.

A singular accident occurred at Saukville, Washington county, Wisconsin, on the night of the 21st ult. A man named Day was performing, among others, the feat of swallowing the sword, and it appears swallowed it too far. He was conveyed to his lodgings by some of the audience, and medical aid was immediately procured, but at the last accounts, Day was not expected to live.

Foreign Items.

Snails are eaten on the continent as a substitute for oysters.

Sugar of a very fine quality is being manufactured in the Sandwich Islands.

It is a fact, that 200,000 people daily arrive in, and quit London by rail.

Max Bohrer and Emile Prudent have been giving concerts in Paris.

By the adoption of a newly invented screw, her Majesty's steam tender Fairy has attained a speed of 15 1/2 knots.

A whale of immense size was thrown by the tide on the shores of Algiers, near that city, at St. Eugenie, on the 5th ult. The Arabs took possession of the carcass.

Although the French Legislature will support the government, they have determined to act more independently in checking expenditures.

The King of Siam acknowledges himself a tributary to England. The rebellion in China is more threatening than ever. The insurgents have progressed with exceeding boldness, and are gathering force.

Rumors have been in circulation in Paris for some days past, of the probability of an alliance by treaty, between France, England, and two or three minor States, with a view to counterbalance the power of the north of Europe.

The Sultan has given notice through the Charge d'Affaires of the United States at Constantinople, that the Turkish Government will be unable to despatch a war steamer with Turkish goods to the Crystal Palace exhibition at New York.

Three speculators are now publishing, in Paris, the music of Queen Hortense, the mother of Louis Napoleon, who, it is well known, used to compose very pretty songs, and to sing them with much taste. The book is elegantly printed in gold and colors, and bound in a very brilliant style. It will sell well.

Letters from Milan to the 15th say that there was still great difficulty in obtaining access to, or egress from, the city. Baron Martini, the military commandant, had threatened to punish severely any person raising cries, singing, or whistling in the streets. Singing was also prohibited in the churches.

The English Board of Trade returns for the year, show a surplus of exports over the preceding year of £2,900,000 sterling. Metals show over a million increase, while cotton manufactures show £150,000 decrease. Other exports all increased, except candles, cordage, cutlery, drysalteries, salt, refined sugar and woollen yarns.

An English gentleman was recently assaulted, arrested, and imprisoned in the most outrageous manner in Naples. A complaint, however, being made, he was freed; Prince Ischitella, the minister of war, unbidding him and brushing his clothes. The sergeant who ordered the arrest was degraded, and the soldier who had instigated and made the arrest received two hundred lashes.

The dragoman of the Russian legation, at Constantinople, has announced to the Porte that the cabinet of St. Petersburg was ready to induce Prince Daniel, of Montenegro, to evacuate the Turkish territory and the positions he had taken up, in return for which, he required that the Porte should immediately discontinue hostilities, and offered his assistance to smooth the existing difficulties.

Sands of Gold.

.... The nightingale that sings to us nestles nowhere but in our own breasts.

.... Upright politicians ask what recommends an aspirant—corrupt ones who.

.... Beware of judging hastily; it is better to suspend an opinion than to retract an assertion.

.... Those who are in the habit of making themselves "all honey," are apt to be troubled by the flies.

.... An economical application of time brings leisure and method, and enables us to drive our business, instead of our business driving us.

.... Affect not to despise beauty, no one is freed from its dominion; but regard it not a pearl of price, it is fleeting as the bow in the clouds.—*Tipper*.

.... We never knew a scolding person that was ever able to govern a family. What makes people scold? because they cannot govern themselves, how can they govern others.

.... It is harder to avoid censure, than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age; but, to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.

.... 'Tis a pity we so often succeed in our attempts to deceive each other, for our double-dealing generally comes down upon ourselves. To speak a lie or to act a lie is alike contemptible in the sight of God and man.—*Everton*.

.... Know thyself, thy evil as thy good, and flattery shall not harm thee; yea, her speech shall be a warning, a humbling and a guide. For wherein thou lackest most, there chiefly will the sycophant commend thee.—*Tipper*.

.... In the humblest condition, a power goes forth from a devout and disinterested spirit, calling forth silently, moral and religious sentiment, perhaps in a child, or some other friend, and teaching, without the aid of words, the loveliness and peace of sincere and single-hearted virtue.—*Channing*.

Joker's Budget.

The cannon that pealed on the fourth of March has been cured by a single application of the Russia Salve.

If the Doge of Venice were to lose his sight, what useful article would he be converted into? A Venetian blind.

"I wish you would pay a little attention, sir," said a stage manager to a careless actor. "Well, I am paying as little as I can," was the calm reply.

"I've three cents left," said a loafer, "so I'll buy a paper with them." "What paper will you buy?" said a friend, curious to learn the literary taste of his acquaintance. "A paper of tobacco," replied the loafer.

Should poultry breeders continue increasing the size of their stock at the present rate, the housekeeper will have occasionally to choose between a leg of fowl and a leg of mutton; we shall have chicken cutlets and capon steaks.

"Does the court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the *Anger of Freedom* intoxicated?" "Not at all, sir; I merely said that I had seen him frequently so flurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the sufferers—that's all."

"A certain mao in this region," says a new correspondent, "looking the other morning at a picture of Cupid on a 'valentine' handbill, asked, 'Who is that a portrait of?' 'Of Cupid,' was the reply. 'Humph!' was the rejoinder; 'it must have been taken when it was very young!'"

A traveller on the continent, visiting a celebrated cathedral, was shown by the sacristan, among other marvels, a dirty, opaque vial. After eyeing it some time, the traveller said: "Do you call this a relic?" "Sir," said the sacristan, indignantly, "it contains some of the darkness that Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

"I don't say, Mr. Judge, that the defendant was drunk. No, not by no means; but this I will say—when I last seen him he was washing his face in a mud puddle, and drying it on a door mat. Whether a sober man would do this, in course, I can't say." The court thought he wouldn't. The consequence was, the "defendant" went up for sixty days.

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F. O'LEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK, THE PIANIST.

This gentleman, a native of New Orleans, who has but lately returned from Europe, whither he has been to perfect his musical education, has turned out to be one of the finest pianists in the world. The likeness which we herewith present of him is an excellent one. The critic of the New York Courier and Enquirer says: "Mr. Gottschalk's style is full of dash, and glitter, and quaint conceit. He piles the Pelion upon the Ossa of difficulty, but his Titanic labors do not enable him to mount heavenward. His command of the mechanism of his instrument is so vast, so unerring, that it seems as if it must have been born with him; as if it were impossible that mere practice and mere will could enable a man to do all that he does with his fingers. In this respect he has few rivals, perhaps no superior in the world. He annihilates difficulties; they fall around him, heaps upon heaps. They are not always of tremendous proportions, for he has as much delicacy of finger as power of arm and firmness of touch, and many of his triumphs seem to be the result of fineness of organization. He is ambidexter; and reversing the old saying, his thumbs are fingers. His first concert in this country filled the newspapers with rapturous eulogiums, fully sustaining the many tokens of approval which the foreign papers have given to him, and which led us to look with so much interest for his debut in this country. The Home Journal says:—"He produces the same sort, and the same degree of effect, as that which oratory sometimes has, in times of public commotion."

SHIP BUILDING.

Darins Davidson, a celebrated naval architect, of Boston, proposes to construct an immense steamer 700 feet in length. She is to be driven by sixteen separate engines, having a total of 5000 horse power, and the average speed of twenty-five miles per hour, and to have berths and state rooms for 3000 passengers! These figures seem large ones, but we are travelling towards their realization. Three thousand passengers is a great number to be on board a single ocean steamship, but one-half that number have, if we mistake not, already been carried on a single trip of some of the California steamers. Seven hundred feet is a great length for a sea-going vessel now, but not nearly so great as half that length would have been considered fifteen years ago. The 350 feet we have—the 700 feet we may yet have. Where are the passengers to come from? say the doubting. Put the passage at \$20 to \$25, and you will see! If 250 per week offer themselves at \$125 fare, it is not unreasonable to expect 500 at \$75, or 1000 at \$50, or 3000 at \$25, and when the figures are made, the "Leviathan" will carry the palm by all odds, both of profit to the owners and comfort to the passengers. All that prevents the experiment is the fear that passengers and freight will not offer, because the people cannot be made to believe that such a vessel would be safe. There are merchants and moneyed men, who are personal believers in the project, but they want confidence

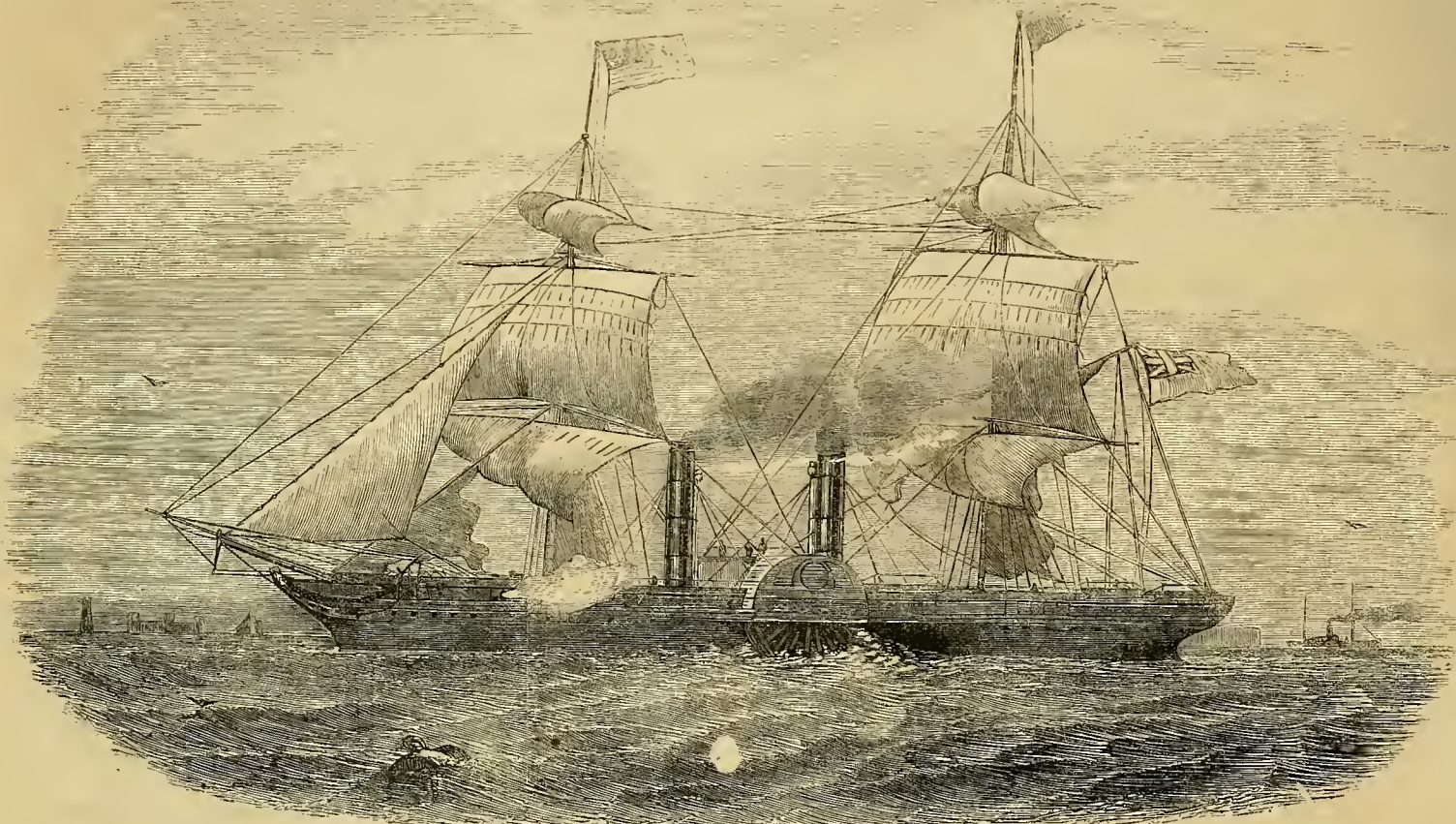


LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK, THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN PIANIST

that they will be sustained in the undertaking. It is worthy of notice that the largest ocean steamships now plying on the Atlantic, bear precisely the same proportion in length, breadth and depth, as is recorded to have existed in Noah's ark. The dimensions of the Atlantic steamers are,—length, 233 feet, breadth of beam, 50 feet, depth, 25 1-2. The dimensions of the ark were,—length, 300 cubits, breadth, 50 cubits, depth, 30 cubits. It will be seen, therefore, that the ark was nearly twice the size in length and breadth of these vessels, the cubit being twenty-two inches. After all the improvements of forty-two centuries, which have elapsed since the deluge, the ship-builders have to return to the model afforded by Noah's ark.—*Newburyport Herald*.

THE STEAMSHIP "ARABIA."

We herewith afford our readers a very fine view of the large and splendid steamship "Arabia," built at Glasgow, Scotland, for the Cunard Steamship Company, and designed as a regular packet between Liverpool and Boston and New York. The Arabia is of the following dimensions:—235 feet keel and fore-rake; beam, 41 feet; depth of hold, 28 feet; Custom-House measurement, 2393 37-100 tons; the engines of nine feet stroke; the diameter of the cylinders 103 inches; and the diameter of the paddle-wheels 36 feet. She is provided with tubular boilers, which are fired from amidstips. She has two masts, unlike the other vessels of the company, which have three; and there are two chimneys. The figure-head of the Arabia is an Arab chief, in a warlike attitude. The stern, which is elliptical, is beautifully ornamented. The promenade deck extends the entire length of the vessel. The internal arrangements of the Arabia are very similar to those in the other vessels of the Cunard fleet, the comfort and convenience of passengers being the first consideration. Beneath the upper deck are saloons, stewards' pantry, etc. Between this pantry and the saloon two well-furnished libraries have been placed. The saloon itself is capable of dining 160 persons; and here a different style has been adopted from that to be seen in the other ships of the line. As the vessel has no mizenmast, the saloon forms an unbroken apartment; and the absence of the mast has also given an opportunity to introduce a cupola, filled with stained glass. The cabinet work is of bird's-eye maple, panelled with a marqueterie of ebony. The ceiling bleeds oak beams, with green, and gold, and white alternately. In the upholstery, crimson hangings have been adopted. The sofas are covered with Utrecht crimson velvet, and the floor is laid with a rich tapestry carpet. The stern lights of the saloon are filled with stained glass, representing groups of camels, with their drivers, and other Oriental sketches; and the opposite end of the saloon is decorated with plate-glass mirrors, in highly-wrought gilt-frames. There are no fire-places, the whole of the apartments being heated by steam pipes traversing the floors, and the temperature can be regulated at pleasure. The gentlemen's retiring saloon is panelled with bird's-eye maple, and curtained and carpeted in the same way as the saloon. The ladies' boudoir, on the same deck, is of satin-wood, exquisitely carved in arabesques, and through the openings of which a crimson silk background is introduced. A velvet pile carpet is laid on the floor, and the panels are adorned with paintings on glass, representing scenes in Arabia and other parts of the East, amongst which is a view of Jerusalem, another of Mount Ararat, and an encampment in the desert, which are very beautiful. The sleeping apartments are hung with Tournay curtains, and the floors are laid with Brussels carpets. The Arabia is stated to have the largest and most powerful engines ever put into a ship, and the ease and facility with which they work is a marked feature in their performance.



A REPRESENTATION OF THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP ARABIA, OF THE CUNARD LINE.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1853.

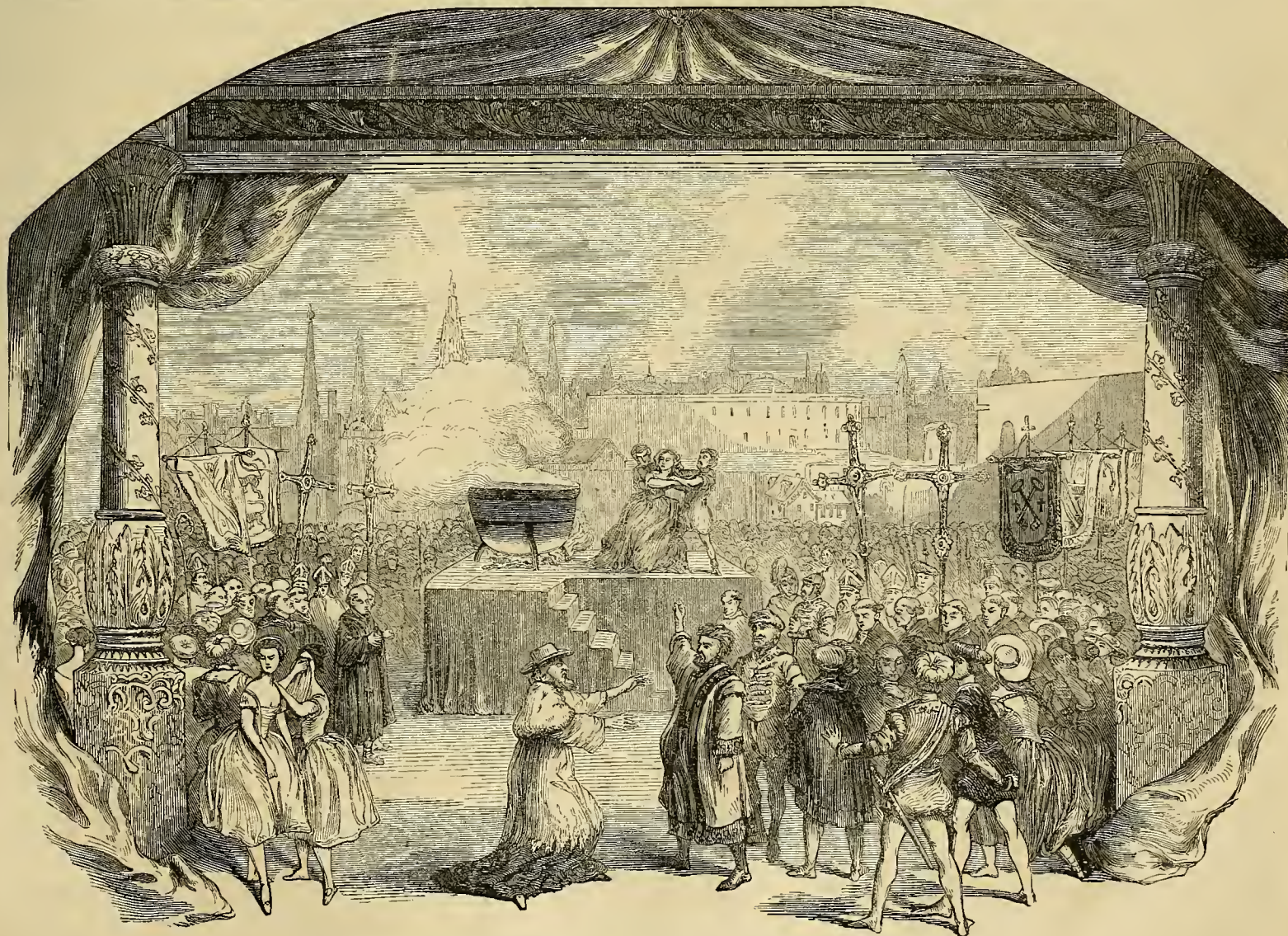
\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 15.—WHOLE No. 93.
6 CTS. SINGLE.

CLOSING SCENE OF "THE JEWESS."

Below we present a very admirable engraving of the closing scene in the scenic play of "The Jewess," as performed at the Boston Museum. This grand and gorgeous drama is written to illustrate a period of history when the Jews throughout continental Europe suffered the severest persecution. Eleazer, a Jew, a rich goldsmith of Constance, has been driven from Rome by the persecution of the Christians. He takes refuge with his supposed daughter, Rachael, in the free city of Constance. Leopold, Prince of Germany, falls in love with the Jewess, although betrothed to his cousin, the Princess Endosia. Their love is discovered. The law condemns both Jew and Christian to death for seeking the

unhallowed union. The Jewess saves her unworthy lover, by taking upon herself all the imputed guilt. She is about to be executed with her supposed father, when Eleazer makes known the fact that Rachel is the daughter of a Christian prince, saved by the Jew during the burning of the palace at Rome. The real father of Rachael is the President of the Council of Constance, who thus unexpectedly recovers his daughter at the moment of her intended execution. In the plot of the piece, the incidents of history are closely followed. The views of the lake and the city of Constance are exquisite—and all the scenic effects, from the opening view of the Cathedral and Grand Square of the city, to the Imperial tent and platform of death, are admirable. In the pro-

erties and costumes, great care has been taken to follow closely the dress and usages of the period, and Mr. Kimball deserves every possible credit for presenting this historical piece before the public in so complete a form. Mrs. Barrett as the supposed "Jewess" Rachael, the Messrs. Smith as Leopold and Eleazer, and Mr. Keach as Frank John Forrester, the fighting and feeding Englishman, are deserving of much credit for the manner in which they perform their several characters. Throughout the piece is effective and brilliant; it deserves the great popularity that is so freely bestowed upon it. Old and young, rich and poor, have thronged the seats of the Museum during its late performances, highly gratified at the entertainment.



CLOSING SCENE FROM THE PLAY OF "THE JEWESS," AS PERFORMED AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

A ROMANCE OF SPAIN IN THE 15TH CENTURY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853 by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE KNIGHT OF LEON:

—OR—

THE MONARCH'S LAST BRIDE.

A TALE OF MOORISH GRANADA.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

Charles of Leon was alone in a Moorish prison! The dread sentence of death, pronounced by a remorseless tyrant, hung over him! A stout heart can be made to tremble in chains, and a proud spirit can be quailed in a strong dungeon. What ray of hope was there for the Christian? Only such as every strong man feels while life lasts—a hope in *chance*. Of one thing Charles felt assured; and that was, that the jailor was a kind-hearted man, and this single circumstance gave him some balm for his misery.

The day passed, and Charles had food brought to him twice. It was of a quality as good as he could have desired, though the man who brought it had no word to say with regard to payment.

On the next morning, as Charles of Leon was eating the meal that had been brought to him, the door of his prison was opened.

"Go in," said Tarik, "but remember, you will only have half an hour."

Charles looked up as a stranger entered the cell.

"Charles of Leon, this is a strange meeting!"

"Abdalla!" uttered the knight, rising to his feet.

"Yes, Christian, you see me now as I feared we both should be. These irons are less heavy than stout armor, but not so beautiful to the eye."

The Moor was manacled, and his ankles were chained together, but yet he could shuffle along very slowly without much difficulty.

"What brings you here?" asked Charles.

"The same that brought you. The king."

"But wherefore?"

"That I cannot so readily tell. Officers have been watching me for a long time. Perhaps Mohammed fears me."

"When were you brought?"

"Do you remember when last I saw you in the street?"

"Yes."

"Before the sun rose again I was a prisoner."

"But have you committed no crime?"

"Not more than you have."

"You are a rebel, perhaps."

"Aha! Yes—I have rebelled, and there's rebellion in my heart now. But tell me of Zehra. Is she in the power of Mohammed?"

Charles started, and raised his manacled hands to his brow.

"Yes, yes," he uttered, as he sank down upon his seat.

"Not in the palace yet? Not yet his wife?" cried Abdalla.

"No; but yet in his power. Ben Hamed keeps her yet."

"When will Mohammed take her to himself?"

The knight gazed sadly up into the Moor's face, his lip quivered as he replied:

"I only know that on the day that sees Zehra the wife of Mohammed I am to die."

"Ah!"

"Yes. So the king hath said."

For some moments Abdalla stood in a thoughtful silence, and Charles could see that there was painful thought at work in his bosom. At length he said:

"If you did not till then, I fear you will suffer more than death."

The knight looked puzzled.

"In such a case," continued the Moor, "I think you will be doomed to drag out an eternal existence on this weary earth."

"What meaning have you now?" Charles exclaimed, springing again to his feet, and reaching his hand towards the Moor.

"My meaning is plain," returned Abdalla. "Zehra is not likely to become the wife of the king. Do not look surprised. I sought you now to know if she had been brought back, and though you tell me she has, and that Mohammed means to make her his wife, yet I feel assured that such will never be the case. I think the maiden herself will resist, and I know that Emina will not be easily overcome."

"It can make little difference to me," said Charles. "Of course I could die happier if I knew that Zehra would be free from the tyrant's power; but I must die at all events."

"You are not dead yet, and something tells me that if you die by Mohammed's hand, I shall keep you company. Yet I have a hope of life, and the same ground that founds my hope may found a hope for you."

The Christian knight looked into the face of the Moor, and the longer he looked the more he became puzzled. For the time he forgot the prison he was in, and the doom that hung over him.

"Abdalla," he said, as he once more sat down upon his stone bench, "tell me who and what you are?"

"I am a prisoner like yourself."

"But I would know more than that."

"I have no more to tell."

"You trifle with me."

"I should trifle with myself, were I to tell you more. I am under knightly oath to keep all you have not already heard."

"Then tell me the ground of your hope of escape."

"Even there you must let me hope for you. Think me not unkind, Charles of Leon, but I cannot tell you more. 'Tis strange our destinies should thus run together. You a Christian—I a Moor. Yet, sir knight, that gentle maiden—the fair Zehra—unwittingly holds both our destinies in her hands."

"Hold, Moor," uttered Charles, as Abdalla moved as if to turn away, "you are some kin of Zehra's."

"She is a Christian by birth."

"I know it."

"I am a Moor."

Charles of Leon looked half doubtingly upon his companion.

"Which part of my assertion puzzles you?" asked Abdalla, with a smile.

"That you are a Moor."

"Ah. And where runs suspicion now?"

"I know not; but yet I doubt if you be a Moor."

"Do not my form and feature show it?"

"Forms and features are accommodating."

"But my complexion?"

"I have seen you disguised."

"That was to escape detection. I, too, have seen you disguised."

"Only in garb."

Abdalla smiled.

At this moment Tarik opened the door.

"Abdalla, your time is up."

"Take courage," whispered the Moor. "If I live you shall live, too—provided Mohammed does not change his mind and put you to the block before his marriage."

"Come," repeated Tarik.

Again Charles of Leon was left alone; but he had more food for reflection than before. He did really doubt whether the strange men who had just left him was a Moor. But when that doubt was entertained he was no nearer to a solution of the mystery than before. He had only tangled the intricate web into a knot more tenuous than ever, and he had to satisfy himself to let circumstances untie it.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HEART'S SACRIFICE.

DAYS had been passing away, and a week had elapsed since Zehra was arrested in her flight and brought back to the house of Ben Hamed. She had been sick—very sick, and at times she had almost lost herself in the delirium of her misery and disappointment. It was well for the maiden that she had seen one whom she had really loved, or her own hand might have put a stop to the tide of earthly affairs; but the love that had been kindled in her bosom had left a spark of light, so the darkness was not so utter as before. That generous spark gave her life, and while all else of earth was gloomy and unpromising, she could turn to that and feel that even for her there might be somewhat of joy—joy in memory if in nothing else. She had loved, and she had been loved in return. Her heart had entered upon its gentle mission, the flowers of her soul's affections had richly blossomed, and though they might now be crushed by the foot of tyranny, yet they shed a fragrance for her. Her sorrow was as deep as before, but not so bitter; her misery was as much, but not so keen; she had a joy mingled in her life-cup.

Ben Hamed entered her room and ordered the attendant to withdraw. He was still weak from the effects of the wounds he had received at the hands of the Christian knight, and his countenance showed that he had endured much suffering.

"Zehra," he said, as he sank down upon the ottoman, "your strange freak of disobedience had well nigh caused the death of both of us; but I can almost forgive you since I know that the Christian seduced you away."

"Lay not the charge to him," uttered the maiden, with much energy. "It was no work of his. If you would attach blame to the act, then know that the blame is mine. Charles of Leon would only have saved me—"

"Stop, Zehra. Let not the king hear you speak thus, for I have assured him that by false words and foul devices the Christian did beguile thee. The king is willing to believe this out of his love for thee, and woe be to you and me if he learns to the contrary."

"Why should you tell Mohammed this?"

"For your own good. You are not yet wholly lost, for the king can yet be kind to thee if you but cross him not again, and he believes not that you have been willingly false to him."

"False to him! O, what a thing of senseless stone you would make me. False to him! O, wretchedness! Why not accuse me of being false to Mahound's sultan?"

Ben Hamed started back aghast.

"Zehra," he said, "your brain is turned. This speech comes not from thyself."

"It comes from what you have made me. I meant no disrespect to the Prophet."

"But you meant disrespect to the king."

"Yes; for I loathe him."

"Let him not know of it. Beware how you breathe such a thought to him. He will not brook it. O, curse the day that brought the Christian dog to Granada. But he shall rue it, though."

"You will not dare to harm him."

"Whom?"

"Charles of Leon."

"Not dare? He dies the death!"

"O, no! no!"

"He does!"

"No! no! He shall not die!"

"Mohammed has sworn it."

Zehra started to her feet and gazed wildly into Ben Hamed's face.

"Do you mean this thing?" she uttered, in a hoarse whisper. "Do you mean that the king will kill Charles of Leon?"

"Yes."

"Then listen." The maiden raised herself to her full height, and gazed steadily upon the alcade. Her eyes burned with an intense fire, and her every feature told of the fearful struggle that was working within. "Listen," she said. "If Charles of Leon dies by order of the king, then I, too, will bid farewell to earth! Tell the king this; and tell him, too, that Zehra will not fail in her promise."

Ben Hamed was awe-struck by the appearance of the noble-hearted girl. He could not comprehend the soul that gave birth to such a spirit, but yet he could not entirely escape its magic power.

"You are surely wild," he at length said; but he spoke half unconsciously as he still gazed upon the girl.

"I am calm, Ben Hamed—calm. As calm as the fearful stillness that follows the dread quaking of earth after cities have been swallowed up by the gaping fiend!"

Ben Hamed instinctively moved farther away from the speaker. Her eyes seemed to burn him, and he trembled as he met her look.

"Go tell this to Mohammed; and then tell him that his people will love him better after they have gazed upon the cold corpses of his victims."

"Hush, my child. Go seek your rest. Your sufferings have made you mad. Mohammed shall wait till you are better. Go to your couch."

"Ben Hamed, you mistake me. I am not mad, but I speak soberly and as I feel."

"Hush. Sit thee down, Zehra. I know you are wild and unconscious. You will be better ere long."

"Ah, sir, you know me not. There is no frenzy here—nought but earnest truth."

"I'll not believe it. You would not throw away your life. It is not natural for one to whom the future holds out such inducements."

Zehra covered her face with her hands, and sank back upon her seat. She knew that she could die with her Christian lover, but when the thought came upon her of how much happier she could be to live with him on earth, she felt a degree of sadness that overcame her.

"I will tell Mohammed to wait," added Ben Hamed. "I will tell him that you are ill."

"Wait!" repeated Zehra.

"Yes, for he is anxious about you."

"And how is he anxious?" the maiden asked, in a low, whispering tone.

"For your welfare."

"He wants me at the Alhambra."

"Yes—as soon as you are well."

"Then Heaven grant that health may never know me again on earth."

"That is a foolish prayer, for you are nearly well now."

"And Mohammed means to make me his wife as soon as possible?"

"Yes. Your own conduct has made him so resolve."

"Ben Hamed," asked Zehra, in a deep, nervous whisper, "when does the king mean to put the Christian to death?"

"Not until after his nuptials."

"Are you sure of this?"

The alcade hesitated. The thought flashed upon him that he might now deceive Zehra, and bend her more easily to his wishes.

"I will tell you a secret, Zehra. The king will hold Charles of Leon until you are his wife, and then, if you please him by your conduct, he will let the Christian go; but if you are stubborn the knight dies."

"You are deceiving me."

"No. In truth I am not. Such is the king's determination. So it lays in your power to destroy, or free, the Christian."

Zehra looked earnestly upon Ben Hamed, but she could read nothing in his countenance. The thing was not impossible, and she could not think that, with all his hardness of heart, the alcade would lie to her in this.

"I would not hasten you beyond your strength," continued Ben Hamed, with consummate art, "but the king is anxious, and though his anger towards the Christian may slumber now, it only slumbers beneath the power of his love for you. Should he find you obstinate, you know what would be the result. This is the truth. Your own heart must guide you now. If the Christian is an innocent man it lies in your power to save him. But I need tell you no more."

"When, when does Mohammed wish me for his wife?"

"Now—as soon as possible."

"And the Christian—where is he?"

"In the prison."

"O, if you deceive me in this, may the pains of torture be ever yours. May you never again know rest, or taste the sweets of life."

"I cannot deceive you thus."

Ben Hamed spoke with a steady, firm voice, though his eyes fell beneath the gaze of the being he was deceiving.

"I will go!"

Zehra spoke, and sunk back upon her couch. Those simple

words had required the whole power of her soul in their utterance, and when they were spoken she could say no more. Ben Hamed stood over her and assured her that she should not go until she was wholly recovered; but she heeded him not. He spoke words that he meant for comfort, but she knew not what he said. He asked her to be calm, but she answered only with tears and groans.

When Zehra was alone she arose to her feet and pressed her hands upon her bosom. Her face was white as marble, and even the veins seemed to have lost their purple flood.

"O, Charles of Leon, to save thee I will make the sacrifice. I will not die. I will live; and even while I feel the serpent coil his loathsome folds about me I will be happy with the thought that I am saving thee. O! 'tis a cruel fate for us both, but thou shalt live, and I will joy in thy freedom. We may never meet again but in heaven."

The unhappy girl's hands fell to her side, and then, as they convulsively met upon her marble brow, she sunk down upon the ottoman where Ben Hamed had sat, and she murmured the name of him she would save.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR EXCHANGE.

THE knight of Leon had seen a week of dull monotony in his Granadan prison. He had asked the man who brought him his food how long he was to remain there, and he had asked Tarik, too, but he gained no answer to his inquiry save that of ignorance.

Tarik was sitting alone in his office—a small room in the lower story of the prison—early in the morning, when he was aroused from his meditations by the entrance of an old dervish. The old man's brow was wrinkled and weather-beaten, and his unshorn face bore a wild, luxuriant growth of white beard. He stooped in his gait, and his trembling hands bore a steel-pointed staff, with which he aided his weak steps.

"A blessing upon thee, son!" pronounced the dervish, as he leaned heavily upon his staff.

"I thank thee," returned Tarik, with a feeling of reverence.

"Jailor, you have a prisoner here whom I would see."

"His name?"

"He is a Christian, but I know not his name, nor do I know whence he comes; but I hear he is a brave man, and one well read in the science of the world. Such a Christian I have longed to see. I would converse with him upon his religion."

"And suppose he should make a Christian of you?"

"Allah forbid!" uttered the dervish, with holy horror. "I will sooner bring him to the fold of the faithful."

"I know not that I should do wrong to let you go to him."

"Allah forbid that you should overstep your duty at my behest. If it would be wrong, let me go unsatisfied away; but if it would be right, I would see him, and converse with him. Perhaps 'tis not his fault he is an infidel, and glory be to Allah and his Prophet if one like him shall be converted. Shall I go?"

"I cannot refuse you."

"Thanks, good jailor."

"Give me your arm, and I will lead you."

"No. Lead the way, and I will follow. Old age has not yet unmanned me, though the hand of time bears heavily upon me."

Tarik looked kindly upon the old man, and turning towards a heavy door that opened into the prison he bade him follow.

"Whence comes the Christian?" asked the dervish, as he worked his way slowly up the stone stairs that led to the second story of the prison.

"From Leon," returned Tarik.

"And his name?"

"Charles, Count of Valladolid."

"A goodly title he hath. Is he so brave as I have heard?"

"Too brave to be at large in Granada. Here is the door. Go in, and I will call for thee when your stay has been reasonable."

Tarik opened the door as he spoke, and merely looking in to see that all was right, he closed it again after the dervish had passed through.

Charles looked up, and he wondered as he saw his strange visitor.

"Allah bless and serve thee!" uttered the dervish.

The knight made no reply.

"They tell me thou art a brave knight. Ah, I see the fire in thine eyes now. I have come to save thee."

"To save me!" echoed Charles, starting up from his seat.

"From the pains of the unbeliever in the world to come. I will teach thee of our holy Prophet."

"Cease, old man. Go your way," said the knight, sinking back upon his seat. "I want none of your religion. I have already seen enough of it to make me loathe it. It may do for those whose minds can never get above the trash of selfishness, but I want none of it."

"Bravely spoken! By San Dominic, sir Charles, but you speak wonderful well."

"Pedro!" uttered the knight, starting to his feet, while his heart leaped wildly in his bosom.

"Pedro Bambino, at your service," returned the faithful esquire, as he shook himself out of his bent position and cut a variety of fantastic movements.

"God bless thee! I would press thee to my bosom, but you see I cannot. I had mistaken you, Pedro; for I suspected you of cowardice."

"No, no—there is none of that in Pedro Bambino. I saw the state of things, and I knew I could be of more use to you as I am now than were I lodged in prison."

"I see it all now. But your disguise, my faithful fellow—how gained you such a victory over your own self?"

"This dress—this beard—this staff, and a judicious touch of paint by way of wrinkles, did it all. But there's no time to lose. It will all fit you."

"Fit me, Pedro?"

"Yes—and I have paint, too, for the wrinkles."

"Do you mean that you have come to change places with me?"

"Most assuredly. For what else should I come? You shall go, and I will stay."

"No, Pedro—I cannot do that."

"But you must."

"I cannot. I love you for your kindness, but I cannot accept the sacrifice you would make."

"Nonsense! Do you know that they mean to kill you?"

"So they have threatened, but I do not believe they will dare to do it."

"Let your mind be easy on that point, for I know they will dare to do it, and I think they have set a no very distant day for the deed. You have commanded me as you pleased, and I have obeyed; now I am going to command, and you must obey."

"Do you suppose, Pedro, that I should feel like a man among men were I to let you die for me? How should I tell the tale—that I feared a death that you boldly met for me?"

"No, no—they will not kill me. I am not afraid to die; but I know I shall not die if you leave me here. It is not me they want."

"Nevertheless they will be revenged on you if they find you here."

"No; I will tell them such a story as will prevent it. I will tell them that you made me do this—that I only came to bid you farewell, and that you made me stop in your place."

"Ah, that would be a flimsy tale."

"Then I will tell them something else. At any rate, you know I shall stand more chance than you will, for you/the king has determined to kill."

"No, Pedro."

"Remember your friends in happy Leon—remember that old woman whom you call mother—and that bright-eyed, happy creature who calls you brother; and then remember—"

"Stop, Pedro."

"Remember the sweet maiden whom the Moors tore from you."

"She is lost."

"Not yet, my master. She is not yet with the king; but she will be if you remain here."

"I ought not to leave you here."

"Every principle of right and duty tells you to the contrary. Zehra is yet with Ben Hamed—she has been sick. The king only awaits her recovery. Come, my master."

"But my irons."

"I have the means to cast them off. Come, hasten, before the jailor returns."

"Can I do this?"

"Shall I go alone to Leon and tell your poor old mother—"

"Stop, stop, Pedro. You have conquered. I will obey you."

"Bless you, bless you, my master. I am happy now."

As the faithful man thus spoke, he threw his arms about the neck of the knight and blessed him again.

"Let us haste, now," he uttered, as he drew forth a small packet from his bosom. "There is no time to lose."

Pedro had provided himself with all the necessary implements for the accomplishment of the object he had in view, and he set to work upon his master's irons in a manner that proved him to understand the business. The manacles were first taken from the wrists, and then the shackles fell from the feet. Nothing was broken, but the parts were all left so that they could be put together again as before.

"Now for a change of dress," said the honest esquire. "Haste thee, my master! San Jago, but the dervish will become you well."

Charles of Leon proceeded to divest himself of his garments, but it was done with a slowness that showed he was not wholly satisfied to leave his servant behind.

"My garments will be too long for you, Pedro."

"No—I shall sit me quietly down when the jailor comes."

"But Tarik will notice that I am taller than you were."

"No, he won't. You can bend yourself up till you will be as short as I was. Here, on with this gown. There! You look like another person already. Now for this wig and beard, and then I'll paint the wrinkles for you."

As soon as the knight was thus metamorphosed, Pedro drew a piece of paint and a pencil from his bosom, and placed the age marks upon his master's brow in such a manner as to defy detection except upon the closest scrutiny. When this was done he called for the knight to help him on with the irons.

"O, Pedro, I cannot do this," uttered Charles, as he lifted the heavy shackles in his hand. "Give me back my dress and I will myself remain."

"Help me on with the irons, I say. This is no time for dallying. The jailor may come and find us in the midst of our work, and then we should both be in for it. Quick, sir Charles—there is no time to lose."

The knight obeyed, but it was reluctantly. Pedro, however, was all assurance. He showed no fear, but he seemed to be made really happy by what he was doing.

"There—now all is done," said he, as he rattled his chains and sat down upon the stone bench. "San Dominic, sir Charles, but these fit me better than they did you; and you make a graver looking dervish than I did—upon my faith you do."

Charles gazed into the face of his esquire with a look of tearful gratitude, but he was too full of feeling to speak.

"Do not fear for me," Pedro continued. "I feel sure that no

harm will come to me. Some way will be opened for my escape from this place."

"I fear that is beyond hope, Pedro."

"I think not. I have all the implements necessary to freeing myself, and I marked well the walls as I came in. Tarik places more confidence upon these stout irons than he does upon the security of his dungeons; and well he may, for no one, unaided, could overcome them. Now if you get clear, which way shall you move?"

"I know not."

"Let it be directly for Saint Lorenzo, and if I escape I will join you there."

"But Zehra! I cannot leave her, Pedro."

"She is now beyond our reach. For life's sake, sir Charles, do not think of escaping with her. I know your feelings, but something must be sacrificed. If you make an attempt to reach her it may be the worse for both of you."

"O, I cannot leave her, Pedro."

"But you must. Do not throw away the life you may gain."

"Heaven knows I should almost—"

"—sh! Here comes the jailor. Now on to Saint Lorenzo. Wait for me there, and perhaps I may overtake you. There—God bless you, my master, and if we never meet again, you will not forget poor Pedro Bambino."

Charles of Leon pressed the hand of his faithful servant, but tears alone spoke his thoughts.

"Mind and let your voice tremble as mine did. Bear up, now. Courage."

The door opened as Pedro spoke, and Tarik entered.

"Have you finished yet?" he asked.

"Yes," returned Charles.

"I can almost love your Prophet; but yet I think I shall die a Christian," said Pedro, imitating the voice of his master.

Charles of Leon placed his trembling hand upon the head of his follower, and there it rested for a single moment. Then he turned silently away, and bending low down, as if with physical infirmities, he followed Tarik from the dungeon.

In the office the dervish was requested to sit down and rest, but he declined. Tarik looked into his face, but he never mistrusted that his prisoner was hidden beneath that garb. Charles felt a new confidence as he saw that he passed so easily, and with a kind blessing upon the jailor, he stepped into the street.

For several moments the knight stood and reflected upon the course he should pursue. His heart turned towards the dwelling of Ben Hamed, but his head said "Saint Lorenzo." When he moved on, however, it was towards the Darro, but he had decided upon no ultimate course.

CHAPTER XV.

THINGS LOOK DARK.

"WELL," uttered Pedro Bambino, as soon as he was safely alone, "here I am." I know my master well. Now, had I told him I meant to have escaped when first I entered, he wouldn't have given up his chains. No; he'd have wanted my tools to make his own escape; but I knew him better. Sir Charles is a wonderful man with open fight, but he's too hot by far for scheming. Now let us look. San Dominic, I think that hole will let this body of mine easily through, if I can but get that bar out of the way. But easy, Pedro, you've been in prison before this. The Frenchman makes stronger places than this, but I've seen you make your way through them ere this. It must be a strong place that holds Pedro Bambino against his will."

The day passed slowly away—dinner and supper were brought to the prisoner, but the exchange that had taken place was not noticed. As soon as it was dark Pedro commenced his operations. The irons he easily removed from his feet and hands, and then he produced a simple apparatus by which he struck a light upon the prepared wick of a small waxen taper. From the bundle he had concealed in his bosom he drew forth a variety of implements that were the inventions of his own genius.

First he produced a stout steel hook, or "crow-bill," to which was affixed a long wire that was worked into loops at short distances apart. This hook Pedro skillfully threw over the sill of the small window, and it fixed itself securely upon the outer corner of the stone. He then produced a sharp, small, file-like saw, and placing his feet in the loops of the wire that hung down from the hook, he easily made his way up to the window, and after some perseverance he succeeded in removing the iron bar. The way was now open, and gathering his implements together, Pedro tied them up and placed them in his bosom—all excepting the hook and looped wire.

Beneath the dervish's garb the esquire had worn a scanty Moorish costume—a sort of harlequin's dress—and ere he left the cell he threw off the clothing of his master. Then he blew out his taper, and ascended to the sill of the window. He listened, but he heard no sound of any one below, and removing his hook upon the opposite side of the sill he let the wire fall upon the outside, and then descended to the basement of the prison yard. His hook he then jerked away from its hold, and by its means he scaled the outer wall. No sentry interrupted him, nor did he see any one in his way. As he found himself safe without the prison walls he folded his simple wire-ladder together, and then moved quickly away.

"Free! free!" ejaculated Pedro, as he got at a respectable distance from the Moorish prison. "Now God grant that I may overtake my master. I do not think he would have remained in the city."

Thus murmuring to himself, Pedro made his way towards the northern gates. No objection was made to his passing out, and

his heart was lighter when he found himself without the city; but he felt not safe while within sight of the Moorish capital, and with eager steps he hastened on. Before midnight he reached the Gnadix bridge, and as he crossed over he stopped a moment to study upon his course.

"The Jaen road is the shortest—the El Ajo the safest. I think Sir Charles would have taken the latter."

"Pedro," spoke a voice, that seemed to come from a clump of low mulberries near the river.

"San Jago!" uttered the esquire.

"No—it's your master, good Pedro."

In a moment more Charles of Leon stepped forth. He still wore the dervish's dress, but he stood upright in it. It was too dark to distinguish countenances, but between the master and man there could be no mistake.

"God be praised that I find you safe, at all events," fervently ejaculated Pedro. "But why are you no farther than this?"

"Ah, Pedro, 'tis hard for me to leave Granada, even now; but while you were behind, the thing seemed impossible. Never was a mortal so lonely as I have been to-day. It seemed as though the earth itself had deserted me."

"Well, we are together now, and now let us hasten on."

"Pedro, I cannot go."

"And why not?"

"Zehra."

"You know that is impossible."

"But upon my knightly oath did I swear to bring her safe out of Granada."

"And yet you know you cannot. Why throw away your life for nothing?"

"You may go on, Pedro; but I must return. I got as far as here; but here my heart smote me, and I stopped. Zehra is suffering, and I may yet save her. The thing is not impossible. Go on, Pedro, but I cannot."

The honest esquire was puzzled and deeply annoyed.

"You will go with me," he said at length.

"No—I shall return to Granada."

"Then, sir Charles, I shall hear you company."

"But suppose I should forbid it?"

"Then I should disobey you."

The knight was silent.

"Listen to me for a moment, sir Charles," continued Pedro. "It is madness for you to think of this thing. You have done all that man could do, and more than many would have done; and for the present you must rest where you are. What would you do to return to the city now? That dress you wear will betray you in a moment. You can gain none other, for ere morning the news will be out of your escape. There is not an eye in Granada that would not recognize you. Your first step within the gates of the city would be a signal for your arrest. And what can you do for Zehra? Look at it, my master, and tell me if your further interposition would not be dangerous to her? O, can you not see that it would be worse than madness?"

"What can I do?"

"Keep straight on for the north, and when once there perhaps King John will aid you."

For some moments Charles was silent. He saw, and was gradually compelled to confess, that Pedro spoke the truth. Circumstances placed it beyond his power to return untried to the city of Granada, and reason overcame his blindness.

"Pedro," he said, "I will go with you; but, O God! the cup is a bitter one. Zehra! Zehra! would I could save thee, even at the risk of life; but Heaven knows I cannot!"

The esquire moved close to his master and gazed kindly into his face.

"Sir Charles, there are those in Leon who love you."

"Peace, good Pedro. You know nothing of what I suffer. But move on. If we go we had better make all haste."

"So we will; and perhaps we may find horses ere long."

Twice Charles of Leon hesitated as though he would have turned back, but at length he nerved himself to the task, and with quick steps but a heavy heart, he kept up by the side of his attendant.

"Sir Charles," said Pedro, as they entered the wood, "do you know I think that Abdalla had something to do with your capture?"

"Ah," uttered the knight, starting with interest at the sound of that name.

"Yes. Some one must have told of our movements, else how could such a party have been turned out at once after us?"

"The alcalde had plenty of men ready at his bidding, and he might have detected Zehra's escape in time to have given pursuit as he did."

"I can't think so," persisted Pedro. "That Moor is a curious man."

"So he is, Pedro; but he's safe in prison now."

"Eh? In prison?"

"Yes."

"Did you see him there?"

"Yes. The jailor allowed him to come into my apartment; and he talked very strangely about affairs, too."

"What did he say? What did he tell you?" asked Pedro.

"His whole thoughts were upon Zehra."

"But would he tell you nothing of himself?"

"No. He only spoke of Zehra; and he said that in her fate he had a deep interest. He said, too, that his fate and my own might centre in her."

"San Dominic!"

"I doubt whether he be a Moor."

"A Moor!" cried Pedro, stopping short beneath the weight of thought that had possessed him.

"I think he is not," repeated Charles.

"When did he say he was imprisoned?"

"On the very night he met us in the street. Or, before morning, at least."

"San Dominic!"

"What think you, Pedro?"

"San Dominic, my master, Abdalla is a strange man, but yet, I think, a Moor."

"But do you suspect anything?"

The night wind played with the thick foliage, and the words that Pedro spoke in reply were borne away upon its bosom, but the knight of Leon caught them, and he gazed into Pedro's face in wonder. His own mind ran back into the history of the past, and he thought carefully upon what he had heard. An exclamation burst from his lips, and once more he moved on; but it was a long time before he spoke to his esquire again.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BLOW.

THE heavy lamps that hung in the great Court of Lions—the most magnificent apartment of the Alhambra—were half lighted, and at the head of the hall stood the Moslem king. He was patting his daintily slipped foot nervously upon the pavement, and ever and anon his left hand would settle with a sort of convulsive grasp upon his dagger-hilt. Against one of the massive marble lions leaned Ben Hamed. A look of anxiety was upon his features, and he watched the movements of the monarch with more than ordinary interest. Several of the royal attendants were standing about the place, and they, too, looked anxiously upon the king.

"Ah, Ben Hamed," said Mohammed, "I think your fair daughter likes this Christian knight."

"Not with maiden love, sire. She only likes him because he would have borne her away from you."

"By Allah! the dog needs to die!"

"He must die," ventured Ben Hamed, in an insinuating tone. "Would you have borne such insult from a Moor?"

"No!"

"He has slain three of our knights."

"He shall die!"

"And soon, too," added the alcalde, with a look of triumph.

"Ay," returned the king.

"Why not to-night?" Ben Hamed asked, moving nearer to the king, and speaking in a trembling tone.

Mohammed strode half way down the hall and back again.

"Ben Hamed," he said, stopping near the alcalde, "you have some end to answer in this."

"Only such as may benefit you, sire. Allah knows I owe thee much."

"In truth you do."

"And by this will I in part make the payment."

"By what?"

"By urging the necessity of destroying the Christian."

"I have said once—he dies!"

"Thy judgment is just."

"But I will have his head as a present for my bride if she prove restive."

"A Christian's head will keep, sire."

"How long will it keep, think you, Ben Hamed, ere it will begin to go back to its native dust?"

"If taken off to-night it will keep till long after your nuptials."

"Think ye so?"

"Most surely."

"I have a mind to try the experiment."

The king had been speaking in a half unconscious mood, his thought seeming to wander about other matters; but as the last sentence fell from his lips he aroused himself and gazed fixedly upon the alcalde.

"By Allah!" he continued, "I have a mind to try it."

Ben Hamed could not conceal his satisfaction.

"Our laws make it death for the Christian who shall force away one of our people," said the king, half to himself. "Charles of Leon knew this, and yet he would snatch away my bride. Allah! The Christian's time has come. Husam Ben Abbas, go you to the prison and bid Tarik to take off the head of his Christian prisoner. Let it be done at once."

"I go, sire," returned a Maslem knight, who started up from one of the pedestals.

"Hold, Husam. Stay you and see the work performed—then bring me word."

Ben Abbas bowed assent and withdrew.

"Now, Ben Hamed," continued the monarch, "the Christian's business is settled. On the day after to-morrow Zehra takes up her home here."

"She is ready, sire."

"And is she reconciled?"

"She will be."

"She had better."

"Yet, sire, it would be well not to let her know at present of the Christian's death."

"Ha!"

"Not that she bears him any love, sire; but you know the nature of one like her. 'Twould move her to misery to see a beast suffer. There is no need that she should know of this—at least, for the present."

"Well, well—I have no desire to annoy her."

As the king thus spoke he commenced to pace the hall. Ben Hamed was too lame to walk easily, so he stood and watched his monarch. All that he at present desired seemed to have been

accomplished, and his satisfaction manifested itself upon his countenance.

Half an hour had passed away, when Husam Ben Abbas returned.

"You're soon back, Ben Abbas," said the king. "Tarik has been quick with his work. Upon my faith, Husam, does it affect you so to see a man die?"

"I've seen no one die, sire."

"Ah—so you took Tarik's word for it, I suppose."

"There was no one to kill."

"No one to kill? I said the Christian! I meant Charles of Leon!"

"Surely, sire; but Charles of Leon is not there."

"Not there! Did Tarik tell thee so?"

"He did."

"Then he lies! The Christian dog is there. Go back and bid the jailor that he produce him."

"Sire, the prisoner has escaped."

"Escaped!" echoed the king, springing forward and seizing Ben Abbas by the arm. "Now, by the holy Prophet, lie not to me! Escaped, say you?"

"Yes, sire. I went with Tarik to the Christian's dungeon, but no Christian was there. The iron bar of the window had been cut off, and the prisoner was gone."

The king let go his hold upon Husam's arm and started back aghast.

"Gone!" he uttered. "Then he must have had help."

"So he may have had. Tarik let an old dervish into the prison, and he thinks he may have done the mischief."

"Go, Ben Abbas, and tell Tarik that his own life shall be the forfeit if the prisoner comes not back," shouted Mohammed, as he strode nervously across the hall. "Ben Hamed, hasten you and look to your daughter. By the powers of Heaven, the dog shall not escape me. He must have fled to the north. Mahmoud, off with thee to the Alcanaza, and have the signals ready for earliest daylight. Let the signals be made for Jacn and El Ajo that no traveller be allowed to pass from the south. Hold! How far reach our signals now?"

"To our northern frontier," returned he whom the king had called Mahmoud.

"Then thou shalt take charge of the signals. O, Allah, give me back my prisoner. Let him be once more in my power and he lives not to escape again. Ho, there! Where are my officers?"

At this bidding a number of attendants stepped forward from among the marble statues and pillars.

"To horse at once!" shouted Mohammed. "Call up the guard, and set off. Stop at the prison and obtain from Tarik a description of the dervish, and then for the north. Spare not your beasts. Off, now. Let not a man on the road escape your attention."

The officers withdrew, and the king had thought himself alone, when his eye fell upon a female who stood against one of the pillars near him.

"Who is there?"

"Your wife."

"Emina?"

"Yes."

"And what seek ye?"

"My husband."

"Then now that you have found him you can retire."

"Not so fast, my lord," returned Emina, moving a step towards the king. "I have come to speak with thee. I have come once more to beg of thee that thou wilt have compassion on me. Mohammed, thou wilt not take to thy bosom another wife to take precedence of me."

"Go seek thine own apartments, Emina, and leave me to myself."

"Answer me, Mohammed. I know the Christian has escaped, and that you will try to recapture him. Of that you can do as you please; but, O, let me warn you not to move farther in your designs respecting Ben Hamed's daughter."

"What! would you threaten me?"

"No, my lord. Only would I warn thee. There's danger you cannot see. Give o'er this work—let Zehra alone—and all shall be well with you."

"Get thee gone! Away, Emina—else it shall not be well with thee."

"O, Mohammed, I implore thee!"

"Out! I say."

"Not until you have answered me."

"Zehra shall be as I have chosen, and that, too, ere two more suns have rolled over us."

"Then the worst be thine."

The king was maddened, and springing quickly forward he struck Emina upon the cheek.

"There! now get thee gone," he gasped.

Emina started back as she received the blow, and she turned as pale as the marble that was grouped about her. She did not speak, but with a step that was as firm as iron she turned from the king's presence.

"Fool!" murmured Mohammed; and when the woman's form had disappeared, he sought his own couch. He did not think he was a fool!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Learning will accumulate wonderfully if you add a little every day. Do not wait for a long period of leisure. Pick up the book and gain one new idea, if no more. Save that one, and add another as soon as you can. Says the old Scotch adage, "many a little makes a mickle."



A PICTURESQUE VIEW OF THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS IN ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

AUSTRALIAN SCENES.

On the page herewith we present three interesting views of Australia, relative to the earlier history of Adelaide. The colonies of Australia occupy at this time a very important share of public attention. To the rich equally with the poor—to the capitalist as well as the impoverished emigrant, a correct knowledge of their state is valuable. Few colonies possess greater capabilities for the residence of a great and enterprising community. Even if gold had not been discovered in Australia, the island would, at no distant day, have attracted the attention of the world, from its rapidly increasing population, its great resources, and its extending commerce. Bearing on this subject, we gather some interesting facts from a valuable statistical article in the Boston Journal. Founded but little more than half a century since, and having a population, prior to the discovery of gold, of less than four hundred thousand, the imports of Australia amounted during the year ending March, 1851, to £3,301,595, and its exports to £3,603,696—equalling the commerce of Canada, with its million of inhabitants. The principal article of export from the Australian colonies before its mineral wealth was discovered, was wool, of which, in 1840, the amount of 7,668,960 pounds was exported, which, at fifteen pence sterling currency per pound, would give £479,310 as the value of the export of this single staple. In 1846 the export had increased to 21,865,270 pounds, which at the same valuation would yield £1,365,579. It is probable that there was a large annual increase in the export of wool down to the period of the discovery of gold. Besides wool, sperm and whale oil, live stock, salted and preserved meats, timber and tallow figure largely in the table of exports from Australia. It is probable that cotton, flax, hemp, and many other valuable products, would have been raised and exported to a considerable extent within a few years, if the gold discoveries had not interrupted the extension of agricultural productions. Australia is very favorably situated for carrying on the whale fishery, and several colonial vessels are engaged in that branch of industry. Many American whalers, from what is called the middle ground, annually put into the port of Sydney to refit. The number of whale ships engaged in this fishery in 1848, in connection with New South Wales, was sixty-four, viz., thirty-seven foreign, three British, twenty-four colonial. Ship building promises to be an important branch of the productive interest of the colony when its affairs become settled. From 1834 to 1849, a period of fifteen

years, 325 vessels were built in the colony. They were mostly small, however, being adapted merely to the coasting trade. The imports, up to the time of the gold discovery, were principally from Great Britain, and were mostly of clothing, cotton, linen and silk goods, hardware, iron and steel, provisions, machinery and jewelry, amounting to some five or six millions of dollars annually. Since the period when attention was turned to the exploration for gold, a great change has taken place in the imports as well as

average of eight or ten per cent. On many of the most important articles of import the rates are but five per cent. The free list is large. The trade between our own country and the island of Australia is rapidly increasing, and has already assumed an important position in our foreign commerce. There are now established in Boston and New York, regular lines of packet ships for the transportation of passengers and freight, and the departure of ships for that distant land has become a daily occurrence.

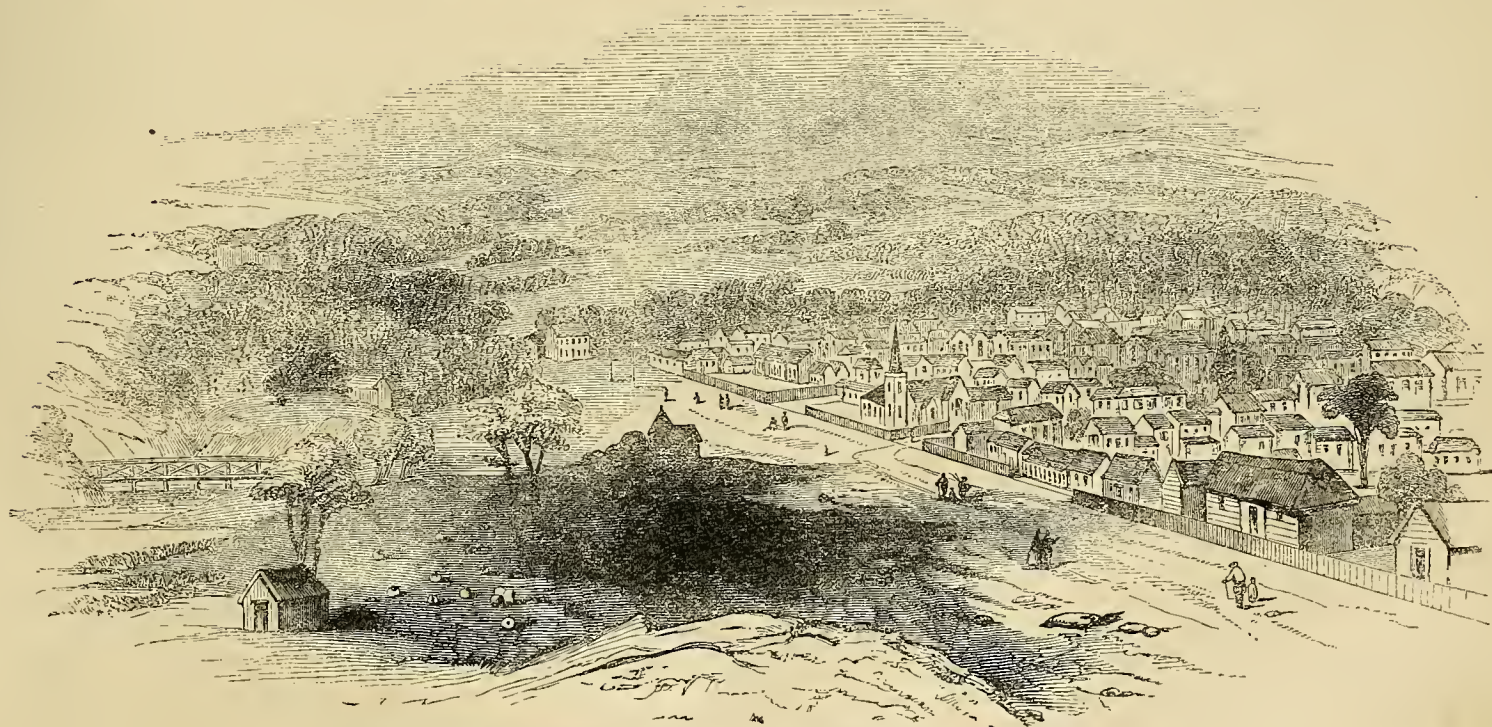
This new channel of trade to our merchants will no doubt prove a safe and profitable business. Many of our enterprising young men have gone there, and many more are preparing to leave, and Australia will soon have an infusion of the go-ahead Yankee race among her population. But the movements in this country towards Australia, are of small account when compared with what is going forward in England. From fifty to sixty ships leave the ports of Liverpool and London each month, with full cargoes, and with every berth taken up by passengers. There is from that quarter a perfect hehira of the young and adventurous. It is computed that during the last summer the emigration to Australia was at the rate of twenty thousand monthly. It would be interesting to discuss the effect which this emigration will have upon the population and productive industry of Great Britain and America. But our limits will allow of only a brief reference to this important topic. During the last decade, ending with 1851, the population of England proper increased only a little more than one per cent., and that of Great Britain, including Ireland, largely decreased. It has been ascertained that the emigration from England since the discovery of Australia has greatly exceeded the natural increase of the population. Australia is being peopled directly from England—by a population who have a strong love for and pride of country—who believe there is no nation like Great Britain, and no institutions like those under which they have lived. It will require years for this feeling to be rooted out, and to become superseded by a conviction of the true interests and the higher destiny of their adopted country. If Australia was being peopled by the Irish, or even by an emigration from the British North American colonies, not five years would elapse before it would assert its independence. A mild and liberal policy on the part of the home government may retard, or a disregard for the interests and welfare of the colony may hasten, the day of its emancipation—but independence in either case is its inevitable destiny.



THE FIRST PARSONAGE HOUSE ERECTED IN ADELAIDE.

the exports. Mining materials, provisions, and all the articles to supply the wants of the gold digger will hereafter form an important feature in the table of imports, and gold to the amount of ten to fifteen millions of pounds annually will probably figure hereafter in the list of exports. The tariff of Australia is imposed by the colonial authorities, and is very moderate. The duties levied on the principal articles, however, vary at different ports, and it would extend this article too much to particularize. Speaking generally, the tariff on imports will not, we think, exceed an

average of eight or ten per cent. On many of the most important articles of import the rates are but five per cent. The free list is large. The trade between our own country and the island of Australia is rapidly increasing, and has already assumed an important position in our foreign commerce. There are now established in Boston and New York, regular lines of packet ships for the transportation of passengers and freight, and the departure of ships for that distant land has become a daily occurrence.



REPRESENTATION OF THE CITY OF ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

RAIN.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

It is raining ever, ever—
(O, the misty life man leads)—
How it swelleth up the river,
How it bendeth down the reeds.

It is raining on the ocean,
And the waves are blacker grown;
With a swaying, sullen motion
Are the inky billows thrown.

On the forest it is raining—
How it shakes the watery leaf;
There's a rushing, a complaining,
As of suffocating grief.

It is raining on the meadow,
And a darker, sadder green,
Borrowed from the one great Shadow,
On the beaten grass is seen.

It is raining through the darkness
Of the soul, a bitter rain,—
Where the ashes, cold and sparkless,
Of a burned-out hope remain.

And the heart, weary, weepeth;
Yet the sky it soon shall view,
Where afar the sunbeam sweepeth
Like an arrow through the blue.

O'er the sweetest mortal pleasure
May the rainy sorrows roll,
But an everlasting azure
Is the palace of the soul.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE LAY PREACHER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

WHETHER the Rev. Andrew Adkin had, or had not, a call to preach, is more than we can say. Enough, that he considered it his duty to "hold forth" occasionally on the Sabbath; and when "Brother Adkin" saw, in any possible line of action, his duty, he never took counsel of Jonah.

Brother Adkin kept a store in the town of Mayberry, and being a man of some force of character, and not, by any means, indifferent to this world's goods, devoted himself to business during the six days of the week with commendable assiduity. It is not the easiest thing in the world to banish, on the Sabbath, all concern in regard to business. Most persons engaged in trade, no matter how religiously inclined, have experienced this difficulty. Brother Adkin's case did not prove an exception; and so intrusive, often, were these worldly thoughts and cares, that they desecrated, at times, the pulpit, making the good man's voice falter and his hands tremble, as he endeavored, "in his feeble way," to break the bread of life.

He had his own trials and temptations—his own stern "exercises of mind," going to the extent, not unfrequently, of startling doubts as to the reality of his call to preach.

"I don't see much fruit of my labor," he would sometimes say to himself, "and I often think I do more harm than good."

Such thoughts, however, were usually disposed of, as suggestions of the "adversary."

A week in the life of Brother Adkin will show the peculiar influences that acted upon him, and how far his secular pursuits interfered with and marred his usefulness as a preacher.

Monday morning had come round again. He had preached twice on the Sabbath—once to a strange congregation, and with apparent good effect, and once to a congregation in Mayberry. In the latter case, he was favored with little freedom of utterance. The beginning of the secular week brought back to the mind of Mr. Adkin the old current of thought, and the old earnest desire to get gain in business. On the Sabbath he had taught the people that love was the fulfilment of the law,—now, he had regard only to his own interests; and, although he did not adopt the broad, unscrupulous maxim, that all is fair in trade, yet, in every act of buying and selling, the thought uppermost in his mind was, the amount of gain to be received in the transaction.

"What are you paying for corn to-day?" asked a man, a stranger to Mr. Adkin.

"Forty-eight cents," was answered.

"Is this the highest market rate?" said the man.

"I bought fifty bushels at that price on Saturday," replied Mr. Adkin.

Now, since Saturday, the price of corn had advanced four cents, and Mr. Adkin knew it. But he thought he would just try his new customer with the old price, and if he chose to sell at that, why there would be so much gained.

"I have forty bushels," said the man.

"Very well, I'll take it at forty-eight cents. Where is it?"

"My wagon is at the tavern."

"You may bring it over at once. My man is now at leisure to attend to the delivery."

The corn was delivered and paid for, and both parties, for the time being, were well satisfied with the transaction.

The day had nearly run to a close, and Mr. Adkin was in the act of estimating his gains, when the man from whom he had purchased the corn entered his store.

"Look here, my friend," said the latter, speaking rather sharply, "you paid me too little for that corn."

"How so?" returned Mr. Adkin, in well-affecting surprise.

"You was to pay me the highest market price," said the man.

"I offered you forty-eight cents."

"And I asked you if that was the highest rate, didn't I?"

"I told you that I had bought fifty bushels at that price on Saturday."

"O ho! Now I comprehend you," said the man, with a sarcastic curl of his lip. "I was recommended to you as a preacher, and one who would deal fairly with me. I asked you a plain question, and you purposely misled me in your answer, to the end that you might get my corn at less than the market value. You have cheated me out of nearly two dollars. Much good may it do you!"

And saying this, he turned on his heel and left the store. Mr. Adkin was, of course, no little disturbed. The charge of dishonesty in dealing at first aroused his indignation; but, as he grew calmer and thought over the affair, his conscience troubled him. As a Christian man, and especially as a Christian minister, he could not reconcile his dealing with strict gospel requirements. The more he reflected, the more closely he brought his conduct to the standard of Christian principles, the less was he satisfied with himself. The final result was, a determination to go to the man on the next morning, and pay him the balance due him on the market price of his corn. But, when he sought for him, he was not to be found, having gone back to his home a few miles from the village.

On the next day he sent for a bill, which had been standing a good while. His clerk brought back some impertinent, and altogether unsatisfactory answer.

"Did Mr. Giles say that?" he asked, his eyes flashing indignantly.

"His exact words," replied the clerk.

"Very well. I'll not send to him again," said Mr. Adkin. "He thinks, because I am a preacher, that he can treat me as he pleases, but I'll let him know that being a preacher doesn't make me any the less a man, nor any the less inclined to protect myself."

So Mr. Giles was served with a summons, to answer for debt, before the week was out.

On the day following, a certain lady, a member of the congregation in Mayberry to which he preached, whenever, from sickness or other causes, the regular minister was absent, came into Mr. Adkin's store. Her manner was considerably excited.

"There's a mistake in your bill, Mr. Adkin," said she, in rather a sharp tone of voice.

"If so, Mrs. Smith, the remedy is a very simple one," replied Mr. Adkin. Her manner had disturbed him, yet he concealed this disturbance under a forced suavity of manner. "Where does the mistake lie?"

"Why, see here. You've got me charged with six yards of muslin and five pounds of butter that I never got!"

"Are you certain of this, Mrs. Smith?"

"Certain! Be sure I'm certain! D'ye think I'd say I hadn't the things, if I'd had them? I'm not quite so bad as that, Mr. Adkin!"

"Don't get excited about the matter, Mrs. Smith. We are all liable to mistakes. There's an error here, either on your side or mine. If it is my error, I will promptly correct it."

"Of course it's your error. I never had either the muslin or the butter," said Mrs. Smith, positively.

Mr. Adkin turned to his ledger, where Mrs. Smith's account was posted.

"The muslin is charged on the 10th of June."

Mrs. Smith looked at the bill, and answered affirmatively.

"You bought a pound of yarn and a straw hat on the same day?"

"Yes; I remember them. But I didn't get the muslin."

"Think again, Mrs. Smith. Don't you remember the beautiful piece of Merrimac that I showed you, and how cheap you thought it?"

"I never had six yards of muslin, Mr. Adkin."

But, Mrs. Smith, I have a distinct recollection of measuring it off, and the charge is here in my own handwriting."

"I never had it, Mr. Adkin!" said the lady, much excited.

"You certainly had, Mrs. Smith."

"I'll never pay for it!"

"Don't say that, Mrs. Smith. You certainly wouldn't want my goods without paying for them!"

"I never had the muslin, I tell you!"

Argument in the case Mr. Adkin found to be useless. The sale of the five pounds of butter was as distinctly remembered by him; and, as he was not the man to yield a right when he had no doubt as to its existence, he would not crase the articles from Mrs. Smith's bill, which was paid under protest.

"It's the last cent you'll ever get of my money!" said Mrs. Smith, as she handed over the amount of the bill. "I never had those articles; and I shall always say that I was wronged out of so much money."

"I'm sure, madam, I don't want your custom, if I'm expected to let you have my goods for nothing," retorted Mr. Adkin, the natural man in him growing strong under an allegation that implied dishonesty.

So the two parted, neither feeling good will towards the other, and neither being in a very composed state of mind.

Each day in that week brought something to disturb the mind of Mr. Adkin; and each day brought him into unpleasant business contact with some one in the town of Mayberry. To avoid these things was almost impossible, particularly for a man of Mr. Adkin's temperament.

Saturday night came, always a busy night for the storekeeper. It was ten o'clock, and customers were still coming in, when a

lad handed Mr. Adkin a note. It was from the regularly stationed minister of the church in Mayberry to which Mr. Adkin belonged. The note stated, briefly, that the writer was so much indisposed, that he would not be able to preach on the next day, and conveyed the request that "Brother Adkin" would "fill the pulpit for him in the morning."

Brother Adkin almost groaned in spirit at this unwelcome and not-to-be-denied invitation to perform ministerial duties on the Sabbath. Of theological subjects, scarcely a thought had entered his mind since Monday morning; and, certainly, the states through which he had passed were little calculated to elevate his affections, or make clear his spiritual intuitions.

It was twelve o'clock before Mr. Adkin was able to retire on that night. As he rested his weary and now aching head on his pillow, he endeavored to turn his mind from worldly things, and fix it upon things heavenly and eternal. But, the current of thought and affection had too long been flowing in another channel. The very effort to check its onward course, caused disturbance and obscurity. There was a brief but fruitless struggle, when overtaken nature vindicated her claims, and the lay preacher found relief from perplexing thoughts and a troubled conscience, in refreshing slumber.

In the half-dreaming, half-waking state that comes with the dawning of day, Mr. Adkin's thoughts flowed on again in the old channel, and when full consciousness came, he found himself busy with questions of profit and loss. Self-accusation and humiliation followed. He "wrote bitter things against himself," for this involuntary desecration of the Sabbath.

Rising early, he took his Bible, and after turning over book after book and scanning chapter after chapter, finally chose a verse as the text from which he would preach. Hurriedly and imperfectly our lay preacher conned his subject. Clearness of discrimination, grasp of thought, orderly arrangement, were out of the question. That would have been too much for a master mind, under similar circumstances.

Eleven o'clock came around quickly, and painfully conscious of an obscure and confused state of mind, Mr. Adkin entered the house of God and ascended the pulpit. A little while he sat, endeavoring to collect his thoughts; then he arose and commenced giving out a hymn. Lifting his eyes from the book, as he finished reading the first verse, he saw, directly in front of him, the man from whom he had purchased the forty bushels of corn. He was looking at him fixedly, and there was on his countenance an expression of surprise and contempt, that, bringing back, as the man's presence did, a vivid recollection of the events of Monday, almost deprived Mr. Adkin, for a moment or two, of utterance. He faltered, caught his breath, and went on again with the reading. On raising his eyes at the conclusion of the second verse, Mr. Adkin saw his corn customer slowly moving down the aisle towards the door of entrance. How keenly he felt the rebuke! How sadly conscious was he of being out of place in the pulpit!

After the singing of the hymn, the preacher made a prayer; but it was cold and disjointed. He had no freedom of utterance. A chapter was read, an anthem sung, and then Mr. Adkin arose in the pulpit, took his text, and, ere giving utterance to the first words of his discourse, let his eyes wander over the congregation. A little to the right sat Mr. Giles, wearing a very sober aspect of countenance, and looking at him with knit brows and compressed lips. The sight caused the words "brother going to law with brother" to pass almost electrically through his mind. As his glance rebounded from Mr. Giles quickly, it next rested upon Mrs. Smith, who, with perched head, and a most malicious curling of the lip, said, as plain as manner could say it—"You're a nice man for a preacher, aint you?"

How Mr. Adkin beat about the bushes and wrought in obscurity, darkening counsel by words without knowledge during the half hour that followed the enunciation of his text, need not here be told. None was more fully conscious than himself of his utter failure to give spiritual instruction to the waiting congregation. The climax, so far as he was concerned, was yet to come. As he descended the pulpit stairs, at the close of the service, some one slipped a piece of paper into his hand. Glancing at the pencilled writing thereon, he read the rebuking words:

"The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed."

How could he feed them? Are holy and divine things of such easy comprehension, that a man may devote the whole energies of his mind to worldly business during six days, and then become a lucid expounder of heavenly mysteries on the Sabbath? The influx of intelligence into the mind of a speaker, is in exact ratio with the knowledge he has acquired. He may have, without this previous preparation, "free utterance," as it is called; but this utterance brings no rational convictions; it sways only by the power of contagious enthusiasm. Moreover, as in the case of Mr. Adkin, every lay preacher takes with him into the pulpit a taint from worldly and business contact, and his presence there must turn the thoughts of many hearers from his clerical to his personal character—from the truth he enunciates, to his practical observance thereof in daily life. He may be judged falsely; but the fact of his blending the two separate characters of clergyman and layman, forms an occasion for false judgment, and detracts from the usefulness of the sacred office.

Whether Mr. Adkin "held forth" again, we cannot apprise the reader. New light, and new perceptions of duty certainly came into his mind; and we may hope that, as he was a well-meaning and conscientious man, he was led to act wisely in the future.

Having given a true picture of a week in the life of the lay preacher, our business with him is done. It is for those whom it may concern to study the sketch, and see if it does not contain some points worthy their especial consideration.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE ADVENT OF APRIL.

BY W. L. MICKMAKER.

Now delicious days are coming:
Hark, the humming
Of innumerable bees,
Where the white and crimson blossoms
Ope their bosoms,
Hanging, clustering on the trees.

Blithely are the streamlets danc'ling,
Brightly glancing
In Apollo's vernal ray;
Wavelets quaintly quivering ever,
As the zephyr
Overskims them in his play.

Violets and wind-flowers, blooming,
Are perfuming
All the soft and sunny air:
Fresh, green grass is now appearing,
Sweetly cheering,
In the meads, late chill and bare.

Woodland warblers now restore us
Their fine chorus,
Which we missed the winter through:
Lo! 'neath southern eaves delaying,
They are straying,
Back, and build their nests anew.

Stripped by winter's rude excesses,
See, their tresses
Trees are putting on around,
As the sap, that vigor lendeth,
Swift ascendeth
From the moist and mellow ground.

Now no longer tempests savage
Come to ravage
Wood and forest, hill and plain:
When the heavens of April darken,
Glad we harken
To the silver-sounding rain.

Nature everywhere rejoices:
Thousand voices
Fill the ears with melody;
Life and strength feel strangely newer—
Skies are bluer—
Nought but beauty can we see.

Brimming is the cup of pleasure,
With full measure:
Quaff it,—banish grief and fear,—
Quaff it, ere its spring up-drieth,
Since life fleeth,
Like the pleasure of the year.

[Translated from the French, for Gleason's Pictorial.]

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.—No. 1.

BY MISS ANNE T. WILDUR.

ST. PETERSBURG IN WINTER.

Transformation.—The Muscovite stamp.—The Perspective of Newsky.—The crowd.—The Emperor Nicholas and the Actor Vernet.

To one who has visited the modern capital of the czars only during the summer season, this graceful city has, concealed under its most picturesque aspect, its most original physiognomy. In fact, the wonderful appearance of a magnificent capital, created, so to speak, by the stroke of a wand, surprises the imagination and captivates the eye; but, although we may admire, we are slow to discover that originality of the Muscovite physiognomy, which we would like to be able to seize, at the first glance, in a Russian metropolis. Patience! Winter will come, and soon efface what there is of European in the city of Peter the Great, to imprint upon it that eminently natural stamp which it may then dispute with ancient Moscow itself.

The transformation is complete. The laughing and coquettish city, so freshly blooming on the banks of her beautiful river, has disappeared, to give place to one, northern, cold, pale and silent. A mantle of snow envelopes it; its river has become solid, and presents to the eye only a sheet of ice traversed hither and thither by rapid sleighs; some, arrived from Lapland, are drawn by light-footed reindeer.

Often a dull and heavy sky hangs over the mute city; sometimes the sun shines brightly; but its rays, decomposed by the condensation of the air, break on the gilded cupolas and belfries of the churches, which shine aloft with a reddish and sinister gleam, like the luminous globes in the front of the towers, which at night announce fires to the affrighted inhabitants.*

The hard snow resists the wheels of the carriages which pass over it with a metallic and vibrating sound. In other respects, its depth softens the noise of vehicles which glide over it as if by enchantment. The foot passengers, wrapped in thick furs, pass along also noiselessly, and as if in haste to arrive. There are no travelling merchants, as in the summer season, carrying their wares on the top of their heads, and crying them at the top of their voices; not even dogs; in a word, nothing to break the silence of the great city, which one might think to be sleeping, like a certain city of the Arab story-teller, were it not that there is a movement during the few hours of daylight,† of extreme activity. In certain streets, the Perspective of Newsky,‡ for example, it is an aristocratic movement; in others, such as the Place of the Sennoi and the adjacent streets, it is the popular movement.

cratic movement; in others, such as the Place of the Sennoi and the adjacent streets, it is the popular movement.

The Perspective of Newsky is an immense street, with broad sidewalks, whose centre, paved with hexagons vertically placed, presents the aspect of a smooth parquet. But at present, the parquet has disappeared beneath a deep layer of snow, over which are constantly passing elegant equipages. This street, which opens on the square of the Admiralty, is intersected by three concentric canals: the Moika, the canal of Catharine, and the Fontanka. The winter promenade extends between the first and the second of these canals, which are crossed on large bridges of granite and of iron, of skilful and bold architecture. The latter, that of the Fontanka, which is called the bridge of Anitchkoff, from its neighborhood to the palace of that name, is distinguished by four bronze horses, the work of Baron Clot. The horses seem to rear on their elevated pedestals; their delicate and nervous limbs bend; their forefeet strike the air, and their open nostrils emit smoke.

This bridge serves as a limit to the aristocratic promenade. The street continues to be broad and bordered with magnificent hotels, but it soon loses its character, to assume that of the populous quarters in the neighborhood. We may say here that the Perspective of Newsky might well be called the street of Tolerance, for, with the exception of the English chapel, it contains the churches of every species of Christian worship. Beyond the bridge Anitchkoff, we find a mosque.

The Perspective of Newsky should be seen on a fine day in winter, when the sky is clear, the air dry and the snow sparkling. On the northern sidewalk, carefully swept and sanded, throng a compact multitude of elegant promenaders. There are beautiful ladies in rich toilets of lively and variegated colors. The furs of the zibeline or blue fox are worn over precious stuffs; velvet, satin, Indian cashmere, float over and sweep the granite sand. Most of the men are military. They give their arms to the ladies, or march together with measured and martial step. Lacqueys in brilliant liveries follow their masters, carrying their pelisses, while carriages and sleighs pass slowly along the sidewalk, or are stationed at given points.

The middle of the street is not less animated. Samptuous equipages, drawn by four horses, roll over the snow, and rapidly pass each other. The coachmen, with their long beards, cloth robes confined at the waist with girdles of silk or gold, and Tartar caps, bordered with zibeline, guide these carriages with extreme gravity and address. A young postilion, clad in a similar manner, a child of from ten to twelve years, rides one of the forward horses, his caftan falling around his legs like Swedish pantalettes.

The Perspective of Newsky is an excellent place to observe the types and costumes of Russia; priests, peasants from every province, Tartar merchants, Jews, etc., military uniforms, Circassians of the imperial guard, etc.

Through all these, the narrow, showy and coquettish sleighs glide along, borne by steeds of marvellous swiftness. Some have silken net-work in front; this is to keep off the snow raised by the horses' feet, and sometimes rudely thrown in the face.

Often one perceives among these equipages a carriage with azure panels, drawn by four gray horses, and which may be distinguished by two tall footmen in the costume of Cossacks. This carriage, with the Russian arms, is that of the empress. It is followed by a sleigh of exquisite symmetry, which flies over the snow, drawn by a vigorous black horse with a flowing mane. A military man of tall stature is seated in the narrow vehicle. By his modest cloak of gray cloth, the cape lined with beaver; by his attitude, the position of his head and other tokens, we recognize the emperor. Like the empress, he has left the palace of Anitchkoff to repair to the Winter Palace. Sometimes he stops his sleigh and mingles with the promenaders on the lower side of the street. At sight of him, the officers of all ranks pause to give the military salute, by uncovering the left shoulder; all who wear the citizen's costume also salute him, and he responds to each with grave and benevolent politeness.

The Emperor Nicholas loves to walk thus, alone, in the streets of his capital. The Perspective of Newsky and the English Quay are the places he prefers. But the passengers are prohibited to accost him, to present petitions, or to address him in any manner; the order is general, and indispensable. If it were otherwise, the emperor would not be able to take a step without being annoyed with requests. Here is an occurrence which happened a few years since; we had it from the hero of the anecdote himself.

The emperor often attends the Theatre Francais, which he prefers, and it may be said that the one at St. Petersburg justifies this preference. Among the actors, there was one whom the czar particularly admired. It was the celebrated Vernet.

One day the czar was walking in the Perspective of Newsky. The crowd arranged themselves beside his path and saluted him as usual. His majesty perceived Vernet, who was standing aside with the rest, and approached him. It was an honor of which many were jealous, and which much embarrassed the modest actor.

"Shall I see you this evening, Vernet?" asked the emperor.

"Yes, sire, I shall have the honor to play before your majesty the *Pere de la Debutante*."

"I am very glad. You are perfect in that role, and I shall applaud you with pleasure."

"Your majesty is too indulgent."

The emperor addressed to him some other compliments and went on his way.

But a *nadziratel* (police-officer) had been an eye-witness of this conversation, and, after the emperor had left, approached the artist.

"You have accosted the emperor, sir; you must follow me."

"But," replied the latter, in imperfect Russian, which the officer did not clearly understand, "on the contrary, it was his majesty who did me the honor to approach me."

"What does he say?" asked the officer, of a spectator whom he thought might understand the Frenchman.

"He says that the emperor accosted him."

"Him? Come along then! Follow me sir!"

"But I repeat to you, if there is any one to blame, it is the emperor. I am Vernet, of the Theatre Francais; do you not understand that the emperor knows me?"

All that the police-officer could understand was, that the actor resisted him. A crowd had collected. The *nadziratel* began to grow angry, and suddenly seizing Vernet by the arm, declared that if he would not accompany him willingly, he would call assistance.

The artist was compelled to yield. The police-officer conducted him to the nearest station, where he left him, postponing his report to the close of the day.

Evening arrived, and soon after, the hour for the performance. Vernet had not appeared. He was sent for, and had not been at his lodgings since morning. The manager was obliged to change the play.

Meanwhile the emperor had come to occupy his box, as he had promised the actor, and was greatly disappointed at not seeing represented the *Pere de la Debutante*; he was still more so not to see Vernet in any of the pieces inscribed on a bill hastily written. He wished to know the reason, and addressed himself to the manager who announced the disappearance of the artist. As he saw dissatisfaction expressed on the countenance of the sovereign, he hastened to say:

"Sire, I was not informed of this until just before the rising of the curtain; but I immediately gave orders that Vernet should be found without delay."

The emperor remained pensive. Suddenly he put his hand to his forehead:

"It is I who am the cause of all this," said he. "This morning I met Vernet and conversed with him a moment. The poor fellow must have been arrested. Let him be immediately set at liberty."

At this moment, the report of the police-officer touching the comedian, was handed to the manager.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, Vernet was free, and entered the box of the emperor, who had summoned him.

"I am sorry, my dear Vernet," said the czar, smilingly, "for the misadventure which has happened to you on my account. Forget it, I pray you, and ask of me any favor you please."

"Since your majesty wishes me to request a favor," replied the artist, "it is that you will not again do me the honor to accost me when you meet me in the street."

The emperor smiled at the repartee, and affectionately dismissed Vernet, who had no reason to regret his adventure.

THE WORD "SELAH."

The translators of the Bible have left the Hebrew word *Selah*, which occurs so often in the book of Psalms, as they found it, and of course the English reader often asks his minister or some learned friend what it means. And the minister, or learned friend, has most often been obliged to confess ignorance, because it is a matter in which the most learned have by no means been of one mind. The Targums and most of the Jewish commentators give the word the meaning *eternally; forever*. Rabbi Kimchi regards it as a sign to elevate the voice. The authors of the Septuagint translation appear to have regarded it as a musical note, equivalent, perhaps, to the word *repeat*. According to Luther and others, it means *silence!* Gesenius explains it to mean "Let the instruments play, and the singers stop." Wochem regards it as equivalent to *sursum corda*, up, my soul! Sommer, after examining all the seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognizes in every case, "an actual appeal or summons to Jehovah." They are calls for aid and prayers to be heard, expressed either with entire directness, or if not in the imperative, "Hear Jehovah! or Awake, Jehovah!" and the like, still earnest addresses to God that he would remember and hear, etc. The word itself he regards as indicating a blast of trumpets by the priests. *Selah* itself, he thinks an abridged expression, used for Higgaiion *Selah*. Higgaiion indicating the sound of the stringed instruments, and *Selah* a vigorous blast of trumpets.—*Bibliotheca Sacra*.

MIXED METAPHORS.

At dinner sat next to Lord Auckland. Talked of Bowels and extempore preachers: the broken metaphors to which they are subject. Mentioned that I remembered, when a boy, hearing Kirwan talk of the "glorious lamp of day on its march;" and Conolly, a great Roman Catholic preacher, say, "On the wings of Charity the torch of Faith was borne, and the Gospel preached from pole to pole." Lord A. mentioned a figure of speech of Sir R. Wilson, at Southwark, "As well might you hurl back the thunderbolt to its electric cradle." This led to —'s oratory: mentioned I had heard him on the trial of Guthrie, and the ludicrous effect which his mixture of flowers with the matter-of-fact statement produced; something this way: "It was then, gentlemen of the Jury, when this serpent of seduction, stealing into the bowers of that earthly paradise, the lodgings of Mr. Guthrie, in Gloucester street, when embittering with his venom that heaven of happiness, where all above was sunshine, all below was flowers, he received a card to dine with the Connaught Bar at the Porto Bello Hotel," etc. When I told Curran of the superabundant floridness of this speech, he said, "My dear Tom, it will never do for a man to turn painter, merely upon the strength of having a pot of colors by him, unless he knows how to lay them on." Lord L. told a good story of his French servant, when Mansell, the Master of Trinity, came, announcing him as "Maitre des Ceremonies de la Trinite."—*Journal of the Poet Moore*.

Let us pity the wicked man; for it is very sad to seek happiness where it does not exist. Let our compassion express itself in efforts to bring him gently back to sacred principle, and if he persist, let us pity him the more for a blindness so fatal to himself.—*De Clarnage*.

* In all the quarters of St. Petersburg, at the police station, rises a tower, from the top of which globes of fire announce conflagrations by night.

† During the months of December and January, there is strictly, at St. Petersburg, but five or six hours of day.

‡ All the straight, broad streets are called Perspectives.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF ST. JOHN'S, NEW BRUNSWICK.

CITY OF ST. JOHN'S, NEW BRUNSWICK.

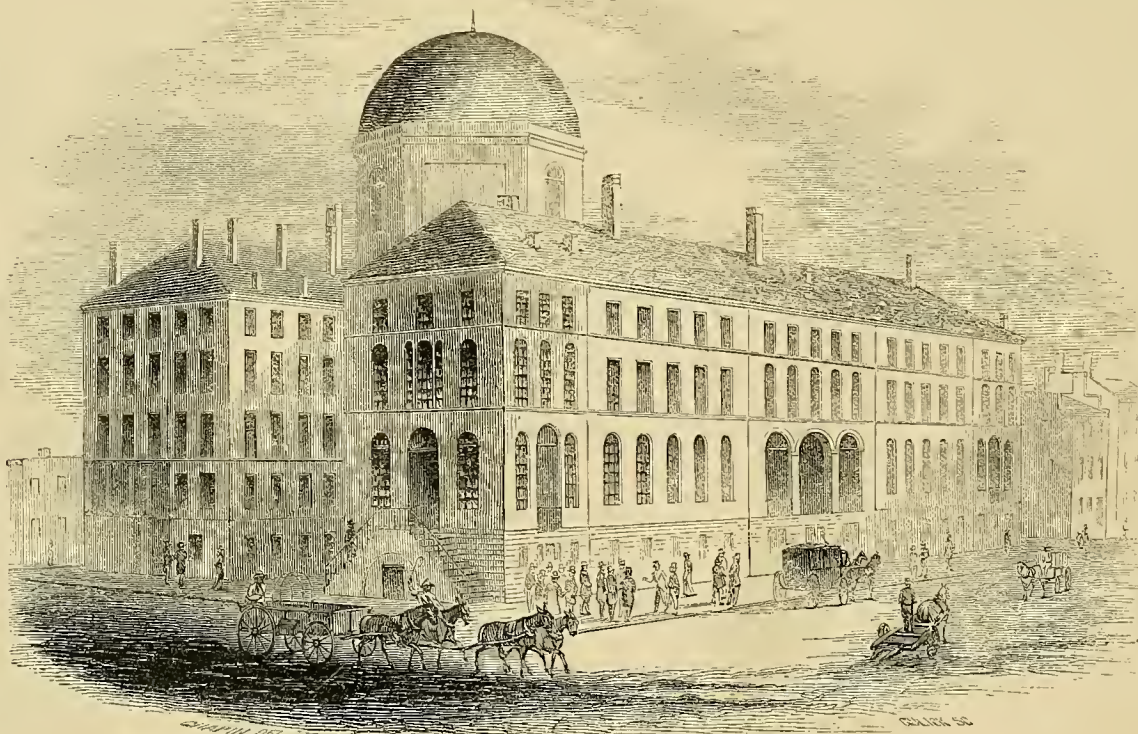
Above we give a truthful representation of this thriving city, one of the most enterprising in the provinces of British America. St. John's is a seaport, the largest and most important, although not the capital of New Brunswick. Some geographical facts and statistics will be interesting, and serve to illustrate our engraving. The city is built on the north side of the St. John River, near its mouth, in the Bay of Fundy, 130 miles west-south-west of Halifax, and 190 miles east-north-east of Augusta, in the State of Maine. Its latitude is 45 degrees 20 minutes north; longitude, 66 degrees 3 minutes east. Population, some 15,000. Its harbor is commodious and spacious; and though a bar across its entrance dries at low water, the rise of the tides is such (from 25 to 30 feet) that large vessels enter the port at high water. The entrance to the harbor is between a bold headland bounding the river to the east, and Patridge Island, about two miles south of the town, which has a lighthouse and a fort. Another fortress guards the harbor, at Carleton, opposite St. John's, and on a commanding height immediately above the town itself is Fort Howe, now in ruins. At ebb tide, a mud flat extends for some distance in front of St. John's; but at high water it is covered, and the aspect of the place is most imposing. A projecting rock separates the town into the upper and lower coves. The former, containing the wharves and the warehouses, is the principal division; but the lower has been much improved by the erection of a line of barracks. Several of the streets are inconveniently steep, and in winter even dangerous; though much labor has been employed to adapt them for carriages. The houses, principally of brick, are regularly arranged and handsome. The chief public buildings are a fine court house, the marine hospital, poor-house, and several churches and chapels. St. John's has a chamber of commerce, a savings bank and two public banks, and a marine insurance company, two public libraries and news-rooms, and four or five well-conducted newspapers. On the opposite bank of the river is the little town of Carleton, under the municipal government

of St. John's, and quite a thriving village. St. John's is a corporate city, which, including Carleton, is divided into six wards, and governed by a mayor, recorder, six aldermen, and six assistants. The mayor, recorder, and other chief officers, are appointed by the governor; the aldermen being elected annually by the freemen. St. John's is a free port, and the great commercial emporium of New Brunswick. In one year 2549 ships, of the aggregate burden of 298,610 tons entered; and 2389 ships, burden 298,127 tons, cleared out from the port and its outports; and its commerce has steadily increased in value and extent. In the same year 81 vessels of the burden of 24,679 tons, were built at St. John's. Several ships, averaging 400 tons, belonging to this port, are employed in the Pacific and eastern oceans in the seal and whale fishery. The herring fishery in the harbor affords from 10,000 to 15,000 barrels a year, besides salmon and shad. Its position will ever command the trade of the vast and fertile country, watered by the lakes and streams of the river St. John, as through it the bulk of imports and exports must pass.

MERCHANTS EXCHANGE, BALTIMORE.

We give below a very fine view of this building, situated on the corner of Gay and Pratt Streets, Baltimore. It is one of considerable importance to the merchants and citizens generally of the Monumental city, being the rendezvous for a very large amount of business. It contains the Custom House, Post Office, Exchange Reading-Rooms, Rotunda of the Exchange—where the merchants meet on 'change, at noon, each day, to regulate the financial destinies of the city (a la Wall Street, New York, and State Street, Boston),—the Merchants Bank, and other institutions and offices. Part of this building was formerly occupied by the Exchange Hotel. The whole of this property, except the Custom House and Merchants Bank, was lately purchased by a company of enterprising gentlemen, who made such arrangements and alterations as were necessary to adapt it to its present purposes. The original cost of the Exchange property was about \$600,000. It is a prominent feature in the architectural characteristics of Baltimore, and we give our readers the view as a matter of general regard.

We have also some other points of interest relating to the Monumental City, which we shall present in these pages from time to time, as space and variety shall admit. Perhaps no feature of the Pictorial has been more popular than its delineations of public buildings, whether devoted to the purposes of commerce, the comfort of the traveller, education or religion; and we take pleasure in making, as far as practicable, our sheet a faithful transcript of all such, both as models of architecture and as signboards, indicating the locality and belongings of all such places throughout the country, as we may judge to be of moment to the public. And as our field is the world, we shall, as we may find opportunity, continue to lay before our thousands of readers representations of such edifices in other lands as are objects of regard to the traveller, and may awaken interest in those who, tarrying at home, peruse with pleasure details of notable events, and linger over illustrations of architectural beauties, whether of olden or modern times, which it is one design of our journal to portray.



REPRESENTATION OF THE MERCHANTS EXCHANGE, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.



A WEDDING SCENE IN JAPAN, FROM A DRAWING BY A NATIVE JAPANESE ARTIST.

JAPANESE CUSTOMS AND CEREMONIES.

The marriage ceremonies of the Japanese are in accordance with the mystic doctrines of Buddhism. Long, formal and fantastic, the alliance is finally cemented by draughts of a liquor called *sakki*, passed from one relative to another by two young girls called *butterflies*, under the direction of a *mediator*, or master of ceremonies. The above engraving, copied from a picture brought to Europe from Japan by President Titsingh, represents this stage of the nuptial ceremonies. Seated in a saloon, on the upper side, at the left hand, is the father of the bride, and next to him is her mother. Next is the bridegroom, twirling his fan, and beyond him are the *mediator* and his wife. In the centre of the saloon are the two *butterflies*, bearing the *sousous*, or *sakki* jugs. Seated in the foreground, on the left, are the parents of the bridegroom. Next is the bride, clothed in a white mantle, with a white veil on her head; and on her right, is the *kaizoge*, or bridesmaid. Beyond are the youngest brothers of the bride and the bridegroom, and in the passage-way is seen the head-servant. Before the bride is a stand called *fukiwatari*, on which are drinking-bowls and a viol, while on the other side of the *butterflies* is a box of dainties. On a table is the *fiki-demono*, a snare presented to the bridegroom by the bride's father, with much formality. In an alcove is the *toko*, or refreshment-table. The bridal feast consists of Japanese delicacies, among them, boiled rice, duck-soup, yolk of eggs, boiled sea-spiders, snipe with ginger-sauce, and at the close, *zinnac*, or powdered green tea, dissolved in boiling water. Matches are arranged by *mediators*, and the wishes of the bride are never consulted, so that there is little affection, and conjugal fidelity is rare.

Funerals in Japan are attended with many formalities, and we give below a representation of the procession at the interment of a civil officer. The corpse, having been kept forty-eight hours, is packed in a square *quan*, or coffin, which is taken in an enclosed bier to the temple, where sweetmeats and incense is offered up be-

fore the graven image, and prayers are read. Gongs are then sounded, and the procession starts for the grave, as represented in the engraving. Servant bearing *kiatats*, or trestles, upon which the bier is placed during a halt. Bearer of the *obata*, or great flag, inscribed with the holy name of *Siaka*. Bearer of the *rengees*, or sacred flower. Priest, with his chaplet, guiding the deceased, and repeating hymns. Young candidate for the priesthood, carrying incense. Bearer of the *foro*, or lantern, in which are lighted candles. The bier, carried by two servants, while a third holds over it the *tengay*, or umbrella. By the side of the bier walks the *ato-tsugi*, or eldest son of the deceased, and behind, cane in hand, is the *Isja*, or physician. In the original Japanese picture, a troop of friends follow, but they do not differ, in point of dress, from the officials; and in the rear are *norimons*, or *palanquins*, of the females. On arriving at the grave, the coffin is buried, and the bier left on the surface of the ground for seven weeks, when it is removed, that the *isek*, or tomb-stone, may be erected. During these seven weeks, the heir goes every day to the grave, and repeats prayers; the rest of the time he remains at home, abstains from fish and flesh, and neither shaves nor cuts his nails. At the expiration of one hundred days after the decease, he gives a feast to the priest and his relatives. Such are the bridal and funeral customs of this people. The population of Japan has been variously stated; but no estimate yet given has the slightest pretension to accuracy. The most moderate estimate, however, fixes it at rather more than fifty millions, exclusive of the inhabitants of the Japanese dependencies. They are divided into eight classes: the princes, nobles, priests, soldiers, civil officers, merchants, artisans, and laborers either agricultural or otherwise; the caste system is strictly pursued, and each follows the employment of his fathers, whatever his talents may be for a different pursuit. The people, physically considered, appear to be a mixed breed of Mongolian and Malay blood; they regard themselves as aborigines. They are, in gene-

ral, well made, active, and supple, having yellow complexions, small deeply set eyes, short flattish noses, broad heads, and thick black hair, which, however, is not allowed to be worn, except on the crown, the sides of the head being kept constantly shaved. The dress of the Japanese consists of several loose silken or cotton robes, worn over each other, the family arms being usually worked into the back and breast of that which covers the rest. To these is added, on state occasions, a robe of ceremony; and the higher classes wear with it a sort of trousers called *bakkama* (resembling a full-plaited petticoat drawn up between the legs), with one or more swords, according to the rank of the parties. The lower orders are prohibited from wearing swords. The men shave the front and crown of the head, the rest being gathered and formed into a tuft, covering the bald part; the women, on the contrary, wear their hair long, and arranged in the form of a turban, stuck full of pieces of highly polished tortoise shell; and they paint their faces red and white, and stain their lips purple, and their teeth black. Hats are worn only in rainy weather; but the fan is an indispensable appendage to all classes of the Japanese. Their gait is awkward, owing partly to their clumsy shoes; but that of the women is the worst, in consequence of their practice of so tightly bandaging the hips, as to turn their feet inward. On the other hand, they do not deform themselves by confining their feet in tight shoes, like the Chinese. Polygamy is not practised even by the nobles, and far more freedom is permitted to the female sex than in China; many are well educated, and almost all play on musical instruments. Respecting the moral condition of a people so little known, it would be rash to venture any remarks. They are alleged, by Siebold and others, to be intelligent, and desirous of increasing their knowledge by inquiries; they study medicine and astronomy, and their observations are as correctly made as their rude instruments will allow. In other sciences considerable progress has been made.



A FUNERAL PROCESSION IN JAPAN, FROM A DRAWING BY A NATIVE JAPANESE ARTIST.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

BUCKEYE SONG.

BY ALICE GARRY.

'Tis a land of brightest splendor,
Sing we O, Ohio!
And I'm sure the angels tend her
If they ever come below.

'Tis a land of milk and honey
A land of corn and fruit,—
Of meat, and wine, and money,
And of honest folks, to boot.

If you go there they will take you
By the hand, as you will see,
And hospitably make you
Taste their johnnycakes and tea.

With her forests waving greenly,
And her sunny streams aflow,
In her beauty she is queenly—
Sing we O, Ohio!

If her homes are not like rabbins',
With their tinsel hung about,
'Tis the merit of her cabins
That they have the "latch-string out."

She has schools for all her people—
Cathedrals, hooks and law,
And, I guess, as high a steeple
As, perhaps, you ever saw.

She has great men that will get her
Praises everywhere she's known,
And no women can be better—
Heaven bless them—than her own.

All her farmer folks are thrifty,
All her merchants see good times,
So that scarce a man in fifty
Has n't got some extra "dimes."

If she needed any warder,
One would spring from every hearth;
For I'm sure the angels guard her,
If they come about the earth.

I have seen the Yankees whittle,
Seen the planters down below,
Nor have hated Joe or little
Singing O, Ohio!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE NEGLECTED DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

I WAS sitting alone, one winter evening, in my little room, the temperature of which was rendered genial by the glowing anthracite that filled the grate, and imparted a bright, cheery aspect to all around. As I have said, I was alone, and although I had taken a book from the table by my side, I did not open it. Thoughts of the past came thronging to the "heart's silent chambers." Companions of my early days rose up before me, like the shadowy forms seen in the waning twilight, and glided quickly back into oblivion, to give place to others. At last, there was one whom, formerly, I knew well, who came back to my mind so vividly as to exclude all others. We had not met for many years, during which time the condition of both had been much changed. She had long been married to a gentleman of wealth and respectability; while I was still single, in the enjoyment of an "elegant sufficiency," such as is described by the poet of "The Seasons."

My parents were both dead, and although I had uncles, aunts and cousins, they all lived in the "Far West." I had certainly arrived at what might be called years of discretion, for I was full thirty-five; yet, although in my youthful days I had been termed good looking, and by some even handsome, I had never had a single offer. It had, however, never caused me any serious uneasiness. This might be owing, in part, to an easy and rather sunny temper, though probably more to my having never met with a gentleman who had inspired me with any more lively sentiments than those of friendship and esteem.

Why Jane Bascom, now Mrs. Alford, should, for the time being, banish all others from my memory, I could not tell. Among those who had been the associates of my early days, she had never been a favorite. There had even existed between us a degree of antagonism, which, on certain occasions, as far as she was concerned, was too demonstrative to be consistent with the rules of good breeding; yet which, owing to a way I had of passing lightly over things of that kind, never caused any serious disruption of those ties that bound us together in a kind of lukewarm friendship.

It had been a nice days' wonder, with those who were acquainted with Philip Alford, why he should have discovered anything attractive in Jane Bascom, as her features were plain, and the expression of her countenance such as to indicate, even at that early period, that there was no slight tincture of verjuice in her disposition. Had she been an heiress, he would, doubtless, have been accused of mercenary motives in selecting her for a wife; but as her father was only in comfortable circumstances, and she was one of eleven children, he escaped the imputation.

I had never seen Mr. Alford, as a few months previous to his becoming acquainted with Jane Bascom, I had removed to the pleasant house, some thirty or forty miles distant, which I had received as a bequest from a rich bachelor uncle. A few letters had, at first, passed between us; but, for the last six years, all episto-

lary correspondence had ceased, and I only knew by indirect intelligence, occasionally received, that she and her husband still lived, and that one of their two children, both of whom were daughters, was thought to be intellectually deficient.

All the more important incidents connected with our early acquaintance had passed in review before me, when I was roused from my reverie by the sound of sleigh bells, which rung so loud a peal through the frosty air, that I knew the stage coach was passing. The post office was only a quarter of a mile distant, and though I could think of no one from whom I was likely to receive a letter, I could not rid myself of the impression that there would be one for me. I, therefore, summoned Simon Martin, who had, many years before my uncle's decease, managed the farm for him, while his wife superintended the affairs of the household. He had, since my uncle's death, performed the same service for me. I asked him if he was too tired to walk as far as the post-office.

"I should be sorry if I was," said he, "for the days are so short, I hardly have time to turn round before it is night."

He, therefore, as soon as he had time to defend himself against the cold, by putting on his great coat, and a pair of mittens, ingeniously knitted by his wife, of various colored worsteds, started on his errand.

I made allowance for his being gone some time, knowing that he would be likely to meet with some of his old acquaintances, and as he was a great politician, he would be likely to stay and chat with them a little on his favorite topic. My fit of musing being over, I opened the book, which, all the time, I had continued to hold in my hand, and soon became absorbed in its pages. I had scarcely thought of Simon Martin, though when he opened the door, I found by glancing at the time-piece on the mantel, that he had been gone more than an hour.

"Here is a letter for you," said he, "and I've got my newspaper, too, though I didn't expect to till the next mail. Flour has risen, and there's been some awful accidents, but there are things I don't so much mind, if we only have wise rulers and a stable government."

I looked at the superscription of my letter, but did not recognize the writing. The chirography was like that of one not accustomed to using a pen, and the post-mark was so indistinct that I could not decipher it; so the only way to settle the question, as to whom it was from, was to open the letter, which, I found, was signed "Jane Alford." The contents were brief. After making some slight allusion to our early friendship, she proceeded to invite me to come and spend a few weeks with the family. There was not much warmth or affection in her manner of giving the invitation, yet I could see that she was in earnest. After considerable hesitation, I made up my mind to go, and as I had little preparation to make, the next day but one I was ready to start.

It was near sundown when I arrived at the mansion of Mr. Alford. He and his wife, and Alicia, their youngest child, were in the parlor. Mrs. Alford, as is sometimes the case, when the youthful face is rather coarse, did not make a better looking matron than she did a girl. Traces of her hard, unbending will, combined with a singularly eager, prying look, had gradually wrought themselves into the lineaments of her countenance in a manner which by no means improved its beauty; while her voice, never remarkably sweet or well modulated, had become, in some of its tones, decidedly harsh. She gave me a civil welcome, and introduced me to her husband.

I was much struck with his appearance, and I thought to myself that it was no marvel that it was a nice days' wonder when he married Jane Bascom. He was one of the finest looking men I had ever seen, yet he by no means possessed one of those delicately handsome faces, which would, even in his more youthful days, cause him, Narcissus-like, to fall in love with his own shadow. His was that higher style of beauty which derives its greatest charm from the illumination of the mind. A short time sufficed to show me that there was little community of feeling between himself and wife. Without attempting an analysis of the mind of either, it will be enough to say that his tastes were eminently intellectual; while she was one of those women belonging to the class denominated first-rate managers. The spirit of thrift pervaded every corner and cranny of the domestic establishment. No danger of rust there; all the machinery was kept bright, every wheel and crank being in active motion from early dawn till late at night, she herself being the mainspring that kept up the circimvolution. She was indeed so constantly on the alert, that one might have imagined that her feet and her hands were in danger of being worn to points equally tenous, as owing to his constant blowing, was the phiz of the indefatigable flute player, made immortal in the annals of facetious biography by a pen that is imitable. Her features, however, rather than her extremities, had become sharpened by this unceasing vigilance; and I one day heard the housemaid muttering to herself that if Mrs. Alford's favorite child was dying, she would come on tiptoe peeping into the dairy to see, when she strained the milk, if the last drop was drained from the pails.

Alicia, the youngest and favorite child of Mrs. Alford, though she was called a beauty, did not strike me agreeably. It appeared to me that the delicately moulded features bore the stamp of the mother's disposition.

It was not till near night, the day succeeding my arrival, that I saw Bertha, the elder daughter, who, as I afterward found, had been shamefully neglected by her mother, on account of either her real or supposed stupidity. She was six years of age, being two years older than Alicia, and to me she appeared melancholy rather than stupid. There was, in a particular manner, in her large and dark, though not brilliant eyes, a look of inexpressible sadness; while lines, such as sorrow traces round the mouth, as it seemed to me, were already perceptible. This might have been fancy, but

I could not persuade myself that it was, any more than I could make myself believe that she was intellectually deficient.

My first attempts at making her acquaintance were received with a kind of passive sullenness, which did not give the promise of much success. Mrs. Alford was greatly exasperated with her, and threatened to send her to the dark closet for the rest of the day,—a threat which, to a careless observer, might have appeared to make no impression on its object, but which, I could see, made the poor child's lips quiver, though it brought no moisture to her eyes.

Bertha, from some reason, evidently regarded me as an enemy, a truth which I was not long in ascertaining. I then better knew what ground to take.

Though the days were at the shortest, she was sent to bed before it was fairly dark, yet Alicia was allowed to sit up till seven or eight o'clock. After she was gone, Mrs. Alford said to me:

"You see, Eleanor, what a trial I have with that child—Bertha, I mean."

"Do you think that she is really so dull, that she cannot be taught anything?" said Mr. Alford, addressing me with great earnestness.

"I have had little opportunity to judge, as yet," I returned; "but I certainly don't think that her countenance lacks intelligence."

"For those words of encouragement, I thank you from my heart," said he. "The child has been neglected, and I take shame to myself for it. I was told that she was an imbecile, and I never attempted to disprove it, till within a few weeks, when I undertook to teach her the alphabet, and she is now perfectly familiar with the easy reading lessons."

"A parrot can be taught to repeat words by rote," said Mrs. Alford. "No longer ago than yesterday morning, I told her to read one of the easy lessons you speak of, and she didn't know a word of it."

"I am afraid that it was the want of will, not ability," said Mr. Alford, "which prevented her from reading it."

"So much the worse, then," replied Mrs. Alford.

"It may be," I ventured to remark, "that she is one of those who can be persuaded better than driven."

"I have too much to attend to," said Mrs. Alford, "to be able to waste my time in trying to coax an obstinate, stupid child like her. When I order her to do a thing, it is her part to obey."

"I have been thinking of late," said Mr. Alford, "that if you had always had as much patience with Bertha as with Alicia, she would have been very different from what she is now."

"And I think," said Mrs. Alford, "that it is the mother's province to manage girls. If Bertha had been a boy, you might have done with her as you chose."

"What if I should undertake the management of her for a few days?" said I. "I don't know how it is, but children, as well as dumb animals, generally speaking, soon learn to have confidence in me."

"It will be different with Bertha, you will find," remarked Mrs. Alford. "She never yet liked anything, except a little white kitten,—a species of animal I always hated, and that she would have been glad to have in her arms from morning till night. But I soon put a stop to it; for I had the kitten killed. However, if you will take the trouble of trying to beat something into her stupid head, I shall certainly make no objection."

"And I shall be under the greatest obligations to you," said Mr. Alford.

I subsequently found that although Mrs. Alford appeared so indifferent about the matter, her sole object in sending for me was to see if I could be induced to take the child under my charge for a few weeks, by way of trial, when, if I succeeded in winning her affection, she thought, judging from what she recollected of my character and disposition, I should be unwilling to give her up. In this, I am sorry to say, she was influenced less for the child's good, than to relieve herself of what she considered a burden.

The only condition I made with her mother, was to have her given up entirely to my own management. I was to be the judge whether she needed reproof or punishment. I made up my mind for a difficult, not to say onerous task, but I understood my own strength and resources. I was sensible that I had the requisite patience, energy and perseverance, and my pity was already enlisted in the child's behalf.

I took her in charge the following day. She refused to read to me, the same as she had refused reading to her mother, and had evidently made up her mind for the infliction of the usual penalty of disobedience—a blow on the head; for though, when she uttered the refusal, she did not move from the spot where she stood, she covered a little, and half-closed her eyes. Finding that the blow did not come, she looked me keenly and wonderingly in the face. She then said:

"Ma says she hates me—don't you?"

"No, indeed," I answered, "nor would your mother, if you were good and obedient."

"She loves Alicia, and she isn't good," she replied.

Instead of appearing to notice this remark, I tried to divert her thoughts to a different and more pleasant subject. I could have hardly believed it possible that there could have been so sudden a transition from suspicion to confidence. After she had gone through with her lessons, she came to me, and taking one of my hands in both of hers, she said, while there was a beautiful lighting up of her countenance:

"I had something last summer that loved me."

"What was it?" I asked.

"A little brown bird. I used to throw crumbs to it, and, at last, it grew so tame that it would eat out of my hand. It went away when the snow came, but I guess it will come back again next summer, and see me, don't you?"

"Perhaps it will," I replied.

"I didn't let ma know anything about it," said she, "because I was afraid she would have it killed if I did, as she did my kitten."

I did all I could to soften Bertha's feelings towards her mother and sister, an effort which, as might be supposed, was not remarkably successful. With her father, in some measure, it was different. She had, before I came, begun to trust in him, but it was a timid, wavering trust, which the many calls on his time gave him now, as formerly, little leisure to strengthen and confirm.

In young minds, intuition has been said to supply the place of reason. Bertha, however, young as she was, and dull as she was said to be, had, in a certain degree, acquired the art of arriving at logical conclusions, and as far, at least, as her parents and sister were concerned, she was unwilling to take anything entirely upon trust. She, therefore, for some time, though she had unbounded confidence in my own good will and affection for her, was inclined to weigh more carefully, than was altogether pleasing to me, every demonstration of regard or love on the part of her father. She had been taught to believe that he, in common with every one else, disliked her, and the belief was hard to conquer. But it was conquered at last, and her faith in him was to them a well-spring of peace and joy. The long repressed affections of her heart began more fully to warm and expand themselves, and I believe that she would have loved her mother and sister, if they had not turned coldly away from her.

It is surprising what a sparkling freshness and beauty happiness will impart to the youthful countenance. It is, indeed, one of the best of cosmetics for any face, whether young or old. Bertha now, at least to me, was far more lovely than Alicia.

When spring came, she often watched by the window for the return of her little brown bird, and when it was pleasant, she would steal out to the old apple-tree, beneath whose spreading boughs she used to feed it. I had little faith in its return, but she would often say, "I am sure it will come again."

And it did. One sunny day, in April, it flew down close to her feet. She threw it some crumbs—she always carried some with her when she went to watch for it beneath the apple-tree—and then she saw that it had found a mate. It was shy at first, but it soon grew fearless as the other, and in a short time they would both eat from her hand.

I think that both Bertha and myself were a trouble to Mrs. Alford, and I had, for some time, wished to go home and take the child with me, though I had, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Alford, consented to remain till the first of October.

Bertha was henceforth to be my own. I was to educate her as I pleased. Very differently from what I had at first imagined, I found that her temperament was highly poetic. From time to time, many beautiful traits of character developed themselves.

At first, there was an earnest yearning to have everything love her. I remember that soon after I took her to my own home, one warm, summer-like evening, she stood at a window, where the moonbeams, broken by the quivering foliage of a birch, threw over her a shower of silvery light. For some minutes she gazed up wistfully through the branches of the tree to the fair orb that was so tranquilly pursuing its blue pathway in the heavens. A smile, just perceptible, parted her lips. After a while she spoke.

"Do you not think," she asked, "that the moon loves me?"

"If it is like me, it does, I have no doubt," I answered, not knowing exactly what to say.

"I am certain it does," she said, "or it would not look down upon me so softly."

Mr. Alford often came to see his daughter, but his wife always had so much to do that it was impossible for her to leave home. Had she expressed the slightest wish to that effect, I would have taken the child to see her. She never did, and it was many years before the mother and daughter met. I rather liked Mrs. Alford for not pretending to an interest in Bertha, which she did not feel. It, at least, showed that she was not hypocritical.

Her father soon began to grow proud of her, and with good reason. I was proud of her, too, not because that her progress in her studies was uncommonly rapid. I had seen children that went before her in that respect. It was more on account of a thoughtfulness and a consistency that exhibited themselves in a manner much more marked than is usually seen in one so young.

I occasionally heard from Alicia, through some person besides her father, and was not surprised at being told that she was peevish, petulant and self-willed. It was what was to be expected from the example and training of her mother.

Many little incidents might be related, did space permit, illustrative of the gradual unfolding of Bertha's character. They did not show her to be faultless, by any means. A perverseness of temper, which, but for her mother's injudicious, or rather cruel treatment, might have remained latent, occasionally gave me some trouble, and cost her many tears, and many earnest and vigorous efforts to subdue.

At the age of seventeen, Alicia Alford had the reputation of being a beauty. She had many admirers and several offers, one of which she accepted. The one thus distinguished was a gentleman of wealth, and well known in the fashionable circles of the city where he resided.

The idea of being mistress of a splendid establishment, had chiefly influenced her in her choice.

Bertha, at the time her sister was married, though two years older, had never had an offer. This, as I heard from several sources, was a matter of triumph on the part of Mrs. Alford and Alicia. As for Bertha, I am certain that she never thought of such a thing as being beloved by any one, except her father, myself, Simon Martin and his wife, and her pet birds; for though her spirits were light and buoyant as I could desire, the idea of her personal ugliness, which, in early childhood, had been deeply im-

pressed upon her mind, never left her. Aside from the exceptions named, she did not deem herself attractive enough to excite emotions more ardent than friendship and esteem in the breast of any one. As, instead of detracting from her enjoyment, it only made her more intent on the improvement of her mind, it was an illusion I made no attempt to dispel.

But the time was near at hand when a change was to "come o'er the spirit of her dream." A young gentleman, by the name of James Arlington, about the time of her sister's marriage, opened a lawyer's office about half a mile distant from our place of residence. I used to see him at church, and was pleased with his appearance.

What Bertha thought of him I had no means of knowing, unless her total silence on the subject could be considered an indication that she, too, liked his appearance, and so well that, actuated by a reserve natural in such cases, she abstained from making any allusion to him. After this idea occurred to me, without appearing to do so I observed her narrowly, the result of which surmise as regarded her entertaining a favorable opinion of him, was exchanged for certainty.

I was careful not to let her suspect that I had detected her secret, and it was not long before I was convinced that she had excited in him a more than common interest. They had, as yet, never met, except at church; but I noticed, that invariably before the commencement of the religious services, his eyes wandered in the direction of our pew, much more frequently than it was natural to suppose they would have done, had there been no particular attraction.

It was three or four months before he and Bertha chanced to meet elsewhere than at church. This was at a small social party given by our nearest neighbor. I found him to be modest, unassuming and very intelligent. He paid no more attention to Bertha than to any other lady present; but what little he did pay her was marked by a peculiar delicacy, such as could not fail to be gratifying to one so modest and sensitive as herself.

I saw no reason for discouraging this mutual preference; for I had taken pains to satisfy myself that his moral character was irreproachable, while he already gave the promise of attaining to a high rank in his profession. He was poor, however, if any person, with youth, first rate talent, energy and perseverance, can be so considered. In my mind, they constituted a heritage more to be desired than silver or gold, and Bertha's father, as I was well assured, would be of the same mind.

Mrs. Alford would, without doubt, think differently. With her, everything would sink into insignificance, compared with wealth. But as she had, with her own hand, sundered the ties which bound her and her daughter together, it seemed to me that she had also forfeited the right to be consulted on the present occasion. Even to Mr. Alford there was no necessity of mentioning the subject at present. It was possible I had been mistaken—had been indulging in a dream of romance. Single ladies, who have ceased to indulge in them on their own account, may still do so as respects those younger and more beautiful than themselves.

After the party alluded to, I had no doubt but that Arlington would call in a few days. I think Bertha also entertained a similar expectation. If she did, she, as well as myself, was doomed to be disappointed, and, in my own mind, I reproached him not a little. I even, in the heat of my displeasure, called him dishonorable, forgetting that, on the evening of the party, he paid no more attention to Bertha than to me. No matter, it was of a different kind; of that, he himself must have been sensible. There were times when I imagined Bertha less cheerful than formerly, and then I was more bitter against him than ever.

Things were in this state when Mrs. Wetmore, a lady of our acquaintance, came to spend with us a social afternoon, and take tea. I soon made some allusion to Arlington, as I was desirous to hear what she would say about him. After having spoken warmly in his praise, she said:

"I suppose you have heard that he is soon to be married?"

"No, I have not," I returned, and I rather think my color changed a little.

As I spoke, I glanced my eyes towards Bertha, who sat by a window sewing, but I could not see her face, as that very moment she turned to look at something out of doors, which had caught her attention.

"Do you think it is anything more than an idle rumor?" I asked, as soon as I had a little recovered from the shock occasioned to my feelings, by what Mrs. Wetmore had said.

"Most certainly I do. Ever since he came here, he has corresponded regularly with a lady by the name of Mary Lewisham."

"The lady may be his aunt," I suggested. "It appears to me that I have heard that he had an aunt by the name you mention."

"That is what I told Rachel Beers, when she told me that he was going to be married. Rachel, you know, is a niece to Mrs. Lee, where Arlington boards. She is often there a week or more at a time, and one day she offered to sweep Mr. Arlington's chamber. Well, lying on the table, there was an open letter, and she concluded, of course, that there was no privacy in it, or it would not have been left in that manner; so she took the liberty to read it, or rather a part of it, for she could do nothing more than run over it quickly; for happening to cast her eye out of the window, she saw Arlington coming towards the house. She, however, found out that there was a marriage on the tapis; also enough to satisfy herself that James Arlington and Mary Lewisham, the writer of the letter, were the couple who were going to be married."

"Was the day mentioned?" I inquired.

"O, yes, the fifth of next month, which will be just three weeks from to-day. All I wish is, that Miss Lewisham may be worthy of him, for he is one of the finest and most talented young men I ever met with."

As I did not feel in a mood for praising him just then, I remained silent. I could not divest myself of the idea that Arlington had, by his looks, if not by his words, showed quite too lively an interest in Bertha for one who was already as good as married.

After what Mrs. Wetmore had told us, I was not a little surprised, when Mrs. Martin, the house-keeper, the next morning, while I was attending to some favorite flowers in the garden, sent to let me know that "Squire Arlington had called."

I meant to appear very cold and distant, but somehow when he shook hands with me, and mentioned how desirous he had long been to cultivate our acquaintance (meaning Bertha and me), my reserve all vanished.

Bertha, who happened to be in the parlor at the time of his arrival, looked better than I had ever seen her in my life. A call from him was entirely unexpected, and the excitement which it occasioned had deepened the color of her cheeks, and caused her eyes to beam with uncommon brilliancy.

After a while, he remarked that he expected to leave the place soon, probably in a week or ten days.

"I have so understood," I replied.

He looked surprised, I thought, and in a minute he said that he was not aware he had informed any one of his intention.

"I hope your journey will prove a pleasant one," said I.

"Thank you," he replied, "and I have not much doubt but that it will, as the event, which is to be celebrated when I arrive at my place of destination, promises to be productive of much happiness to the parties concerned."

Up to this time, I had cherished a faint hope that Mrs. Wetmore's informant, by the hasty manner in which she perused the letter, might have misapprehended its true import; but now that Arlington had himself made allusion to the anticipated marriage, all doubt on the subject was terminated.

When Arlington rose to take leave, he remarked, that when he returned, he hoped to be able to call on us often. I said something complimentary in reply, and added, that when he did come back, I supposed it would not be alone.

"I don't expect any one to accompany me," he answered.

"Why, I imagined that you would bring your wife with you," I said.

"Wife!" he repeated. "I supposed that you knew I was a bachelor."

"Certainly, but I inferred from what you said that you expected to be married while absent."

"I was not aware that I expressed myself so obscurely. The object of my journey is to be present at the wedding of Mary Lewisham, who, though only a cousin, has ever been dear to me as a sister."

I felt somewhat embarrassed, but this unpleasant state of feeling was more than counterbalanced by the joy I felt at beholding the brightened countenance of Bertha.

Arlington, at the appointed time, departed on his journey, and returned at the time he had intended. Soon afterward, he made formal proposals for the hand of Bertha, and was accepted.

As I had anticipated, her father favored Arlington's suit, and as soon as a lucrative practice of his profession rendered it expedient, the young couple were married.

In ten or twelve years, Arlington had accumulated a handsome fortune, it being precisely the same time which it had taken the husband of Alicia to spend a much larger one.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LEONORA.

BY H. S. CORNWELL.

The sun had sloped adown the west,
And folded were the lily bells;
And wearied birds had flown to rest,
Within the solitary dells.
And night came, like a hooded nun,
Counting her beads of pearly dew,
While pure stars looked forth, one by one,
And sparkled in the heavenly blue.

Near by, a ruined abbey stood,
With twisted grape-vines overgrown,
Through which came, rushing from the wood,
Sweet breezes, with a lulling moan.
And here, by wood paths fringed with clover,
A maiden in her youthful bloom,
To meet her faithful peasant lover,
Came trembling through the lonely gloom.

I was that lover! Evermore
Now roam I with her, hand in hand;
Still loving as we loved of yore,
We watch our future joys expand.
And through the gloom of thickening years,
She guides me with her starry eyes;
While soothing each the other's tears,
We journey on to Paradise.

ANECDOTE OF WELLINGTON.

Some years since, the duke was sitting at his library-table, when the door opened, and, without any announcement, stalked a figure of singularly ill omen. "Who're you?" asked the duke, in his short, dry manner, looking up, without the least change of countenance, upon the intruder. "I am Apollyon." "What want you?" "I am sent to kill you." "Kill me—very odd!" "I am Apollyon, and I must put you to death." "Bliged to do it to-day?" "I am not told the day or the hour, but I must do my mission." "Very inconvenient—very busy—great many letters to write—call again, and write me word—I'll be ready for you." And the duke went on with his correspondence. The man, appalled, probably, by the stern, unmovable old man, backed out of the room, and in half an hour was safe in Bedlam. —*New Quarterly Review.*

MARSHAL SOULT, DUKE OF DALMATIA.

MARSHAL SOULT belonged to the great generation of 1769, the year which produced Napoleon, Cuvier, Chateaubriand, Sir Walter Scott, and, if we remember rightly, Wellington also. Born at Saint Amand (Tarn), France, of a family of farmers, Nicholas Jean de Dieu Soult enlisted, as a common soldier, in 1785, in

erslautern. At that of Wissemburg, he distinguished himself, and, commanding the attack on the left, he succeeded in driving the Austrians from the important heights where they were entrenched. Jourdan, having replaced Hoche in the command of the army at the Moselle, fought two battles in succession at Arlon, in consequence of which Captain Soult was appointed adjutant-

of Fleurus. Soult ran to him and said: "Are you going to die, Marceau, while your soldiers are disgracing themselves? Go to them—bring them back to battle; it will be more glorious to conquer!" Marceau listened to his friend; he hastened after the flying divisions, rallied them, and shared with them the honors of the day. Before this, under General Lefebvre, he had performed



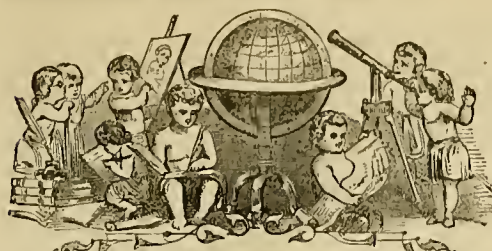
MARSHAL SOULT, DUKE OF DALMATIA.

the royal infantry, where he received his first grades. In 1791, he was made sub-lieutenant of grenadiers in the 1st battalion of the Upper Rhine, which soon after elected him by acclamation, adjutant, and afterwards captain. In 1794, with the latter grade, he passed, under Hoche, the army of the Moselle, and, entrusted with the details of a division, he was present at the battle of Kais-

general and chief of battalion on the 19th Pluviose of the year II. of the French Republic, then adjutant-general and colonel, two months afterwards. He was present at the two battles of Fleurus, in the last of which the divisions of Ardennes, commanded by Marceau, having been repulsed, and retiring in great disorder, the general, in despair, sought an honorable death near the mill

the duties of the chief of the vanguard staff in the division of the Palatinat. Appointed brigadier-general on the 20th Vendemiaire, year III., he passed into General Harty's corps, and took part in the blockade of Luxemburg. Soon after, he was employed again under Lefebvre, then under Kleber.

[...or continuation of description, see page 239.]



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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"Russia and the Russians," No. II., by ANNE T. WILBUR.
"The Mutiny," a Tale of the Sea, by LINT E. CURTIS HINE.
"Going down Hill," a story, by MAX S. P. DODGITY.
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"Annals," verses, by DR. GEORGE W. BUNOAT.
"The Lost Rhyme," lines, by ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.
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GENUINE ELOQUENCE.

Leitch, in his "Travels in Ireland," says: In my morning rambles, a man sitting on the ground, leaning his back against the wall, attracted my attention by a look of squalor in his appearance, which I had rarely before observed, even in Ireland. His clothes were ragged to indecency—a very common circumstance, however, with the males,—and his face was pale and sickly. He did not address me, and I passed by; but having gone a few paces, my heart smote me, and I turned back. "If you are in want," said I, with some degree of peevishness, "why do you not beg?" "Sure, it's heaving I am," was the reply. "You did not utter a word." "No! is it joking you are with me, sir? Look there!" holding up the tattered remnant of what had once been a coat; "do you see how the skin is speaking through my trowsers, and the bones through my skin? Look at my sunken cheeks, and the famine that's staring in my eyes! Man alive! isn't it begging I am with a hundred tongues?"

EXTRAORDINARY MEMORY.

Seneca says of himself, that by the mere efforts of his natural memory, he was able to repeat 2000 words upon once hearing them, each in its order, though they had no dependence or connection upon each other. After which, he mentioned a friend of his, Portius Latro, who retained in his memory all the declamations he had ever spoken, and never found his memory fail him, even in a single word. He also mentions Cynæas, ambassador to the Romans from King Pyrrhus, who in one day had so well learnt the names of his spectators, that the next day he saluted the whole senate, and all the populace assembled, each by his name. Pliny says that Cyrus knew every soldier in his army by name; and L. Scipio, all the people of Rome.

PERSONAL.—We learn that Whittredge, one of our most successful landscape painters, who has been for some time in Germany, has taken unto himself a German wife. He has become the brother-in-law of Achenbach, the celebrated landscape painter.

SPLINTERS.

... Don't fail to read and appreciate Alice Carey's "Buckeye Song," on page 234 of the present number.
... We learn by our Southern exchanges that a female college is about to be erected in the town of Cassville, Georgia.
... So large is the English marine, that it is estimated one vessel is actually lost, belonging to it, with every tide.
... The man who always forces the season by donning the first white hat, was seen yesterday in Washington Street.
... The infant drummer has been astonishing the good people of New Orleans by his performances upon the drum.
... The wife of Deacon Perley Allen, of Fiskdale, Mass., was burned to death, the other day, by a burning fluid lamp!
... There are about two thousand dollars expended every evening, in this city, for public amusements, concerts, theatricals, etc.
... Boston Common is to be greatly beautified and improved during the present season. Many fine trees will be set out.
... Mr. Wykoff has been liberated from the Genoese prison, and has made his appearance in Paris again.
... Madame Anna Bishop is again engaged in prosecuting a professional tour of the principal Southern cities.
... Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, is about to visit Europe in company with a party of friends. He will sail at once.
... Madame Sontag, and her opera troupe, are delighting the Philadelphians with their charming performances in opera.
... The United States possess a hundred millions acres of public land that the foot of the white man has never trod.
... Mr. James, the novelist and English consul for the port of Norfolk, Va., has quietly settled down in that city.
... Jones's Pantoscope, exhibiting at Amory Hall, is really a very interesting and well executed panorama and painting.

HE INDUSTRIOUS.

Idleness is one of the greatest banes of society, and is the parent of more sin and misery than aught else. The celebrated Galen said, employment is nature's physician; and Pythagoras says, that in the theatre of man's life, it is reserved only for God and angels to be lookers on; but, if we rightly remember, Swift goes even further than this, and says, that angels even cannot remain passive, and cites the royal arms of Lilliput as an evidence, which exhibit an angel lifting a lame beggar from the ground. We have marked that the discontented and grumbling members of society are invariably those who are in such circumstances in life that they are not compelled to be industrious, in order to gain a livelihood. Inherited fortune thus too often curses its unfortunate possessor. Time glides to those who toil—it is the toiler's privilege. Heaven designed us all to work; each in his own peculiar sphere; some with the hands, some with the brain.

There is not a man nor animal in existence but that has been supplied by nature with tools to work with; even the indolent-seeming spider has a power-loom in its head, and constructs its own habitation as often as accident destroys it. Indeed, if we look upon the animal kingdom, we find a host of examples to incite man to an industrious improvement of his time. Man is only really happy when employed, when usefully engaged; some one has said that leisure is a very good garment to look upon, but shocking bad stuff to wear! Especially is an industrious spirit desirable in women; it becomes them exceedingly; is captivating to the careful and judicious eye of him who seeks a companion for life, and sits gracefully upon her who should be the star of our domestic sphere.

To be really and practically industrious, one must improve those minute particles of time, known as "spare minutes." Of all portions of our life, these spare minutes are the most fruitful for good or evil, and are literally the gaps through which temptation finds access to the soul. Spare minutes are the gold dust of time, said Yonge; sands make the mountains, moments make the year! Idleness wastes a man as insensibly as industry improves him; evil deeds and evil thoughts never creep in upon him who is assiduously employed upon good ones. The mind and body both require activity to keep them pure and healthy in action. Like water, if it runneth free, it is pure and wholesome; but what is there more noisome and pestilential than a stagnant pool? Diligence of itself alone is a fair fortune, and industry is a good estate to have and to hold.

PROGRESS IN ITALY.

Or rather we might, perhaps, better entitle this paragraph "Want of Progress in Italy," for the country seems to be standing, as it were, entirely still, while the rest of the world is advancing in civilization, the arts and sciences, and every department of agriculture and mechanics. The Italian farmers still plough by the same rude implements that were in use before the Christian era; sometimes two cows, sometimes a horse and a cow, are yoked to a long pole, which is tied crosswise to a crooked hough or trunk of a tree, the folk of which, or the rudest piece of iron, serves the purpose of a coultter. The women still go down to the streams to wash and to fill their earthen jars with water, which they carry home upon their heads; their jars correspond exactly in form and size with the jars of the Etruscans and of the Egyptians seen in the British Museum and in the Louvre at Paris. Shepherds, clothed entirely in skins, are seen tending their flocks in the fields, and caves, natural and artificial, are visible, in which they take a refuge by night or in a storm.

RATHER ODD.—They have a queer way of disposing of old books in Florence. A traveller says he has seen them sold by weight at the book stalls, as if they were so much meat for the body, instead of food for the mind. The price was one cent per pound. Our friend Burnham, of the Antiquarian Bookstore, in Cornhill, must send out an agent directly.

A SECOND LOLA MONTEZ.—A Madrid paper states that for some time past a *gitana*, or gipsy, of wonderful beauty, has been astonishing the court and city by the most incredible feats of divination. Her name is Lola, and those who have visited her declare that she is, at all events, a girl of great talent, endowed with extraordinary perception, and a most fascinating glance.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—We have been looking over the back numbers of this periodical, and found it very agreeable pastime. It is not too much to say, that several of the late numbers are equal to the average of the illustrated papers of London. The engravings are numerous, spirited, accurate and timely; the letter-press is varied and pleasing. We learn, with pleasure, that the prosperity of the Pictorial keeps pace with its rapid improvement; and we are assured by Mr. Gleason that its improvement will never be suffered to lag behind its prosperity.—*Home Journal*.

PENNY LECTURE.—At the Museum of Practical Geology, in London, a course of six scientific lectures was lately delivered by Robert Hunt (son of Leigh), at a charge of one penny for each lecture. Why not try such a plan in Boston or New York?

BACK NUMBERS.—In answer to numerous inquiries as to whether we can supply the back numbers of the Pictorial, we would say that we can supply any and all numbers of our illustrated journal from the commencement, at a charge of six cents each.

RATHER EXPENSIVE.—The piano with which the Empress of France entertains her lord cost eight thousand dollars. It was a present from the Emperor, and was manufactured at Paris.

SPEED.—When the double track is finished on the Hudson River Railroad, the express train will be run from New York to Albany in three hours.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION still keeps ahead of all its imitators.—*Troga Eagle, Wellsboro, Pa.*



MARRIAGES

In this city, Mr. Charles E. Temple to Miss Eunice R. Allen; Mr. Sampson R. Urhino, of Frankfort, Germany to Miss Levia Buoncorno, of Boston; Mr. Edmund Gibbs to Miss Angeline Bruce; Mr. Gavin Holliday to Miss Isabella C. McKenzia.
By Rev. Mr. Worcester, Mr. John Scott to Miss Sarah Curtis, both of Roxbury.
At Medford, by Rev. Hosea Ballou, 2d, Mr. Isaac Wellington, of New York, to Miss Eunice Frances Blanchard, of Medford.
At Newton, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Walter Channing, of New Bedford, to Miss Martha F. Webster, of Newton.
At Beverly, by Rev. E. H. Eddy, Mr. Josiah Wilson to Mrs. Lydia P. Pickett, both of Lynn.
At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. Daniel F. Potter, of Concord, to Miss Louisa E. Gray, of Benson, Vt.
At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Maltby, Mr. William F. Webb to Miss Ann E. Gerrish.
At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Eells, John M. Cooper, Esq., to Miss Mary H. Spalding.
At New Bedford, Dr. Samuel S. Jennings, of Boston, to Miss Clara D. Almy, of New Bedford.
At Marietta, Georgia, Washington Flournoy to Caroline Griffes, both of Marietta, Cobb county, Georgia.



DEATHS

In this city, Mr. David Francis, of the firm of Munroe & Francis, 73; Mr. Edward Payson Willis 36; Mrs. Ann, relict of Capt. Joseph West, 83; Mr. Edward Johnson, 83; Mrs. Harriet S., wife of Mr. William E. Priest, 28; Mrs. Lydia G. Turner, formerly of Canton, 34; Mrs. Mary Lyon, widow of Mr. Stephen Lyon, 59; Mrs. Mary Jane, wife of Mr. Benjamin M. Wedger, 24.
At East Boston, Mr. Polly Jewell, 71.
At Charlestown, Francis Henry, son of Francis P. and Lucilla Jones, 7 months; Frank Stanwood, youngest son of Mr. Charles O. Sawyer, 3 years.
At Chelsea, Mr. Abraham L. Stevens, 45.
At Somerville, Helen Miranda, daughter of Mr. J. S. Bailey, 10.
At Medford, Mrs. Susan S., wife of Mr. Henry Porter, 60.
At Malden, Mr. Ezra Holden, 71.
At Lynn, Mr. Charles Webb, 44.
At Quincy, Mr. William Bent, 62.
At Salem, Capt. William Tozzer, 82; Mr. Thomas Barker, Jr., 72.
At Danvers, Mrs. Sally, widow of the late Eben Osborn, Esq., 75; Mrs. Elizabeth S., wife of Mr. William H. West, 24.
At Marblehead, Mrs. Lydia Trefry, 71.
At Roxford, widow Mehitable Parley, 91.
At South Hingham, Mr. Josiah Hersey, 87.
At Fall River, Mrs. Sylvia G., wife of Mr. Ebenezer Basset, 29.
At New York, Mr. Moses Andom, 74.
At Brooklyn, Mrs. Martha Batchelder, of Boston, 59.
At Washington, at the National Hotel, Mr. George Bartol, Jr., of Boston.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE HERDSMAN OF THE HEIGHT. FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG UHLAND.

BY CHARLES B. STEWART.

I am the herdsman of the height,
The mountain swells beneath my sight;
The glowing morn I earliest see,
Its latest sunbeam falls on me,—
The herdsman of the height.

Here rushes first the streamlet forth,
To gladden realms of south and north;
We drink the waters cool from earth,
Whence mighty rivers take their birth,—
We herdsmen of the height.

The haze and thunder of the sky
Are at our feet, with heaven nigh;
We hear unturb the storms increase,
Their wrath morn not our homestead's peace,—
We herdsmen of the height.

When loud the storm-hell's peal we hear,
When lightning makes the hills appear,—
The flashing lightning on the night,—
We joy to see so grand a sight,—
We herdsmen of the height.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

THE expedition now on its way to Japan, has excited in intelligent minds a desire to know something about that veiled land, in which some forty millions of human beings are now living, secluded from all intercourse with "the rest of mankind." Books on Japan have multiplied rapidly, and extensive promises have been made by caterers for the reading public, of illustrations, with pen and pencil, of the social life of this strange people, so carefully concealed by a jealous policy.

And yet, we have it all. There was a time, some two centuries and a quarter since, when the Japanese opened their ports, and were as anxious to extend their intercourse with other nations as they now are to narrow it.

Japan is a cluster of islands, which occupy the same relative position to the northeast coast of Asia, that the British isles do to the northwest coast of Europe. The capital city is Yeddo, which lies on the east side of the island of Nippon, on the gulf of Yeddo. Captain Sordis, an Englishman who was there in 1612, describes it as "glorious in its appearance, the very tiles of the houses being gilded, and the posts of the doors set off with a shining varnish. They have no glass windows, but all of board, which open in leaves, and are very delicately painted. There's a causey running clever through the chief street of the city, which street is as broad as any in England, and a fine river passes through underneath the causey. At every fifty paces there's a well-head substantially fitted up of freestone, and served with buckets for the people to fetch water with in case of fire." Being the residence of the emperor and the court, it is a very populous city, and is supposed to contain from a million to a million and a half of inhabitants. In 1703, the city was nearly destroyed by an earthquake, and several thousand persons perished.

The other imperial cities are Maean, Osaka, Sakoy and Nagsaki. The last mentioned is the only port where the favored Dutch are permitted to trade, and their position is a humiliating one, for they can only despatch two ships a year, and the residents are forced to inhabit a small island. If they go on the main land for a walk, they must have a special permission from the governor, and be followed by a train of guards, who demand high fees. No religious books, weapons of war, or ammunition, are tolerated in the Dutch limits or on board of their two vessels, and it is said that few positions in the world are so unenviable, or so hampered with restraints, as that of the Dutch clerks at Nagasaki.

Formerly it was otherwise, the Portuguese having a flourishing trade with Japan, and Jesuit missionaries reckoning their converts by thousands. The English had a "factory" at Firando, and there were even intermarriages between the Europeans and Japanese, when the Jesuits rendered themselves obnoxious by entering into a political conspiracy. The plot was detected, partly, it is said, by the agency of the Dutch, who intercepted a letter at sea that contained a full revelation of the conspiracy, and handed it to the authorities at Jeddo in hopes that it would give them advantage over their commercial rivals. The letter certainly produced the desired effect, for it drew forth the edict by which Japan has continued a sealed book to all foreign nations for upwards of two centuries. The Dutch only were exempted from the ban in return for the service they had rendered to the government. The effect of this edict is stated by Kämpfer as follows: "No Japanese ship or boat whatsoever, nor any Japanese born, shall dare to go out of the country. All who disobey the order shall be punished with death; the ship with her cargo shall be affected with sequestration. All Japanese who return home from abroad shall suffer death; a reward of five hundred pieces of silver is offered for the discovery of a Christian priest, for a Christian layman in proportion. All persons who spread the Christian doctrines, or bear so scandalous a name, are to be imprisoned. Finally, all the Portuguese, with their mothers, nurses, and all their property, shall be transported to Macao." The Portuguese ventured to send an embassy from Macao to see if something could not be done to repair the mischief. They were dismissed with a threat that all

Portuguese, whether forming part of an embassy or not, who ventured, after this solemn warning, to set foot on Japanese soil should suffer the penalty of death. Another embassy was sent, and the Japanese showed with what terrible fidelity they adhere to engagements of this nature.

In the present century, "the war with England," says Captain Golownin, "having prevented the Dutch from trading direct to Japan, they freighted ships in the United States of America with valuable cargoes for Japan. These ships entered Nagasaki under the Dutch flag. The cargoes were delivered before the Japanese began to take particular notice that both these ships and their crews differed very much in appearance from the vessels and seamen they had been accustomed to see. But suspicion was in particular excited by the superior quality of the goods, which were, in fact, all English; the governor, on discovering this, immediately ordered the ships to be reloaded and dismissed from the harbor."

The attempts of the Russians to open an intercourse were also resisted. Krusenstern, who conducted an embassy to Nagasaki, in 1805, was compelled to submit to the closest inspection, and to deliver up his powder and arms. The Russians were not permitted to go in their boats even a short distance from the ships, except to a barren spot on a small island, where they were hedged in with bamboos, so as to be precluded from the sight of anything but the heavens, as the Japanese forgot to put a roof on. An official document delivered to Captain Golownin, warned the Russians that they would be "driven back by cannon balls," if they attempted to open an intercourse. "Our countrymen," say the pertinacious authorities, "wish to carry on no commerce with foreign lands; for we know no want of necessary things. Though foreigners are permitted to trade at Nagasaki, even to that harbor only those are admitted with whom we have for a long time maintained relations, and we do not trade with them for the sake of gain, but for other important objects. From the repeated solicitations which you have hitherto made to us, you evidently imagine that the customs of our country resemble those of your own; but you are very wrong in thinking so. In future, it will be better to say no more about a commercial connection."

Captain Golownin, alluded to above, is the author of three volumes on Japan, which have attained a high popularity in Europe. He was the commander of a Russian man-of-war, which, in the year 1811, put into a Japanese port for a supply of water. Going on shore, the captain was imprudent enough to trust himself with some half a dozen companions in the hands of the governor of the town. At a given signal the mask of friendship was thrown off and they were attacked. Through opposing numbers they made their way to the sea shore; but alas! when they arrived there the tide had receded and left their boat high and dry. They submitted without further struggle to an inevitable captivity, and with their hands tightly and painfully bound behind them, from the elbows downwards with small cord, were led away first to Chakodade, and then to Matsmai, until the government of Jeddo should decide as to their ultimate destiny. In this captivity they remained two years, and in the course of the time managed on one occasion to break prison and have a run through the island, but were at last recaptured and brought back. Golownin relates, very naturally, what he actually saw and heard, and as contributions to our knowledge of Japanese character the first two volumes are invaluable; for the third, which professes to give an account of the internal condition of Japan, and the distinctive customs of the people, the English reviewer is of opinion that any day-laborer in the world of books, with the help of the factory writers, might easily have compiled a more valuable production.

The American government has determined to unloose the spell, and force this semi-barbarous empire to abandon its inhospitable and unprofitable system of seclusion. To quote from the report of Mr. Kennedy, Secretary of the Navy: "That oriental sentiment which, hardened by the usage and habit of centuries, has dictated the inveterate policy of national isolation in Japan, it is very apparent, will not long continue to claim the sanctity of a national right to the detriment of the cause of universal commerce and civilization, at this time so signally active in enlarging the boundaries of human knowledge and the diffusion of comfort over the earth. The day has come when Europe and America have found an urgent inducement to demand of Asia and Africa the rights of hospitality, of aid and comfort, shelter and succor, to the men who pursue the great highroads of trade and exploration over the globe. Christendom is constrained, by the pressure of an increasing necessity, to publish its wants and declare its rights, to the heathen, and in making its power felt will bring innumerable blessings to every race which shall acknowledge its mastery. The government of the United States has happily placed itself in the front of this movement, and it may be regarded as one of the most encouraging guarantees of its success that the expedition which has just left our shores takes with it the earnest good wishes, not only of our own country, but of the most enlightened communities of Europe. The opening of Japan has become a necessity which is recognized in the commercial adventure of all Christian nations, and is deeply felt by every owner of an American whaleship, and every voyager between California and China."

Mr. Gleason, with his wonted liberality, has made arrangements for pen and pencil chronicles of the progress of this expedition, and meanwhile, we may continue to give the readers an insight into the "forbidden land," by culling from old and foreign-published works. Not an original sentence, even, can be written about Japan, but a sip, here and there, from the ponderous casks of the old writers, may be pleasantly served up in "new bottles."

I long not for the cherries on the tree,
So much as those which on a lip I see;
And more affection bear I to the rose,
That on a cheek, than in a garden grows.—*Randolph.*

THE VATICAN.

This word is often used, but there are many who do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which cover a space of 1200 feet in length, and 1000 feet in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the gardens of the cruel Nero. It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who in the early part of the sixth century, erected a humble residence on its site. About the year 1150, Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Innocent II., a few years afterwards, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II., King of Aragon. In 1305, Clement V., at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for more than seventy years. But soon after the return of the pontifical court at Rome, an event which had been so earnestly prayed for by the poor Petrarch, and which finally took place in 1376, the Vatican was put into a state of repair, again enlarged, and it was thenceforward considered as the regular palace and residence of the Popes, who, one after the other, added fresh buildings to it, and gradually enriched it with antiquities, statues, pictures and books, until it became the richest repository in the world. The Library of the Vatican was commenced fourteen hundred years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts, among which are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles, Borromeo, and many Hebrew, Syriac, Arabian and Armenian Bibles. The whole of the immense buildings composing the Vatican, are filled with statues, found beneath the ruins of ancient Rome, with paintings, by the masters, and with curious medals, and antiquities of almost every description. When it is known that there have been exhumed more than 70,000 statues from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome, the reader can form some idea of the riches of the Vatican. The Vatican will ever be held in veneration by the student, the artist and the scholar. Raffaele and Michael Angelo are enthroned there, and their throne will be as durable as the love of beauty and genius in the hearts of their worshippers. Here are held the ecclesiastical councils of the leading spirits of the Papal church. An American clergyman informs us that he there saw, hanging on its walls, a large map of the United States, and on which the most prominent places in the Great West were finger-worn, showing that they have received particular attention at the Vatican.—*Concord Observer.*

[Translated from the German for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MIGNON.

BY EMMA T. WILSON.

Knowest thou the land, the sunny land,
Where the shining leaves of the gold-orange glow,
And the gentle winds of the blue heaven blow,
Where the myrtle and lofty laurel stand?
Knowest thou it? Tell!
There, there,
I would like, O, my loved one, with thee to go.

Knowest thou the house with pillared roof,
And brilliant hall and glittering room?
Why statue-like look as if asking of me?
What have they done, poor child, to thee?
Knowest thou it? Tell!
There, there,
I would like, O, my loved one, with thee to go.

Knowest thou the hill and cloudy way
Which the mule treads safely at close of day?
The precipice rising above the flood,
In a cavern of which lives the dragon's brood?
Knowest thou it? Tell!
There, there,
O, father, to find that path wearily let us go.

DR. JOHNSON AND EARLY RISING.

In another point he betrayed a thoughtlessness, which, though really common as laughter, is yet extravagantly childish. Every body knows that Dr. Johnson was all his life reproaching himself with lying too long in bed. Always he was sinning—for he thought it a sin; always he was repenting; always he was vainly endeavoring to reform. But why vainly? Cannot a resolute man in six weeks bring himself to rise at any hour in the twenty-four? Certainly he can; but not without appropriate means. Now the Doctor rose about eleven, A. M. This, he fancied, was shocking; he was determined to rise at eight, or at seven. Very well; why not? But will it be credited that the one sole change occurring to the Doctor's mind, was to take a flying leap backwards from eleven to eight, without any corresponding leap at the other terminus of his sleep. To rise at eight instead of eleven, presupposes that a man goes off to bed at twelve instead of three. Yet this reconditio turns never to his dying day dawned on Dr. Johnson's mind. The conscientious man continued to offend; continued to repent; continued to pave a disagreeable place with good intentions, and daily resolutions of amendment; but at length died full of years, without having once seen the sun rise, except in some Homeric description, written (as Mr. Fynes Clifton makes it probable) thirty centuries before. The fact of the sun's rising at all, the doctor adopted as a point of faith, and by no means of personal knowledge, from an insinuation to that effect in the most ancient of the Greek books.—*De Quincy's "Essays on the Poets."*

A MUSICAL OWL.

Mr. Jenyns relates a good owl story. He knew a tame owl that was so fond of music that he would enter the drawing-room of an evening, and, perched on the shoulder of one of the children, listen with great attention to the tones of the piano-forte, holding his head first on one side, then on the other, after the manner of connoisseurs. One night, suddenly spreading his wings, as if unable to endure his rapture any longer, he alighted on the keys, and, driving away the fingers of the performer with his beak, began to hop about upon the keys himself, apparently in great delight with his own execution. The pianist's name was Keerie; he was born in the woods of Northumberland, and belonged to a friend of Rev. Mr. Jenyns.—*N. Y. Courier.*

There are two worlds: one in which we tarry but a little while, and which we leave never to re-enter; the other which we must soon enter we never leave. Favor, authority, friends, high reputation, great property serve for the first world; but a contempt for all these things serve for the second. The question is to choose.—*Le Bruyere.*

MARSHAL SOULT, DUKE OF DALMATIA. [See page 236.]

Marshal Soult fought successfully, as leader of the advanced guard, the battles of the passage of the Sieg, Enest, and Usnach, and commanded the left wing at the battle of Altenkirchen, where the Austrians were completely routed. A general of division in the year VII. (1799), he was entrusted with the suppression of the Helvetic insurrection, and succeeded as much by persuasion as by the sword. This work accomplished, he rejoined the army of Massena, and took an important part in the famous and victorious battle of Zurich, cutting off, in the night time, by a manoeuvre full of boldness, the junction of the Austrians with the Russians. He followed Massena to the army of Italy, where he commanded the right wing and contributed to the fine defence of Genoa, which rendered the campaign of St. Bernard and the success of Marengo possible. After numerous and glorious combats fought in all the defiles of the Genesee territory, he was wounded and made prisoner with his brother at Monte Cretto; but the victory of Marengo restored him to liberty, and he was appointed superior commandant in Piedmont, where he suppressed the insurrection in the valley of Aosta and the aggression of the Barbeta. In 1801, he was at the head of a corps of 12,000 men, entrusted with occupying Otranto, Gallipoli, Tarentum and Brindisium. Eighteen months afterwards, he was assigned the general command of the army of occupation, to replace Abdallah Menon, when the latter laid down his arms. Colonel-general of the consular guard after the peace of Amiens, he was, on the rupture of the treaty, invested with the command of the camp of Boulogne and the expeditionary army of England. On the 19th of May, 1804, he was included by the emperor in the famous "promotion of the eighteen," of whom he was the last survivor for many years, and received the baton of the Marshal of France, which he kept forty-seven years. Until 1803, Bonaparte knew him by reputation only; but he had received from Massena this honorable testimony in his favor: "I present him to you as a man of head and heart, and I know nothing beyond his capability." In the great campaign of 1805, Soult, who commanded one of the corps of the army, completed the investment of Ulm, and afterwards, as chief of the centre of battle, took a most decisive part in the victory of Austerlitz. It was his *corps d'armee* which sunk half the Russian army in the lake Menitz. On the eve of the battle, the emperor, in giving his instructions, said: "I have no orders to give you, marshal, except to behave as you always do." And the next day, when the thousands of men, crushed by the artillery of the centre, sank under the lake, the emperor rode up to Soult and said: "Marshal, you have this day covered yourself with glory. You have surpassed all I expected of you." An instant afterwards, when an officer came for instructions, he said: "Go and receive them of Marshal Soult: he conducts the battle." Appointed governor of Vienna after Austerlitz, and authorized by the emperor to levy a contribution of a million on his own account, he nobly refused, saying "that services like his were not paid by gold." This was the time of heroism, simplicity and disinterestedness, and this happy time passed away quickly. Created Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor, and chief of the fourth cohort of this order after the peace of Presburg, Marshal Soult, the next year, had a large share in the campaign of Prussia and the battle of Jena, where he commanded the left wing. He beat Marshal Kalkreuth at Gussen, pursued the king of Prussia, and blockaded Magdeburg. In the campaign of Poland (1807), in command of the fourth corps, he was at Pultusk and Eylau. It was he who on the evening of the last battle, well known to be undecided, advised the emperor to encamp and pass the night upon the field of action, which was done; and, at the same time, the Russian army, in effecting its retreat, left the French, together with the field of battle, the honor of the day, which involved, among other more solid advantages, the assurance of winter quarters for the army and the surrender of Dantzig. After the treaty of Tilsit, the marshal returned to France with the army, and was made Duke of Dalmatia.

In the fatal war with Spain, Marshal Soult played a great part, and filled high commands from 1808 to 1814, almost uninterruptedly. At first, appointed to the command of the centre of the grand army, he defeated the army of Estremadura, took Burgos and Santander, and closely pursued the English army to Corunna, where it was compelled to re-embark, after a warm engagement, in which the British general, Sir John Moore, lost his life. Soult took Corunna and afterwards Ferrol, whose arsenals and port contained an immense warlike material, which became the spoil of the victor. It was after these two marked advantages, that the marshal, Duke of Dalmatia, received orders to invade the north of Portugal (1809). He passed Minho, overthrowing everything, took Chaves, Braga, and afterwards Oporto, at the end of a furious conflict, in which twenty-five thousand Portuguese lost their lives by the sword and by being drowned in the Douro by the breaking down of a bridge. Here the marshal was surrounded with such peculiar difficulties, that he did not acquit himself with his usual success; but at Oeana he subsequently repaired his error and won a glorious success. Passing necessarily over the details of his military life for succeeding years, in Spain, during the contests between Napoleon and Wellington, at the abdication of the emperor, in 1814, Marshal Soult addressed his submission to Louis XVIII., who appointed him commander of the order of St. Louis. In the same year, he was made minister of war, but was afterwards compelled to resign. In 1819, the king authorized him to return from Dusseldorf, whither he had retired in consequence of the general distrust against him, and made him marshal of France. As minister of war after the revolution of July (November, 1830), president of the council in 1832, the Duke of Dalmatia displayed great activity and eminent skill in the re-organization of the army which, in a short space of time, he put in a position to meet the eventualities of the period. Here, and in great manoeuvres (Napoleon said to him at Austerlitz—"Marshal, you are the first manœuverer in Europe") lay his peculiar talent. He was particularly apt in seizing and executing an idea; but he needed to have it suggested to him, and his want of the initiative explains, much better than perjury so only wrongfully charged upon him, the extreme versatility and political changes of this illustrious warrior. Retired from politics in 1834, he represented France in May, 1838, at the coronation of the Queen of England, and every one remembers the warmly hospitable and triumphant reception he received from the English people. It was like Voltaire's journey in 1778. Unquestionably a portion of these attentions passed over his head and went directly to France, as a pledge of the future harmony of the two nations, but the rest was certainly and justly intended for the often successful rival of Wellesley. In 1839, the Marshal returned to public life, as president of the council with the portfolio of foreign affairs. The year afterwards he received that of war, and did not resign the latter till September 15th, 1845. He was afterwards elevated to the extraordinary rank of marshal general of France, a position with no peculiar attributes. Three heroes only had received it before him—Turenne, Villars and Marshal Saxe. After this epoch, Marshal Soult retired to private life, and did not again leave it, either before or after the revolution of 1848. The glorious old soldier died of apoplexy, on Wednesday, the 26th of November, 1851, at his castle of Souborg, near St. Amans, his native place, where he desired to be buried.

Wayside Gatherings.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg has just completed another opera, entitled Toni.

About one half of the money in circulation in Indiana and Illinois is counterfeit.

Insanity is reported as fearfully on the increase among the working classes of London.

A locomotive factory is about to be started at Pittsburgh, by a Boston company, with a capital of \$1,000,000.

The *Trait d'Union* says, "There is little doubt that Santa Anna will be re-elected. A house has been already secured and furnished for him."

A Baltimore mechanic has applied for space in the Crystal Palace to erect a steam engine which he says will carry a steamship across the Atlantic in 36 hours.

Rumor speaks of the forthcoming appearance of another Irish prima donna, a pupil of Emanuel Garcia. The lady is Miss Ellen Curran, the daughter of the eminent Dublin pianist.

The population of Lexington, Ky., is singularly well balanced as between the sexes. The total number of females is 2755, and the total number of males is 2754, leaving a balance of one woman.

With regard to the cotton crop of the present year, the opinion is expressed that hereafter we may look for four millions of bales in a favorable season, and three millions in an average one.

Several young ladies of Newport, R. I., amuse themselves in the evening, by ringing door bells, and then running. The belles themselves are cautioned to desist from the practice, or they will be wrung.

It is stated that the annual cost of the army and navy of the United States per head for the population, is 67 cents. The expense of the same establishments to Great Britain and Ireland per head, is \$2 56. To France, \$2 10. To Germany, \$2 28.

The King of Sweden, in consideration of the great scientific practical value of Lieut. Maury's labors, has ordered that the Swedish navy co-operate with this officer, by making observations according to the form prescribed for his "wind and current" chart.

A New York grand jury recently found a true bill against a man for passing a counterfeit note. On the trial of the case, however, not only was the good character of the accused sustained by creditable witnesses, but the bill itself was proved to be genuine.

An engineer who runs from Buffalo to the State Line, says he will agree to run his locomotive with one passenger and one baggage car attached, from Buffalo to the State Line, sixty-nine miles, in sixty-nine minutes, or leave the road.

As the season of change is coming, it may be well for landlords to follow the advice given by a house-hunter—"When you billet your house to let, put on the price—the rent. We don't mean to say *put it on thick*, but state the amount of rent you want for the premises. It will save yourselves and everybody else a deal of trouble."

Dr. Hawks, of New York, is now on a visit to North Carolina, his native State, for the purpose of gathering records for the completion of his history of that State, upon which he has been engaged for a number of years. He is also spoken of in connection with the vacancy caused by the resignation of Bishop Ives, of the Episcopal Church of North Carolina.

Foreign Items.

The recent cold weather in London has increased the weekly mortality.

The Pacha of Egypt has given orders for levelling the Isthmus of Suez.

Seamen for the public service are now obtained with great difficulty in England.

Coal has been discovered at a distance of three miles from the city of Barcelona.

The Emperor of France has, at present, agents in England buying up all the valuable horses which can be obtained.

The gold crop of Australia, at the present rate of product, is estimated at \$5,000,000 per month.

American venison, canvass-back ducks, and quails, are announced as rarities by the cuisines of Livercol.

Typhus Fever and Influenza are raging in the provinces at present, as well as in Paris.

A monument is to be erected to the memory of Marshal Ney, on the spot where he was executed, in the garden of Luxemburg, Paris.

Great military precautions are being taken at Munich, and throughout Bavaria generally, and several political arrests have been made.

The snow storms in Scotland have been unusually severe. The snow has been ten or twelve feet deep in the northern districts. The rail cars were all out of time.

In Rome, the river Tiber is now higher than it has been at any time within the last ten years. The water was five feet deep in the vestibule of the Pantheon.

The prohibition of burials within the limits of crowded towns and cities, is at the present time much agitated in various parts of Great Britain.

There is not an old book-shop or book-stall in London, says the *Athenaeum*, where the Americans are not reported to be the best customers.

In France, there are 11,217 physicians, and 8175 "pharmacians," which gives one medical attendant for every 1940 people, and one apothecary for every 6914.

Most of the provinces of Spain have been visited during the past winter by frequent and heavy falls of snow. So snowy a season has not been recorded either in the memory of man or in books.

The number and nations of the whale ships which touched at Honolulu during 1852, was as follows:—American 158, French 10, Bremen 4, English, Chilian, and Hawaiian, each one.

The departures for Australia are still as numerous as ever. Considerable shipments continue to be made of manufacturing goods and general merchandise, but freights for the moment have experienced a decline in England.

The north of Portugal had been visited by an immense fall of snow. Several wine carriers and their mules had perished in the drifts. The wolves had descended from the mountains in search of prey.

In the course of one week, four ships arrived in the river Thames from Australia, with the large amount of £1,342,712 of gold on board, or 354,648 ounces. This is the largest amount of the precious metal that has arrived at one time.

Sands of Gold.

.... Methods are the masters of masters.—*Talleyrand*.

.... To live is not to learn, but to apply.—*E. Legouve*.

.... The essence of the beautiful is unity in variety.—*Mendelssohn*.

.... If knaves only knew the advantage of virtue, they would be honest men from sheer knavery.

.... Unity and simplicity are the two true sources of beauty. Supreme beauty resides in God.—*Winckelmann*.

.... Thoughts habitually elevated, always serene and sometimes dreamy, impart a pure and true gaiety to the soul.—*Droz*.

.... Gentleness and indulgence towards one's self, and harshness to others, is but one and the same thing.—*Nicoll*.

.... Modesty and the dew love the shade; both of them sparkle in the light of earth only to ascend to heaven.

.... Deep is the sea, and deep is hell, but pride mineth deeper; it is coiled as a poisonous worm about the foundations of the soul.—*Tupper*.

.... A great writer possesses, so to speak, an individual and unchangeable style, which does not permit him easily to preserve the anonymous.—*Voltaire*.

.... The severest punishment of any injury is the consciousness of having done it; and no one but the guilty knows the withering pains of repentance.—*Hosca Ballou*.

.... Let the rules of art become a second nature to the poet; let him succeed in applying them as moral laws are naturally applied by a well-educated man, and then imagination will recover all its power and all its freedom.—*Schiller*.

.... Remember to comport thyself in life as at a banquet. If a plate is offered thee, extend thy hand and take it moderately; if it be withdrawn, do not detain it. If it come not to thy side, make not thy desire loudly known, but wait patiently till it be offered thee. Use the same moderation towards thy wife and thy children, towards honors and riches.—*Epictetus*.

Joker's Budget.

Auctioneer's Motto—Come when you are bid, and bid when you come.

It may not be generally known that editors get one important item of subsistence at a low price—they get *bored* for nothing.

Why are the Emperor of Russia and a beggar very unlike? Because one issues manifestoes, and the other manifests toes without shoes.

A Scotch philosopher, on hearing of the performances of the Distin brothers, said that "nae man could mak him believe that five pairsons played on *sax* horos."

A fellow in town has a nose so long that an eminent surgeon has recommended him to have a hinge made for it, so that he can shut his proboscis up like a jack-knife on going to bed.

"Did you ever know such a mechanical genius as my son?" said an old lady. "He has made a fiddle all out of his own head, and he has wood enough for another."

Why is a clergyman who hunts, like an officer who runs away from an engagement? Because he departs from his sphere of action (his fear of action).

"Guilty or not guilty?" said a judge to a native of the Emerald Isle. "Just as your honor pleases. It's not for the like o' me to dictate to yer honor's worship," was the reply.

Mr. Mantalin, in describing the death of his wife, said she expired like a dim morning-glory, and closed up her month so tranquilly, that when she stopped breathing she was just ready to whistle.

The New York Day Book says it don't believe in the water-cure, and gives as a reason—"There is Mr. (naming a noted political editor), he has been lying in his damp sheet for twenty years, and he's worse now than ever."

Great men make mistakes as well as little ones. This was illustrated once by Mr. Calhoun, who took the position that all men are not "created free and equal." Said he, "only two men were created, and one of these was a woman." Tremendous laughter followed the honorable Senator's remarks.

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F. GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

APRIL.

Now through the cloud, where pipes the lark on high
His cheery melody, sweet April comes,
Strewing gay flowers, of many a varied dye—
Flowers, which her breath calls from their winter
tombs.
Now beams to heaven the violet's dewy eye;
"The mountain daisy" modestly resumes
Her vesture prim; the primrose ceases sigh;
And fragrantly the garden's beauty blooms.
O, cheerfully the streamlet gurgles now,
Where coo the pigeons in the vocal grove
As April, though a cloud be on her brow,
Smiles, through her tears, the beams of hope and
love.
Young Hebe of the months, propitious nymph,
Pour out on earth the fructifying lymph.

At thy approach, mild April, mother Earth,
Opens her bosom for the golden shower,
Which fills her heart with hope and grateful mirth—
Bringing to Ceres's sons a pious dower.
From monarch oak e'en to the humblest flower
All nature hallows thee. O, may no dearth,
No bitter blight, or pestilential power
Sadden the homes of rural toil and worth.
Enough our isles have suffered. Let thy breath
Bear on its balm the boon of healthful life;
May plenty triumph o'er disease and death,
And stricken lands once more with joy be rife.
We hail thy presence, Hebe of the year!
And O, propitious be thy smile and tear.

FORTRESS OF GIBRALTAR.

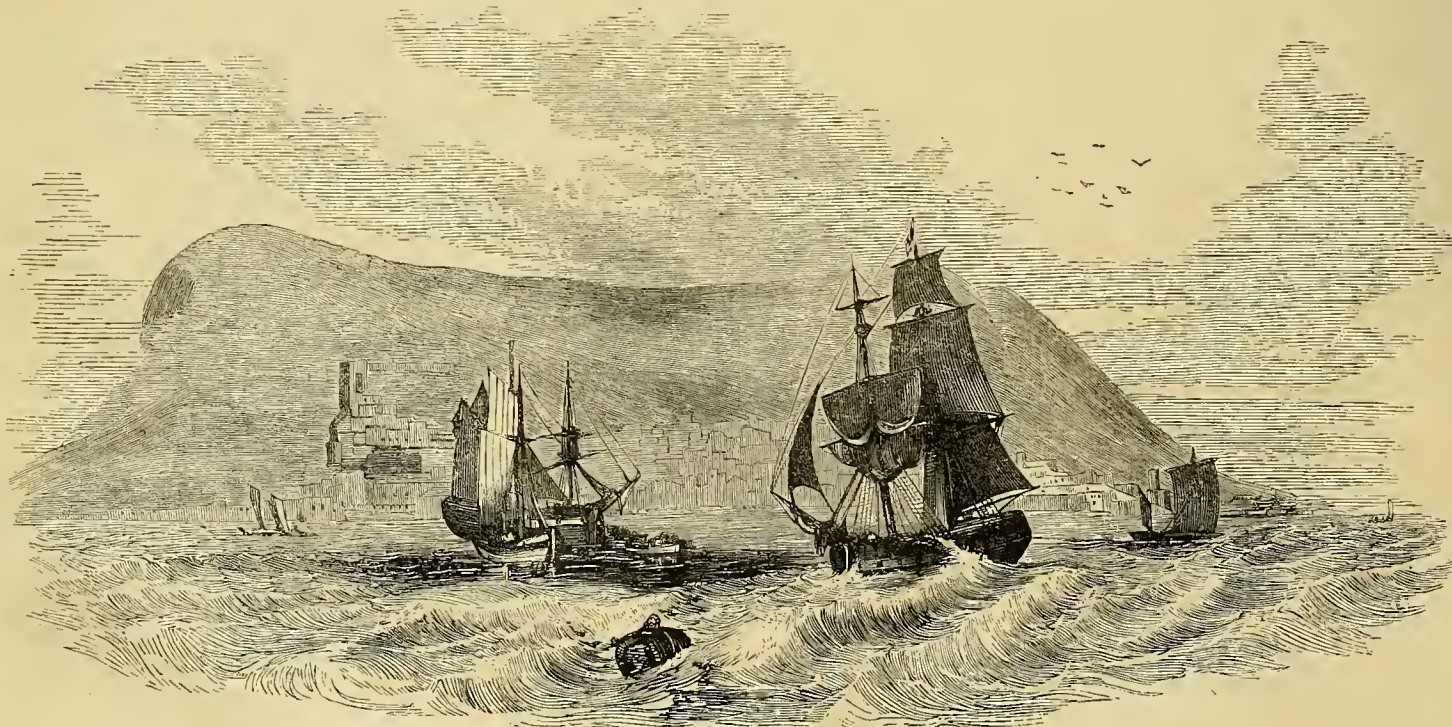
Below we give our readers an admirable view of Gibraltar, the most famous "strong hold" of ancient or modern times. It contains a population of about 20,000, exclusive of about 3000 troops. The fortress stands on the west side of a mountainous promontory or rock (the *Mons Calpe* of the ancients), projecting into the sea south about three miles, being from one-half to three-quarters of a mile in breadth. The southern extremity of the rock, eleven and a half miles north of Cents, in Africa, is called Europa Point. Its northern side, fronting the low narrow isthmus which connects it with the mainland, is perpendicular, and wholly inaccessible; the east and south sides are steep and rugged, and extremely difficult of access, so as to render any attack upon them, even if they were not fortified, next to impossible; so that it is only on the west side, fronting the bay, where the rock declines to the sea, and the town is built, that it can be attacked with the faintest prospect of success. Here, however, the strength of the fortifications is such that the fortress seems impregnable, even though attacked by an enemy having the command of the sea. The town, which lies on a bed of red sand, at the foot of the rock, on its northwest side, has a principal street, nearly a mile long, well built, paved and lighted; and of late years many of the narrow streets have been widened, the alleys removed, and the general ventilation improved. Still, however, "the houses are constructed for the latitude of England, not of Africa; for, instead of patios, fountains, and open galleries, admitting a free circulation of air, closed doors, narrow passages, wooden floors, small rooms, and air-excluding windows, keep out the fresh, and keep in the foul air." These circumstances seem, in part at least, to account for the contagious fevers by which the town is sometimes scourged. The principal buildings are the governor's house and garden, the admiralty, the naval hospital, the victualling-office, and the barracks. The fortifications are of extraordinary extent and strength. The principal batteries are all ensemated, and traverses are constructed to prevent the mischief that might ensue from the explosion of shells. Vast galleries have been excavated in the solid rock, and mounted with heavy cannon; and communications have been established between the different batteries by passages cut in the rock, to protect the troops from the enemy's fire. In fact, the whole rock is lined with the most formidable batteries, from the waters to the

summit, and from the Land gate to Europa Point; so that, if properly victualled and garrisoned, Gibraltar may be said to be impregnable. The Bay of Gibraltar, formed by the headland of Cabrita and Europa Point, four miles distant from each other, is spacious and well adapted for shipping, being protected from all the more dangerous winds; the extreme depth within the bay is one hundred and ten fathoms. To increase the security of the harbor, two moles have been constructed, which respectively extend eleven hundred and seven hundred feet into the bay. The Spanish town and port of Algeciras lie on the west side of the bay. As a commercial station, Gibraltar is of considerable consequence. Being made a free port in 1704, subject to no duties and restrictions, it is a convenient entrepot for the English and other foreign goods destined to supply the neighboring provinces of Spain and Africa. Gibraltar, the *Calpe* of the Greeks, formed with Abyla on the African coast "the pillars of Hercules." Its name was

power, and probably no attempt will ever be made to dispossess them of it. The cost to maintain its impregnability constitutes no small item in the British exchequer, and its commerce has long been falling to decay. But the advantage which its possession confers on Great Britain, is most important. It is, as it were, the key of the Mediterranean; and while its occupation gives the British the means of effectually annoying their enemies in war, it affords equal facilities for protecting their commerce. The Straits of Gibraltar form an entrance from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean. The narrowest part is to the west of Gibraltar, and fifteen miles across. The ancients called them *Gaditanum* and *Herculeum Fretum*, or *Straits of Hercules*. A strong and constant current flows into the Mediterranean from the Atlantic Ocean, in the middle of the straits, while two feeble lateral currents issue from the sea. But if an anchor be cast in the straits, a lower current is found to prevail, setting out into the ocean.



ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE MONTH OF APRIL.



VIEW OF THE CELEBRATED STRONGHOLD OR FORTRESS OF GIBRALTAR.



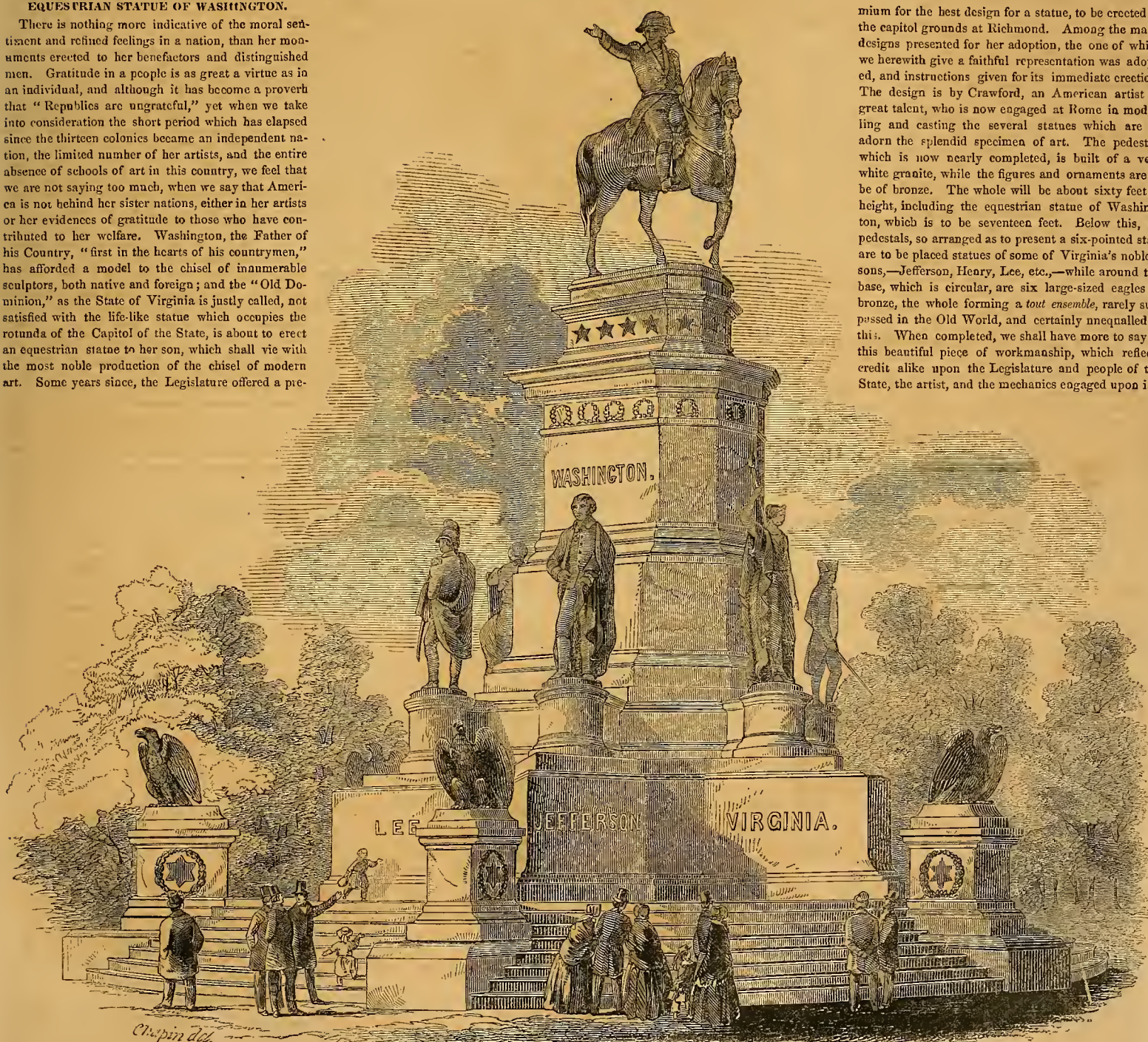
F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 16.—WHOLE No. 94.
6 CTS. SINGLE.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

There is nothing more indicative of the moral sentiment and refined feelings in a nation, than her monuments erected to her benefactors and distinguished men. Gratitude in a people is as great a virtue as in an individual, and although it has become a proverb that "Republics are ungrateful," yet when we take into consideration the short period which has elapsed since the thirteen colonies became an independent nation, the limited number of her artists, and the entire absence of schools of art in this country, we feel that we are not saying too much, when we say that America is not behind her sister nations, either in her artists or her evidences of gratitude to those who have contributed to her welfare. Washington, the Father of his Country, "first in the hearts of his countrymen," has afforded a model to the chisel of innumerable sculptors, both native and foreign; and the "Old Dominion," as the State of Virginia is justly called, not satisfied with the life-like statue which occupies the rotunda of the Capitol of the State, is about to erect an equestrian statue to her son, which shall vie with the most noble production of the chisel of modern art. Some years since, the Legislature offered a pre-



mium for the best design for a statue, to be erected in the capitol grounds at Richmond. Among the many designs presented for her adoption, the one of which we herewith give a faithful representation was adopted, and instructions given for its immediate erection. The design is by Crawford, an American artist of great talent, who is now engaged at Rome in modelling and casting the several statues which are to adorn the splendid specimen of art. The pedestal, which is now nearly completed, is built of a very white granite, while the figures and ornaments are to be of bronze. The whole will be about sixty feet in height, including the equestrian statue of Washington, which is to be seventeen feet. Below this, on pedestals, so arranged as to present a six-pointed star, are to be placed statues of some of Virginia's noblest sons,—Jefferson, Henry, Lee, etc.,—while around the base, which is circular, are six large-sized eagles in bronze, the whole forming a *tout ensemble*, rarely surpassed in the Old World, and certainly unequalled in this. When completed, we shall have more to say of this beautiful piece of workmanship, which reflects credit alike upon the Legislature and people of the State, the artist, and the mechanics engaged upon it.

REPRESENTATION OF THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON, AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

A ROMANCE OF SPAIN IN THE 15TH CENTURY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE KNIGHT OF LEON.

—OR—

THE MONARCH'S LAST BRIDE.

A TALE OF MOORISH GRANADA.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SIGNAL, AND THE MESSENGER.

It was nearly daylight when Charles of Leon and his esquire reached the small hill where the former had been captured by the Moors. The east was already streaked with glowing red, and the stars were beginning to fade from sight. They reached the small wood at the foot of the hill, and here they stopped.

"Now throw off your wig and beard, and cast away that robe," said Pedro, "for should those come after us who would trace our steps, such marks would surely betray us."

"I had thought of that myself," returned the knight. "O, if I only had my good sword."

"Never mind—we have stout daggers, and we may find swords on the road."

"Perhaps so; but horses come first," said Charles, as he threw off his robe.

"We may find them at Xejal. That is not over a league from here, and there we will obtain refreshments and rest."

"And even there we cannot remain long."

"No. We must not make a stop of any length this side of Saint Lorenzo. Courage, my master; we will obtain horses at Xejal, and then we are safe."

Charles of Leon hid the disguise he had taken off, and his appearance was now a puzzling one to define. His dress was half way between the Christian and Moor, while his face, which still retained the skillfully applied paint that Pedro had put on, looked Moorish enough, though as the daylight became stronger the esquire removed some of the wrinkles, so that the face might be in better keeping with the rest of the man.

"At Xejal we may find a little wine," said Pedro, as they again started on. "That will revive us."

"By my faith, we both need reviving," returned Charles. "But I am not so faint yet that I can keep the road, should there be danger near."

"So with me," said Pedro; "and I fear that we are not yet clear of danger."

"Let it come, Pedro. I fear no danger. By heavens, I am not done with the Moslem yet."

Pedro made no reply to this last remark; but a dubious look rested upon his countenance as he gazed into his master's face.

The sun was well up when the travellers reached Xejal. The place was but a small hamlet, situated in a quiet vale, and containing some twenty dwellings. There was a small inn not far from the road, and thither the Christians bent their steps. The keeper of the place was a lean, lank Moor, but yet good-natured in his looks, and as the travellers entered he hustled about with an accommodating air.

Pedro asked for refreshments, and the Moor showed them to a small apartment in the end of the building, and ere long such things as the place afforded were set before them.

"Selim," said Pedro—for he had heard one of the inmates address the landlord thus—"can you not afford us a little wine?"

"Wine!" uttered the keeper, raising his hands in holy horror. "The Prophet defend me. Are ye good Mussulmen, and yet ask me for wine?"

"We are good Mussulmen, but we are weary, and we ask wine only for medication. Think not hard of us, good Selim, for Allah knows we abhor the infidel beverage."

"I am a good Moslem," said Selim.

"We know it," returned Pedro, "for even in Jaen they speak of you as one upon whom every virtue rests with honor."

"Do they?" cried the Moor, while a flash of gratification lit up his swarthy features.

"In truth they do."

"And are you from Jaen?"

"Yes; and going to El Ajo. I tell thee, good Selim, I shall speak well of thee to travellers. This bread of thine is excellent."

Pedro worked hard upon the bread of which he spoke, and one could almost have fancied that he spoke the truth.

"We would have paid a high price for a bit of wine," continued the esquire, as he sipped the washy, sherbet-like drink that had been set before him; "but we must do without it, I suppose."

The Moor walked to the window and looked out. He played a few moments with the lattice-work, and then he turned towards his guests.

"Ah," he uttered, with a comical attempt to appear as though a sudden thought had struck him, "now I remember me that some time since I set away in my cellar some juice which I myself pressed from the grapes. It may not have become strong yet. I will get it, and you shall see if it be proper for beverage."

Selim left the room, and ere long he returned with a stone bottle.

"Ah, that is sweet and innocent," exclaimed Pedro, as he placed the bottle to his lips.

"I am glad," returned the Moor; and as he thus spoke he again withdrew.

"San Dominic, sir Charles, how old should you say that wine was?" uttered Pedro, as he poured some out into his master's cup.

"By my faith, but it's good," said the knight.

"The Moor must have been a very small boy when he bottled it," added Pedro, as he smacked his lips.

"So he must," returned Charles, "and he must have stolen a French viotage, too."

Pedro laughed over the wine, which sparkled merrily after its long confinement, and beneath its exhilarating influence he almost forgot that such a thing as danger existed.

"If we can but find horses as strong as is this wine, we need have nothing to fear," said Charles, as he pushed the bottle from him.

"We will see," returned Pedro. "Suppose I go out and see Selim? He may have some himself. I look more plainly the Moor than you do, and I shall not be so easily detected."

"You are right there, Pedro. Go at once, for we had better not remain long here."

The esquire started off to seek the landlord, and Charles of Leon began to pace the apartment. He was miserable when left alone to his own reflections, for he could think only of Zehra, and of the misery she might be doomed to suffer. Bitter disappointment had made his love more fervent, and the fire burned within him with an almost consuming power. The large dark eyes of the maiden he loved were constantly before him, and he could fancy the tears that flowed from them. One with less of religious trust would have cursed the fate that hung over his way; but the Christian knight only bowed in anguish, and longed for the time when he might meet the Moslem in fair combat.

While the knight's thoughts were thus engaged, he heard a horse come galloping up to the door of the inn. He went to the window, in hopes that it might be Pedro who had returned successful; but he was disappointed, for the new comer was only a Moorish traveller.

Shortly afterwards Pedro re-entered the apartment. He looked flustered and uneasy.

"Can you obtain horses?" asked Charles.

"I have found some that will answer; but they may do us no good after all."

"Ah. Are they poor?"

"No, no—not that," quickly returned Pedro, casting a hurried glance about him. "We are detected!"

"Detected!" repeated Charles, with sudden alarm.

"Not here, but we shall be. You heard that horse gallop up a moment ago."

"Yes."

"He has come from the height of El Ajo. Signals have been made from Granada for the stoppage of all travellers, and of course we shall not be allowed to proceed."

"But they think we come from Jaen."

"That's nothing. The messenger asked if there were any travellers here, and Selim told him of us."

"And did he say he should stop us in our journey?"

"Yes."

Charles gazed a moment upon the floor.

"Pedro," he asked, "what men are there about the house?"

"Some half dozen loungers besides the landlord and messenger."

"Where are the horses you have seen that we could have had?"

"They are in the small stable back of the house."

"Are the bridles handy?"

"Yes."

"Then stand by me, Pedro, and we will make our way through the small number that will oppose us. Ere long a host will be down from Granada. Come, our daggers will serve us."

"San Jago, I'll stand by you, my master."

"Then lead the way to the stable."

The two passed out from the apartment and entered a narrow hall that ran through to the back yard. At the stable they found Selim and the messenger, together with five of the people who belonged to the hamlet.

"Are our horses ready?" asked Charles.

"No," hesitatingly returned Selim.

"Then let them be so at once. I will pay you your charge."

"You will have to remain here for the present," said the messenger.

"Ah! How so?" uttered Charles, gazing upon the speaker, who was an oldish man, and armed with a cimeter.

"We have received orders from Granada to allow no one to pass."

"That order must have been meant for some one who has escaped from justice, and not for us. Let us have our horses, good Selim, for we are in much haste."

"No, no," interposed the messenger. "The orders are from the king, and they are imperative. Officers will arrive ere long from Granada, and if they are satisfied, then you can pass."

"What have I to do with your officers?" exclaimed the knight. "Selim, lead forth your horses."

"I cannot," returned the landlord.

A moment Charles of Leon gazed about him. None of those present were armed excepting the messenger. Near him stood a long, heavy oaken club, which seemed to have been used for beating grain. Charles seized it, and then turned to his esquire.

"Pedro," he said, "lead out the best horse you can find, and he who dares molest you falls on the spot."

Pedro knew his master too well to hesitate, and he moved towards the stall.

"Shall I take one for you?" he asked.

"I will look out for myself. Be quick about it."

"If you attempt to resist the king's authority the worst be your own," uttered the messenger, at the same time drawing his cimeter.

"I have studied the cost, and shall abide by my judgment," returned Charles of Leon, grasping his heavy club with a firmer hold.

"For heaven's sake, gentlemen, let there be no bloodshed here!" cried the landlord, who trembled from head to foot.

"Ho! all of you: I call upon you in the king's name to assist me," shouted the messenger. "Back from that horse! back, I say, or you shall rue it."

The last sentence was addressed to Pedro, but he noticed it not. He had backed a horse from the low stall, and had taken down a light saddle and thrown across the animal's back. His hand was upon a bridle that hung near when the messenger spoke, and he threw it at once over the horse's head.

"Back yourself!" exclaimed Charles, as he raised the club above his head. "We go from this place at our own will, and we be to you if you interfere."

"Now by the Prophet you have gone far enough. You dare not touch a royal officer in the discharge of his duty. Leave that horse."

A curl of derision broke about the lips of the Christian knight. "Mark me," he said, "I but protect myself. To do that I have often dared even death. I can dare it again!"

"For heaven's sake, gentlemen," urged the poor publican.

"Come on and aid me," cried the messenger, turning to the Moors behind him, some of whom had armed themselves with clubs, and seemed ready to show fight; "in the name of the king I bid you come."

"And in the name of the Christian's God, I bid you stand back!" shouted Charles of Leon, swinging his weapon above his head.

"Ha! you are a Christian, then?"

"Yes."

"Then you are the very men—"

The messenger's sentence was not concluded, for as he spoke he moved towards Pedro, and one blow from the knight's club brought him to the ground.

Those villagers who had collected around had no interest in the present business, and they shrank back from the presence of the Christian. None cared to come within the reach of his club, and now that the officer had fallen they seemed inclined to offer no further resistance.

"Monot! mount!" cried Charles, as Pedro led the horse from the stable.

"But you, sir Charles?"

"The Moor's horse will do for me."

"Allah defend me!" ejaculated Selim, clasping his hands in agony. "O! the king will blame me. Good gentlemen Christians, do let me entreat you to stop. You must not go. The king will—"

"Peace, Selim," broke in Charles, as he drew a small purse from his bosom. "Here's gold enough to pay thee for thy horse, and for thy good wine, too."

"No, no—you had no wine, good sirs."

"Thy juice of grapes, then. Here, take the purse, and tell the messenger, when he finds his senses—if such a fortune should ever be his—that ere long his horse shall be set upon the road with his face turned homeward."

"By Allah!" cried one of the bystanders, "that's the very Christian knight that beat down the alcalde of Granada in the lists."

This exclamation produced a marked sensation in the crowd. Two of the Moors who had moved forward as if to offer some further resistance, dropped their clubs and shrank back again.

The Christian knight looked almost terrific in his wrath, and those around could not fail to read a death warrant in his countenance for the first who should oppose him.

Pedro had mounted the horse he had chosen and rode on to the yard. Charles sprang to the side of the fallen messenger, and seized the bright cimeter, and also possessed himself of the club.

The owner moved heavily and opened his eyes, but before he could speak the Christian had gone. The Moor's horse stood by the inn door, and with a single bound Charles of Leon vaulted to the saddle and drew the rein. Pedro was by his side in an instant, and together they started off.

Selim cried after them to come back, and some of the others seemed half ashamed of the inaction they had shown; but it was now too late; and just as the Christians disappeared the messenger came to himself only to find himself worse off than before.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DEATH DUNGEON.

CHARLES OF LEON found himself in possession of a good horse, but it was ere long evident that the beast had been hardly ridden of late, for he labored hard in travel. The horse that Pedro had taken was not of the best quality, though probably the best one that could have been obtained of Selim.

"San Dominic, my master," uttered Pedro, as he applied the whip to the side of his beast, "'tis well we have no pursuers very near our heels."

"True; but yet we are likely to have," returned the knight.

"I would give much to know at what time our escape was discovered," said the esquire. "If not until this morning, we may yet be safe, for that messenger is of course from El Ajo, and him we have cut off. There is, I think, another signal station at Jaen, but from there we shall have no trouble."

"Perhaps my absence was discovered last night."
 "If that is the case we may look for trouble. San Jago, sir Charles, we must have better horses."
 "We must make the most of these for the present. Don't spare the lash."

"I'll not spare it, but my horse don't notice it much. He's used to it, I should judge."

The Christians had now entered a tract of country that had few inhabitants, and there was no such thing as turning from the beaten road. To Charles it was evident that a long race would be his only means of escape should he be now pursued, and he expressed the opinion to his esquire.

"True," returned Pedro, "for there's no turnout till we cross the Guadalquivir, and that is several leagues ahead. It will be near noon before we can reach it, at all events."

Nearly two hours had elapsed since the two left Xejal. At the foot of a long, steep hill they allowed their horses to come into a walk, and leisurely they made their way up. At the top they instinctively turned their gaze back, and they could plainly see the little hamlet they had left, snuggled cozily in its quiet vale, but most of the road between them and the village was hidden from sight by its devious way through the wood.

"I hear no sound," said Charles, as they stopped to listen.

"No—we are safe yet, so let's push on."

"Hark! Was that a bird, or the clumping of some swinging limb?"

"'Twas nothing," said Pedro.

"It certainly was," insisted Charles, at the same time bending his ear attentively towards the way he had come. "I distinctly heard a noise."

"Let's not wait here to decide. If it means evil for us we shall discover it soon enough."

"Hark! There it is again. Don't you hear it, Pedro?"

"San Dominic, I do; and it is the gallop of a horse, too."

"More than one horse," uttered Charles, as he drew his rein. "Let's on again."

"On it is," shouted Pedro, laying the lash upon the shoulders of his beast.

For some distance ahead there was a gradual descent in the road, and though the horses rode hard yet they were kept at their utmost speed—a speed, however, that was far from satisfactory. Not over two miles had been gained from the top of the hill when the tramp of pursuing horses was plainly heard, and at length, from a point that commanded a view of the road for nearly a mile back, Charles caught a glimpse of some dozen horsemen coming after him at full gallop.

"We are lost again," said Pedro, as his eye caught the scene.

"Unless we take to the woods," remarked Charles.

"We cannot go in with the horses. They would not work their way at all with riders on."

"But we can take to the wood on foot, Pedro."

"San Jago, we can make the trial, and we can but be taken, at all events; though I think the chances are against us."

"Ah, that hope is gone. See there. There opens the plain towards Jaen. We must ride as far as possible and trust to chance. We cannot fight them."

Charles and his esquire galloped on, but they knew the pursuers were rapidly approaching.

"My master," said Pedro, while a look of unwonted determination rested upon his countenance, "for once I am going to be rash."

"Ah, Pedro."

"Yes. If we are taken by these infidel Moors we shall most assuredly be put to death. We can die here."

Charles of Leon made no reply for several moments.

"What think you, my master?" asked Pedro.

"If I had my armor, or even a shield, I would face them; but I am almost unarmed. This cimeter is nothing for me, and you have nothing but a dagger. How can we fight them?"

"We cannot, I own."

"So it appears to me. We have made our trial, Pedro, and I fear we have failed; yet I will fight, if you say so."

"No, sir Charles—it can do us no good, and may do us harm. If you are willing to be carried back to Granada, I can surely go with you."

"We must be carried back."

"Then so be it," uttered Pedro.

Charles of Leon could not have told to his esquire all the thoughts and feelings that actuated him. His heart was the home of strange emotions. He thought of Zehra, and he thought he should once more be near her; and then he thought of Abdalla and his strange words, and though he still held some vague doubts respecting the Moor, yet he looked upon the brighter side of the picture.

The human heart is a strange thing. The gentle god of love can enter there and make new the work of years; and while the tiny deity of the bow and quiver holds rule there, questions of mighty import are sometimes decided with a blindness that would seem madness in a brute, even. Love, once seated in the heart, becomes a queer judge, and pending questions turn in their decision upon points unknown to all other courts.

Now, under any other circumstances in the world, Charles of Leon would not for a moment have thought of placing any trust or hope in Abdalla; for even had the strange thought whispered by Pedro been true, the Moor had no power to aid even himself, much less any one else. Yet the Christian allowed Cupid to deliver judgment, and he tried to feel satisfied with the verdict.

The Christians had now reached an open country, and upon looking back they plainly saw that they could have gained nothing by taking to the woods. Their pursuers were almost upon them, and as Charles saw that some of the Moors were armed

with spears, he knew at once that resistance would be nothing less than suicide.

"We may as well stop, Pedro."

"It is hard, but I suppose it must be done."

"If we don't stop now we may get a taste of the Moors' javelins, and that would be by no means desirable."

Just as the knight ceased speaking the Moorish leader shouted for the Christians to stop, and of course the call was obeyed. It was Husam Ben Abbas who led the pursuers, and Charles recognized him as a knight who had taken part in the tournament at Granada, and who had been worsted by the alcalde.

"Art thou Charles of Leon?" asked Ben Abbas, as he rode up.

"I am."

"You are most wonderfully altered."

"Because I have been disgraced."

"I understand. Now, Charles of Leon, in the king's name, I command thee to yield thyself a prisoner."

"And, in the king's name, I refuse."

"Ah!"

"Hold, Ben Abbas. Thou art a brave knight, and I yield myself to thee, but not to Mohammed. You see I cannot resist you."

"You resisted the messenger."

"Ay—and I might have resisted you had I hopes of victory."

"I believe you," returned Ben Abbas, with a smile. "But if you yield to me, of course you will return with me to Granada without further trouble."

"If such be your wish," said Charles.

"And how is it with your companion? I have orders for him, too, for he is suspected of having—"

"Gone into your prison and stolen away your king's prisoner," interrupted Pedro. "You are right there, and I will assure you I will keep my master company now."

"Ben Abbas," said Charles, some time after they had turned back towards Granada, "what, think you, means the king by thus—"

"Hold, sir Charles," exclaimed Ben Abbas, with a quick shudder; "ask me no questions on that point."

"Do not fear to tell me all you know," hesitated the Christian,

"for I shall not fear to hear it."

"Then you can guess the truth."

"Perhaps so. I should guess that the king meant to put me to death."

"Charles of Leon, you have spoken the truth!"

The Christian started, and a cold shudder ran through his frame; but soon he became calm again.

"Mohammed had better count the cost ere he does that deed," he said.

"He seldom stops for that," returned Ben Abbas. "He has done things more fearful than such a deed would be."

The subject was dropped, and nothing more was said till the party arrived at Xejal. Here they found the messenger sitting at the door of the inn, with a big bandage about his head. He came out and shook his fist in Charles's face, and Charles knocked him down. When he got upon his feet again he claimed redress of his injuries from Ben Abbas; but Ben Abbas only told him to mind his own business, and not meddle with quiet prisoners. Then the good Mussulman swore terribly, and made use of some heavy threats, but as no one seemed inclined to take his part he moved back to his seat with an extra pain in his head.

Ben Abbas remained long enough in Xejal to rest the horses, and then, having exchanged the messenger's beast for one belonging to Selim, he started on. Little was said on the way, for Charles felt more and more depressed in spirits the nearer he came to his journey's end. It was evident that Ben Abbas sympathized with him, though it was not in his power to aid him. He sympathized with him because he knew him to be a true and good knight, and because he had overcome the braggart alcalde. It was night when the party reached Granada, and the prisoners were at once conveyed to the prison. A beam of joy lit up the countenance of Tarik as he saw the Christian returned, for his own life was saved.

Charles and Pedro were both conveyed to one dungeon. It was one from which there were no means of escape, the light coming in by only one small hole, not over six inches square, at the top of the wall. They were both securely chained, in opposite corners of the dungeon, and their daggers were taken from them.

"You abused my kindness, Christiaa," said Tarik, after he had seen all secure.

"Hold," exclaimed Charles. "You may strike me, but do not tell me that."

"I tell you but the truth. I was kind and indulgent, and you abused it."

"No, no. Look at yourself, Tarik. Suppose you were in a foreign prison, and under sentence of death from a remorseless tyrant. You have a mother at home—a gentle sister, and a brother; what would you do when some kind but unexpected chance threw open your dungeon door?"

"I would go out."

"So did I."

"Well—I can forgive you; but you will be safe now."

"Hold, Tarik. Let me ask you one question. Is Abdalla in the prison?"

"Yes, and chained as securely as you are."

Charles would have asked more, but Tarik turned away. There were two doors to the dungeon—the inner one of iron and the outer one, which closed over its mate, being of riveted oak. These the jailor closed and bolted, and the prisoners were left in total darkness.

"We are in for it," said Pedro, as he rattled his heavy irons.

"Yes," fell from the lips of the knight, in a heavy tone.

"Where do you think we are?" asked Pedro.

"In a Moorish prison."

"More than that," said the esquire, with a strange meaning in his tone. "Did you notice the place while the jailor was here with his light?"

"Only that it was strong."

"I noticed more than that."

"What?" uttered the knight earnestly, for the tone of Pedro was portentous.

"Did you not see the floor of the dungeon?"

"I noticed another ring at the corner on my right."

"So did I."

"It is for securing prisoners," said Charles.

"Not exactly," returned Pedro.

"What then?"

"It affords a hold for lifting the stone to which it is affixed."

"Ah."

"Yes, my master."

"Your eyes are keen, Pedro."

"That's because I use them."

"Then what think you of the trap-door you discovered?"

"I think it is a prison-grave!"

"A what?" cried Charles.

"It is the place to which there is one entrance, but never a return! The floor of our dungeon is covered with blood!"

"Good God!" ejaculated the knight, whose chains shook with the emotion that moved him, "what mean you?"

"Simply that we are in the dungeon where those are put to death whom the king never wishes to see again."

"Perhaps, Pedro, we were put here from necessity."

"It may be."

"And yet there must be room enough in the prison without bringing us here."

"That may be, too."

"Pedro—perhaps we have come here to die!"

"That is more likely to be."

"God have mercy on us!"

"Amen!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE LOST RHYME.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

The day went to sleep in the hollows,
 Where the winds were wandering by,
 A-kissing the lips of the posies,
 And blowing the silver-scented thyme;
 Till it shone like the billows of ocean,
 Where the gales of the starlight came down;
 And the shadows of cattle a-sleeping,
 Stretched over the meadows so brown.

And there, 'neath the boughs of a willow,
 I sat down to weaving a rhyme,
 Like a bloom-couch beneath me a-crushing
 The blossoms of sweet-scented thyme;
 But the moon and the stars smiled sweetly,
 And the night-birds sang love-words to me,
 Till the hues of my fancies had faded,
 And I'd never a poem to see!

BENEVOLENCE AND HAPPINESS

A life of passionate gratification is not to be compared with a life of active benevolence. God has so constituted our nature, that a man cannot be happy unless he is, or thinks he is, a means of good. Judging from our own experience, we cannot conceive of a picture of more unutterable wretchedness than is furnished by one who knows that he is wholly useless in the world. Give a man what you please, surround him with all the means of gratification, and yet let the conviction come home to him, clear and irresistible, that there is not a being in God's universe a whit the better or happier for his existence; let him feel that he is thus a blot upon, because a blank in, the universe, and the universe will not furnish a more unhappy being. Herein lies the solution of that, to many, inexplicable fact, that the schemes of mere selfishness, however wisely laid, however energetically and successfully prosecuted, never add to the joys, but always to the pains of those who originate and are engaged in them. It is not so with a man of opposite characteristics. Take from him what you please, and you do not take from him the elements of his joy, if you leave him to the conviction that in any way he is useful. If you contract the circle, and diminish the sphere of his influence, you detract from his means of doing good. And, as we cannot conceive of a more wretched being than one who feels himself to be a slave of an uncontrolled selfishness, so we cannot conceive of a happier being than a man of a truly benevolent heart, whose wishes describe the circle and bound the sphere of his influence, and whose means are ample to give those wishes a full expression.—*Rev. Erskine Mason.*

MARRIAGE.

Leigh Hunt concludes an essay on marriage as follows: There is no one thing more lovely in this life, more full of the divinest courage, than when a young maiden from her past life, from her happy childhood, when she rambled over every field and moor around her home; when a mother anticipated her wants and moored her little cares, when brothers and sisters grew from merry playmates to loving, trustful friends; from Christmas gatherings and romps, the summer festivals in bower or garden; from the rooms sanctified by the death of relatives; from the secure backgrounds of her childhood, and girlhood, and maidenhood, looks out into the dark and unilluminated future, away from all that, and yet unfettered, undaunted, leans her fair cheek upon her lover's breast, and whispers, "Dear heart! I cannot see, but I believe. The past was beautiful, but the future I can trust—with thee!"

Enjoy your own life without comparing it with that of another.—*Condorcet.*



VIEW OF CINCINNATI, OHIO, FROM THE HILL BACK OF NEWPORT BARRACKS.

THE QUEEN CITY OF THE WEST.

The fine engraving, which we give above, of Cincinnati, was taken from the hill near Newport Barracks, and is certainly a very faithful one. The rise of Cincinnati has been so rapid, and its position is so commanding, that a slight glance at the annals of this "Queen City of the West," is desirable. The ground on which the city is built belonged to the Miami purchase, made of the United States, in 1787, by John Cleves Symmes, Esq., in behalf of himself and a company formed in New Jersey; and the deeds of all the in and out lots of the city were made in his name. Symmes's purchase included all the territory between the Great and Little Miami rivers, to extend back so as to include 1,000,000 of acres; out which was found, within the contemplated limits, to include only 600,000 acres. In 1788, he went on to the purchase, for the purpose of aiding in its settlement, and located himself at North Bend, where he hoped to build up a city which should become, in time, what Cincinnati now is. On the 28th of December, 1788, Israel Ludlow, with about twenty other persons, landed on the north bank of Ohio River, opposite to the mouth of Licking River, and commenced a settlement, erecting three or four log cabins, the first of which was built on Front, east of and near Main Street; and in January, 1789, he proceeded to lay off the town. The whole site was then a dense forest, the lower table being covered with sycamore and sugar-maple trees; and the upper, or second table, with beech and oak trees. The streets were run, and the corners marked upon the trees. The city is supplied by water raised from the Ohio River by a steam engine of 40 horse power, and forced into two reservoirs on a hill of 700 feet distant. The reservoirs are elevated 150 feet above low-water mark in the river, and 30 feet above the upper plane of the city. The largest reservoir is 103 feet by 50, and the smaller, 94 by 45 feet. The average depth of the whole is 12 feet, and their capacity is 1,600,000 gallons. The water is carried by cast-iron pipes under the bed of Deer Creek to the intersection of Broadway and Third Street, whence it is distributed through the principal streets, in pipes of oak logs, with cast-iron joints. The trade of Cincinnati embraces the country from the Ohio River to the lakes, north and south, and from the Scioto to the Wabash River, east and west. The Ohio River line in Kentucky, for fifty miles down, and up as far as the boundary between that State and Virginia, make their purchases here. Its manufactures are sent into the upper and lower Mississippi country. Cincinnati is an extensive manufacturing place. Its natural destitution of water-power is extensively compensated at present by the employment of steam engines, and by the surplus water of the Miami canal, which affords 3000 cubic feet per minute, equal to carrying sixty pairs of millstones, most of which is now in use. Cincinnati was first chartered as a city in 1819. This charter has been repeatedly altered and amended, and is the basis of its present government.

Cincinnati exhibits the precocious character of our people in its true light; a town but yesterday, a city to-day, and a metropolis to-morrow! It is well termed the "Queen City of the West." It is already the centre of a vast internal commerce, by its canals, railroads, and the facilities of the Ohio River; and its course, as it regards its growth and prosperity, is steadily upward and onward. Its people are intelligent, hospitable, and industrious, and what more is there wanted to make this emporium the centre of business and commercial prosperity of the great "central West?" In 1850, the population of this thriving city was 115,338. The artist has given us here a very accurate and interesting engraving of Cincinnati, and we commend it for its truthfulness.

NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The perseverance of the English government in the search for its lost officers—Sir John Franklin and his companions—is worthy of all praise. We give below a picture of one of her majesty's vessels—the sloop *Rattlesnake*, fitted out at Sheerness for the conveyance of provisions and stores to the Arctic regions, for the relief of the missing squadrons of Sir John Franklin and his brave companions. Having taken on board all her stores and supplies for her own crew for three years, exclusive of extra comforts for the ship's company, she takes out 17,000 pounds of D. Hogarth and Co.'s preserved meats, soups, etc., 15,000 pounds of preserved vegetables, 2000 pounds of pickles, 3000 pounds of cranberries,

1000 pounds of jullienne, and an abundant supply of other anti-scorbutics; she also takes a large quantity of live stock and poultry for the comfort of the ship's company. Captain Henry Trollope, and the officers generally, have paid especial attention to the fitting up of this vessel for the comfort of the entire ship's company. As the preservation and comfort of the officers and crews of the vessels engaged in the Arctic service depend upon the maintenance of an artificial temperature within the ships, the most efficient means have been provided for this purpose. The apparatus consists of a stove or cockle placed in the hold, to which fresh air is admitted by a downcast funnel acting on the principle of a wind sail, whilst an arrangement of tubes conveys the warm air to the officers' berths and the fore parts of the main deck. Ventilation is secured by means of an upcast funnel, into which the smoke flue from the above is carried; thus varying the air within the funnel, and creating an upward current for the vitiated air of the 'tween decks, which is found particularly useful when the ships are housed over for their winter quarters in the ice. The power of the stove is equal to maintain a body of 2400 cubic feet of air at 52 degrees Fahrenheit, when the external temperature is from 15 degrees to 20 degrees below zero. The ventilating arrangements are adequate to change the whole of this body of air twice within an hour, which affords a supply of about five feet per minute for each individual on board. The whole of the ships, which are now on active service, including the expedition that sailed under the orders of Sir John Franklin, have been fitted with this apparatus, and its efficiency tested under very trying circumstances. Our own nation, in common with the English people, feel a deep interest in the welfare of Sir John Franklin and his brave companions. The expedition so soon to leave our own shores to prosecute the search for the intrepid navigator, under command of Lieut. Kane, has made the most close and far-sighted arrangements to ensure success; and although it may, perhaps, be questioned, whether they will ever find Sir John, they are expecting to be able to throw such light upon his probable course, as to satisfy the public mind in regard to his fate, as well as add some new facts to scientific discovery.



HER MAJESTY'S SLOOP RATTLESNAKE, FOR THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THIBETAN SHEEP.

We present herewith a fine picture representing the famous Thibetan sheep, lately imported into England from India. Moorcroft was the first traveller, we believe, who noticed the peculiar race of sheep inhabiting the Trans-himalayan district of Ladak. Subsequent observations having confirmed his opinion as to the quality of their flesh and wool, the East India Company imported a flock which originally consisted of fourteen sheep and ewes, but which was increased by the birth of six lambs during the passage. The whole flock has been sent, for a short time, to the Gardens of the Zoological Society, London, previous to their distribution among the landed proprietors whose possessions are best adapted by soil and climate for naturalizing this mountain variety in the British islands. They are said to thrive well, and give promise of becoming soon thoroughly acclimated to their new situation.

THE VAULTS OF ST. DENIS.

The abbey church of St. Denis ranks among the oldest Christian religious buildings in the kingdom of France. According to tradition, St. Denis, or Dionysius, left Rome to preach the Gospel in the year 240. His mission, it is said, was eminently successful, but he met with the fate of many other Christians of the time in which he lived, and was headed by his persecutors. Henceforth his name was registered in the Romish calendar, and he became the patron saint of France. Among those whom he had converted was a pious lady named Catulla, who having, by a stratagem, obtained possession of his body, caused it to be buried in a field that was her property, and lay by the road-side. When the persecutions of the Christians ceased in 313, she erected a tomb over his remains; and subsequently a chapel was built on the spot, while the fame of the saint attracted new and valuable offerings to his shrine; and in 496 the chapel was rebuilt, being much enlarged and improved. St. Denis is also famed as the burial-place of the kings and queens of France, from an extremely early age in the history of that country, until the time of the revolution at the end of the last century. The first prince of



THIBETAN SHEEP, INHABITING THE TRANS-HIMALAYAN DISTRICT OF LADAK.

whose burial notice is taken in French history, was Dagobert, an infant son of Chilperic, in the year 580. In 613, Dagobert I. founded the abbey of St. Denis, and at his death, in 638, he was buried under a magnificent monument erected in the church; in 642, his wife, Nantilde, was placed in the tomb by his side. Still farther to celebrate the reign of this monarch, a statue was erected to his memory, seated on a throne with his two sons, Clovis and Sigebert, by his side. After the death of Dagobert, Pepin-le-

divided from the body. A wooden chest, about two feet long, lined with lead, was discovered, which contained the bones of Dagobert and those of his queen, Nantilde; they were enveloped in silk, and the bodies were separated from each other by a partition, which divided the chest. When all was ended, these remains of three dynasties were thrown into two trenches, surrounded by quicklime, and the grass now grows over the common grave of monarchs who had governed France for centuries.

Bref, father of Charlemagne, rebuilt the abbey on a much more extensive site; it was completed in 775. In 1373 Charles V. built the chapel as a burial place. Up to 1793, the abbey of St. Denis was famed for its immense riches, and still continued to be the last receptacle of the mortal remains of the kings and queens of France. The needy revolutionary government was not long before it laid hands on the unknown contents of the abbey's treasury, and a list was taken of its treasures.—Among these were many articles extremely valuable, on account of the precious metals of which they were formed, and the jewels with which they were enriched. The first act of the national convention was but a prelude to the nearly utter destruction of the royal abbey of St. Denis. On the 31st of July, 1793, it was decreed that the tombs and mausoleums of the former kings of France, not only in the abbey of St. Denis, but elsewhere, should be demolished; a few friends of the fine arts, however, interposed, to save such monuments as appeared deserving of a better fate. On the 12th of October this decree was carried into effect. The first tomb opened was that of Marshal Turenne, and his remains were found in a high state of preservation; luckily, they were the ashes of a hero, not a king, and they were first carried to the Jardin des Plantes, and afterwards removed with great pomp to the church of the Invalides. On opening the vault of the Bourbons, in the subterranean chapels, the body of Henry IV., who died in 1610, was found in good preservation. They then opened that of King Dagobert, who died, as we have said, in 638. It was hollowed to receive the head, which was



REPRESENTATION OF THE VAULTS UNDER THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. DENIS, FRANCE.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE DIM OLD WOODS.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLASS.

O, the dim old woods, the pathless woods,
Where the sunlight seldom gleams,
And the blue sky never is shadowed in
The hidden, dusky streams;
Where the solemn tone of the wintry wind
Rings a grand, cathedral chime,
Through the depths of the leafless forest trees,
Gilded by the sparkling rime;
Or, moaning like the restless sea,
With its ceaseless ebb and flow,
It ever holds a thought for me
Of the days of long ago.

I mind me of the one who left
The friends and home,
When the springtide sun was shining bright,
In the forest depths to roam.
But when the breath of leaves and flowers,
The light of summer's smile,
Had passed away, his rustling step
Fell never there the while;
But the starry frost-work, bright and cold,
Gleamed on the sleeper's bed,—
For the dim old woods, the pathless woods,—
Held then our cherished dead.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE LAMMER GEYER.

A TALE OF THE BERNESE ALPS.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

I WAS a wanderer in that land of sublimest beauty, the region of the Bernese Alps. Weeks had grown into months during my sojourn among the hills, yet my eyes never could be satisfied with the marvels of contrasted loveliness and terror which presented themselves at every mile, nor were my limbs ever weary of scaling the wildest heights and penetrating the most secret gorges of the Alps. A good pedestrian naturally and by habit, aloof from the hackneyed line of cockney travel, independent for the most part of guides and cicerones, I rambled on, still on, with no fixed purpose beyond present pleasure, with no equipage beyond my Alpenstock, my knapsack, and my gray shepherd's plaid, dining where the hour and the occasion found me, or if occasion failed, fasting till some small village hostelry, some wayside farm-house, or mountain peasant's chalet, afforded the chance hospitality, never denied, of frugal fare and the night's repose. It was a delicious day in the latter part of September, when the days are still sunny, soft and genial, though in those elevated districts the nights had already become frosty, and some of the tenderer trees in the valleys had begun to show the variegated tints of autumn, that I had been scrambling since an early hour of the morning along the lower spurs, a few miles above Grindelwald, of that most magnificent of all mountain groups, composed by the Witterhorn, the Scheideck, and the Faulhorn, the icy walls of which latter giant towered above my head, buttressed above buttress, of inviolate white snow, into the dark cerulean sky.

It was long past noon, when I found myself on the banks of a sparkling mountain torrent, bounding down through a vale of the most perfect verdure, overhung on all sides by huge gray crags, crowned with dark firs and feathery larches, and overlooking in its turn the beautiful valley of Dutschmen, with its bright sister torrents, and the steep roofs and airy spire of Grindelwald, which lay below my feet, some eight or ten miles distant.

Behind my back and above my head were the icy peaks of the Faulhorn; on my left, stretched away the gigantic ridges of the Scheideck, towering up to the southeastward into the mighty pyramids of Witterhorn and Schreckhorn; while, right before my face, directly over the little church of Grindelwald, upsoared in solitary grandeur, blazing beneath the concentrated rays of the meridian sun, like a great cone of diamond, the gusty peak of Eiger. Around me all was solitude and silence, except the soft sigh of the mountain breeze, whispering among the pinetops with that peculiar music which it awakens in them alone, except the fresh, merry flash of the dancing streamlet, and the hum of the myriads of bees, which were revelling on all sides among the purple beather-bells and the rich blooms of the abundant cistus.

Half tired with my prolonged clambering, I threw myself down to rest on the soft, emerald greensward, beside the margin of the noisy brook, bathed my face and hands in its grateful lymph, and had begun to meditate on the propriety of making my mid-day repast *al fresco*, on a crust of bread and a hard-boiled egg from my wallet, moistened by a sup of kirsch from the horn, which, mountain fashion, I had slung under my left shoulder.

Just at this moment, however, the tinkling of goat-bells fell pleasantly on my ear, and not long afterward the more domestic baying of one of those large Alpine sheep-dogs, two or three of which are the almost indispensable companions of every herdsman, and inhabitants of every upland farm-house. Before I had yet made up my mind whether I should shift my quarters in search of such hospitality as the vicinity might offer, the shrill, peculiar cry with which the mountaineers are wont to converse at long distances, among their crags and waterfalls, was heard clear and distinct above the roar of storms, and even above the thunders of the avalanche. The cry was uttered by a female voice, not evidently very distant from the spot on which I lay, and was answered after a pause of a very few seconds by a similar response from a distance, seemingly up the mountain side.

It needed no further solicitation to arouse me, for I had dwelt long enough among the Alps to recognize the meaning of that shrill, musical cry, quavering among the snow-peaks, and pealing through the valleys, as easily as I would the discordant braying of the tin dinner-horns of New England. Both sounds were identical, summoners of the swineherd ploughman from his half-tilled stubble, or the free shepherd from his mountain pasture, to join the social meal, and in both lands in some sort bidding the chance wanderer, stranger though he be, to be frugal, but unrestricted hospitality. So gathering up my knapsack and my wallet, flinging my plaid about my shoulders, and grasping my trusty Alpenstock, I hurried up the glea, now on one side, now on the other of the gushing rivalet, which crossed it and recrossed it in many an arrowy shoot and glancing rapid, shot off at angles from the elbows of hard rock against which it dashed impetuous.

A walk of ten minutes brought me to an angle in the glen, where it was narrowed by the protrusion of two great shoulders of the mountain, between which the stream leaped down over a precipitous ledge of some eighteen or twenty feet, in one broad sheet of snowy foam.

At first sight, it seemed that all access to the upper glen was barred by the rocky barrier over which the brook broke in foam, but a closer inspection discovered a rude path, midway between a staircase and a ladder, by which the inhabitants were wont to pass to and fro between their wild fastnesses and the more genial vales below.

It did not require much effort for a practised foot to scale that brief ascent, moistened although it was, and slippery with the spray of the waterfall; and had it really been a difficult or perilous task, peril and difficulty had been well repaid by the view that presented itself so soon as the barrier was surmounted.

The glen here expanded itself into a broad green lap or basin, through which the rivalet wandered more tranquilly, encircled by soft slopes covered with the richest greensward, or feathered by waving coppices of deciduous trees, all freshened and nourished into perennial verdure by scores of bright, silvery sources, which sent their tribute down in lines of liquid light through every hollow, to swell the mountain brook. Above the waving underwood of oak and hazel and ever tremulous aspen, the rocks rose gray and broken, but decked in many places with shrubs and parasitic plants, growing greenly from their crevices to a height of three hundred feet, where they were crowned with the dense fir-wood, which clothed all that region of the mountains, below their intermediate zone of stern, herbless granite, and their summit of immaculate snow.

At the upper end of the basin, where it again contracted itself into a mere ravine, large enough only to admit the passage of the stream between precipitous cliffs, there stood, surrounded by a small orchard of apple trees, a pretty mountain farm-house, picturesque with the wide projecting eaves, carved wooden balconies and exterior staircases, peculiar to the rural architecture of Switzerland, and lending it so singular an aspect of romantic beauty.

A flock of beautiful white goats were feeding everywhere on the slopes and amid the brushwood on the hill-sides, while a few had climbed higher in search of some aromatic herb, and sported fearlessly on heights among which the boldest cragsman would have deemed himself insecure.

In the valley near the brook, cattle of a peculiar breed and of great beauty were pasturing, and nearer to the house, a prettily fenced garden, gay with such flowers as loved the brisk air of the uplands, showed both the hand of woman, and the easy independence of the owners of the land, able to spare a few thoughts from the wants of the present, and to bestow a few cares on those artificial ornaments, which foreshadow something of intellect and refinement in those who may not be content without them.

Beyond the farmhouse, the narrow ravine stretched away far aloof, as it seemed, in almost interminable perspective, mounting higher and higher yet among the loftiest pinnacles of the hills, showing here and there cataraacts of several hundred feet in fall, and traversed at intervals by dizzy bridges, sometimes no more than single trunks of pine trees without barrier or breastwork, at an altitude which, even in imagination, made me tremble.

As I entered the little valley, the figure of a man was seen in relief against the brilliant whiteness of the snowy mountain top, which formed his background, crossing one of these perilous bridges, at a height of at least three hundred feet above the torrent's bed, and his eagle eye discovering me on the instant in the pasture, he waved a gesture of welcome, and again uttered the loud yodling cry, which I had heard before, and which now summoned from the chalet the mistress of the farm on hospitable cares intent, accompanied by a merry train of attendant maidens. Before five minutes had elapsed, I was installed by the side of the woodfire which the sharpness of the mountain air rendered agreeable, a welcome guest, while the board was heaping with rustic dainties for the mid-day meal; and during the brief bustle of preparation, I was at liberty to look about me, and take an observation of my fair hostess and her surroundings.

And in her case, fair was no term of empty parlance, for she was indeed very young and very pretty, evidently a bride in her first year of wedlock. She was blue-eyed and light-haired, with an innocent, sweet, artless face, kindled with all the brilliancy of her mountain complexion, a brow of milk and a cheek of roses; but across that smooth and gentle brow there was visible, scarcely yet well healed, for it still wore a slight reddish hue, a long scar like that of a sword-cut, could it have been imagined that so gentle and delicate a being should have been exposed to so rude an accident. The companions of this youthful mistress of the place were all young girls, younger than herself, one of whom in fact, with whom I became the first acquainted, a mere toddling prattler of three years. She was already seated on my knees, prattling

merrily, and playing with the charms and trinkets which hung from my watch-chain, when the peasant whom I had seen at a distance, on the mountain bridge, made his appearance, a fine, active, well-clad mountaineer, of some six or eight-and-twenty years, who greeted me with genuine upland hospitality, and introduced me in due form to his little wife, Adeline, and her sisters Suzette, and Marie Jeanne, and la petite Louison, who had already advanced far into a serious flirtation, rather, I believe with my gewgaws than with my person; and I spoke their language well enough to chatter away undaunted, so we soon became, if not exactly friends, on the most familiar footing.

A petite verre of admirable kirsch served as a capital preparation for a delicious mountain dinner, at which were produced all the delicacies which the Alps afford. Exquisite trout from the mountain brook, steaks of roebuck from the hill, butter surpassing that which Jael served to Sisera, though in a wooden bowl in lieu of a lordly dish, cheese from the pastures of Gruyere, fresh strawberries from the hills, with good sound wine of domestic growth, furnished forth a meal which needed not a hunter's appetite to savor it.

When our repast was ended, we lighted our pipes, and gathering around the hearth, fell into natural converse on mountain life, with its sports and pastimes; we talked of the rifle—a ponderous specimen hanging above the mantel-piece furnishing forth the topic—of the gentle mountain antelope, the soft-eyed chamois—and of the obscene mountain vulture, the cruel Lammer Geyer, the thought of which was suggested likewise by the beak and talons of the largest I had ever seen, suspended as a trophy beside the powder horn and hunting-knife of mine host.

Some casual remark of mine concerning this trophy, which called forth a blush on the brow of the fair wife and a half embarrassed smile on the lip of the mountaineer, showed me that I had casually struck on something whereby there hung a tale, which a little badinage at length elicited, though the narrator protested that it was a small matter, and not worth telling; yet, he added, as it had won him a pretty wife, and as strangers loved to hear of the wild mountain incidents, he did not grudge to tell it. So after lighting a fresh pipe, and tossing off another modicum of kirsch, he proceeded to relate, how, a fine April morning of that very year, Adeline, who was then on a visit to his old mother, now at the Grindelwald, had set out to walk across the hills to a neighboring chalet, taking little Louison to accompany her, while he himself set out on a chamois hunt among the summits of the Faulhorn.

Fortunately, before noon the mists closed in so thickly on the mountain, that he gave up the chase; and, foreseeing a cold storm among the hills, hurried down, if possible to anticipate it, and convey Adeline safely home before it should burst forth among the hills.

It was too late, however, to anticipate the storm, though not, he said, "thank Heaven!" to avert worse peril. The girl's way lay across the very bridge by which I had seen him cross that awful gorge, and just as she was in the act of crossing it, with the infant Louison in her arms, the storm burst around, upon her, in all its fury—hail, rain and wind, and blazing lightning, and thunders that made the very hills reel and shudder.

At about a quarter of a mile's distance, he saw the terrible storm break, and desisted the slender form of his betrothed darling, painfully and feebly, yet undauntedly, tottering across the slippery pine log, with her infant sister clasped to her undaunted heart. He hardly hoped to see her win her way safely across that dizzy bridge, and his eyes dazzled and his senses reeled as he gazed on her.

What then must have been his terror, when just as she neared the verge, where she should be in safety, amid the dazzling flashes, the howling tempest and the pelting hail, he saw the vast wings and the arrowy swoop of the dread Lammer Geyer, the condor of the Alps, whirling down from the depths of air upon that feeble girl.

For an instant, even as he rushed over cliff and crag, shouting defiance, he thought all was lost. One instant, the great gray pinions veiled her from his sight, the huge talons seemed to grasp her. But with a shrill cry, she shook her kerchief at the savage bird, staggered two paces forward and fell headlong—but fell safe on the brink of the abyss. The vulture soared to swoop again, but ere he swooped, the true Swiss bullet found his vitals.

His talons had left a deep wound on the fair bride's brow, but her gentle courage had wounded yet more deeply the tender heart of her preserver; and both wounds were soon healed, and nearly by the same process.

BEAUTY OF THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

There is a spell in woman. No man, not utterly degraded, can listen without delight to the accents of a guileless heart. Beauty, too, has a natural power over the mind; and it is right that this should be. All that overcomes selfishness, the besetting sin of the world, is an instrument of good. Beauty is but melody of a higher kind; and both alike soften the troubled and hard nature of man. Even if we looked on lovely woman but as a rose, an exquisite production of the summer hours of life, it would be idle to deny her making even those summer hours sweeter. But as the companion of the mind, as the very model of friendship that no chance can shake, as the pleasant sharer of the heart, the being to whom man returns after the tumult of the day, like the worshipper to a secret shrine, to revive his noble tastes and virtues at a source pure from the evil of the external world, and glowing with a perpetual light of sanctity and love; where shall we find her equal? or what must be our feeling toward the Disposer of earth and all that it inhabits, but of admiration and gratitude to that disposal, which combines our highest happiness with our purest virtue?—*Croly's Salathiel*.

.... Experience has convinced me that there is a thousand times more goodness, wisdom and love in the world than men imagine.—*Geyer* (a Swiss poet).

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE OLD LANE.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

Down the dim old lane we wandered—
One I loved and I—
Through the leafy Interlacing
Smiled the summer sky;
And where some stray sunbeam quivered
Through the green retreat,
Seemed it like a golden river
Flowing at our feet.

There the young bliths to each other
Loud and clearly sang,
And the music they were warbling
Through the wildwoods rang;
While the leaves, with trembling motion,
Fluttered on the air,
Showering down the fragrant blossoms
Round us everywhere.

"If this seemeth such fair beauty,"
Whispered she to me,
"What, when death unseals our vision,
Must you heaven be?"
And with upraised hand she pointed
Where the holy blue,
Mid the foliage's clasping,
Faintly glimmered through.

When the glory of the forest
Faded from our view,
She, whose soul impatient waited,
Heaven's glory knew.
Now with weary feet I wander
Through the dim old lane,
But the gladness of the past time
Cometh not again.

[Translated from the French for Gleason's Pictorial.]

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.—No. 2.

BY MISS ANNE T. WILBUR.

ST. PETERSBURG IN WINTER.

Grand Bazaar (Gostinnoi-door)—The Merchants—The price of a Dressing-Gown—The Travelling Restaurateur—The Letter S.

It is on the Perspective of Newsky that the grand bazaar or Russian Gostinnoi-door is situated, a vast Asiatic market, which might remind one of Bagdad or Bassora, but for the severity of the weather at this season. It is an immense building of square form, enclosing a court and warehouses not less vast. Its four sides are bordered by an arched gallery, low and heavy. This bazaar is divided by lines or compartments devoted to the different species of merchandize. Here are sold cloths—here, porcelains—here, fancy articles, carpets, arms, paper, etc. All these articles are of national manufacture, so they are sold at prices very much less than the same articles imported from the west. This does not prevent the Russian merchant from swearing to you that his merchandize is foreign, and from demanding three or four times its value.

Each merchant stands before the door of his shop, a clerk faces him, and these two men, wrapped in furs and with their feet encased in felt boots, address to the passers by the most winning invitations: "Condescend to buy of me English cloths, Lyonsese silks, Paris ribbons, Swedish gloves, Indian foulards," etc.

Now, I have said that all the articles sold at Gostinnoi-door are of native production, and therefore the merchants cannot impose upon any one.

I was one day traversing the Tartar quarter with a friend; it is the department of dressing-gowns, an article of which they have reserved the monopoly. My companion, deafened by the clamor of an old Kalmuk merchant, entered his shop. A mountain of dressing-gowns was laid before him. He chose one of raw Persian silk, perfectly imitated at Moscow. It was well made, and lined with a cotton fabric of grotesque design.

"How much is this dressing-gown?" said he to the Tartar.

Then the latter began to eulogize his merchandize.

"You are a good judge, on my word, sir; of all these dressing-gowns, you have chosen the richest and most elegant. Three princes have bought of me similar ones, and yesterday two generals wanted this."

"It is possible, but I asked the price," repeated my companion.

"Sir, I swear to you on the faith of a Tartar, that it will wear forever; it is of a material which will bear everything, and with that softness—"

"The price, if you please."

"You will believe me when I tell you that his excellency the governor of Voroneje has ordered half a dozen like it?"

"I wish to know the price."

"In a moment, sir; only I ought to observe that you will not find at any other place a dressing-gown made of such material as this, which comes directly from Erzeroum, a genuine manufacture of Erzeroum, sir; take the trouble to look at it; see this tissue, this firmness, this delicacy, and then these colors, this shading, this velvety,—it is proof against the sun, sir."

"If it is proof against the cold I shall be satisfied; but will it please you to tell me what it is worth?"

"I will, sir, I will; meanwhile my duty is to tell you again that an aid-de-camp of the emperor—"

My companion, exasperated, made a movement to go.

"Wait a moment, sir. If this stuff was a Moscow imitation—"

"Again?"

"I could sell you the dressing-gown for ninety roubles; but be-

ing of Erzeroum silk, two hundred roubles would not be too much, and yet I will make a sacrifice for you sir,—one hundred and fifty roubles."

"You are mad!" said the buyer, hastily; "say rather that you do not wish to sell it!"

And he resolutely took the way to the door.

"Come, do not be angry, noble sir; one hundred and fifty roubles is the price it is worth, and which the governor of Tamboff—"

"I thought it was the governor of Voroneje."

"Did I say Voroneje? Yes, indeed, it was the governor of Voroneje who took the mate to it; well, he paid one hundred and fifty roubles, and to you it shall be one hundred and twenty-five."

"Let me go," said my companion; "you see this gentleman begins to be impatient."

"Hold!" said the merchant, seizing the dressing-gown; "you may have it for one hundred roubles and done with it."

"Let me go! Must I repeat it?"

"Name your own price then, your excellency."

"I will not name a price after so extravagant a demand."

"You are severe, sir. If I let you have it for seventy-five roubles?"

"That is too much."

"Too much?" said the Tartar, affecting an air of surprise.

"Well, let it be fifty roubles, but not a *copec* less."

"I looked at my companion; he was impassible."

"You mean twenty roubles," said he to the merchant, who uttered loud exclamations.

"Twenty roubles! my noble lord; twenty roubles! you are jesting, undoubtedly. Twenty roubles!—but, by Allah, the lining is worth more than that. What! twenty roubles for a robe-de-chambre which the governor of Nijni—"

"Ah! it is the governor of Nijni, aow!"

"Of Nijni or of Simbirsk,—you have disturbed my memory, sir. You said thirty roubles, call it forty, and say no more about it."

"I have said twenty; I will take it for that, or not at all."

And this time we left the shop. We had not taken ten steps, when the Tartar was at our heels.

"Excellency," said he, with a pitiful air, "take it. I must make some sacrifice on it; but this is enormous; two or three more such and I shall be ruined."

"I have paid twice its value," whispered my companion to me.

While luxurious equipages stop on the other side of the Perspective, at the doors of foreign warehouses, and the Muscovite princesses, followed by their grand lacqueys, are examining the rich stuffs of France or England, modest sleighs are stationed before the gallery of Gostinnoi-door, where the wives of clerks, and the young girls of the middle classes, come to buy articles of the toilet from the manufacturers of Moscow, and at a price more suited to their moderate fortunes.

This is also a sort of rendezvous for the young men of the same class, who come beneath these low arches to catch a look or exchange a sign while the attention of the mother is diverted, and thus act the preface of a romance, which rarely falls of a conclusion such as the rules of romances require.

An important personage, whom it would be impossible to pass over in silence in a description of Gostinnoi-door, is the travelling restaurateur of the place. As the merchants could not prepare their food in the interior of the bazaar, where they are strictly prohibited from having any fire,* and they cannot leave their business to go home, they need to have food always prepared to their taste for their daily meals. This is abundantly afforded by the restaurateur in question.

Clad in a sheepskin coat, fastened around the waist by a girdle of leather, he perambulates the long gallery, laden with a flat basket, which he carries horizontally before him, bending back as he walks. In this may be found ample provision of hard eggs, of caviare, little silver fishes, something like our sardines, and which are called *sigsis*; there is also cheese, and a kind of coarse pastry; cakes known under the general name of *pirogis*, some garnished with meats, others with a mixture of eggs and hashed cabbage, a kind of dish of which the Russian people are very fond. There also may be found *boulkis*, little round loaves, very white, of which some, cut open in the middle, contain caviare, herrings, hashed cabbage, etc.

Behind the restaurateur, who stops before each shop in succession, marches the venter of tea, with his fountain wrapped in cloth, to preserve the heat of the infusion, and glasses ranged in a circle around his waist, like a cocoa-merchant; for the genuine Russian, a great amateur of tea, would not use a cup; he drinks the aromatic beverage only from a glass, which is not very convenient, if it be hot. But the merchant of the Gostinnoi-door finds in this a double advantage. This boiling tea, which he sips slowly, biting at a lump of sugar after each swallow, warms at once his stomach and his hand. It is really curious to see him holding his glass with the ends of his fingers, turning it with singular rapidity to not burn them, and from time to time putting it to his lips with the satisfaction of an habitual gourmand.

It is rarely that the merchant of Gostinnoi-door expends more than ten cents for his daily food, and that without imposing upon himself any privation—for the Russian is naturally temperate. It may be affirmed, without exaggeration, that the phalanxes of workmen, employed in the great public works, are nourished like

* In 1752, the Gostinnoi-door, then of wood and situated on the first canal, was entirely consumed by fire. The Empress Elizabeth caused it to be rebuilt as it is at present, that is to say of stone with arched roof, and in such a manner as to render a new conflagration impossible. Nevertheless, to avoid even the shadow of danger, it was decreed that neither fire nor light should be admitted into the building.

those who formerly built the great tombs of the Pharaohs. A fresh cucumber, with salt, and a morsel of rye bread, the whole washed down with some glasses of *kwas*—a liquor made of rye bread fermented; this is their nourishment during summer. In winter the cucumber is salted; sometimes it is replaced by dried chestnuts or broiled *sigsis*, and always the *kwas* for drink. Let us add, that these men are vigorous, perfectly healthy, and have all a admirable teeth.

Formerly the shops of the Russian bazaar were damp, gloomy and filthy. Their doors, lined with iron, being open, they were exposed to all the rigor of the exterior air. By degrees modern comfort and elegance have penetrated them. Behind these iron doors, with huge padlocks and monstrous bolts, some have adopted fronts of Indian wood, with large panes. The interior has grown at the expense of the back shop; but nothing prevents the merchant from remaining sentinel without to watch for custom and entice the passers by.

The stranger is astonished at these multiplied invitations which assail him at every step, and in which his ear catches only a series of hisses, which might be described by the strongly accented pronunciation of the letter *s*, repeated *ad infinitum*; so that you are ready to ask whether the Russian language must not be derived in a direct line from that of the lark and the mocking-bird.

It was a long time before I could obtain the explanation of this ornithological pronunciation. This is what I have learned:—The letter *s* is, in Russian, a sign, an abridged expression of politeness; it takes the place of *soudar* (lord), of which it is, so to speak, a contraction; *soudar* for the masculine, and *soudaritsa* for the feminine. So *gospodin* is equivalent to *gospodin soudar*.

Modern civilization has, as we have said, begun to make irruptions in the Gostinnoi-door. Each day its tendency is to efface some trait of its national character. The merchants, for example, still wear in winter the long pelisse of fox-skin, or yenotte; but most of them have substituted for the high Tartar cap the odious felt hat, or citizen cap. During summer they wear the great coat, long and floating like a gown; but it is evident that a single stroke of the scissors would transform it into a French paletot, or frock-coat.

Let us add, that, for some time past, there has been opposite the old Muscovite bazaar one of those elegant covered and glazed alleys, ornamented with all the luxury of Parisian display, so that one might think the Passage des Panoramas transported to St. Petersburg. How are national customs to be preserved in presence of these bold innovations? But if exterior forms are modified, the ground-work is still the same, for which we sincerely congratulate the Russians.

THE CUNNING THRUSH.

There is much more intellect in birds than people suppose. An instance of this occurred the other day at a slate quarry belonging to a friend, from whom we have the narrative. A thrush, not aware of the expansive properties of gunpowder, thought proper to build her nest on a ridge of the quarry, in the very centre of which they were constantly blasting the rock. At first, she was very much discomposd by the fragments flying in all directions, but still she would not quit her chosen locality. She soon observed that a bell rang whenever a train was about to be fired, and that, at the notice, the workmen retired to safe positions. In a few days, when she heard the bell, she quitted her exposed situation, and flew down to where the workmen sheltered themselves—dropping close to their feet. There she would remain until the explosion had taken place, and then return to her nest. The workmen observed this—narrated it to their employers, and it was also told to visitors who came to view the quarry. The visitors naturally expressed a wish to witness so curious a specimen of intellect; but as the rock could not be always blasted when visitors came, the bell was rung instead, and for a few times answered the same purpose. The thrush flew down close to where they stood, but she perceived that she was trifled with, and it interfered with the process of incubation; the consequence was, that afterward, when the bell rung, she would peep over the ledge to ascertain if the workmen did retreat, and if they did not, she would remain where she was.—*London Literary Journal*.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

During the two hundred and thirteen years of this institution's existence, eighteen presidents have ruled over it—eleven years and a few months being the average duration of a president's sway. The names of the presidents, and the duration of their occupancy of the chair, are as follows:—Henry Dunster, about fourteen years; Charles Chauncy, eighteen years; Leonard Hoar, three years; Urianus Oakes, seven years; John Rogers, three years; Increase Mather, sixteen years; Samuel Willard, six years; John Leverett, eighteen years; Benjamin Wadsworth, twelve years; Edward Holyoke, thirty-three years; Samuel Locke, four years; Samuel Langdon, seven years; Joseph Willard, five years; Samuel Webber, four years; John T. Kirkland, nineteen years; Josiah Quincy, seventeen years; Edward Everett, four years; Jared Sparks, four years. Mr. Sparks will soon be succeeded by Dr. Walker, who will be the nineteenth president. There seems to be something uncomfortable in the presidential chair of Harvard, since most of its incumbents have been in haste to vacate it. It is, also, worthy of remark that most of the names just written, famous as they were in their day, have passed utterly out of general remembrance.—*Home Journal*.

THE ZEUGLONON.

We had the pleasure yesterday of witnessing the huge skeleton of this monstrous animal—trailing its vast length along for fully one hundred feet, and at the same time, of listening to a learned and interesting account of its discovery from the lips of Professor Koch. The Zeuglodon must have been equal in size to ten or twelve of the largest crocodiles that during the present period repose in the mud of the upper Nile. It was an amphibious animal, exceedingly voracious, armed with a tail capable of crushing an elephant at a blow, and with immense strength of jaw. From the geological stratum in which the bones were found, the Zeuglodon must have lived anterior to the epoch of human existence. Dr. Koch obtained this magnificent skeleton in Washington county, Alabama. A large portion of the territory of that State embraces the fossilized remains of antediluvian reptiles and other creatures.—*New Orleans Bee*.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, FROM FEDERAL HILL.

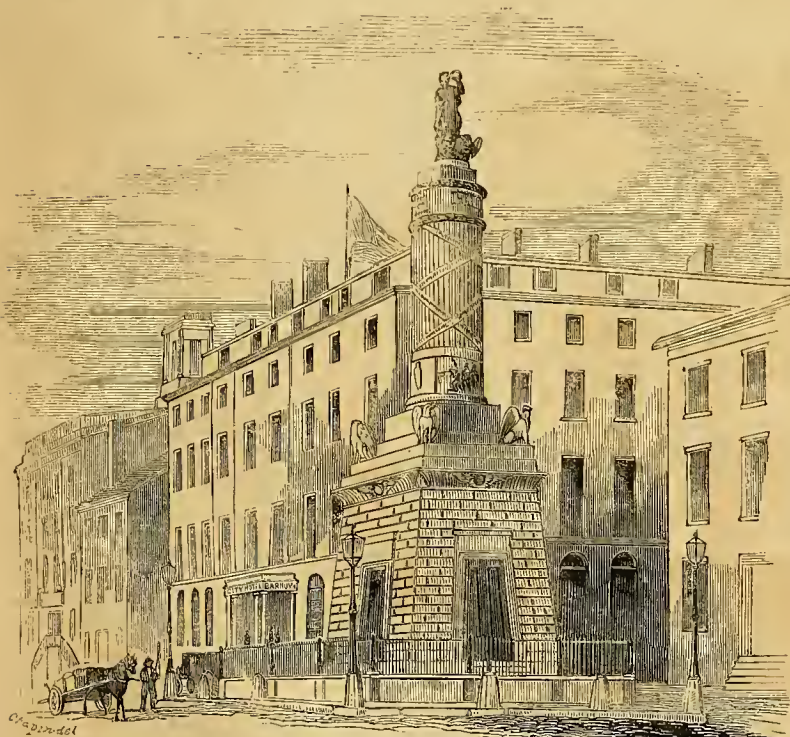


ARMISTEAD MONUMENT.

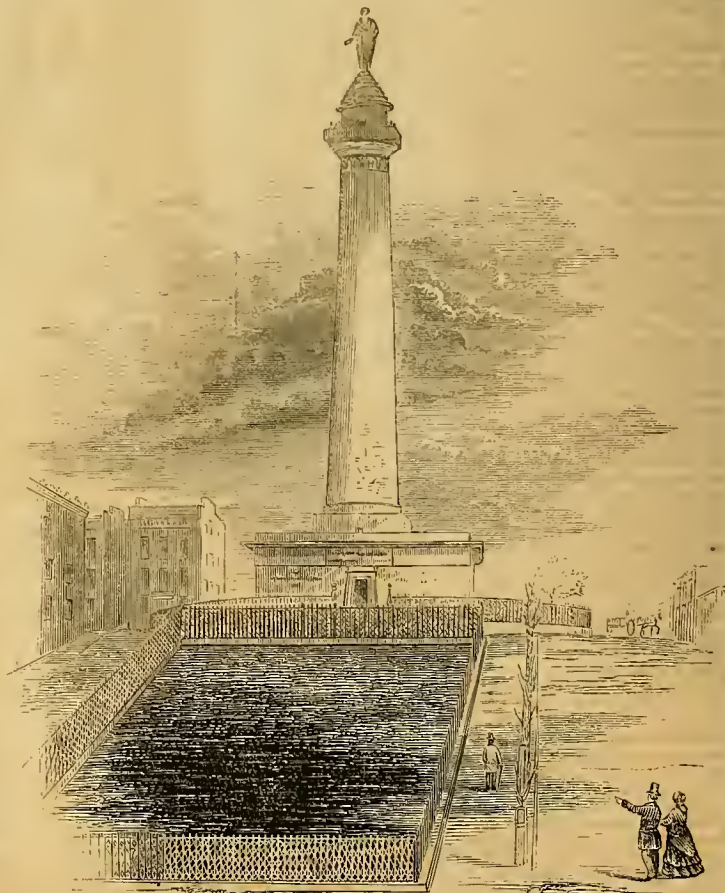
of the northwest branch of the Patapsco, a fine stream navigable for vessels 14 miles, to Falls Point, and gives a general idea of the appearance of the city from the river. Commencing on the left of the picture, No. 1, the gothic spire is that of the Presbyterian Church; 2, the large building just beneath, is the State To-

bacco Warehouse; 3, Eutaw House, a fine first class hotel; 4, the new Catholic Church; 5, the building with two spires and a dome is the Catholic Cathedral; 6, St. Paul's, Episcopalian; 7, Presbyterian Church; 8, Court House; 9, Barnum's Hotel, just in front of the Court House; 10, the Sun Building; 11, the Washington Monument; 12, Calvert Station, of the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad; 13, Christ Church—this steeple contains a splendid chime of bells; 14, the Exchange; and 15, the

model of which may be seen in the basement. It represents the chief in the crowning net of his life—his resignation of his commission at Annapolis, in December, 1783—and cost \$9000. The monument is built entirely of white marble, and a flight of 228 steps on the interior of the column carries the visitor to the top, from whence he gets a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The ground was given by the late Col. John Eager Howard, Governor of the State, and the "Hero of the Cowpens,"



BATTLE MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.



WASHINGTON MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.

the four cardinal points of the compass. The base of the monument is 50 feet square and 20 feet high. From this rises a plain doric column, one hundred and seventy-six feet six inches high, on which rests a very graceful colossal statue of Washington, by Cassici, sixteen feet high, a

and the monument was erected by the State of Maryland, the corner stone being laid on the 4th of July, 1815, with imposing ceremonies. The inscriptions are as follows. Over each of the four doors of entrance: "To George Washington, by the State of Maryland." On the north front: "Commander-in-chief of the American Armies, 15th June, 1775. Commission resigned at Annapolis, 23d December, 1783." South front: "President of the United States, 4th March, 1789. Returned to Mount Vernon 4th March, 1797." East front: "Born February 22d, 1732. Died 14th December, 1799." West front: "Trenton, 25th December,



MECHANICS INSTITUTE, BALTIMORE.

1776. Yorktown, 19th October, 1781." A keeper is always ready at hand, and for a small fee, supplies visitors with a lantern, by the aid of which to grope his way to the top of the monument—"The Battle Monument," as it is called, in Monument Square, erected to commemorate the battle of North Point, and the bombardment of Fort M'Henry, on the 13th and 14th of September, 1814, is a beautiful specimen of art, one of which the Baltimoreans are justly proud. Occupying as it does, a commanding position in the centre of the city, and immediately opposite to Barnum's Hotel, one of the best, by the way, in the United States, it is a subject of great attraction and interest to every citizen and stranger, and commemorating one of the most interesting incidents in our last war with England, it must be highly prized by all who feel any interest in their country's history. It is built entirely of white marble, under the supervision of Maximilian Godefroy, by whom it was planned. It rests upon a square terrace, 40 feet square and 4 feet high. From this rises a rusticated basement in the Egyptian style, composed of eighteen layers of stones, indicating the number of States at the period of the battle. On the four sides of this are false doors approached by three steps, indicating the number of years the war continued. Above this base is a cornice, ornamented with a winged globe emblematical of the flight of time, and on the four corners are beautifully executed griffins. The shaft represents an enormous Roman fasces, bound together with fillets, representing union. On the fillets are the names of those brave men who lost their lives in the contest, and around the upper portion—between wreaths of cypress and laurel, indicative of glory and grief—are the names of the officers who fell on that occasion. On the lower portion of the shaft are two pieces of sculpture in low relief, representing the battle at North Point between the British under General Ross, and the Americans under Gen. Striker, and the bombardment of Fort M'Henry by the British fleet. The whole is surmounted by a figure representing the city of Baltimore. She has a mural crown upon her head, emblematic of cities. In her left hand she holds an ancient helm or rudder, indicative of commerce, while her right is raised, and in it is a laurel wreath. Her head is gracefully thrown forward, looking towards the field of the battle. On her right is an eagle, and on the left a shell. The height of the basement is 20 feet, that of the shaft 18 feet, while the figure is 71-2 feet high. The whole height from the ground to the summit is 52-1-2 feet. The inscriptions beneath the sculptures are as follows:—*North Side*—"Battle of North Point, 12th of September, A. D., 1814; and of the Independence of the United States the thirty-ninth." *South Side*—"Bombardment of Fort M'Henry, 13th September, A. D., 1814; and of the Independence of the United States the thirty-ninth." For a background to this picture, we have Barnum's City Hotel, which has a world-wide reputation, and needs no eulogium from us.

On Calvert street, just below the "Monument," is the handsome terminus of the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad, called "Calvert station." This has a handsome free-stone front, and is worthy of attention from its large size and elegant proportions. The main structure for the reception of the cars is 315 feet long and 120 wide, is supported by 42 granite columns, and roofed with sheet iron. Its cost was about \$45,000. The beautiful

building of the Mechanics Institute, on Baltimore street, is one of the handsomest structures in Baltimore. It was erected by the Maryland Institute for the



CALVERT RAILROAD STATION, BALTIMORE.

Promotion of the Mechanic Arts," partly by joint stock subscription, and partly by an appropriation of \$15,000 made by the city. The building is 355 feet long by 60 feet in width. The main hall, which is devoted to the annual exhibitions of the Institute, is 260 feet long by 60 feet wide. It is the largest building ever as yet erected in this country for the advancement of the mechanic arts. The main hall, it is estimated, will hold six thousand persons. Our initial letter represents the monument to Col. Armistead, the gallant defender of Fort M'Henry during the bombardment by the British, Sept. 13, 1814. He died April 25, 1818, aged 39 years.

CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

The view we give below is a truthful delineation of this venerable fabric. In point of antiquity and historical interest, no edifice on this continent merits more attention than the church here correctly represented. Christ Church is located in Second street of that city. Its lofty steeple towers amid the stores and counting-rooms of trade—in this particular very similar to Trinity Church, New York—the site of each when located being out of town as it were; but the growth of the cities has since pushed private residences miles beyond, and commerce has surrounded each with the toil and bustle of its nature. This church was organized under the auspices of the Rev. Mr. Clayton, in 1695. The congregation worshipped at first in a more primitive structure, which gave place in 1727 to the present ornamented building—not completed until 1753, in which year the steeple was elevated. The steeple contains a chime of eight bells, purchased in England. They were brought to Philadelphia in ship Matilda, Captain Budden, freight free; and in compliment to his generosity, as often as he arrived in subsequent years, they rang forth a merry peal of welcome. "These bells," says Watson, in his *Annals of Philadelphia*, "heavy as they were in the mounting, had to be taken down in the year 1777, by the Commissary General of military stores, to keep them from falling into the hands of the British for military purposes; they were again returned and hung after the evacuation of the city." Tradition says that they were sunk in the Delaware river. In this church Washington and Franklin and their families worshipped. It was while Washington was President, and the seat of government was at Philadelphia. "On Sunday mornings, at the gate of Christ Church," says Watson, "the appearance of Gen. Washington's coach, awaiting the breaking up of services, never failed in drawing a crowd of persons, eager when he came forth, for another view of this nobleman of nature. The indistinct sounds of the concluding voluntary upon the organ within were no sooner heard, than the press became formidable, considering the place and the day. Washington was to be known at once. His noble height and commanding air, his person enveloped, in what was not very common in those days, a rich blue Spanish cloak, thrown over the left shoulder; his easy, unconstrained movement; his patient demeanor in the crowd, emerging from it; his gentle bendings of the neck to the right and to the left; these, with the appearance of the awed and charmed and silent crowd of spectators, gently falling back on each side as he approached, unequivocally announced—behold the man!" The name of the Rev. Wm. White, the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, is intimately associated with all our recollections of Christ Church. It was especially the scene of his labors through a period of more than half a century. His remains lie entombed in a vault at the side of the edifice. The venerable Horace Binney, Esq., and the late Hon. John Sergeant, with their families; these, with many names prominent in our colonial history, represented in the persons of descendants, may be mentioned as members of Christ Church, and as connecting links with a period dating far beyond the Revolution. An interesting fact is that the silver communion service was presented by Queen Anne.



VIEW OF CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

"WHEN ONE BELOVED."

ST EDWARD STAGG.

When one beloved beneath the green turf sleeps,
We love to linger where
The bright fresh grass above the hillock sweeps,
And gaze in sadness there.

On that small mound which covers all that late
Was moving in our midst,
Active with life, which at our fireside sate,
And love and bliss us didst.

Strange chords are struck then, and the moaning heart,
Like to Eolian's sound,
Makes mournful music to itself, while start
Big tears and dew the ground.

Her image comes in fulness to the mind;
We long to see again
The form but lately we to earth consigned,—
But let it there remain

Untouched, ungazed on; for a change has passed
Upon that once loved face;
Then let the last look be indeed the last,
Nor the changed features trace.

That body now belongs to death,—death who,
As with the seed that dies,
Appoints corruption's loathsome work to do,
That that same flesh may rise,

On that great morn, when all the graves shall ope,
A body purified
From all that's mortal, and go up, with hope,
To meet the Lord who died.

The part immortal, let us ever mind,
Is on that silent shore,
Where pains, nor griefs, nor cares, can entrance find,
Forever, ever more.

Then let it lie in undisturbed repose,
That body, in its bed;
Alike unconscious of our bosom's throes
And of the tears we shed.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE MUTINY.**A STORY OF THE BLUE OCEAN.**

BY LIEUT. E. CURTISS HINE.

"Hold out the helm!" was the leader's cry;
And who dare answer "No," to nudgey?

DYNON.

"I TELL you to steer more carefully!" cried the skipper of an Indiaman, to the young man at the helm, as the huge ship glided off before the wind, across the smooth waters of the Indian Ocean. "You're letting her yaw a quarter of a point from her course. If you don't pay more attention to your duty, I'll knock you down presently!"

The sailor addressed was a slight-built, pale complexioned youth, with a bright black eye which flashed fire on being thus rudely accosted by the captain, a cruel, brutal-looking fellow, who loved to tyrannize over his crew, and make use of abusive language upon every occasion.

"A quarter of a point is not very far from her course, Captain Whinyates, at any rate," replied the youth, whose name was Reynolds, in a respectful tone of voice, touching his hat at the same time. "You must be aware, sir, that the ship does not steer very well, and I can assure you, sir, that I am doing my very best."

"How dare you reply to me, sir, when I have occasion to reprimand you for your negligence! You should not let her yaw the hundredth part of a point from her course," cried the captain, in an angry tone, while his face became purple with rage. "You're an infernal sea-lawyer, and are always giving lip to me when I speak to you."

"Surely, Captain Whinyates, you do not think yourself too good to be spoken to," quietly replied the sailor.

"Yes, I do, you scoundrel! No man shall open his lips on board this vessel, if I choose to say he sha'n't. I command here, and if you give me any more of your jaw, I'll seize you up in the main rigging, and give you four dozen with a piece of ratline stuff!"

"I'm no scoundrel, sir," firmly replied young Reynolds.

"You are a scoundrel—a lying, sneaking scoundrel! You aint worth your salt. You're a regular soger—a blood-sucker, and a skulk! So take that, and then learn that it will not do to handy words with your captain!"

And with these words, the vulgar, tyrannical fellow turned and gave young Reynolds a severe blow with his fist in the face. It was a most cowardly action, for the young sailor had both hands employed upon the wheel in steering the vessel, and could not defend himself; and, moreover, sea-faring people look upon it as positively disgraceful in a skipper to strike a man while at the helm. I know not what has given rise to this particular notion among the sons of the ocean; all I know is that it exists, and that a most bitter state of feeling is invariably engendered in the breasts of a crew against a skipper who presumes to trample upon this reserved right.

In this case, Captain Whinyates had evidently gone beyond his mark, and had mistaken the nature of the man with whom he had to deal. No sooner did Reynolds feel the heavy blow of the skipper, than, forgetting respect, discipline, and everything else, he

dropped the wheel, and turning upon his tormentor, he dealt him a blow in return, and that, too, with such hearty good will, that Captain Whinyates measured his whole length in the scuppers.

"Mutiny! mutiny!" roared the skipper, "the ship's in a state of mutiny! Ran aft here, Mr. Jones and Mr. Tiger (the first and second mates, who were at work forward)—ran aft here, gentlemen, and arm yourselves; the ship's taken by a bloody mutineer!"

In an instant all was commotion and hubbub on board the hitherto quiet ship. No sooner had Reynolds let go of the wheel, in order to assail the captain, than the vessel swung slowly round, until all her head sails caught aback, and the breeze being fresh, the fore-topmast and top-gallant mast, with all their yards, sails and hamper, came crashing down, throwing everything into the utmost confusion.

In the meantime, the two combatants were struggling in the scuppers, where one of them had fallen, and where the other was upon him, pummeling him to his heart's content. The watch below were roared from their slumbers by the outcry on deck, and came rushing like a swarm of hornets up the fore-scuttle and aft to the battle-field, where the two mates were endeavoring to succor their commander.

A general melee now ensued, the crew, of course, taking the part of Reynolds, and the officers that of Whinyates. But numbers were decidedly against the officers, and in a short time they were completely overpowered, after having received some pretty hard thumps, and being sadly worried. They were then tied to the main rigging, while the mutineers now proceeded forward in a body, where they held a hurried consultation.

Throughout this consultation, Reynolds seemed to be sort of leading spirit. Full of fire and energy, he imparted a portion of his fury to his comrades, and things began to look rather ominous to the eyes of the captured authorities.

At length, after the lapse of a few moments, the mutineers, headed by Reynolds in person, proceeded aft to the main rigging, where the officers were in limbo, when the youth thus addressed them:

"Captain Whinyates, you now see the result of tyranny. For long years you have been sailing the ocean; for long years you have been making everybody on board your ship miserable; but, at length, a terrible retribution has overtaken you. You did not know your man when you assailed me. You thought me like the majority of common sailors, who would submit to every indignity—every abuse, and like the patient lamb, lick the hand that was about to slay it. You did not know your man, sir. It is not for me to reveal myself to you; suffice it to say, I have not always been what I am at present."

"But, Reynolds," whimpered the skipper, in an abject tone, for he felt that he was now indeed in the power of the man upon whose feelings he had trampled, "what do you propose to do with us, sir?"

"Do you see that starboard quarter-boat, sir?"

"Yes, sir," replied the trembling Whinyates.

"You and your officers will be put into that boat, with a supply of provisions and water, and turned adrift on the open ocean."

"Horrible, horrible!" cried the captain; "you will not proceed to such extremities, surely?"

"Will I not, though? Come aft here, all of you, my lads, and lower down this starboard cutter. Some of you go down below, and get a few heakers of water and bags of bread, and put into her."

The movements of the crew at once showed the terrified skipper and his officers that Reynolds was considered as the leader, for his orders were implicitly and promptly obeyed. The boat was lowered into the sea, a few bags of bread, ten or twelve heakers of water, a compass, and a few other useful articles passed into her, when the captain was ordered over the side, his bonds having first been cut.

"But what do you intend to do with the ship, Reynolds?" inquired the skipper, in a wheedling tone.

"That is none of your business, sir. The boat is in waiting; get into her at once, and be off! It is my turn to play the tyrant now, you see."

"But my daughter Honoria—surely she is to share my fate."

"No, I war not with woman. Your daughter is locked up in her state-room. She shall not suffer for the sins of her father; I will be kind to her, and protect her with my life; but she cannot go with you in that open boat. I will not have her thus exposed. Should you ever live to reach your home, you may perchance see her again—otherwise you have looked your last upon her!"

The skipper and his mates were bundled over the side into the boat, and she immediately dropped astern, for the ship had been got before the wind again, and was now, notwithstanding the wreck of her fore-topmast, running off at the rate of eight knots an hour, so that the light craft in which Whinyates had been compelled to take passage, was soon lost in the distance.

Captain Whinyates, who was a thorough seaman, had been for a long time sailing out of New York, and by perseverance had risen to the command of an Indiaman. He was popular with his owners, for he always made quick trips, and seldom lost any spars or sails; but he was abhorred by the different crews who had sailed with him, and no man could be persuaded to go a second voyage with him. And yet this rough skipper had a daughter—a motherless girl, who was the very perfection of gentleness and Christian virtue, with a heart full of sensibility and affection, and a smile or kind word for all in distress. On this occasion, she had taken passage on board her father's vessel, thinking a sea voyage might prove pleasant to her, and she had often remonstrated with him against his harsh treatment of his crew, and warned him that his cruelty and tyranny would, ere long, be the

means of placing him in a most unenviable plight. Little did the poor girl know that her predictions were so soon to be verified.

Honoria Whinyates was now in her eighteenth year, and as fair to look upon as some drooping water-lily or modest rose blooming in the midst of some lonely wilderness. She had lost her mother when quite a child, and had, therefore, been left in a great measure to her own guidance; but her strong sense of propriety and her virtuous mind bore her through every difficulty, and she had arrived at the age of early womanhood without once straying from the path of rectitude. She was indeed a very charming girl, with a fair share of personal attractions, and a well-stored mind, which she lost no opportunity to cultivate.

Reynolds, having taken charge of the Indiaman, set the crew at work to clear away the wreck of the fore-topmast, and get up a new one, and then unlocked the doors at the head of the companion-way, and descended to the cabin. There he found the fair Honoria, pale, agitated and weeping.

"What was the meaning of all that noise and confusion on deck, a short time ago, and why was I fastened up in the cabin?" inquired she.

"Your father took it upon himself to strike me when I was at the helm; I returned it; the mates took his part, the crew took mine. The consequence was, that we overpowered them, put them in one of the catters, with a considerable quantity of bread and water, and set them adrift. And being master of the ship now, it is my desire to render you as comfortable as possible."

"How horrible!" exclaimed the fair young girl; "and my poor father adrift in an open boat in the midst of the wide ocean! What will become of him?"

"Give yourself no uneasiness, lady; the boat is right in the track of vessels bound to India; he will be most likely picked up before twenty-four hours have passed."

"My poor, poor father! I have often warned him what the ending would be; but he would not heed my advice. But little, little did I dream that my predictions were so soon to be realized. But what do you propose to do with the ship—what is to become of me?" And the young lady shuddered.

"You are safe with me, lady; I would not harm a hair of your head for the universe. You will be well taken care of and kindly treated; but as to what I am going to do with the ship, that is a thing which remains to be determined. My idea is, that I had better navigate her into Canton, where she was originally bound, and there give her up to her consignees. I am no pirate, lady."

"I am rejoiced to hear it. You could not do a more praiseworthy act than the one proposed."

"We shall see," quietly replied Reynolds; "and, in the meantime, make yourself as easy as you can under existing circumstances, and be assured that I will protect you from harm and insult at all hazards."

"You seem a kind-hearted young man; how could you have treated my father as you did?"

"Because he provoked me to it. A blow for a blow has always been my maxim. But I must now go on deck; the men require to be overlooked at their labors, and the weather looks somewhat threatening."

Saying this, young Reynolds bowed respectfully to Honoria, and took his departure.

"That is a singularly graceful youth," murmured the maiden, as the doors were closed behind him. "It seems a dreadful thing that poor father should have been cast adrift; but, still, I cannot help admiring the spirit of the young sailor. He is very handsome, too. How could father have assaulted him in the way he did?"

In the meantime, Reynolds had reached the deck, where he found all hands, with the exception of the man at the wheel, busily employed in clearing away the wreck of the fore-topmast, and getting ready to send up another. Casting his eyes around the horizon, he noticed that dark clouds were gathering in the west, and on going to the companion-way, he found that the barometer had fallen to an alarming degree.

"Come down out of the rigging, all of you!" cried he; "bear a hand and let's get sail off the ship. We're going to have a snifter from the south'ard and west'ard, or I'm much mistaken."

In an instant, all hands were busily employed. Sail after sail was taken in, but before the topsails could be reefed, the tempest, which had come down with terrible rapidity, burst upon them. All at once the air was darkened; torrents of rain came pouring down, and the storm king opened the ball with energy. The sails were torn from the yards as though they had been but shreds of gossamer; the masts, one after the other, went crashing over the side into the sea, and the ship darted off before the tremendous blast at the rate of fourteen knots an hour. The bravest held their breath with very awe; and as the vessel drove on before the wind, and over the mountain billows, no one knew where he was going or what was to be his fate. For sixteen hours the tempest continued with unabated fury; for sixteen hours did the helpless bark drive on, and then the storm began to break. Slowly did the scene lighten up; but what was the horror of every one on board, when, as the trembling craft rose to the crest of a surge, they beheld not more than two miles distant a small island, with a long ledge of rocks lying directly in front of it! The ship being entirely unmanageable, there seemed no doubt as to the fate that awaited all the crew, who gathered together on the fore-castle, and in a sort of gloomy, sullen despair, watched the surf breaking hundreds of feet in height over those great black rocks. Reynolds, having repaired to the cabin, in a few words explained to Honoria the situation of affairs, and they both went on deck, and the new captain lashed himself and the maiden to battens, on the top of the companion-way, where they stood in silence awaiting the moment when the ship should take the ground. In the meantime, the

stately craft was swept onward to inevitable destruction. Up she rose over one mountain billow, then down into the watery vale below—onward, still onward. At length she struck. A tremendous surge, like some great black mountain, came rolling onward, and tumbled down with the force of a hundred Niagaras upon the doomed Indianman. It was well for Reynolds and Honoria that the former had taken the precaution to lash them to the companion-way. As the briny surge burst over the ship, it swept away at one fell swoop every man of the crew who had neglected to secure themselves; while the little house, on which sat the youth and the maiden, was burst from its lashings, and floated off over the tremendous surges towards the shore. Light as a cork, it drifted in nearer and nearer, each succeeding swell carrying it upon its broad back still closer, until at length it was dashed with great violence high up on the sandy beach!

To ent adrift the lashings, which had secured himself and Honoria upon that frail support, was the work of an instant, when, seizing her in his arms, Reynolds bore her up the beach to a place of safety, just as a huge comb, whose undertow would have inevitably swept them away, broke with a horrid crash over the very spot where the companion-way had been lashed! Exhausted with his efforts, and worn out with fatigue and excitement, the youth had no sooner borne his charge to a place of safety than he sunk down in a deep swoon upon the sands, where he lay, so pale, so wan and ghastly, that, for some moments, Honoria imagined his spirit had taken its upward flight.

While lying in that helpless condition, the shirt sleeve of the young sailor became opened by the action of the wind, and Honoria espied upon his arm the form of a Greek cross, pricked with indelible ink; and when, at length, he became conscious, she mentioned the discovery, and wished him to inform her what it meant. But he evaded her inquiries, and hastily drawing his sleeve over the mark, turned the conversation into another channel.

"Well, there lies the last of the poor old Indianman," said Reynolds, pointing to some fragments of the wreck that had drifted on shore. "Who would have thought that events of so much magnitude could have grown out of that act of tyranny on the part of your father?"

"Alas! I fear that my poor parent has dearly paid for his hasty temper. He must have perished in the storm."

"Perhaps so; if he has, he has no one to blame but himself, and all the crew have shared his fate."

"Yes, every man of them. We were, indeed, saved by a miracle."

"Yes; had I not taken the precaution to pass that lashing around us, when we seated ourselves upon the companion-way, it would have been a clew up and a furl with us for this world. But come, I am in a great measure recovered from my indisposition. The sea air is cold and raw; let us proceed farther inland, and see what kind of a place we have stumbled upon."

"With all my heart," replied Honoria; and rising to their feet, the two shipwrecked persons slowly took their way towards the interior of the island.

A little back from the seashore it was a bright and lovely spot, green and picturesque, and abounding in tropical fruits of every description. The birds sang from the branches of the great trees of the almost impervious forests, and when the storm which had wrecked the Indianman had died away, the skies were of a lovely azure, such as are seldom met with in our less favored clime. And yet this lovely little island was uninhabited. The ship, driven from her track by the fury of the storm, had been wrecked upon a spot unknown to navigators—where the adventurous keel of the hardy mariner had never chanced to come.

Reynolds at once set about procuring a place of shelter. Contrary to his expectation, he did not succeed in finding a cave of any kind upon the island, and so after considerable labor, and with the aid of tools which he was enabled to gather from the wreck of the Indianman when the storm had subsided, he built a small house with two snug apartments—one for himself, the other for Honoria. As we before mentioned, the island furnished a great abundance of tropical fruits of every description, so that the two young persons were not troubled to obtain the means of subsistence, and there they lived on for months, happy in each other's society, as they could be under existing circumstances, and every day learning to prize each other more highly.

The reader, we think, will be at no loss to conjecture the result of this adventure. Reynolds was scrupulously delicate in all his conduct towards the young lady, and by constant kindness and affection, added to the isolated and singular condition in which she was placed, soon succeeded in winning her affection. Still, no advantage was taken by Reynolds of her helpless state; but he patiently awaited the time when he might call her his without a stain upon the fair escutcheon of her fame.

About thirteen months after the wreck of the Indianman, as Honoria and the young sailor were standing by the sea side, looking off over the silent expanse of waters, a ship bore in sight, and it was not long ere it was discovered that she was standing for the island. As she drew nearer, Reynolds was wild with excitement, for he perceived that she was a frigate, and that she wore the tricolor of his native land, La Belle France! Soon the noble ship came to an anchor outside the line of reefs; her boats were lowered down, and pulled to the shore, where the commander resolved to plant his flag, and take possession in the name of the king, as the first discoverer.

Reynolds and Honoria at once made themselves known to the officer in charge of the boats, narrating the particulars of the shipwreck, without mentioning any of the events that had occurred previously, and were taken on board the frigate "Hermione," of sixty guns.

But here a new surprise awaited Honoria. The commander of

that gallant ship scrutinized the face of Reynolds for a few moments in silence, and then cried out in a tone of amazement:

"Do my eyes deceive me? or is this really the young Count D'Hermance?"

"I am, indeed, he," replied Reynolds, "and to prove to you my identity, behold upon my arm this Greek cross, which all our family have stamped in a similar manner upon their flesh."

"You are indeed the count; but how in the name of wonder came you here in such a plight?"

"I was bound to Martinique in a ship of war, when we were wrecked, and every soul save myself perished. Clinging to a broken spar, I was picked up by a ship bound to New York, where I was landed in a penniless condition, and having a curiosity to see something of life, I shipped before the mast on board an Indianman, and was again wrecked upon yonder island, from which you rescued me."

"Wonderful—most wonderful! But now let us hear all your adventures in detail."

Honoria did not love her young companion the less when she found that he was of noble blood, and ere the ship arrived in the East Indies, whither she was bound, the two young people were united in marriage by the chaplain of the frigate, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic church. As for the boat in which the tyrannical skipper had been turned adrift in the midst of the Indian Ocean, it is to be presumed that she perished in the storm that wrecked the Indianman, for nothing more was ever heard of her.

OF COMETS.

With our present imperfect knowledge of the nature of the matter of which these bodies are composed, it is not to be expected that we can gain a clear insight into the laws of the forces exercised upon it, through which the envelope and tail are formed. The nucleus, or more condensed part of the head, appears to possess the power of throwing off towards the sun a portion of the cometic atmosphere, which, before it can attain any great distance from the nucleus, is driven backward in two streams passing on either side of the head, and ultimately blending into one to form the tail. This repulsive energy must very far exceed the force of gravitation. Generally speaking, the axis of the tail preserves a rectilinear form throughout the greater part of its length, a curvature of the extremity being only occasionally seen, and probably attributable to the failure of the repulsive force, and the gradual effect of a resisting medium upon these distant and exceedingly rare portions of the train. The disappearance of the tail, as the comet recedes from the sun, may be owing either to its being attracted into the nucleus as that luminary loses its power upon it, or it may be partly dispersed in the surrounding space. In the case of bodies like comets, moving through the planetary spaces in every direction, it cannot be denied that there is a possibility of the earth's coming in collision with one of them in the lapse of time; but we are able to show, from legitimate reasoning, that the chance of such a catastrophe is very small indeed. M. Arago has calculated that the probability against it is greater than 250,000,000 to one. We know that the earth had one or two narrow escapes within the last two centuries, as in 1680 and 1832, when comets crossed the plane of the ecliptic almost on the path of our globe; though at these times we were, perhaps, fortunately removed many millions of miles from the dangerous part of the orbit. The comet of 1770 has approached nearer to us than any other of those bodies whose elements have been sufficiently well determined. On the 1st of July it was distant from the earth only 363 terrestrial semi-diameters, or 1,438,000 miles. The great comets of 837, 1402, and 1472, must have come within a very short distance from our globe; and another very small one, which was observed by Flaugergues, in 1826, seems to have made a close apulse. Others mention several which have crossed the ecliptic at points not far removed from the annual track of the earth. The comet of 1684 approached within 216 terrestrial semi-diameters; that of 1805, 261; that of 1742, 351; and that of 1779, 347.—*Hind's Treatise on Comets.*

THE WOODPECKER'S TREASURES.

A late writer of a work on California, gives some curious facts in relation to the treasures laid up by the woodpecker in that country. He says:—"In stripping of the bark, I observed it perforated with holes larger than those which a musket bullet would make, spaced with most accurate precision, as if bored under the guidance of a rule and compass, and many of them filled most neatly with acorns. Earlier in the season, I remarked the holes in nearly all the softer timber, but imagining they were caused by wood insects, I did not stop to examine or inquire; but now, finding them studded with acorns firmly fixed in, which I knew could not have been driven there by the wind, I sought for an explanation, which was practically given me by Captain S's, pointing out a flock of woodpeckers busily and noisily employed in the provident task of securing their winter's provisions. It appears that the sagacious bird is not all the time thoughtlessly engaged "tapping the hollow beech tree" for the mere idle purpose of empty sound, but spends its summer season in picking those holes, in which it lays its store of food for the winter, where the elements can neither affect it nor place it beyond their reach; and it is considered a sure omen that the sooty period is approaching when these birds commence stowing away their acorns, which otherwise might be covered by its fall. I frequently paused from my chopping to watch them in my neighborhood, with the acorns in their bills, half-clawing, half-flying round the tree, and to admire the adroitness with which they tried it at different holes till they found one of its exact calibre; when inserting the pointed end, they tapped it home most artistically with their beaks, and flew down for another. But their natural instinct is even more remarkable in the choice of the nuts, which you will invariably find sound; whereas it is a matter of impossibility, in selecting them for roasting, to pick up a batch that will not have half of them unfit for use, the most safe and polished-looking very frequently containing a large grub generated within. Even the wily Indian, with all his craft and experience, is unable to arrive at anything like an unerring selection, while in a large bag full that we took from the bark of our log, there was not one containing the slightest germ of decay. They never encroach on their packed store till all on the surface are covered, when they resort to those in the bark."—*Home Gazette.*

There are people from whom we secretly shrink, whom we would personally avoid, though reason confesses that they are good people; there are others with faults of temper, etc., evident enough, beset whom we live content, as if the air about them did us good.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

G O F F E.

BY MRS. L. H. SHOURNEY.

[Goffe, who with two other regicide judges arrived in Boston in the summer of 1690, made for sometime his abode in a cave, at West Rock, New Haven, Conn. Afterwards, he is supposed to have been sheltered in the house of a minister at Hadley, Mass. A letter from him bears the date of April, 1693, from "Ebenzer," as he styled his hiding-place. Whitley died several years before this period, and lived several after. The graves of all three are in the burying-ground, in the rear of the Centre Church, New Haven.]

'Twas in the old colonial time,
Two hundred years ago,
That a strange and grimly man was seen,
With locks as white as snow,—
While a bushy beard, that was never drest,
Hung elf-like over his withered breast.

He dwelt in a cave in the mountain-side,
Which Nature's hands had scooped;
Dripping and chill was its rock-barred vault
Where murky shadows drooped;
And they spoke with awe who had ventured nigh,
Of the terrible light in his wizard eye.

And thither the bear would sometimes roam,
Or the rattlesnake wind his horn,
Or the panther watch through the live-long night,
But hasten away at morn;
While the Indian hunter stayed his bow
At the sight of that man of age and woe.

Full many a legend the nurses told,
The wayward child to scare,
Of the horrible creature who lived alone,
Like a lion in his lair;
Who had no fire 'neath the coldest sky,
Save the torch that burned in his sleepless eye.

And how, when wild from crag to crag
The rattling thunder fled,
He stood at the door of his cave and laughed,
And shook his hoary head,
As though the warring storm and he
Well liked each other's company.

And how he played with the lightning's spear,
And groined on the hollow blast,
Yet spoke no word to man, but held
Some awful secret fast;
And might not, they said, kneel down to pray,
For a headless monarch barred the way.

But once, when the bold ones climbed the cliff
With its steep and rocky stair,
And dared to enter his dismal den,
They found it empty and bare;
Yet shuddering searched, lest his muttering tone
Should turn the listener's ear to stone.

And then, in the home of a holy man
Where Holy oaks towers in pride,
That strange and spectral form was seen
With noiseless step to glide;
And rumor said—though the sunbeam played,
No sign it gave, and no shadow made.

But still within that quiet home
The inmates knew no dread
When that mysterious being stole
To lonely mead or bed;
And the babe in its innocence felt no fear
At the sight of that guest so ghastly and drear.

For there the prayer of faith went up
At morn and eventide,
And Christ's dear love had living root
To shelter and to guide;
And he who weareth such blessed charm,
No power of evil can work him harm.

At length, near the base of that mountain rude,
Where his earliest haunt was made,
And where the City of Elms unfolds
Its beauty of light and shade,—
That stranger slept, in the churchyard clay,
But who made his grave there is none to say.

CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

A striking instance of the mutability of human affairs has recently occurred in the person of a stoker on board her majesty's ship *Valorous*, lying at this port. By some *contretemps* the individual who has now fallen so unexpectedly into the lap of fortune, has been condemned by the fickle goddess to pass his life up to the present moment in the humble and obscure position of a stoker, or fireman, the immense property of which he has now, it is said, become the inheritor, having been lying in the Chancery Court for many years. A few days ago, this begrimed and sooty son of Neptune was visited on board the said vessel, we are told, by a gentleman, who, after making the necessary inquiries, communicated to the object of his visit the astounding intelligence that he was entitled to the Earldom of Stockport, and the immense property attached to the title, of the value of some £34,000 per annum. The feelings of the poor fellow, on learning the almost incredible transformation that had taken place in his affairs, may readily be imagined. We hear that the hero of this "romance of real life" immediately departed for London, in company with the gentleman alluded to, in order to complete the necessary arrangements previous to taking possession of his enormous wealth and "new-born" honors.—*Devonport Telegraph.*

DR. JOHNSON AND BURKE.

Dr. Johnson's fame now rests principally upon Boswell. It is impossible not to be amused with such a book. But his *how-was* manner must have had a good deal to do with the effect produced; for one, I suppose, will set Johnson before Burke, and Burke was a great and universal talker; yet now we hear nothing of this, except by some chance remarks in Boswell. The fact is, Burke, like all men of genius who love to talk at all, was very discursive and continuous; hence he is not reported; he seldom said the sharp, short things that Johnson always did, which produce a more decided effect at the moment, and which are so much more easy to carry off.—*Coleridge.*

Types of Mind; or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 12...BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.

Practical Men.

New York June 30th 1814

Dear Sir

I am building a steam vessel grow
to carry 24 long 32 pounders and use only red hot shot.
she is intended in the first experiments for harbour
defence; having locomotion, she can on a calm ply
round an enemy. take favorable positions, and
such advantages as it is hoped will render her
of great Utility. I enclose you a small notice of the
invention Compliments to my friends Parker
Fugère, and Volney, and believe me

Respectfully yours

Robert Fulton



ROBERT FULTON's name is prominently identified with that practical science to which we are indebted for those new applications of principles which, from time to time, change the social and business relations of the world. Our artist has accurately copied, with the portrait of Fulton, a drawing of his first steamboat—the parent of the leviathans that now challenge the world to

compete with them, as they traverse the mighty deep. It was one hundred feet long, twelve feet wide, and seven feet deep, and while on the stocks at New York, was known as the "Fulton folly." His autography, although decided, is not uniform, and we find that at different periods of his life, he was engaged in a variety of pursuits, besides his regular profession of portrait painting. He

projected the first panorama ever exhibited in Paris, and invented several schemes for approaching hostile vessels under water, and fixing destructive torpedoes to their keels. No monument is erected to his memory—but every paddle-wheel—whether on the broad ocean or in some small inland river—beats from the conquered element a chant of homage to his memory.

WILLIAM PENN

Edward Jenner

Charles Dickens

WILLIAM PENN is a type of that practical sect, the "Friends," and of those noble spirits who laid the broad foundation of our Republic, in the solitude of the wilderness, and among all the hardships of a new world.

EDWARD JENNER, in discovering vaccination, placed his name at the head of practical science, and made a contribution to humanity which has only been approached by Dr. Morton, in the discovery of the pain-destroying properties of ether.

CHARLES DICKENS is emphatically a practical author—one who paints those around us so vividly, that the mental illusion is as complete as words can make it. His hand is bold, somewhat supercilious, and given to an occasional eccentric flourish.

Samuel Slater
John Jacob Astor

John Hancock
W. Biddle

Abbott Lawrence
George Law
Stephen Girard

SAMUEL SLATER, coming from England in 1789, introduced cotton spinning machines into this country, resolving population into new combinations, and causing cities to spring up throughout the land, which echoes with the dizzy whirl of the spindle, the rattling of the shuttle, and the busy hum of industry.

NICHOLAS BIDDLE, at one time, was at the head of a banking institution which openly defied the President, but which soon fell from its high estate. His autography is nervous, decided, but sadly contracted.

JOHN HANCOCK and ABBOTT LAWRENCE, "solid men of Boston," are distinguished by their success in business, and by the dignity with which they ever discharged those civil and social duties, to which they were called by their fellow-citizens. Mercantile pride and enlarged patriotism are ever combined, and commercial men, who have taken good care of their own affairs, ever make sound, practical statesmen. Prompt in public matters as in private business, there is no mistaking their clear views, or their independent, characteristic autography.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR and STEPHEN GIRARD could probably have furnished autographs, during the closing years of their lives, unrivalled in pecuniary value. Their names are held in respect by practical men, not only for their business success, but for their honorable integrity, and their inflexible uprightness of conduct.

GEORGE LAW, one of the "steam kings" of New York, is one of those practical money-makers, whose speculations become an object of national pride and of national prosperity. His "slashing," yet marked autography, is typical of his restless ambition.

J. S. Skinner

J. S. Fessenden

A. A. Downing

Agricultural benefactors, though last in our selections, are by no means least in the grateful affection with which the nation cherishes the memories of her useful sons. J. S. SKINNER, the founder of agricultural periodical literature, was ably seconded by T. G. FESSENDEN (the "caustic poet"), who followed his example by establishing the New England Farmer at Boston. The Rev. HENRY COLEMAN, by his researches at home and abroad, and Judge BUELL by his able writings, could each proudly claim often to have "made two blades of grass grow where one grew before." And DOWNING, the great landscape gardener and rural architect of our Republic, has left behind him many a monument.

Henry Coleman
J. Buell

Here endeth this series of "Types of Mind," and the compiler can but express a parting hope that they have not only interested autographers, but enabled many other readers of the Pictorial to form a more correct idea of the wisest, the bravest and the worthiest of past periods, as well as many who are widely separated from us in the present. No pains have been spared by the munificent proprietor of this periodical, to serve them up in an attractive form at the fair "feast of reason" which he weekly spreads for the public, and if the purveyor of this department has failed in his selections, the plates have been attractive, and the preparation faultless.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

DR. GEORGE W. BUNGAY,
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MISS ANNE T. WILBUR,
ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER,
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JACOB E. CURTIS HIVE,
MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY,
REBECCA R. PIERCE.

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"Russia and the Russians," No. III., by ANNE T. WILBUR.
"The Log and the Stone House," a story, by REV. HENRY BACON.
"The Black Vicer," a story, by MRS. SOPHONIA CURNIER.
"After the Resurrection," verses, by EDWARD STAGO.
"Lines on the Death of the President's Son," by WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.
"Taking Advice," a poem, by PUGBEE CAREY.
"Love's First Dream," verses, by MRS. SARAH E. DAWES.
"An Old Story," in verse, by MRS. L. H. SIOURNEY.
"O, what do the Birds say?" a poem, by REV. SIDNEY DYER.
"There is no Solitude," verses, by R. A. NICHOLSON.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

One of the most singular optical illusions is that called "mirage," which presents the image of water in sandy deserts; or of a village in a desert, as if built on a lake; also of objects on the earth or sea, as if elevated into the air. It may not be generally known that in various parts of our western country the phenomenon of mirage is frequently seen. At the head of Lake Superior, sail vessels, which are really thirty miles off, are seen flapping and bellying about almost within touch. Turreted islands look heady and toppling toward the zenith. Forests seem to leap from their stems, and go soaring like thistles for the very sport of it. The Chippewas call the country "the spirit, or enchanted land." An officer writing from the Arkansas region, 140 miles from Council Grove, says:

"Looking forward in the distance, one could swear that a beautiful lake, surrounded by tall trees, would soon be arrived at, where we could camp under refreshing shade, and bathe in pure and delightful water—an illusion, however, soon dissipated, as mile after mile showed the same interminable waste, with no friendly tree to rest the eye upon; nothing but the droves of buffalo and an occasional antelope to break in upon the monotony of the scenery. The buffalo, when at a great distance in advance, would seem like elephants 'looming up' enormously."

FOR SALE.—We have a Taylor Cylinder Press, but little used, and in perfect running order, which we desire to sell. The cost of the press was over \$2700, but it will be sold at a great discount to make room for other machinery. The bed of the press is of the largest size, measuring 44 by 56 inches, and is capable of some 1500 good impressions per hour. An opportunity which rarely occurs is thus offered to any one to supply themselves with such a press, at a very low cost.

SPLINTERS.

.... The bearded lady is soon to exhibit herself in Boston. We shall give a full length likeness of her next week.

.... The city of Mexico, with 60,000 population, supports but one apothecary's shop. Persons are rarely ill there!

.... A waggish editor wants to know if an action of assault and battery will lie when a man is "struck" with astonishment.

.... The good people of New Bedford are about to get up a very fine public library. This is a good idea.

.... A bottle of excellent wine, made last fall at Los Angeles in California, has been sent to President Pierce.

.... Mr. Alfred Jaell, the accomplished pianist, we understand, is soon to return to Europe. Mr. Jaell is a great artist.

.... Boston has now in its environs four cemeteries, embracing in all upwards of three hundred and fifty acres of land.

.... Grace Greenwood says that she never witnessed such extreme and universal cruelty to animals as in the city of Rome.

.... Dr. Warren of Boston, and Dr. Mott of New York, have been elected members of the French Academy of Medicine.

.... Professor Agassiz has been lecturing very successfully in the Southern cities, lately. He is a profound and polished scholar.

.... The glory of a good man is the testimony of a good conscience; have that and thou wilt have peace amidst all thy troubles.

.... There are six bishoprics of the English Church in Australia, and two more are to be soon added.

.... The subscription for the Tom Hood monument is closed, and one will be at once erected of an appropriate character.

.... Hon. Calhoun Lyons, of Lyonsdale, is in Paris, where he attracts marked attention, as he is certain to do everywhere.

.... Lamartine's friends have proposed to raise a national subscription for him, which the poet has, however, declined.

.... President Pierce has a pew in Rev. John A. Smith's New School Presbyterian Church, in Washington.

.... It is considered praise to say of a man born to wealth, that he might have been something if it had not been for his fortune.

.... It appears that there are nearly 2500 sons of Maine resident in this city. Something of a family.

HOTELS IN BOSTON.

The good people of Boston are beginning to awaken to the importance of improvements of all kinds; the city is expanding to the south, towards Roxbury, the only point where it is capable of extension, with a rapidity that is absolutely marvellous. The large tract in the south of Charles Street, so long called a "Public Garden," without much propriety, is soon, we trust, to be beautified, according to the plan we had the honor of submitting to the public, a few weeks since, in the pages of the Pictorial. Splendid blocks of stores are usurping the places of the low, unsightly edifices that formerly supplied the purposes of trade; Washington Street is to be relieved from the pressure of the tide of population that circulates through it, by the introduction of the railway on a parallel avenue; and, finally, a magnificent theatre and opera house, intended as an accompaniment to the new Musical Hall, is to be erected. But while we are increasing the attractiveness of the city,—while railroads, steamships, and steamboats, are pouring a continual tide of floating population into our limits, we are behind-hand in the means of accommodating this vast living influx.

The want of sufficient accommodation has driven thousands of our citizens into the surrounding villages; but we cannot serve strangers in this inhospitable manner. They come to see the city by night as well as by day; to transact their business in the forenoon, and in the afternoon, and in the evening to seek recreation at the various exhibitions, theatres, concerts, and the like. We have provided the usual entertainment for "man and beast," but have forgotten the "lodging." We hear sad tales of way-worn travellers arriving by late boats and trains, and finding no pillow whereon to lay their weary heads. We have even heard of some being turned over to the tender mercies of the watchmen. Who can conceive of a more unpleasant situation, than that which a gentleman finds himself in, on arriving at Boston, with no place wherein he can find the means of sleep? A cot in a corner of the dining or reading-room, at a crack hotel, in company with thirty or forty other victims, is certainly better than sleeping in the open air, and still is not exactly the thing; and as to what the ladies do, we are at a loss to divine.

In New York, they have contrived to keep pace with the pressure of the times; and yet the hotels are always crowded there. The Metropolitan, large enough in itself to accommodate a township, turned away applicants for rooms, twenty-four hours after its opening. The Astor, Delmonico's, the American, Howard, the Carlton, the St. Denis, the St. Nicholas, the Prescott House, the Clarendon, and a dozen others, are constantly overflowing. Besides which, the hundreds of other houses that are erected on streets running at right angles with the great thoroughfare, Broadway, are always full. Now, in proportion to its population, Boston has not nearly such good hotels and accommodations for the traveller as New York. Here there are thousands of families who will not forego the attractions and advantages of a town residence; who cannot pay the enormous rents commanded by eligible houses, and who are thus forced to live in hotels. Large and well managed hotels in Boston have always been successful; there is no speculation which pays better, even at the present inflated prices of provisions.

It is candidly our belief that half a dozen large first-class hotels are absolutely needed in Boston, in addition to the present means of accommodation. Any extraordinary occasion, such as the railroad jubilee, the religious anniversaries, the fourth of July, and the like, produces a very strong evidence of the want of more good public houses. We look every day to see such advertisements as the following:—"Strayed away in search of a lodging—an elderly gentleman, with a purple nose and striped carpet bag;" or, "Taken up adrift—a forlorn old lady, in green specs and a gray poplin; the proprietor can have the same by proving property and paying charges!" Really, if we cannot have more hotels, we ought to establish pounds, or barracoons, in which these unfortunate strays might be secured and fed at the public charge, until their friends came and removed them from our inhospitable city.

EARLY INFLUENCES.—LINNÆUS was the son of a poor Swedish clergyman. His father had a little flower-garden, in which he cultivated all the choice flowers which his means of taste could select. Into the flower-garden he introduced his little son from infancy; and this little garden undoubtedly created the taste in this child which afterwards made him the first botanist and naturalist of his age, if not of his race.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Esq.—This popular writer and regular contributor to the Pictorial has been appointed confidential clerk to Mr. Collector Peaslee, of the Custom House, in this city. Mr. Durivage couples with the soundest ability a most industrious habit, and richly merits the compliment of this appointment.

VOLUME FIRST, BOUND.—We have been for some time engaged in reprinting our first volume uniformly with the present style of the Pictorial, and shall have it ready for delivery by next week.

QUERY.—If truth is at the bottom of the well, why sink the wells so deep? An Artesian well has been sunk to the depth of 1509 feet at St. Louis. A deep dive for truth.

A PRESENT.—George Steers, the young ship-builder, has prepared a model of his celebrated yacht America for presentation to the Emperor of Russia.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT.—Watson Freeman has been appointed U. S. Marshal for this District, vice Charles Devens.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. S. H. Winkley, Mr. Horatio Blanchard to Miss Eliza Presby; Mr. William S. Hanley to Miss Elizabeth B. Gordon.
By Rev. Edward Cooke, Mr. James Coggin, of Boston, to Miss Serena A. Clossen, of Bluehill, Me.
At Roxbury, Mr. Charles Edward Pike, of Boston, to Miss Mary Helen Bowles, of Roxbury.
At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Alfred Friend, of Salem, to Miss Sarah A. Patterson, of Danvers.
At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Appleton, Mr. David S. Osborne, of Detroit, Mich., to Miss Lucy A. Colby, of Danvers.
At Marblehead, Mr. Robert Lindsey to Miss Polly Allen; Mr. Benjamin Sweet to Miss Lucy LeFavore.
At Manchester, Mr. Philip M. Cross, of Beverly, to Miss Nancy J. Noyes, of Salem.
At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Collyer, Mr. Stephen Young, of Starks, Me., to Miss Sophia Blanchard, of Lowell.
At Newburyport, Mr. Stephen A. Corey to Miss Amanda B. Cole; Mr. Abraham Sawyer to Miss Sarah Hooker.
At Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. Joseph C. Perkins, of Concord, to Miss Anne E. Hadley; Mr. John H. Bowles, of New York, to Miss Frances Louisa Ham.
At Saco, Me., Mr. Franklin Hamilton to Miss Sarah Thornton, daughter of the late Hon. John Fairfield.

DEATHS

In this city, Mrs. Elizabeth Eveleth, wife of Mr. Joseph Eveleth; Mr. D. Wilmot Belyea, 32; Mrs. Susan J. Payson, 34; Mr. Benjamin Sumner, 76; Henry G. Rice, Esq., 69; Miss Ellenor Temple, 47; Miss Caroline Frances V. Gray, 19; Mrs. Rebecca Brooks, 54; James Phillips, Esq., 86; Mr. Walter A. Lovjoy, 20. Mrs. Jane Smith, 79.
At East Boston, Mr. Jonathan Prescott, 92.
At Charlestown, Mrs. Sarah C. Thurston, 26.
At East Cambridge, Mrs. Rachel M. Carpenter, 24.
At Plymouth, Mr. Levi Barnes, 64; Miss Eliza Jolly, 25.
At Chelsea, Mr. Eli Vezzie, 77.
At Malden, Mr. Ezra Holdeo, 71.
At Lynn, Mrs. Susan C. Kendall, 23.
At Waltham, Mr. Joseph Ayres, Jr., 61.
At Lexington, Mrs. Isabella L., wife of Mr. Sullivan Wellington, 25.
At Dedham, Mrs. Jane P., wife of Thomas Wakefield, Esq., 22.
At Haverhill, Mrs. Sarah L., wife of Mr. Elijah C. Mitchell, 52.
At Ware, Mr. William Brakenridge, 55; Mrs. Lucinda, widow of the late Mr. Calvin Morse, 70.
At Cambridge, Drister Pierce, colored, exact age not known, said to be 100. He was formerly a slave in Worcester county, Mass.
At Pittsfield, Mrs. Elizabeth Durant, 101 years 9 months 17 days.
At New Bedford, Mr. James L. Pierce, 45.

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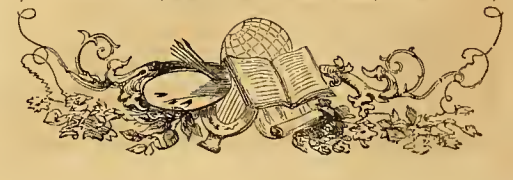
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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ANNISQUAM.*

BY DR. GEORGE W. EUNOAT.

Lead me thy unpoetic name
Grim granite mound,
And give my humble verses fame,
When underground
Shall moulder in the dust for aye
The feeble hand
That writes these limping lines to-day,
Like marks on sand.

For when the work of mortal hands
Shall fall in dust,
The mason-work of God will stand
Firm as at first;
Bald monarch of the hills so bare,
Thy naked form
Shrinks not beneath the lightning's glare,
Or thunder storm.

The frowning storm had just begun
Its wrath to wreak,
When from his chamber came the sun
To kiss thy cheek;
Around thee, hoary winter raves;
And flings his sleet;
Before thee, ocean's chanting waves
Kneel at thy feet.

Above, the soaring eagle flies,
Undazed by light,
Like fancy soaring to the skies
With tireless flight;
The night queen in her silver car
Is known to thee,—
So is the radiant evening star
That gems the sea.

No wild flower gems thy granite breast,
Where mosses grow;
No wild bird builds her soft round nest
Upon thy brow.
Unmated, lone, and stern thou art,
Unwedded block;
Old bachelor of hills, whose heart
Is solid rock.

Thou art a teacher, stern old rock,
Down by the sea,
Where the blue billows love to flock
And worship thee.
O, may my hopes in truth abide,
Just like the
Moss clinging to thy rugged side
Eternally.

* A rocky promontory at Cape Ann.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

GOING DOWN HILL.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"THAT looks bad," exclaimed farmer White, with an expressive shake of the head, as he passed a neglected garden and broken down fences, in one of his daily walks.

"Bad enough," was the reply of the companion to whom the remark was addressed. "Neighbor Thompson appears to be running down hill pretty fast. I can remember the time when everything around his little place was trim and tidy."

"It is quite the contrary now," returned the farmer. "House, out-buildings, and grounds all show the want of the master's care. I am afraid Thompson is in the downward path."

"He always appeared to be a steady, industrious man," rejoined the second speaker. "I have a pair of boots on my feet at this moment, of his make, and they have done me good service."

"I have generally employed him for myself and family," was the reply, "and I must confess that he is a good workman; but nevertheless, I believe I shall step into Jack Smith's this morning and order a pair of boots, of which I stand in need. I always make it a rule never to patronize those who appear to be running behind hand. There is generally some risk in helping those who do not try to help themselves."

"Very true, and as my wife desired me to see about a pair of shoes for her this morning, I will follow your example and call upon Smith. He is no great favorite of mine, however,—an idle, quarrelsome fellow."

"And yet he seems to be getting ahead in the world," answered the farmer, "and I am willing to give him a lift. But I have an errand at the butcher's. Step in with me for a moment. I will not detain you."

At the butcher's they met the neighbor who had been the subject of their previous conversation. He certainly presented rather a shabby appearance, and in his choice of meat there was a regard to economy which did not escape the observation of farmer White.

After a few passing remarks, the poor shoemaker took his departure, and the butcher opened his account book with a somewhat anxious air, saying, as he charged the bit of meat:

"I believe it is time that neighbor Thompson and I came to a settlement. Short accounts make long friends."

"No time to lose, I should say," remarked the farmer.

"Indeed! Have you heard of any trouble, neighbor White?"

"No, I have heard nothing; but a man has the use of his own eyes, you know; and I never trust any one with my money who is evidently going down hill."

"Quite right; and I will send in my bill this evening. I have

only delayed on account of the sickness which the poor man has had in his family all winter. I suppose he must have run behind-hand a little, but still I must take care of number one."

"Speaking of Thompson, are you?" observed a bystander, who appeared to take an interest in the conversation. "Going down hill, is he? I must look out for myself, then. He owes me quite a snug sum for leather. I did intend to give him another month's credit; but, on the whole, I guess the money would be safer in my own pocket."

Here the four worthies separated, each with his mind filled with the affairs of neighbor Thompson, the probability that he was going down hill, and the best way of giving him a push.

In another part of the little village, similar scenes were passing.

"I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Bennett, the dress-maker, to a favorite assistant, as she hastily withdrew her head from the window whence she had been gazing on the passers by. "If there is not Mrs. Thompson, the shoemaker's wife, coming up the steps with a parcel in her hand. She wants to engage me to do her spring work, I suppose, but I think it would be a venture. Every one says they are running down hill, and it is a chance if I ever get my pay."

"She always has paid us promptly," was the reply.

"True, but that was in the days of her prosperity. I cannot afford to run any risks."

The entrance of Mrs. Thompson prevented farther conversation.

She was evidently surprised at the refusal of Mrs. Bennett to do any work for her, but as great pressure of business was pleaded as an excuse, there was nothing to be said, and she soon took leave. Another application proved equally unsuccessful. It was strange how busy the village dressmakers had suddenly become.

On her way home, the poor shoemaker's wife met the teacher of a small school in the neighborhood, where two of her children attended.

"Ah! Mrs. Thompson, I am glad to see you," was the salutation. "I was about calling at your house. Would it be convenient to settle our little account this afternoon?"

"Our account!" was the surprised reply. "Surely, the term has not yet expired!"

"Only half of it, but my present rule is, to collect my money at that time. It is a plan which many teachers have adopted of late."

"I was not aware that there had been any change in your rules, and I have made arrangements to meet the bill at the usual time. I fear it will not be in my power to do so sooner."

The countenance of the teacher showed great disappointment, and as she passed on in a different direction, she muttered to herself:

"Just as I expected. I shall never get a cent. Everybody says that they are going down hill. I must get rid of the children in some way. Perhaps I may get a pair of shoes or two for payment for the half quarter, if I manage right, but it will never do to go on in this way."

A little discomposed by her interview with the teacher, Mrs. Thompson stepped into a neighboring grocery to purchase some trifling article of family stores.

"I have a little account against you. Will it be convenient for Mr. Thompson to settle it this evening?" asked the civil shopkeeper, as he produced the desired article.

"Is it his usual time for settling?" was again the surprised inquiry.

"Well, not exactly, but money is very tight just now, and I am anxious to get in all that is due me. In future, I intend keeping short accounts. There is your little bill, if you would like to look at it. I will call around this evening. It is but a small affair."

"Thirty dollars is no small sum to us just now," thought Mrs. Thompson, as she thoughtfully pursued her way towards home. "It seems strange that all these payments must be met just now, while we are struggling to recover from the heavy expenses of the winter. I cannot understand it."

Her perplexity was increased upon finding her husband with two bills in his hand, and a countenance expressive of anxiety and concern.

"Look, Mary," he said, as she entered. "Here are two unexpected calls for money—one from the doctor, and the other from the dealer in leather from whom I purchased my last stock. They are both very urgent for immediate payment, although they have always been willing to wait a few months until I could make arrangements to meet their claims. But misfortunes never come single, and if a man once gets a little behindhand, trouble seems to pour in upon him."

"Just so," replied the wife. "The neighbors think we are going down hill, and every one is ready to give us a push. Here are two more bills for you—one from the grocer and the other from the teacher."

Reply was prevented by a knock at the door, and the appearance of a lad who presented a neatly folded paper and disappeared.

"The butcher's account, as I live!" exclaimed the astonished shoemaker. "What is to be done, Mary? So much money to be paid out, and very little coming in; for some of my best customers have left me, although my work has always given satisfaction. If I could only have as much employment as usual, and the usual credit allowed me, I could soon satisfy all these claims; but to meet them now is impossible, and the acknowledgment of my inability will send us still farther on the downward path."

"We must do our best, and trust in Providence," was the consolatory remark of his wife, as a second knock at the door aroused the fear that another claimant was about to appear.

But the benevolent countenance of uncle Joshua, a rare, but ever welcome visitor, presented itself.

Seating himself in the comfortable chair which Mary hastened to hand him, he said, in his somewhat eccentric, but friendly manner:

"Well, good folks, I understand that the world does not go quite as well with you as formerly. What is the trouble?"

"There need be no trouble, sir," was the reply, "if men would not try to add to the afflictions which the Almighty sees to be necessary for us. The winter was a trying one. We met with sickness and misfortunes, which we endeavored to bear with patience. All would now go well, if those around me were not determined to push me in the downward path."

"But there lies the difficulty, friend Thompson. This is a selfish world. Everybody, or at least a great majority, care only for number one. If they see a poor neighbor going down hill, their first thought is whether it will affect their own interests, and provided they can secure themselves, they care not how soon he goes to the bottom. The only way is, to keep up appearances. Show no signs of going behind hand, and all will go well with you."

"Very true, uncle Joshua, but how is this to be done? Bills which I did not expect to be called upon to meet for the next three months, are pouring in upon me. My best customers are leaving me for a more fortunate rival. In short, I am on the brink of ruin, and nought save a miracle can save me."

"A miracle which is very easily wrought, then, I imagine, my good friend. What is the amount of these debts which press so heavily upon you, and how soon, in the common course of events, could you discharge them?"

"They do not exceed one hundred dollars," replied the shoemaker; "and with my usual run of work, I could make all right in three or four months."

"We will say six," was the answer. "I will advance you one hundred and fifty dollars for six months. Pay every cent that you owe, and with the remainder of the money, make some slight addition or improvement in your shop or house, and put everything about the grounds in its usual neat order. Try this plan for a few weeks, and we will see what effect it has upon our worthy neighbors. No, no, never mind thanking me. I am only trying a little experiment on human nature. I know you of old, and have no doubt that my money is safe in your hands."

Weeks passed by. The advice of uncle Joshua had been strictly followed, and the change in the shoemaker's prospects was indeed wonderful. He was now spoken of as one of the most thriving men in the village, and many marvellous stories were told to account for the sudden alteration in his affairs. It was generally agreed that a distant relative had bequeathed to him a legacy, which had entirely relieved him of his pecuniary difficulties. Old customers and new ones crowded in upon him. They had never before realized the beauty and durability of his work. The polite butcher selected the best pieces of meat for his inspection, as he entered, and was totally indifferent as to the time of payment. The dealer in leather called to inform him that his best hides awaited his orders. The teacher accompanied the children home to tea, and spoke in high terms of their improvement, pronouncing them among her best scholars. The dress-maker suddenly found herself free from the great press of work, and in a friendly note expressed her desire to oblige Mrs. Thompson in any way in her power.

"Just as I expected," exclaimed uncle Joshua, rubbing his hands exultingly, as the grateful shoemaker called upon him at the expiration of six months, with the money which had been loaned in the hour of need. "Just as I expected. A strange world! They are ready to push a man up hill if he seems to be ascending, and just as ready to push him down, if they fancy that his feet are turned that way. In future, neighbor Thompson, let everything around you wear an air of prosperity, and you will be sure to prosper." And with a satisfied air, uncle Joshua placed his money in his pocket-book, ready to meet some other claim upon his benevolence, whilst he whom he had thus befriended, with light steps and cheerful countenance, returned to his happy home.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THERE'S BALM IN TEARS.

BY REBECCA R. PIERCE.

There's balm in tears—a holier charm,
Than words of solace given;
That falls upon the weary soul,
Like silvery dews from heaven.

There's balm in tears to loving hearts
When parting words are spoken;
O, then, who'd chide a tear, or wish
The heart's deep fount unbroken?

There's balm in tears—O, few may know
The anguish of that heart,
Where tears, too deep with weight of woe,
Ne'er from their fountain start.

There's balm in tears—check not their flow,
Nor break the soothing spell;
They speak with silent eloquence
What words may never tell.

Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels; first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and secondly, to examine whether that, on which we differ, is worth contending about.

COLONEL CHARLES G. GREENE.

The admirable and witty correspondent of the New York "Spirit of the Times," yelet "Acorn," thus writes of our new Naval Officer for the port of Boston—a compliment we most heartily endorse:—"Col. Charles Gordon Greene, the accomplished editor of the "Boston Post," has received the appointment of Naval Officer of our port. If all the nominations made by General Pierce be as acceptable to both political parties as this, he will assuredly have great cause of congratulation, as well from the Whig, as from the Democratic party. Colonel Greene's political course has ever been characterized by a dignity, a consistency, as well as a high-minded and manly straightforwardness, that has always commanded the respect of his political opponents. He possesses, too, liberal, enlightened, and extended views in regard to all important national questions; while he is a clear and deep thinker, a logical reasoner, and a sound, sparkling, and graceful writer. Combined with these is coupled a dignity, and a suavity of manner, which render him exceedingly agreeable, as well as popular with all those with whom he is in any way brought in contact; and, I am confident, there could not have been selected from our midst a person to fill the office, who would carry with him greater respect, or have been more acceptable to our merchants and citizens generally, than will be Colonel Greene; who, I am sure, can claim as many warm and personal friends belonging to the Whig party, as he can boast of among his own political creed. The readers of the "Post" will, I am confident, rejoice to learn that the duties of the office, to which Colonel Greene has been called, will not be so arduous as to engross the whole of his time; therefore the columns of that paper will still continue to be graced by his ready, agreeable, piquant and racy pen. I am led to believe that the appointment was not sought after by Colonel Greene, but was bestowed upon him by his political friends more as a merited compliment for his manly and unwavering fidelity to the cause of democracy, than from any pecuniary emolument that may accrue from the office. Although the writer is politically opposed to Colonel Greene, and therefore has no political influence or favor to ask or expect, he has written thus much as a simple act of justice, believing that each line will be endorsed by every unwarped mind, be it whig or democrat."

NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.

The following is the naval force of the United States:—Eleven ships of the line, carrying eight hundred and sixty guns. Of these, three are in commission as receiving ships, three in ordinary, four on the stocks, and one preparing for sea. The Independence, a raze, carrying fifty-four guns, is also preparing for sea. Twelve frigates of the first and one of the second class, carrying five hundred and sixty-four guns. Of these, five are in commission, four in ordinary, two on the stocks, and two preparing for sea. Twenty-one sloops of war, carrying four hundred and two guns. Of these, fifteen are in commission, one in ordinary, and one preparing for sea. Four brigs, carrying forty guns. Of these, three are in commission, and one preparing for sea. Also, four schooners, carrying seven guns, two of which are in commission, one in ordinary, and one preparing for sea. Five steam-frigates, carrying forty guns, all in commission. Four steamers of the first class, carrying eighteen guns, two of which are in commission, one repairing, and one preparing for sea; and seven steamers less than first class, carrying five guns, three of which are in commission, two preparing for sea, and two employed as tenders. Five store-ships, carrying twenty-four guns; three of them are in commission, and one preparing for sea. This gives a total of seventy-five vessels of all kinds, carrying two thousand and fourteen guns.

SAD REALITY.

The editor of the St. Louis Democrat records having seen a five dollar bill of the State Bank of South Carolina with the following pithy endorsement on the back; it is fearfully indicative of the growing habits which must have reduced the writer to the state he refers to:

"This is the last five dollar William, of an estate of \$20,000, left me three years ago by my father, and unless I make a raise with this to-night at a game of *de puke*, I am a goner.
January 27, 1850. C. W. JERMAN."

Under this was written in another hand:

"The unfortunate writer of the above shot himself in his room in Buffalo, at 4 o'clock, on the morning of the 28th January, 1850."

THE VIRGIN'S FIG TREE.—Near Cairo is an old sycamore, or wild fig tree, under which, tradition says, that the Virgin reposed after the flight into Egypt. There are a few names and crosses cut on it. It is an old root cut over, with new shoots springing from it. Near it is a well of good water, said to have been sweetened through being used by the Virgin on the occasion alluded to.

A GOOD SYSTEM.—The lamps used on railways in England are of three colors—red, to signify danger; green, to denote caution; and white, to indicate safety. When red is exhibited, the train must stop; when green, proceed slowly; and when white, go at full speed.

LUCIFER MATCHES.—A lucifer match, which has passed through seven processes, costs, by wholesale, about one-third hundredth of a cent. By the most approved machine, matches are split at the rate of sixty thousand per minute!

ANOTHER PIANIST ARRIVED.—A new pianist has just arrived in New York from Germany. He is quite young, and is said to be a fine performer. His name is Gockel.

Wayside Gatherings.

The citizens of Lawrence, Mass., have lately accepted the net making that town a city, by a vote of 659 to 143.

Mr. Jonathan Prescott, who was a city constable from 1809 to 1852 died recently, at East Boston, aged 92 years.

The journeymen shoemakers at Pittsburg have struck for higher wages.

There have been large auction sales in New Orleans of real estate, at fully 15 per cent. advance on last year's prices.

Dickens, in the last number of his "Bleak House," says, "The one great principle of the English law is, to make business for itself."

The King of Siam has become a subscriber to the Maudslain Times. His subscription was sent under convoy of a military escort.

A despatch from Charleston, S. C., dated March 30, says, "The jail at Chesterfield was burnt yesterday, together with eight prisoners."

Massachusetts has a mile of railroad for each seven square miles of its geographical surface; a ratio greater than that of any other State in the Union.

Matthias Johnson, baggage master, was instantly killed by a railroad collision near Easton, Pa., lately, and three others were badly injured.

The "hen fever" is raging extensively in England. Punch has a portrait of a Shanghai rooster, looking down with contempt upon a full-grown camel-leopard!

Some writers state that if the present prices of pork in New York shall continue, there will be a loss of \$2 on every hog slaughtered in the West this season.

A German boy in St. Louis stole some phosphorus, and putting it in his pocket, it ignited, setting fire to his clothes, burning him so badly that he died the next day.

Brig Broome, lately arrived at New Orleans from Matanzas, reports that she was fired into by a Spanish man-of-war, and afterwards compelled to pay \$5 for the shot!

B. F. Newton, Esq., District Attorney for Worcester, Mass., died week before last, of consumption, aged 32 years. There was an insurance of \$5000 on his life, which would have expired in May.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, if bad fish were sold to the poor, the knavish fishmonger was decorated with a necklace of his own unsavory commodity, and was then perched on a stand in the market.

It is estimated that the total number of vessels wrecked and ashore, in the neighborhood of Key West, during the past thirty years, exceeds 1200, and that the value of said vessels, their cargoes and materials, does not, in the aggregate, fall short of \$40,000,000.

There is in the library belonging to the Academy at Germantown, Pa., the identical telescope used by General Washington at the battle of Germantown, October 4, 1777. It is a cumbersome instrument. It must have required considerable muscular power for its use. There is in the same library a copy of the Bible—Geneva edition, 1610.

Foreign Items.

A savings bank is about to be established at Honolulu upon the plan of similar institutions in the Atlantic States.

The Emperor Napoleon, it is said, will be crowned on the 1st of May. It is not yet known whether or no the Pope will attend.

It is common in the East to see stout Arabs spinning and knitting, and their wives building hovels and digging canals.

The Duchess of Bedford, Lord John Russell's mother, died recently, at an advanced age. She was a daughter of the fourth Duke of Gordon.

A writer in the English Homœopathic Times states, that every nunnery in the kingdom is entirely under the medical conduct of homœopaths.

A suicide, in France, discharged a pistol into his mouth, the ball passing through the left lobe of the brain, and lodging against the skull, and still he lived for four days!

A flock of sheep strayed for shelter on to the railway bridge across the Severn, in England, recently. A luggage train came up, and cut eighteen out of twenty-one to pieces!

Mr. Uwins, the keeper of the National Gallery in London, has been succeeded by Mr. Dyce; the former having injured the paintings, by an injudicious system of "cleaning" them.

The report of the discovery of gold at New Zealand is positively confirmed. The government has issued a proclamation with regard to it.

The Emperor of France has issued a decree fixing May, 1855, for the Universal Exhibition. The reason assigned for the delay is that the Crystal Palace building in the Champs Elysees cannot be made ready before that time.

The London Times gives a summary of the news from the various diggings, which is highly encouraging. At New South Wales, the fields are yielding well, but out of a population of 200,000, not more than 10,000 are at the diggings.

A female was observed recently at work among the men breaking stone for the road near Falkirk, in Scotland; and on inquiry, it proved that her husband was sickly, and she was thus helping him to earn a living. A noble woman!

Galignani's Paris Messenger tells of a person who, being disappointed in love, discharged a pistol in his mouth, and ran a sword through his body, and coolly adds, "It is not considered likely he will survive!" We should think not.

Dr. Rea, the Arctic traveller, has arrived in London, to make preparations for his overland expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, and to finish the survey of the northern coast of America. Dr. Rea will soon leave for his journey via New York.

By a series of levellings recently carried across the Isthmus of Suez, it is found that, instead of there being a difference of thirty feet between the level of the Red Sea and that of the Mediterranean, as has long been believed, there is in reality little or none—an interesting fact.

Captain Denham, an Englishman, has lately sounded, in the South Atlantic, a depth of 8 3/4 miles. The pressure of the sea was great—water being 815 times heavier than air, and the pressure of the atmosphere being equal to a weight of 15 pounds on every square inch. A bottle of fresh water being lowered, the pressure drove in the cork, and expelled the contents, the sea water taking the place of the fresh.

Sands of Gold.

.... Friendship is the medicine of misfortune; but ingratitude dries up the fountain of all goodness.

.... Make your company a rarity, and people will value it. Men despise what they can easily have.

.... Knowledge perverted, is knowledge no longer. Vinegar, which, exposed to the sun, breeds small serpents, or at best slimy eels, not comestible, once was wine.—*Balzac.*

.... I would be like a little bird, which the wind rocks on a branch beneath the mild rays of the sun, and whose voice ascends unceasingly to the blue heaven.—*Ruckert.*

.... If gratitude is due from children to their earthly parents, how much more is the gratitude of the great family of man due to our Father in heaven.—*Hosca Ballou.*

.... Wise men are instructed by reason; less intelligent men by experience; the most ignorant by necessity, and animals by instinct.—*Cicero.*

.... If one were to think continually of death, the business of life would stand still. I am no friend to making religion appear too hard. Many good people have done harm by giving too severe notions to it.—*Dr. Johnson.*

.... Of all the agonies in life, that which is most poignant and harrowing—that which for the time annihilates reason, and leaves our whole organization one lacerated, mangled heart—is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love.—*Balzac.*

.... That learning which makes us acquainted with ourselves, with the powers and faculties of the human mind, with divine truth, which is plainly revealed, with its power on the mind and heart, with the concatenations of cause and effect, and to understand our every-day duty, which grows out of our wants and the wants of those about us, is learning of a better quality than that which only enables us to call things by different names, without giving us a knowledge of their qualities either for good or evil.—*Hosca Ballou.*

Joker's Budget.

However brisk the demand may be for beer, it is pretty certain that a large proportion of it is a perfect drug.

When, asks the Lantern, is a blacksmith in danger of raising a row in the alphabet? When he makes A poke R and shove L.

A young stock-broker, having married a fat old widow with £1,000,000, says it wasn't his wife's face that attracted him so much as the figure.—*Punch.*

"I don't like to play forfeits," said Jemima, "and have all the fellows kissing me—it makes me common property." "Nothing is common which is dear," meekly replied Bemus.

The Lantern tells of the sad case of a man who was shipwrecked, and cast upon an uninhabited island, without a shilling in his pocket!

A college student, being examined in Locke where he speaks of our relation to the Deity, was asked, "What relations do we most neglect?" He answered, with much simplicity, "Poor relations, sir."

Here is a case for the lovers of logic:—"B. says all Britons are liars. Now B. himself is a Briton; therefore B. is a liar. Therefore the Britons are not liars; and B. being a Briton, is not a liar; and so on ad infinitum."

The New Orleans Delta takes Col. Fuller, of the New York Mirror, to task, for saying that the Creole belles painted—whereon the Colonel retorts, that if they painted universally, the Delta editor would be the very first to set his face against it!

"Souvre," said Louis XV. to the commander of that name, "you are getting old; where do you wish to be interred?" "At the feet of your majesty, sire," replied Souvre. This answer disconcerted the monarch, who remained for some time deeply immersed in thought.

Don't you remember the story of the Frenchman, who, for twenty years, loved a lady, and never missed passing his evenings at her house. She became a widow. "I wish you joy," cried his friend; "you may now marry the woman you have so long adored." "Alas," said the poor Frenchman, profoundly dejected; "and if so, where shall I spend my evenings?"

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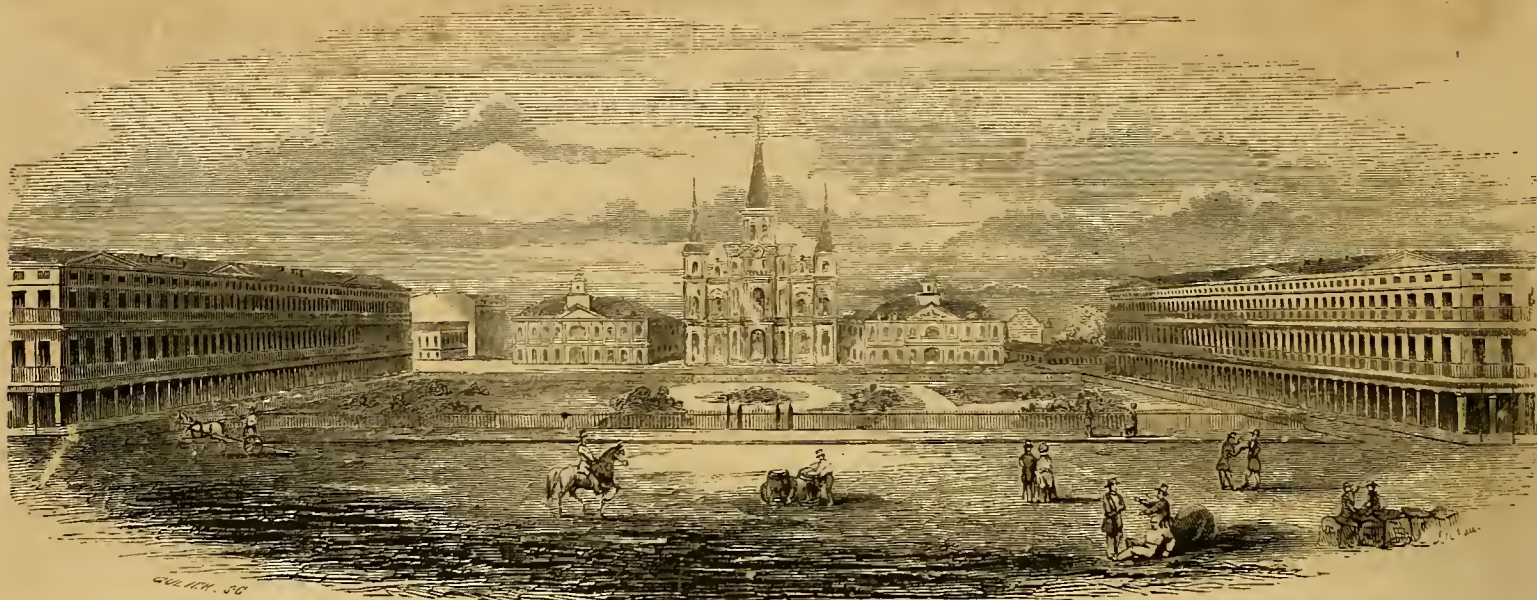
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VIEW OF THE PLACE DES ARMES, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

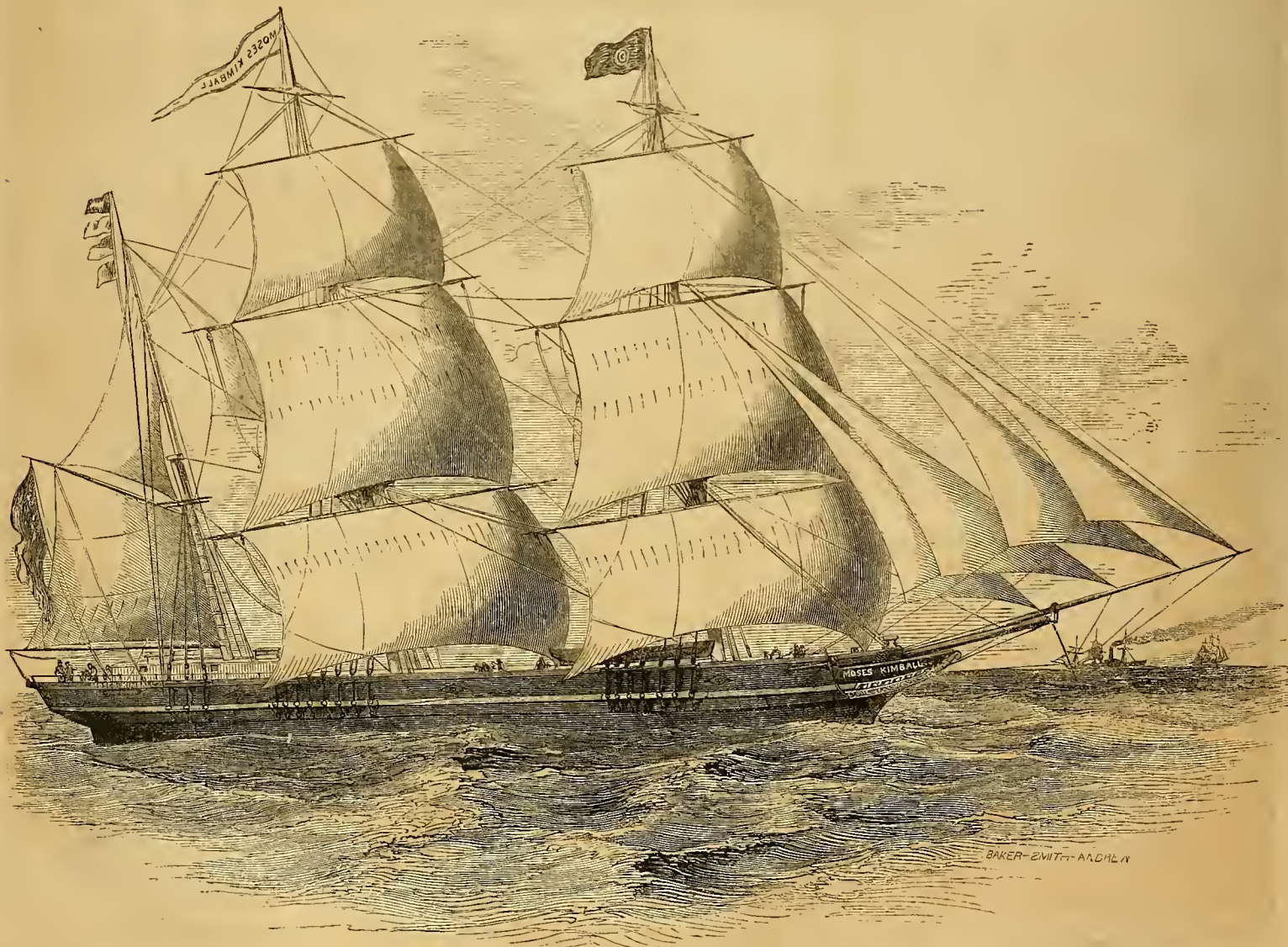
PLACE DES ARMES, NEW ORLEANS.

Above we give a view of the Place des Armes, at New Orleans, taken from the "Levee." The Roman Catholic Cathedral, a noble edifice, ninety feet by one hundred and twenty, with four towers, will be seen in the centre, to the right of which is an old Spanish building for criminals, the court rooms of the city, etc. On the left is seen the mayor's office, recorder, chief of police, etc. It reminds one of the Place des Armes, at Havana, especially on account of the antique and Spanish look of the cathedral. When we last chanced to be in this breathing spot of the Crescent City, it was full of volunteer corps from Kentucky, Missouri, Ohio, etc., come down the river to embark for Mexico. It was fine weather and their white tents gave the place a very handsome aspect and martial appearance. New Orleans is a vast commercial depot, and bids fair to be a rival for the rest of the American cities ere long, being situated at the mouth of a river which sweeps through a valley already peopled by over eight millions of people.

THE HALF-CLIPPER BARQUE MOSES KIMBALL.

But a few years since it was thought that no good vessels could come from anywhere but Medford or East Boston; and this idea was so much encouraged by those whose interest tended that way, that an eastern origin became comparatively a matter of reproach. That notion is now, however, nearly or quite obsolete, as an evidence of which, and as a specimen of what eastern mechanics can do, we give herewith an accurate portrait of the new barque Moses Kimball, named after the proprietor of the Boston Museum. She was built at Belfast, Maine, by C. P. Carter & Co., a firm of ship-builders who enjoy a reputation second to none in this country, and whose name alone is sufficient guarantee of the work. She is nearly 600 tons burthen, of a half-clipper model, thus combining beauty, speed, and carrying ability, and with her neat rig, as seen in the cut, is as graceful a craft as floats in our waters. Her owners may well be proud of her. We learn that she is to be engaged in the Liverpool trade, under the command of Capt. W. Colson, of Searsport, a thorough sailor and a good specimen

of a down-easter. Under such auspices we see no reason why she is not bound to go ahead, like her namesake, with a whole-ale breeze of good luck and prosperity. Moses Kimball, Esq., after whom the barque is named, is probably as well known in this community as any citizen, without exception. Industrious, enterprising, liberal, and a thorough business man, he has done much to elevate the taste of Bostonians in the matter of public amusements, and is proprietor of the most successful and profitable place of public amusement in this country, viz., the Boston Museum. Of course, Mr. Kimball has amassed a fortune, but it has been the work of indomitable perseverance and attention to business; others with the same chance would have failed totally. We last week gave a fine view taken from the closing scene of the "Jewess," got up in such excellent style at this house. If the clipper can sail on the salt sea as successfully as her namesake does on the sea of public opinion, there will be no fear as it regards her complete success. We trust one will be prophetic of the other.



REPRESENTATION OF THE HALF CLIPPER BARQUE MOSES KIMBALL.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1853.

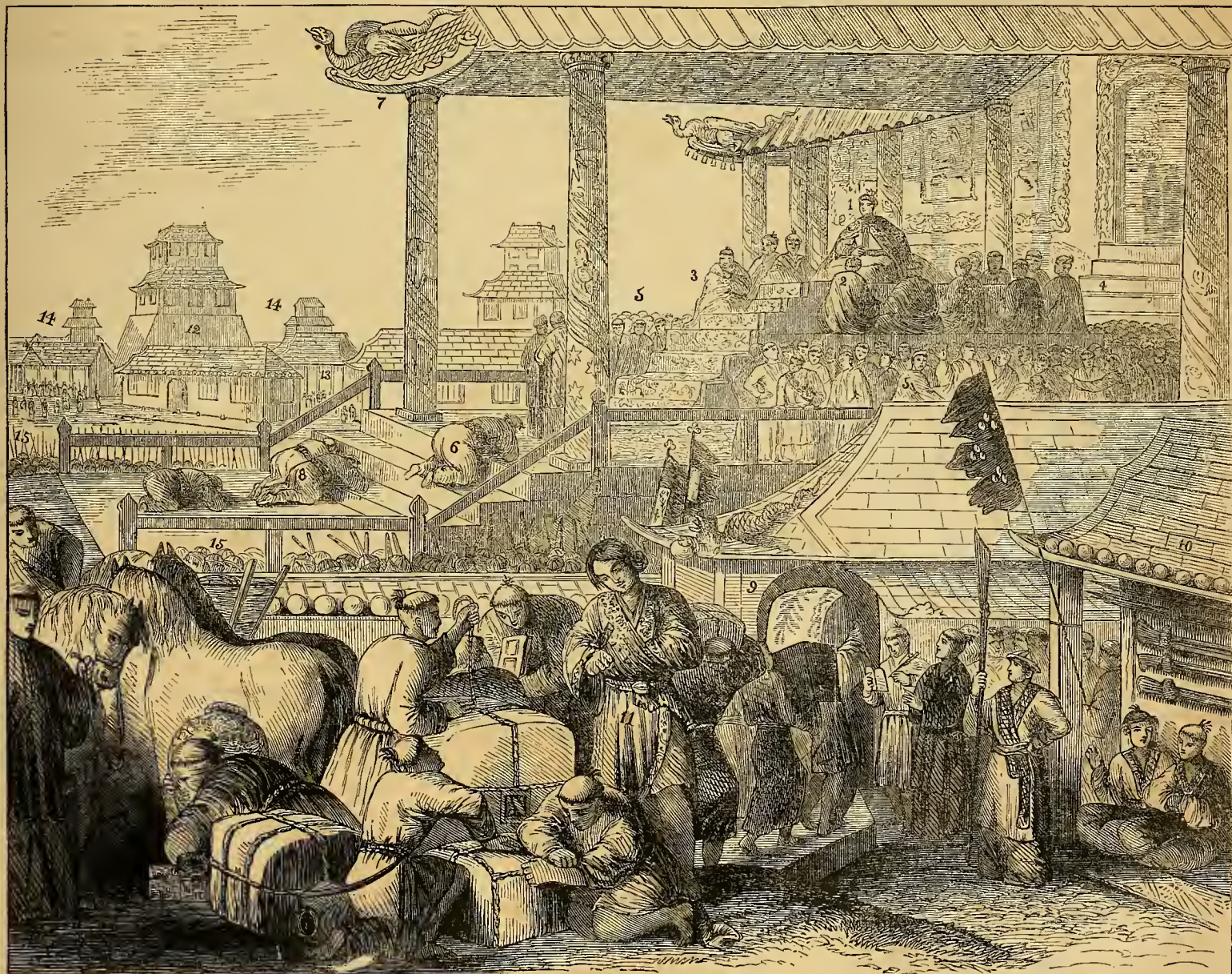
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THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN GIVING AUDIENCE.

We have had considerable to say of late about this strange and inhospitable people, and below we give an elaborate picture representing the imperial ruler of Japan giving audience to his assistant rulers. The Holy Scriptures tell us that Solomon's throne was of wonderful richness and cost; but if we may believe travelers, that of the Emperor of Japan surpasses even Solomon's throne in splendor, and of course completely throws in the shade anything of the sort in these more modern times of regal extravagance. The roof under which the emperor sits is covered with

plates of gold. At each of the two corners lies a great dragon conchaut, of massy gold. The ceiling represents all manner of imagery, wrought in gold, and adorned with precious stones. This covering rests on four thick columns, no less beautiful than marvellous; the first is adorned with the pictures of the heavenly luminaries; the second, with all manner of known beasts which live on the earth; on the third are wrought fishes, and all other creatures that reside in the water; on the fourth, are inlaid fiery dragons and serpents of gold. The emperor sits in a suit embroidered with gold, with his legs crossways under him. This coat,

which covers his under-garment, is clasped together a little below his chin, and the rest open before, so that the lappets thereof hang on each side of his breeches. Between the gaping of it appears a broad girdle, stiffened with gold, and beset with pearls and diamonds. On his head he wears a little golden crown, which rises aloft with three spiring tops. In short, no invention is spared, no expense or labor considered, as it regards embellishing the throne of the Japan emperor; and if we may judge from these lavish outlays, what a mine of wealth must be the national treasury of this peculiar, half-civilized people!



1. The Emperor. 2. Four of his Council. 3. Four Noblemen. 4. Four of the Emperor's nearest Relations. 5. Three hundred Gentlemen. 6. A Japan King before the Emperor. 7. A Roof covered with gold. 8. Two servants of the King and Guard. 9. Emperor's Storerooms. 10. A Gallery full of Soldiers. 11. Overseer of the Inner Court. 12. Towers on the Walls. 13. The Gate of the Second Court. 14. Watchtower. 15. Soldiers round the Throne.

REPRESENTATION OF THE THRONE OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN, AT JEDDO.

A ROMANCE OF SPAIN IN THE 15TH CENTURY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853 by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE KNIGHT OF LEON:

—OR—

THE MONARCH'S LAST BRIDE.

A TALE OF MOORISH GRANADA.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FEMALE ALCHEMIST.

"SAFE? Safe, did you say, Ben Abbas?" shouted the Granadan king, springing from his seat as Husam entered his presence.

"Yes, sire,—and in the prison."

"Are they in the death-dungeon?"

"Yes."

"Then there let them be. O, I've sat up late to-night, but this makes me wink at late hours. It makes the very noon of night like day. Did the Christian resist you, Ben Abbas?"

"No, sire. He yielded at once."

"Then he was stepped before you found him."

"No. He had passed Xejal, and I overtook him upon the road."

"Then he must have had an early start, to have passed Xejal before the signals reached there."

"He did not, sire; but the messenger was alone, and the Christian escaped him."

"Never mind; he is safe now. You saw him in the dungeon, you say."

"Yes."

"Then he shall die the death! The dog sees the sun no more. By the Prophet, he is mine now, and no power can avert from him his doom. There is another, too, that I must look after."

Husam Ben Abbas looked his master in the face with an earnest gaze.

"They shall die together."

"Be careful, sire," said Ben Abbas, in a low, meaning tone. "Tis an easy thing to shed blood, but some blood may not be shed without a fearful cost."

"Cost! Do you talk to me of cost? To me, who am king of Granada? Out upon you for a prating coward! By the Moslem Paradise, that man shall die—the Christian and—"

"There are two Christians, sire."

"Both of them shall die, and so shall the other. There shall be three deaths at once."

"Are you fixed upon this, sire?"

"Fixed upon it? Ay—as the Nevada is fixed upon our realm. Dost think I fear to do it?"

"No, no, sire. I know you have no fear; but there may be consequences you wot not of."

"Get thee to thy rest, Ben Abbas. There—say no more, but go. Tarik shall have his work to do full soon."

Ben Abbas obeyed his monarch without further remark.

"By Allah!" exclaimed Mohammed, as soon as he was alone, "do they think I will fear to take the life of whom I please! No. I'll see them dead, and then I shall rest the easier. What ho! Slaves!"

Half a dozen attendants sprang into the king's presence.

"Go set the guard, and tell them the king has retired. In faith, I feel strangely sleepy."

The slaves bowed in token of obedience, and shortly afterwards Mohammed sought his sleeping room.

While the king is preparing for his couch, let us look after the neglected Emima. She was in her own apartment, and she sat upon a low ottoman engaged in reading some curious Arabic characters that were traced upon a piece of parchment. She seemed to have studied long upon them, and at length she folded up the scroll and placed it in her bosom.

"To-morrow," she murmured, as she arose to her feet and placed her hand upon her brow, "he takes Zehra to the palace. O, why should he do this thing? But I have warned him, and he heeded it not. Courage, Emima—courage! The fault is his own, and not yours. Yet, yet, O Mohammed! I could almost forgive the blow you gave me, would you but turn to me once more. They tell me the Prophet has made woman to be the servant of man. That may be true—for even now I would serve Mohammed most faithfully; but when they tell me that Allah made woman to be a mere slave, I know they lie. If a wise God had so intended, he would not have made woman with such a heart as mine. If it had been intended by God that woman should be a mere bauble of fancy, to be won and cast off at pleasure, why were we not made with souls fitted for such a sphere? O! they lie to me when they tell me that woman's sphere is eternal servitude, and I'll prove it to them, too.—Mohammed, you have cast me off, and you have struck me! You shall not gain your end, though."

"To-morrow Zehra comes, and then they think poor Emima will live on the favors of the past, and rest quietly beneath the injuries of the present. They do not know me truly who say or think so."

For some moments after Emima had done speaking she stood in a thoughtful mood. A variety of expressions passed over her countenance, but at length her features settled into that marble look which we have seen there before; and the eyes beamed with that deep, intense fire which speaks of feelings that the eyes alone can tell. The thin lips sometimes moved, but no sound came forth.

When Emima arose from her meditative posture, she went to a small case that stood upon her dressing-stand, and took therefrom a small phial and a number of metallic boxes. Then she sat herself down upon her carpeted floor, and drawing the lamp near to her side, she arranged her boxes. From one which was larger than the others, she took a small, brazen, cup-like spoon, and into this she poured the liquid that was in the phial. Then she held the vessel over the blaze of the lamp, and as soon as the liquid began to heat, the operation commenced putting into it very small quantities of the powders contained in the boxes.

Soon the mixture began to simmer and send forth little streams of vapor. Emima watched the mess with a careful eye, and ever and anon she would drop into her tiny dish a minute particle from one of the boxes. The vapor had been first of a whitish color—then it turned nearly black, but with a quick movement, and an exclamation of disappointment, another drop of powder was added, and the color was changed to a bright yellow.

"If it fail me now," she uttered, as she watched the vapor with straining eyes, "I shall trust my skill no more. White, black, yellow—And yellow still."

Another mite of powder was carefully dropped into the spoon-like dish, and the woman's eyes beamed with hope as the vapor began to darken. In a moment the little vapory column was of a green color, and with a murmur of satisfaction Emima quickly moved the dish away from the lamp. The mixture thus prepared was poured into the phial, and then the remainder of the things were put back from whence they were taken.

"Now, if Mohammed drank the beverage I prepared for him he will sleep soundly to-night," Emima murmured to herself as she closed the case after she had returned the boxes. "Perhaps he missed it. Ah, had I been sure of his getting it, I might have made that more powerful; but it is better as it is. Now aid me, kind Prophet, and I shall not fail."

As Emima spoke she placed the phial in her bosom, and took her lamp. She slipped the light shoes from her feet, and then opening a small side door, she passed through into a narrow passage. It was a passage the king had often traversed in his visits to the apartment of his once favorite wife, and that wife knew it well. She moved carefully along; several doors she opened and passed, and at length she came to one at which she stopped. She bent her ear to the key-hole and listened. A deep, heavy snoring fell upon her ear, and a ray of satisfaction passed over her features. She sat down her lamp and took a key from her girdle, which she applied to the lock. The lock moved without noise, and slowly, carefully she pushed open the door.

In a moment more Emima had crawled into the apartment of the king. The guard were in the passage that opened from the other part of the room, and the sleeping monarch was alone with his discarded wife!

The woman assured herself that Mohammed slept soundly, and then she crawled back and pulled her lamp into the room. As soon as this was done she crawled back to the bed, and slowly arose to her feet. She looked like a ghost standing there by the bed of the unconscious monarch, for her face was as white as the pure linen she wore. Once the king moved heavily in his rest, and the name of Zehra fell from his lips, but he did not awake. A troubled, uneasy sleep held the monarch, and he seemed to be under the influence of some dream that sent various shades flitting across his countenance.

Emima had settled down as she noticed the first movement, but when that name fell upon her ear she started as though she had felt a shock of lightning.

"O, Mohammed!" she half murmured, as she gazed into his dimly revealed features, "would to Allah you had never heard that name; but it is too late now. The alcaide's daughter has found that truant heart of thine when she sought it not. You love her as you once loved me. O, madness!"

Emima looked for a moment longer upon the king, and then she drew the phial from her bosom. She took out the stopper, and then gathering the edge of the sheet in her hand she let fall upon it several drops of the liquid she had prepared. That part of the linen upon which the liquid had fallen was placed carefully over the sleeping man's mouth, and then Emima let a drop fall upon his upper lip, just under the edge of the nostril. After this was done she sought Mohammed's kerchief, and upon this she put some of the preparation.

The woman placed the phial back into her bosom, and for several moments she stood and gazed upon the sleeper. A look of sadness stole over her features as she gazed, and a tear trembled upon her long, dark lashes. She felt the drop as it fell upon her hand, and quickly starting from her position she wiped away the tell-tale tear, and turned towards the door. She took up the lamp and carefully closed the door, and having turned the key and taken it out from the lock, she stealthily glided back to her own apartment.

One of the guards at the outer passage thought he heard a noise, and he opened the door and looked in; but the king was sleeping soundly, and all was quiet. The soldier wondered that Mohammed slept so soundly, but he did nothing more than wonder, and when he re-closed the door and resumed his station outside, he thought all was safe.

And Mohammed,—he dreamed not of the visitor he had had, but he dreamed of the beautiful Zehra!

CHAPTER XX.

THE POOR DECEIVED.

It was towards noon of the day succeeding the events last recorded. Ben Hamed was in his own dwelling engaged in examining some papers that related to the affairs of justice that came under his official supervision. It was certainly not easy for him to fasten his mind on the business he had in hand, for ever and anon he would push the documents from him, and start to his feet as if other matters usurped his thoughts. Ben Hamed was far from being a happy man. It is not certain that his conscience troubled him much; but he knew that he was playing false cards to every one about him, and he could not but fear that detection might, sooner or later, overtake him. Detection from the king would surely cost him his office, and detection from any one else would fasten upon him a shame that he could not overcome. He knew that he was hated by most of the knights of Granada, and though his arm was strong in battle, yet his heart was weak in honor.

Again and again did the alcaide sent himself to his official task, but no sooner did he begin to reason upon the matters before him than his brain became confused, and he was obliged to give over the trial; so he folded up the documents, and sat and gazed upon their outer blankness.

Thus Ben Hamed sat, when the door of his apartment was opened. It was Husam Ben Abbas who entered.

"Ben Hamed, I bear thee a message from the king," said Husam.

"I listen."

"Mohammed awaits the coming of your daughter, and he desires that you will haste to bring her."

"Husam, in what mood seems the king this morning?"

"As usual, snive, perhaps, that he is more testy."

"Testy? I think he should be different from that. The Christian is in his power, and Zehra is soon to be his."

"Nevertheless, he is out of sorts this morning, and I, for one, was glad to get clear of his presence."

Ben Hamed looked troubled.

"What ails him?" he asked.

"In truth I know not."

"Has he seen the Christian knight since his re-capture?"

"No, nor will he be likely to."

"Ah,—Charles of Leon has not again escaped."

"No; but he is soon to die."

"Good?" uttered the alcaide. He was unable to conceal his gratification.

"It's very easy to say 'good,'" returned Ben Abbas, in a meaning tone, "but all is not good that sounds so. If I am not much mistaken, there is a counter current to the affairs about us, and the waters may not run so smoothly as you think."

"I do not understand you, Husam."

"I mean that Mohammed is playing at a game too high for him. 'Tis well enough to trap a hawk, and even a child may do it, but that child must beware when he thinks to kill his game."

The alcaide started, and gazed earnestly at his visitor.

"Do you understand me, Ben Hamed?"

"Not quite."

"Then you must wait. But for the present you had better hasten to the king with your fair daughter. He is anxious for her presence. Ah, Ben Hamed, you are paying a good round price for your office."

"Ben Abbas!"

"O, take it not unkindly, for I mean what I say. Of course the eternal peace of the gentle being you would sacrifice is nothing more than meet for the kingly favor you get in return!"

"Now by Allah, Ben Abbas, if you mean to beard me with taunts, you shall answer for it," cried the alcaide, starting with passion.

"Look ye, Ben Hamed," returned Husam, his whole countenance beaming with pride as he spoke, "you can call these things taunts if you choose, but let me tell thee that every honest knight in Granada abominates the act you have bound yourself to perform. Zehra is the fairest maid in our city, and we like not that she should be sacrificed to Mohammed."

"You shall answer for this."

"So I will. Go carry your daughter to the king first, and then you may seek me if you choose. Mohammed waits to snuff the fragrance of the fair flower you have plucked for him."

As Ben Abbas spoke, he turned away and left the alcaide to himself.

"By the holy Prophet, they shall not beard me thus," Ben Hamed exclaimed as he was left alone. "They shall yet find that my arm has not weakened."

For some moments the alcaide paced up and down his apartment in an endeavor to calm the passions that had been aroused in his soul. He knew not exactly what Ben Abbas meant by the hints he had thrown out, but yet they had much influence upon his mind. He knew that he was staking his all for the king's favor, and should he lose that he would have no friend towards whom he could turn. However, he at length contrived to quiet himself upon the hope that Mohammed would be true to him, and in this mood he went to seek his daughter.

He found the fair girl in her apartment.

"Zehra," he said, with as much kindness of tone as he could command, "you must prepare to accompany me to the Alhambra. The king has sent for you, and he is anxious for your coming."

The effect was like a palsy shock to the poor girl. She sank back upon the couch and covered her face with her hands.

"Come, Zehra,—cheer up."

"O, is there no escape from this?"
 "Escape? What mean you? Did you not promise me that you would go calmly and quietly?"

"Perhaps I did, but O, I thought not of the pangs I was to suffer. The poor prisoner in his dungeon may think calmly of the stake and the fire, but when the flames that are to consume him begin to crackle in his ears, his heart may quail. O, save me from this."

"Come, come, Zehra,—you have ere this exhausted my patience. Beware how you trifle with me more."

The maiden remained for some time with her hand upon her brow, and at length she arose to her feet. There were no tears in her eyes, for whatever of grief and anguish she may have felt was too keen, too deep, for tears. She was pale, and the muscles about her mouth were still and quiet. She had passions at work, but they were like the hidden fires of the earth that find no crater. They lived upon the soil wherein they raged.

"I will go," she said, in a voice too calm to be usual.

"Then make your preparations, and I will call for you."

"One question, Ben Hamed. Where is Charles of Leon?"

"In the prison."

"And will he be released when I am once at the palace?"

"Yes."

"You do not deceive me now?"

"Why should I?"

"You spoke with a strange accent."

"Did I?"

"Yes."

"Then it was because your question was a strange one."

"Ben Hamed, you know that I make this sacrifice because you have told me it would save the life of the young Christian."

"And suppose it would not save his life?"

"Then I would not make it."

The alcalde thought of speaking harshly, but his better judgment prevailed. He would not have Zehra appear before the king with her eyes swollen with tears, and so he dropped the subject and withdrew.

In less than an hour the fair maiden was prepared for her departure from the home of her youth, and she had two female servants to attend her.

"You look exceedingly beautiful," said Ben Hamed, as he led her from her chamber. "The king will be overjoyed."

"At my misery?"

"Hush, Zehra. At your beauty, I meant."

"And when that fades!"

"It will not fade. You are young, and your beauty will outlive the king."

"O, what a hope for a pure soul is that!" murmured Zehra. "That her beauty may outlast her husband's life! Say no more to me, if you would have me calm."

Ben Hamed obeyed the girl's injunction, and without further remark he led her to the palanquin which was waiting to convey her to her destination. As Zehra stepped into the gaudily arrayed vehicle, a low groan escaped from her lips, but Ben Hamed did not hear it. The silken curtains were drawn, and then the maiden was borne away towards the Alhambra.

When her bearers reached the royal residence she was lifted out by the alcalde, and messengers from the king were waiting to conduct her to the apartments that had been assigned for her use, while Ben Hamed went to report himself to his monarch.

When Zehra entered the room that was to be hers she was for the moment dazzled by the magnificence of things about her, but the reality of her situation soon came upon her, and she sank into her own gloomy reflections. She was left alone with the two attendants that had accompanied her, and as soon as they had seen their young mistress relieved of her travelling robe they retired to the adjoining apartment where they were to find their own quarters.

Hardly had the servants disappeared, when a small door, which had been hidden by a heavy silken arras, was opened, and Emina glided into the apartment.

"—sh!" uttered the new comer, as she gazed quickly about the room. "So you have come to the palace."

"They have brought me."

"I had thought you would not have been brought," said Emina in startling accents.

"O, I have come to save the life of one I love! Did you ever love?"

"Yes,—almost madly."

"Then you know my secret."

"But who is to be saved? and how?"

"Charles of Leon."

"Who told thee that?"

"Ben Hamed told me so. He said if I would come quietly to the king, the Christian should go free; but if I refused—he should die."

"O, curses, curses on them! Zehra, they have lied most foully to thee!"

"Mercy!"

"—sh! We shall be heard."

"O, tell me, have I been deceived? Is Charles of Leon to die?"

"Yes. The king has set this very night for the deed."

"Impossible! O, monstrous! It cannot be!"

"It is as I have said."

"But to save him I will sacrifice my happiness forever—I will embrace the king though his very breath breathed deadly poison!"

Emina started with a wild look as those words fell from Zehra's lips, and for a moment she gazed into the maiden's face as though she would have drawn forth more words than had been uttered;

but soon her features grew calm again, and with a most strange meaning she said:

"Few can breathe deadly poison and live!"

"Then I could die to save the Christian. O, go, tell the king that I will be all he can ask, if he will but spare the life of Charles of Leon."

"It cannot be done. They have deceived you. It was but a trap to entangle you."

"O, misery!"

"Will you be the king's now?"

"What!—and Charles of Leon dead?"

"Yes."

"No! I have a fairer husband who shall woo and wed me. I have another to whom I will give my heart!"

As Zehra spoke she half drew a small dagger from her bosom.

"—sh!" uttered Emina. "Some one approaches. Use not your dagger hastily. Let it rest where it is."

The king's wife glided back through the small doorway just as Ben Hamed entered from another direction. He had come to speak flattering words to Zehra, but she turned from him in disgust. She knew that he was black with falsehood, and that his breath was hot with foul deceit.

She did not tell Ben Hamed what she had just learned, but she begged of him to leave her to herself. He wondered at her course, but she gave him no clue to its cause, and at length he left, remarking, as he turned away, that when he came again the king would accompany him.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DEATH-WARRANT. PEDRO AT WORK.

THE day was drawing to its close, and Mohammed was seated upon a large purple cushion in one of his audience chambers. Ben Hamed was there, and at a short distance stood Husam Ben Abbas. There were a number more of attendants present, and all seemed hanging with more than wonted anxiety upon the words which were about to fall from the king's lips.

"Husam Ben Abbas," said the king, "approach me."

The noble went nearer to the king.

"Ben Abbas, you do not bow so low as was your wont."

"Ah, sire."

"I speak the truth, Husam. You do not look me so kindly in the face as you have done."

"It may be that matters of grave import show themselves upon my features, sire."

"Hark ye, Ben Abbas. Beware that rebellion finds no home in thy bosom, or, by Allah, you'll repent it."

"You know me, sire, and you know I have been faithful."

"Then why those peevish looks?"

"I am sad and heart-sick."

"Ah, and by heaven, I, too, am heart-sick. All this day I've felt a gnawing at my very vitals. I tell thee, Ben Abbas, I feel most strangely."

Ben Abbas turned away his head to bide a look he could not suppress. The name of Emina dwelt silently upon his lips, and a look of joy passed over his features.

"My head, too, feels wonderfully uneasy," continued the king.

"But I shall overcome it."

"I trust you may, sire," said Ben Abbas.

"Ay. Allah protect thee!" added the alcalde.

"But enough of this," uttered Mohammed, showing by his manner that he was ill at ease. "Ben Abbas, I have made up my mind."

"Allah grant that you may be merciful!" said Husam.

"Merciful!" repeated the king, with a bitter laugh. "Let mercy be for those who need it. I want none of it. Husam, *Abdalla must die!*"

Those present started at the words.

"Have you thought of this, sire?" asked Ben Abbas. "Have you thought of what might be the consequences of such—"

"Silence!" cried Mohammed. "I have thought of nothing save what I should do, and upon that I have determined. *Abdalla must die ere another sun shall rise!*"

"You certainly have the power to do as you please," said Ben Abbas, in a low tone of voice.

"Ay, and none shall prate of my doings, after the deed is done. Mark that, Husam, and beware. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sire."

"Then I shall look for you to be wise."

"I am wise now, Mohammed," proudly returned Ben Abbas; "and from my wisdom would I speak to thee. Thou must not wonder that I speak plainly, for it is the province of a true friend so to speak. Ah, sire, those are enemies who look blindly on our faults, and flatter us in our evil."

"Go on, Ben Abbas, for your speech has a smacking of honesty, though I must say that it is not always wise to be honest."

"I have but a word more to say. I advise you not to lay the hands of death upon *Abdalla*; and it will be for your interest to let the Christians go free from Granada."

"You have spoken,—and, I suppose, honestly," said the king, with a sneer.

"I have, in truth, sire."

"Then let me tell thee that I need not thy advice. I'll talk with thee another time, Ben Abbas, but it waxes late now, and I must to business. Ah! that pain at my heart. I have overtasked myself with thought,—and yet that feeling is a strange one."

The monarch pressed his hands upon his bosom as he spoke, and as the pain seemed to pass off he raised his head, and reached forth for a bit of parchment that lay near him.

"Mahmoud," he said, addressing an officer who stood near him, "take this to the prison and deliver it to Turik. Therein he is commanded to put to instant death the two Christians who are confined there. Then his other prisoner is to follow. He will—"

Mohammed stopped and pressed his hand again upon his bosom. A slight groan escaped him, and then he resumed:

"Bid Turik that he obey my order. Let *Abdalla* die close upon the death of the Christians; and let it all be done quickly, too."

"Sire!" interposed Ben Abbas.

"Silence!" exclaimed Mohammed. "By Allah, if you speak another word, you, too, shall visit the prison. Men shall know who is king of Granada if they think to rule me with their prating! Go, Mahmoud."

Husam Ben Abbas bowed his head, and with a low murmur upon his lips he turned away from the royal presence. There was much pain in his look, and he trembled violently as he walked towards the door.

"Come back, Husam," cried the king. "By my faith, there is rebellion in thy very look, and I'll not trust thee from the palace till Mahmoud has performed his mission."

If Ben Abbas had thought of intercepting the king's messenger, he was prevented now, and he folded his arms across his breast as Mahmoud left the hall.

Let us, while the messenger is on his way, look into the prison, and that we may the better understand things that transpired, we will go back a few hours and take our view by daylight.

In one of the strongest dungeons, but one to which considerable light was admitted, sat *Abdalla*. He was firmly chained, but yet he had a good scope for exercise. He now sat upon the stone which served him for a seat, and his face was bowed towards the floor. His hands were clasped together, and his lips moved with a sort of half-uttered prayer. He was calm, but yet sorrow and suffering were traced in every lineament of his countenance. He seemed as one who looked hourly for death, and who had made up his mind to meet the king of terrors calmly. There might have been some rays of hope in his countenance, but they were so dim as not to be easily distinguished.

In the lower dungeon, where last we saw them, sat Charles of Leon and his esquire. The former seemed to have been not long aroused from slumber. The aperture at the top of the wall admitted light enough to enable the inmates to distinguish objects plainly about them, and Charles had discovered all that Pedro had previously spoken of. The deep stains of blood were all over the floor—the apparatus was there for binding prisoners for the death-stroke, and the trap-door, too, was easily distinguished.

"My master," said Pedro, "you have enjoyed a good long sleep."

"Ay, and by my soul, Pedro, I had a wonderfully pleasant dream for such a place of sleep as this."

"That may be a good omen, for I sometimes believe in dreams."

"Especially when they are pleasant ones, I suppose."

"Nay, not so, my master. I wouldn't refuse to believe in a right pleasant dream, but my good old mother always learned me particularly to believe in all the bad ones; and, if I mistake not, she had a wretched ending for all the good ones."

"That would be hard, Pedro."

"So it would; but while you have been dreaming, sir Charles, I have been at work. Look at that!"

As Pedro spoke he arose from his seat and walked freely across the dungeon.

"What means that, Pedro?" uttered the knight, in astonishment.

"Simply that they didn't discover my case of instruments. I have them all here, and you see how they have served me."

"But there can be no such thing as escape, even if we get rid of our irons," said Charles.

"There can be no such thing as escape with our irons," returned Pedro; "so let's have them off, and then we shall be ready for the first chance. And let me tell you one more thing: we are put here to die—there is no doubt about that. Now if we have our irons free we may use them to advantage. Not more than one man can enter our dungeon at a time, and we can sell our lives dearly, at all events. But there may be a chance for escape. Suppose we are visited by night; we can knock down the keeper, and perhaps make our way out."

"I understand you, Pedro," said Charles, with a slight tinge of hope in his tone.

"Then you must take this saw and clear my hands. I worked upon my feet very easily, but you see I cannot work around my wrists. Separate these bolts, and then I'll have you free in a twinkling."

The knight took the keen instrument from the hands of his esquire, and ere long the bolts that held the manacles upon Pedro's hands were cut off, and the faithful fellow was at liberty so far as irons were concerned.

"Now, my good master, hold you still a few moments, and your limbs shall be relieved of those ugly trimmings."

As the esquire thus spoke he knelt down and commenced operations. His tongue kept pace with his hands; and if the humble follower had not so much of the lion bravery in his composition as had his master, he had at least more of shrewdness and cunning, and rather more of patience under difficulties.

"There," uttered Pedro, as his master was clear from his shackles, "now we are ready for visitors. Suppose, for the curiosity of the thing, we raise this trap-door."

Charles agreed to the proposal, and both of the men laid their hands to the task. The ring affixed to the slab was a large one, and there was plenty of room for both of them to obtain a hold.

Slowly the heavy stone slab was raised from its place. The Christians bent over the place, but they started quickly back. They had gazed only into a dark abyss from which came forth a cold, noisome stench almost overpowering. It was the malaria of decaying flesh!

"Down, down with the door again!" uttered Charles. "By heavens, we shall die with the poisonous vapor."

"It's a strange place," murmured Pedro, as he helped his master replace the slab. "I saw such a one at Cordova; and I saw human beings thrown into it, too. San Dominic, but there's a time of trial coming."

Charles made no answer to Pedro's remark, but gazed upon the stone he had lifted. There was a cold shudder ran through his frame, but when it passed away his hands were clutched with a nervous power, and the name of God trembled upon his lips.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

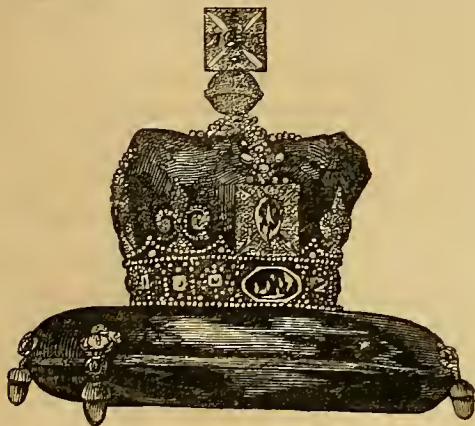
THE CROWN JEWELS OF ENGLAND.

On this and the next page, we give an interesting series of views of the crown jewels, or regalia, used by the sovereign of England, on great state occasions. These jewels are kept at the Tower, and have been, for nearly two centuries, one of the sights of London. Owing to the high charge of admission to view these superb insignia of royalty, the visitors were few, and the interest taken in their history was of trifling import. The reduction of

galia shown to the public, at the Tower. The first express mention made of the regalia being kept in this palatial fortress, occurs in the reign of Henry III., previously to which they were deposited either in the treasury of the Temple, or in some religious house dependent upon

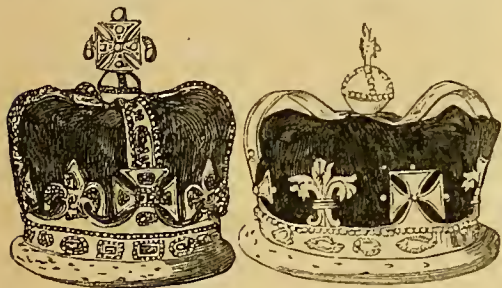
ing the Lincolnshire rebellion, in 1536, greatly reduced the value and number of the royal store. "The office of keeper of the crown jewels,

Earl of Essex) ruled this office. In the time of Charles II., however, the situation had lost much of its importance and value; and it was then that, to make up for the decrease in the official salary and perquisites, the regalia were first allowed to be exhibited to the public." The regalia were originally kept in a small building on the south side of the White Tower; but, Charles I., they a strong chamber, or, afterwards called Here they remained 1841; when being struction from the raging near them, for safety in the error. In 1842, to the new Jewel much more com- proceed to describe here represented. Imperial Crown, the coronation of her present majesty. It is composed of a cap of purple velvet, enclosed by hoops of silver, richly dign with gems in the forms shown in our illustration. The arches rise almost to a point, instead of being depressed, are covered with pearls, and are surmounted by an orb of brilliants. Upon this is placed a Maltese or cross pattee of brilliants. Four crosses and four fleurs-



QUEEN'S, OR IMPERIAL, CROWN.

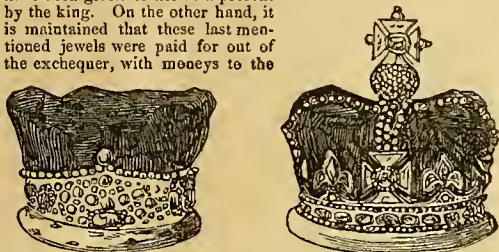
the admission charge, within late years, has, however, led to a vast increase of visitors and the anxiety to possess some accurate representations and descriptive details of the regalia has proportionally increased. These precious gems and items of costly state have been the subjects of a dispute of great national importance. It is well known that proceedings have been instituted in the Court of Chancery by the King of Hanover against the executors of his late majesty, William IV., for the recovery of certain jewels of great value, which are supposed to be in the possession of her present majesty, as part of the property of the British crown.



OLD IMPERIAL CROWN.
(CHARLES II.)

PRINCE OF WALES'S CROWN.

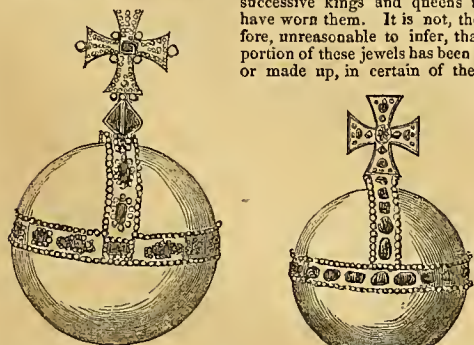
The King of Hanover's claim is stated to comprise two classes of jewels—first, those which belonged to the Electorate of Hanover, and are claimed as heir looms inseparable from that ancient inheritance of the Guelphic family; secondly, certain jewels bequeathed to the House of Hanover, as heir looms, by the will of Charlotte, Queen of George III. Among the latter, are Queen Anne's necklace, and a star made for her husband, Prince George, of Denmark; also, a valuable set of jewels, bought by George III., in 1761, of his uncle, the old Duke of Cumberland, which were worn by Queen Charlotte on her marriage, and are said to have been given to her as a present by the king. On the other hand, it is maintained that these last mentioned jewels were paid for out of the exchequer, with moneys to the



QUEEN'S DIADEM.

QUEEN CONSORT'S CROWN.

amount of £54,000, appropriated by act of Parliament for the maintenance of the dignity of the crown; and that, consequently they cannot be alienated from the crown of Great Britain. There seem to be two principal questions to be decided between the parties; the one, as to the alienable, or inalienable nature of the property in dispute, or, in other words, whether the jewels in question can be so attached to the one crown or the other as to go with the inheritance; and the other, whether they can be identified at this time, having, no doubt, been set again and again, and altered into various shapes, to suit the taste and purpose of the successive kings and queens that have worn them. It is not, therefore, unreasonable to infer, that a portion of these jewels has been set, or made up, in certain of the re-



IMPERIAL ORB.

QUEEN CONSORT'S ORB.



TEMPORAL SCPTHE.
(VICTORIA).



ANNE BOLEYN'S SCEPTRE.

the crown. Seldom, however, did the jewels remain in the Tower for any length of time, for they were repeatedly pledged to meet the exigencies of the sovereign. An inventory of the jewels in the Tower, made by order of James I., is of great length; although Henry VIII., dur-



ST. EDWARD'S STAFF.



SPIRITUAL SCEPTRE.
 (VICTORIA.)



SPIRITUAL SCEPTRE.
(WILLIAM IV.)

conferred by the king's letters patent, became, in the reign of the Tudors, one of considerable emolument and dignity. Under Henry VIII., Thomas Cromwell (afterwards



AMPULE.



ANointing Spoon.

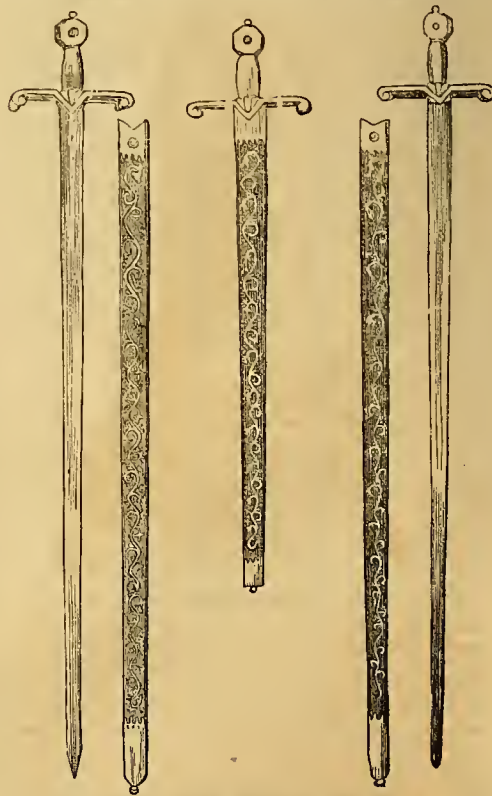


CORONATION SPUR



CORONATION BRACELETS.

white taffeta, and turned up with ermine. The base of the arches on each side is covered by a cross pattee; between the crosses are four *fleurs-de-lis* of gold, which rise out of the circle; the whole of these are splendidly enriched with pearls and precious stones. On the top, at the intersection of the arches, which are somewhat depressed, are a mound and cross of gold, the latter encircled with



TEMPORAL SWORD
OF JUSTICE.

SWORD OF MERCY,
(SHEATHED.)

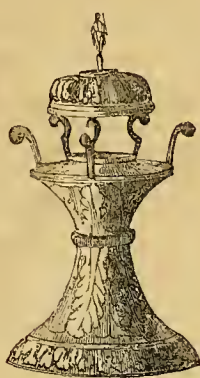
RD OF SPIRITUAL
JUSTICE.



STATE SALT CELLAR.



SALT SPOON.



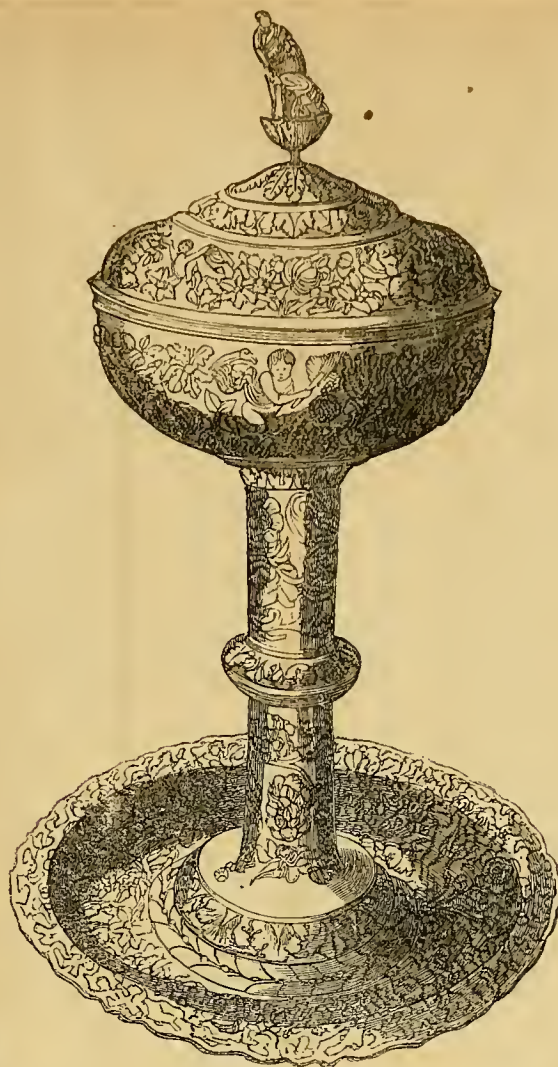
STATE SALT CELLARS.

a fillet, the former richly jewelled, and adorned with three pearls, one on the top, and one pendent at each limb. The Prince of Wales's Crown is of pure gold, unadorned by jewels. On occasions of state, it is placed before the seat occupied by the heir apparent to the throne in the House of Lords. The Queen's Diadem, or circlet of gold, was made for the coronation of Marie d'Este, consort of James II.: it is richly adorned with large diamonds, curiously set, and the upper edge of the circlet is bordered with a string of pearls. The Queen Consort's Crown is the one used at coronations when the sovereignty exists in the male branch. It is of gold, set with diamonds of great value, intermixed with pearls and other costly jewels. The cap is of purple



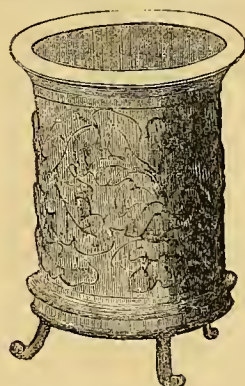
STATE SALT CELLAR.

velvet, faced with ermine. The Imperial Orb, or Mound, is an emblem of sovereignty, said to be derived from Imperial Rome; and to have been first adorned with the cross by Constantine, on his conversion to Christianity. It first appears among the royal insignia of England on the coins of Edward the Confessor; but, Mr. Strutt authenticates a picture, "made in the year 996," which represents that prince kneeling between two saints, who bear severally his sceptre and a globe, surmounted by a cross. This part of the regalia, being indicative of supreme political power, has never been placed in the hands of any but kings or queens regnant. In the anomalous case of William and Mary as joint sovereigns,—the "other world" that Alexander wept for, was cre-

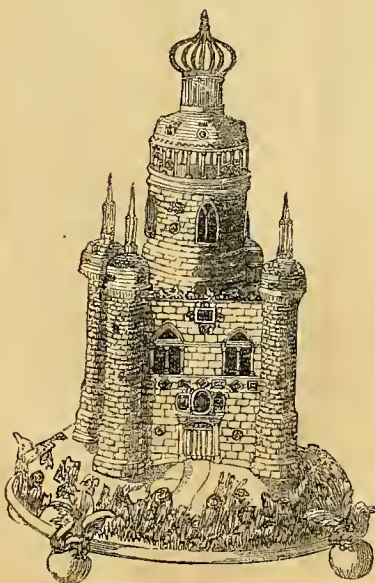


BAPTISMAL FONT.

ated; and the spare orb is still to be seen among the royal jewels of England! This orb is a ball of gold six inches in diameter, encircled with a band of gold, set with emeralds, rubies and pearls. On the top is a remarkably fine amethyst, nearly an inch



STATE SALT CELLAR.



STATE SALT CELLAR.

and a half high, which serves as the foot or pedestal of a rich cross of gold, three and a quarter inches high, encrusted with diamonds; having in the centre, on one side, a sapphire, and an emerald on the other; four large pearls at the angles of the cross, a large pearl at the end of each limb, and three at the base; the height of the orb and cross being eleven inches. The Queen's Orb is of smaller dimensions than the preceding, but of similar fashion and materials. We now come to the six sceptres. First is the Temporal Sceptre of Queen Victoria, of gold, two feet nine inches in length; the staff very plain, but the pommel ornamented with rubies, emeralds and diamonds. The *fleur-de-lis* with which this sceptre was originally adorned, have been replaced by golden leaves, bearing the rose, shamrock and thistle. The cross is variously jewelled, and has in the centre a large table diamond. Her Majesty's Spiritual Sceptre, Rod of Equity, or Sceptre with the Dove, is also of gold, three feet seven inches long, set with diamonds and other precious stones. It is surmounted with an orb, banded with rose diamonds, bearing a cross, on which is the figure of a dove with expanded wings. The Sceptre, Temporal and Spiritual (William IV.), differ from the preceding, as shown in the engravings. St. Edward's Staff is a large golden rod, four feet seven and a half inches long, with a pike of steel at the lower end, about four and a half inches. The staff has foliated orna-



CORONATION TANKARD.

ments, and a mound and cross at the top. It is carried before the sovereign, in the procession to the coronation. The Queen's Ivory Sceptre was made for Maria d'Este, consort of James II. It is mounted in gold, and terminated by a golden cross, bearing a dove of white onyx. This sceptre has been shown, but without any authority, as the sceptre of Queen Anne Boleyn. The Ampulla is an antique vessel of pure gold, used for containing the holy oil at coronations. It resembles an eagle with expanded wings, and is finely chased; the head screws off at the middle of the neck, for pouring in the oil, and the neck being hollow to the beak, the latter serves as a spout, through which the consecrated oil is poured into the Anointing Spoon, which is also of pure gold; it has four pearls in the broadest part of the handle, and the bowl of the spoon is finely chased within and without; by its extreme thinness it appears to be ancient. The Spurs (one of which is engraved) are also used at coronations. They are of gold, elaborately wrought at the edges and the fastenings: they have no rowels, but end in an ornamented point, being what are commonly denominated prick spurs. New richly-embroidered velvet straps were added to them for the coronation of George IV. The Armilla, or Bracelets, are of solid fine gold, chased, an inch and a half in breadth, edged with rows of pearls. They open by a hinge, and are enamelled with the rose, *fleur-de-lis* and harp. The Royal Swords are named *Curtana*, or the Sword of Mercy, which we have engraved, sheathed; the Sword of Justice to the Spirituality, which is obtuse; the Sword of Justice to the Temporality,



SACRAMENTAL FLAGON.

which is sharp at the point; and the Sword of State. Of these, the last alone is actually used in the coronation, being that with which the sovereign is girded after the anointing; the rest are only borne in the procession by certain great officers. A plain gold ring, with a large table ruby, on which is engraven a plain or St. George's cross, is always prepared for the coronation; but, of course, it must be newly made, or, at least, set, for each sovereign. In the same chamber with the crowns, sceptres and other regalia used in the sacred ceremonial of the coronation, is a very interesting collection of plate, formerly used at coronation festivals; together with fonts, etc. Amongst these are the Queen's Baptismal Font, of silver, gilt, tastefully chased, and surmounted with two figures, emblematic of the baptismal rite. The Salt Cellars present curious, singular forms, of very rich workmanship. There are also in the collection besides the tankard and flagon given above, many other beautifully-wrought specimens of dishes, etc., employed at coronations and other public occasions, where they are used to give celebrity to the entertainment.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

AFTER THE RESURRECTION.

BY EDWARD STAGG.

"We shall be changed;" but yet the eye shall tell,
Among the multitude of that blest place,
Those that were dear ones, whom we loved so well,
And every lineament they wore shall trace.

Changed, yet the same! a paradox. Indeed,
To us, poor gazers through the darkened glass;
Great is the mystery of that life we read,—
The dead like shadows o'er our vision pass.

A body glorified and clothed with light,
The face all radiant with a perfect bliss,
Thus shall appear to the enraptured sight,
In yonder world, whom we have loved in this.

Their voice were needless, for we'd know them though
The lips ne'er opened and pronounced our name;
But they shall speak, and sweetly will it flow,
Their voice, far sweeter, yet a voice the same.

We'll rove with them through fields of living green,
Where flowers perennial in rare beauty blow;
And o'er the hills whose fragrant sides between
The stream of water crystal clear does flow.

The mind expanded and expanding still,
Grasping for aye the verities of heaven;
O, what full hills will then the bosom thrill,
What "joy unspeakable!" to us be given!

There we shall talk in tireless converse sweet;
Talk of the theme redemption and the love
That gently brought us to the saviour's feet,
The mercy that has seated us above.

And there the children whom I've laid in earth,
With many tears, will, with extended arms,
Run swift to meet me, clad in Jesus' worth,
And beautiful in their augmented charms.

Then will these arms, that oft, in sweet embraces,
Have circled them and drawn them to this breast,
Again enfold them; all with love no less
Than that between us when they passed to rest.

[Translated from the French, for Gleason's Pictorial.]

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.—No. 3.

BY MISS ANNE T. WILBUR.

ST. PETERSBURG IN WINTER.

The love of Winter—The season of Roads—The Market of the Sennoi—The purchase of Pork—The Christmas Tree.

REMARKABLE fact! it is not the summer, with its mild breezes, its flowers, its limpid waters, its bright sun, its cloudless nights, its cooers, its rural walks; it is not this brilliant season so brief in high latitudes, which the people of St. Petersburg prefer; they see the approach of summer without delight, and may be said to make it useful rather than to enjoy it. The season most natural to them is winter; winter, with its ice, its frost, its universal snow. This snow presents everywhere open roads. Distances no longer exist; the Russian passes over them in his light sleigh with incredible rapidity. Winter is for him the season of roads, in his picturesque and figurative language.

So St. Petersburg becomes, during this season, the point whither arrive from every direction, for from sixty to eighty leagues round, a crowd of little country merchants. Some bring fish, others poultry and game. All these articles are preserved by the winter itself, which keeps them in a constant state of congelation.

The market of the Sennoi presents, in this respect, an aspect of perfect originality during the fortnight preceding the Christmas festivals, which the people celebrate, in Russia, by a long series of family feasts, over which primitive abundance presides.

The vast square of the Sennoi is divided into large compartments, appropriated to the different kinds of provision for sale there. Here, it is game: quails, gray partridges, heath-cocks; here, poultry: gigantic geese, pullets and turkeys, not less immense. There, are mountains of fish, from the precious sterlet caught in the Volga, to the modest signis from the ports of the White Sea; finally, and what is most curious of all, there are pigs, frozen like the rest, ranged in parallel rows, according to their size, stripped of their skins, white, stiff, immovable, and presenting from a distance a sight at once amusing and fantastic.

Thither, early in the morning, amid a hurrying crowd, elbowing, undulating like the sea, come the stewards of the great houses and the humble cooks of more modest families, to obtain their Christmas provisions. And while the first buys the sterlet, a luxury fit for the tables of the great, the second buys the less expensive salmon. As for the pork, so profitable in poor families, it is usually the head of the family who makes this purchase. The price settled, the merchandise is placed in the sleigh of the purchaser. But it will be understood that it is inconvenient to place these stiff and straight animals in a vehicle so narrow. The buyer therefore has often no other alternative but to seat his purchase beside him, and surround it with his arms, to keep it from falling. Sometimes the animal is straight behind, like a line. The most comical scenes, the most grotesque accidents, often succeed, to the great joy of the spectators, who, during this week, make the Sennoi the butt of their inquisitive raillery.

The people are alive; the enbarnes of the neighborhood are never empty, and the moujiks (peasants) provide liberally against the cold by large alcoholic potations. The national brandy is their beverage on great days, their nectar, their Lethe; there are

no evils which they cannot quickly drown in this coarse liquor, made from wheat, and prompt to bring on drunkenness. Few among them escape; but it is just to say that their drunkenness is perfectly inoffensive. The exaltation which it produces, manifests itself first by joyous songs, and ends by an effusion of tenderness. One of these men, with his brain obscured by the vapors of alcohol, was one day conversing with the boundary stone of a sidewalk, calling it his dear friend, his heart, his tender little dove!

But Christmas eve has arrived; the cold is dry and sharp; an unusual movement is noticed in every quarter of the city. It announces a great festival. The sleighs have ceased to transport the articles for the little fir trees. These are the Christmas trees beloved by children, and which are this very evening to be illuminated with wax lights, covered with dainties, with playthings, with various presents, according to the position, the rank, and especially the fortune of the family. Everywhere on this evening, where children are to be found, in the most opulent hotels or the poorest dwelling, is raised a Christmas tree. This touching custom, borrowed from Germany, has been for a long time popular in Russia, and is to-day universally observed.

The moment of the festival has arrived. The tree is sparkling with lights. To its branches are suspended the dainties; beneath it are spread out the presents for the children. Often, in great houses, a lottery terminates the evening; the numerous presents destined for the spectators are distributed by fate. It is a generosity which costs sometimes from ten to fifteen thousand roubles.

We will not speak of the delight of the children at sight of this brilliant and generous tree, which promises them so many things all at once. We prefer to introduce our readers to a scene less known and not less characteristic: the latter will bring out in all its originality one of the traits of ancient Slavonic superstition.

On stormy evenings in winter, the streets of St. Petersburg are little frequented, and during the great severity of the cold, they are literally deserted, particularly those at a distance from the centre of the city. A few sleighs only are seen to glide rapidly along, and disappear in the darkness. And at the corners of the streets, beneath the dim light of the lamps, the boutochnik paces his solitary round, uttering every quarter of an hour his sinister *qui vive* in the solitude.

We are at the quarter of Wladimir. Not far from the church of this name, stretches out a long and solitary street, once bordered by ancient wooden houses which dated from the first foundation of St. Petersburg, but at present adorned with large brick hotels with Venetian balconies and helviders, which give them an air at once coquettish and sumptuous. Meanwhile, as we advance along this street, the old houses begin to re-appear; they are low, and surrounded by little gardens, where the waving branches of drooping birches caress the roofs. Here is one, the windows of which seem to be illuminated, as if for a party. It is the dwelling of General B. The Christmas tree has been followed by a little company, at which the general could not be present, his position as aid-de-camp to the emperor requiring his presence at court this evening. The guests have retired early. The last carriage has already rolled over the snow. Let us enter the house of the general, especially as all its inmates are still up.

Here is a delicious boudoir, where a young girl sits buried in the cushions of a deep and elastic sofa, behind which is a collection of exotic flowers of exquisite perfume. This boudoir is furnished and decorated with that abundance of luxury which the rich Muscovites love to display in their houses, at the risk of sometimes trespassing upon good taste. The chandeliers are extinguished; but from the midst of the ceiling, an alabaster lamp diffuses through the elegant room a softened light which illuminates the objects around with an indistinct and dreamy reflection.

The charming child is scarcely seventeen; she has a light complexion, abundant hair, admirably arched eyebrows, an eye of singular vivacity, a small mouth, revealing now and then a double row of white teeth, the whole constituting a countenance full of animated grace and sprightly archness.

A dark-complexioned maid with submissive air stands before the young girl. The latter has her eyes fixed on a little enmelled watch, bordered with fine pearls, fastened to her girdle by a rich gold chain.

"Marie Paulowna" (Marie, daughter of Paul), said the *soubrette*, "all is ready; the nurse asks if she may come."

"Go tell her that I am waiting for her, dear Acoline. It is singular," she added quickly, after a blush, "but my heart beats as though I were about to do wrong."

"Nevertheless, it is very innocent. At the village from whence I came to enter your service, there is not a young girl who does not consult the lead on Christmas eve, and who does not afterwards watch to learn the name of her intended, and to see his figure in the mysterious mirror."

"And you, Acoline, have you seen your intended?"

"I, Marie Paulowna, was contented with learning his name; it is Fedor; I saw in the mirror that he was a *detchik* (military servant), of tall stature and dark complexion."

"But that is the portrait of Fedor, my father's *detchik*," remarked the general's daughter.

The *soubrette* blushed, and to conceal her embarrassment, asked her mistress if she might call the nurse.

"Go, my little Acoline, go."

At the expiration of a few minutes, the nurse appeared in a national costume, with a small silk kerchief on her head, a short gown bordered with fur, and a red petticoat. The women of the young girl followed, as curious as their mistress. One of them bore a pitcher of fresh water, in which was to be precipitated the melted metal. The operation took place. The lead, liquified in a burning brazier, was poured into the cold water, and resuming

its solidity, assumed the most grotesque, varied, and if we may so speak, impossible forms. The nurse took from the vase this metallic mass, and began to explain its various configurations, from which she derived, with an air of conviction and unheard-of gravity, a long heart-history, listened to by the young girl with breathless emotion.

Meanwhile the hand of the clock pointed to midnight; Acoline rushed from the room, hastily traversed the adjacent apartments, descended the stairs, and stood at the exterior door, which was lighted by a street lamp. The street was solitary and mute; only in the distance was heard the softened sound of carriage-wheels. The young girl, her eyes fixed on the darkness, listened with anxiety. Suddenly her face lighted up. She had heard the trot of a horse rapidly approaching; it was a sleigh; in it she saw an officer whose casque, adorned with a golden eagle, sparkled in the eyes of the maiden. The latter had stationed herself in the middle of the street, at the risk of being overthrown by the sleigh. Fortunately the driver perceived her; he reined up his horse.

"The name of your master?" cried the maiden.

"Dmitri!" replied the coachman, without appearing to be astonished, and giving the reins to his steed, resumed his rapid course. The chambermaid joyously returned to her mistress.

"Dmitri!" exclaimed she, on entering the boudoir.

At the sound of this name, the young girl blushed.

"Dmitri?" asked she.

"Yes, Marie Paulowna,—a handsome officer, in a superb sleigh, with a magnificent horse. *Dmitri!* his coachman said."

"O, the charming name!" said the general's daughter, clapping her little hands.

"Ah!" said the nurse, "it is the fair, proud and graceful young man we saw in the lead, and whom you are about to see, my daughter, in the Christmas mirror. Come, it is time. All is ready, Marie Paulowna."

"O, I am afraid!" replied the child, approaching her nurse.

"Afraid of seeing the figure of your lover in a glass? Come, little simpleton; is there anything to fear in these things? I was a year younger than yourself, when I saw my poor Wassili Ocipovitch (Basil, son of Joseph), and I assure you I was not in the least afraid."

These words somewhat re-assured the general's daughter.

"Come, nurse," she said, "I will try not to be afraid; I am ready."

"Withdraw, the rest of you!" said the nurse, to the attendants of the young girl; "we will call you when we need your services."

The chamber of Marie Paulowna was hung with white, and furnished with elegant and rich simplicity.

In this chamber was prepared a little square table, covered with a cloth of dazzling whiteness, on which two plates were laid, as if for two guests. The mysterious table was lighted by two flambeaux, of virgin wax, between which had been placed a little toilet mirror, with a silver frame. It was in this that the figure of the young girl's lover was to appear.

When the latter found herself alone in the silent chamber, the door of which the nurse had closed on retiring, when she saw this table, these two plates, these torches and the mysterious mirror, she was seized with an unconquerable fear, and would have fled; but her strength failed her, and she dropped upon one of the seats prepared before the table.

At first she threw around her affrighted glances, then looking towards the table, her eyes rested on the terrible mirror; but the young girl saw nothing but her own charming face reflected in the glass; and yet she trembled still. At this moment, the roll of carriage-wheels entering the court of the house was heard. This sound revived her courage, and the child began to smile, ridiculing her fears.

Suddenly she bounded on her chair as if from an electric shock; her eyes dilated in a frightful manner, and a shudder ran through her limbs. She saw in the fatal mirror a form which was not her own. At first she did not perceive it clearly, but the apparition was soon distinctly defined. There was no longer room for doubt; the figure of a man was before her, in military costume. She saw no more, and uttering a loud scream, fell swooning on the carpet.

General B. sprang towards his daughter, raised her, and applied restoratives. The child soon opened her eyes, and smiled as she recognized her father, to whom she showed the terrible mirror, saying, with some remains of fear:

"I have seen him!"

"Foolish girl!" said the general; "look; it was I whom you saw; the glass was opposite the door. I wished to surprise you to announce some intelligence which will give you pleasure, and I entered softly, on tip-toe; do you understand now?"

"And this news?" asked the young girl.

"His Majesty has appointed you maid of honor to the empress."

The young girl jumped for joy.

We will pass over the festivals of Christmas; it is now Epiphany; this fête is entirely religious; it is celebrated in Russia by the public and solemn benediction of the waters.

An elegant and rich chapel, open on all sides, has been constructed on the ice of the Neva, opposite the imperial palace; a planked walk, covered with magnificent carpets, conducts from the palace to the chapel. At ten o'clock in the morning, the clergy arrive in procession; the emperor, surrounded by his great dignitaries; the empress, with her maids of honor; the whole court, with the diplomatic corps, are present at this ceremony, which lasts not less than two hours, and according to the rigor of etiquette, the spectators must not wear their pelisses. Let us hasten to add, that they take care to have their lungs guarded from the cold as prudently as possible. We may here remark,

that the severity of the Russian climate admirably corresponds, at St. Petersburg, with the habits and customs of life which it essentially modifies. The scenes we are about to describe will illustrate this still more fully.

We have seen a rapid sleigh pass the house of General B. at midnight, on Christmas eve, and the attendant of his daughter Marie posted in the middle of the street to demand of the coachman the name of his master; then a moment afterwards the pretty Marie Paulowna suddenly blush on hearing the name of Dmitri. It was because it was that of a young chevalier of the guard, who at the balls never failed to choose her for his partner in the *mazourka*. Now, in Russia, these choices, when repeated, are always significant, of which the young girl was not ignorant. She knew besides, that her father greatly esteemed the elegant officer, which, to a dutiful daughter, was an additional reason for liking him. Since Christmas eve, this thought had gained strength in the heart of Marie Paulowna; but how much anxiety would she have been spared, could she have known that the officer whose name had been given to her maid, was no other than her accustomed partner in the *mazourka*, the young and brilliant Count Dmitri Rastneff, lieutenant of the guards, that magnificent regiment of the empress.

We will now enter, unceremoniously, the cabinet of Count Dmitri, who, with his heart and head full of the image of Marie, was preparing, on the morning of a winter review, his military toilet. Half an hour suffices for him to be in readiness. Deer-skin pantaloons of immaculate whiteness, shining boots, a white cloth coat covered with a cuirass of polished gold, and a helmet of gold surmounted with a two-headed eagle with wings outspread, gave to his handsome form and face a chivalric and youthful appearance of charming effect. He hastily smoked a long Turkish pipe, drank a cup of coffee, after which his valet de chambre presented him his sabre, then his gloves, while a dentichek held his mantle lined with beaver, ready to place it on his shoulders.

A sleigh awaited the chevalier at the door of his hotel; the horse was prancing with impatience, and the coachman was tightly drawing the reins. Scarcely had the young soldier placed himself in the narrow vehicle and arranged the bear-skin around him, when the horse darted off like an arrow. The groom of the young man preceded him with his saddle-horse.

During the night there had been a storm. The north wind had piled the snow in drifts, which gave to the immense square of the Admiralty a strange and desolate aspect. A great fire was lighted in the circular fire-place, situated before the eastern front of the Winter Palace. Several coachmen had assembled there, while their sleighs, arranged in a line, were stationed at a little distance. The horses were carefully covered with woollen carpets, and were stamping the snow beneath their feet.

Between this part of the palace and the boulevard of the Admiralty, a space forming a parallelogram has been reserved, its sides defended by cords supported by iron rods fixed in the ground. This esplanade, which is any other city than St. Petersburg, would be considered very large, is the place for the reviews which it pleases the emperor to hold during the winter, or rather at which he is present on the balcony which overlooks the square.

The imperial staff had assembled on this day in the middle of the square, while the fine regiment of the guards occupied the upper side. The band had a distinct place, not to incommode the movements of the squadrons.

The generals were awaiting the arrival of the emperor or of the Grand Duke Michael, for it was not known which would preside at the evolutions of the day and review the troops. These rude warriors, most with gray mustaches, all in grand costume beneath their fur mantles, were conversing in the extreme cold as carelessly as if on the soft carpets of their warm saloons.

On his side, the young lieutenant was chatting with some officers, while awaiting the moment to mount his horse. The soldiers, already mounted and arranged in a line, remained motionless. The clock of the Admiralty struck nine. At this moment an aid-de-camp came to inform the chief staff-officer that the emperor would not be present at the parade, but that the Grand Duke would take his place. A quarter of an hour had not elapsed, when another aid-de-camp, riding at a gallop, announced the arrival of this prince. The order to mount was immediately given, and in a moment, generals and officers were at their posts. As soon as the Grand Duke Michael had arrived on the square, the staff galloped to meet him, and the regimental band struck up a lively and warlike march, by the chapel-master, Antonio Doerfeldt, one of the most skillful military composers of Russia.

The evolutions commenced. They were brilliant as usual. These magnificent horses, the meanness of which must have cost 3000 francs, all of shining black, covered with foam, their nostrils open and icicles hanging from their bits, obeyed the hand of their riders with a regularity, a uniformity and a decision of movement, at which the old generals of the staff were themselves surprised.

Suddenly, at the moment when a squadron had detached itself from the line of battle, to gallop to another point, a horse, which all the skill of his master could not control, left the ranks, and in its disorderly race ran against the grand duke, who avoided the shock only by a rapid evolution.

The cavalier nevertheless succeeded in mastering his horse, which reared beneath him, covered with waves of foam. It was a magnificent steed, and evidently the finest horse in the regiment. The piercing eye of the emperor's brother quickly recognized the unlucky cavalier. It was Count Dmitri. An aid-de-camp was immediately despatched for him. The young officer left the ranks and approached the grand duke.

"Count Dmitri," said his Imperial Highness, with severity, "what were you thinking of, you, one of the best horsemen of the imperial guard, to allow yourself thus to be carried away by your

horse? This awkwardness deserves twenty-four hours of arrest."

"Monseigneur," said the young man, coloring, "I swear to your Royal Highness, that the cold alone was the cause of this accident; my horse is excessively sensitive, and he took me by surprise."

"That was an offence, and you have added another, that of replying to me. You have heard me—twenty-four hours of arrest."

There could be no reply. Dmitri knew the regulations. He therefore regained his place in silence, but not without vexation. He was in fact one of the best horsemen of the guards, but was at that moment so absorbed in thoughts of Marie Paulowna, that he had neglected to curb his horse, which being, as he had said, excessively sensitive, and goaded by a snow-dry, had suddenly started.

Owing to the severity of the weather, the grand duke abridged the manoeuvres. The generals were ranged around him, and the regiment, its chief at the head, defiled before the brother of the sovereign. As each platoon presented itself, the grand duke exclaimed: "Thanks, brothers!" "Happy to please your Royal Highness," replied the soldiers, in chorus, by a phrase the intonation of which it would be impossible to translate.

After this defiling, the officers left their horses to the care of denticheks, and entered their sleighs. The members of the staff did the same; the grand duke alone departed in a carriage.

As for Count Dmitri, the morning after his arrest had expired he visited the latter, to whom he avowed the true cause of his misfortune the day before, and asked his permission to espouse Marie Paulowna.

"But it seems to me," said His Royal Highness, laughingly, "that my permission should be asked last."

"It is for this reason, monseigneur, that I have the honor to request it now."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TAKING ADVICE.

BY FRÉDÉRIC CAREY.

She gave a world of good advice,
She hoped I'd profit by;
And I should not wonder if she thought
I came away to cry.

She thinks I stand in fear of her,—
I really think I don't;
She's sure my will will yield to hers,—
I'm pretty sure it won't.

I know my dear old maiden aunt
Is prudent, good and wise,—
But, Harry, don't you think with me
She's rather too precise?

She said I must not fall in love,—
"Propriety forbid!"
And I told her I should never
Love you better than I did.

She said you must not fondle me,—
She did not think you would,—
I told her I'd be up in arms
Against you if you should.

She said you must not kiss me
The first time if you should try,
And I told her that you should n't,—
But I did not tell her why.

She said that suitor never yet
Had even pressed her hand;
I did not think the reason
Very hard to understand.

And, as for marrying, she knew
She'd die before she'd wed,—
And I told her that I did not doubt
The truth of what she said.

EUROPEAN DRESS AND TURKISH WEARERS.

The change that has been introduced (into the Turkish costume) shows the wonderful power of the Sultan over the people; all has apparently been done by example, and by the influence of that universal power—fashion. The Turk, proud of his beard, comes up from the province a candidate for, or to receive the office of governor. The Sultan gives him an audience, passes his hand over his own short-trimmed beard; the candidate takes the hint, and appears the next day shorn of his honored locks. The Sultan, who is always attired in a plain blue frock-coat, asks of the aspirant for office if he admires it. He, of course, praises the costume worn by his patron, whereupon the Sultan suggests that he would look well in it, also in the red unturbaed fez. The following day the officer again attends to receive or lose his appointment, and to promote the progress of his suit, throws off his costly and beautiful costume, and appears, like the Sultan, in the dull, blue frock. A regimental cloak may sometimes be seen covering a fat body inclosed in all the robes of the Turkish costume; the whole bundle, including the fur-lined gown, being strapped together round the waist. Some of the figures are literally as broad as long, and have a laughable effect on horseback. The saddles for the upper classes are now generally made of the European form; but the people, who cannot give up their accustomed love of fust for plain leather, have them mostly of purple or crimson velvet, embroidered with silver or gold, the holsters ornamented with beautiful patterns. The horses are small, but very good and showy. Every gentleman in the street is on horseback, with one, two, three, or four servants, according to his rank, walking by his side, one carrying the pipe.—*Sir C. Fellows's Asia Minor and Lycia.*

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. He is a good divine who follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT PIERCE'S ONLY SON.

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

Death spareth none who tread this earth below,
Nor when he calls can any say him nay;
But when the fatal summons comes, we know
That life must close and we must haste away;
For neither youth nor beauty, wealth nor power,
The stroke can stay, nor add to life one hour.

The ruler of a nation great and free
Is called to mourn a loved and only son;
Yet may he in this sore affliction see
A Father's hand, and say "Thy will be done!"
And bow submissively to that Power above,
Which gave, and now which takes away—in love

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE LOG AND THE STONE HOUSE.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

How often we are arrested to notice objects by the force of contrast, they having no other attraction to draw our attention. It was thus the other day to me, when I caught sight of two houses near by each other,—one built of rude logs, the other of gray stone. The latter was a neat, substantial, and enduring edifice, but it had nothing peculiar in its form or fashion to attract the passer-by; but yet I found my attention riveted to it, and I could not unfasten my thoughts from it till I caught the lesson I was to learn.

The stone house was attractive because of contrast with the log house. This was indeed a rude affair. Little had been done for it in the way of ornament or show. The logs were laid upon each other, and the spaces were filled up with mortar. The jutting ends showed how little the timber had been hewn; and the massive portions of the plaster gave a very uncouth appearance to the house, showing how hastily the labor had been accomplished, as where in one of the relics of Pompeii you see how suddenly the inhabitants flew at the trumpet call of roaring Vesuvius, by the altar where the backward stroke of the mason's trowel was arrested, as the traces in the mortar show.

The stone house witnessed to altogether a different state of things. The stone had been carefully hewn; the mortar was of a fine quality; the mason's work was admirably performed; and the gray, square blocks shone handsomely in their white frames, where the painting was exact and even. Around the house was the neat fence; here a spot for such a kitchen-garden as Ahab wanted to make of Naboth's vineyard; and there, at a little distance, was the space for flowers, where the green vines and flowering shrubs were pleasant to behold. The log house stood only on a wide hillock, on whose declivity the swine had their abode; and, whether intentionally or not I cannot say, they seemed determined to look all ways but towards the new building and its fenced gardens.

The attractiveness of this scene was not wholly from the contrast of buildings, but from the association of mind. The log house was for the transient wants of the time of experiment and adventure; the stone house told of success, courage, and a commendable regard for permanent comfort. The log house was good enough for what it was built for. It was to be, as hope whispered, but for a season. The stone house always was the ideal of the future; and all the deprivations of years, and the prudence of pains-taking that went along steadily, accepting the humblest fare, pointed to the reality on which my eyes rested, where the little boy had built a bird house, because he thought that as his father had built a stone house for him, he ought to give the birds something better than the trees for their nests.

The teaching of this scene, that alone released my mind from the objects there, spoke to me of the use of things which are only for a time, and the use of things which are permanent. We should be contented with that which is sufficient to help us on to things permanent, lest we build the stone house first, and have to come down to the dwelling of logs. To build within the income is the method to be able to build more substantially, more beautifully, and more satisfactorily in the future. The tabernacle preceded the temple, and this was applied, by the apostle, to the habitation of the soul here and hereafter. "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual."

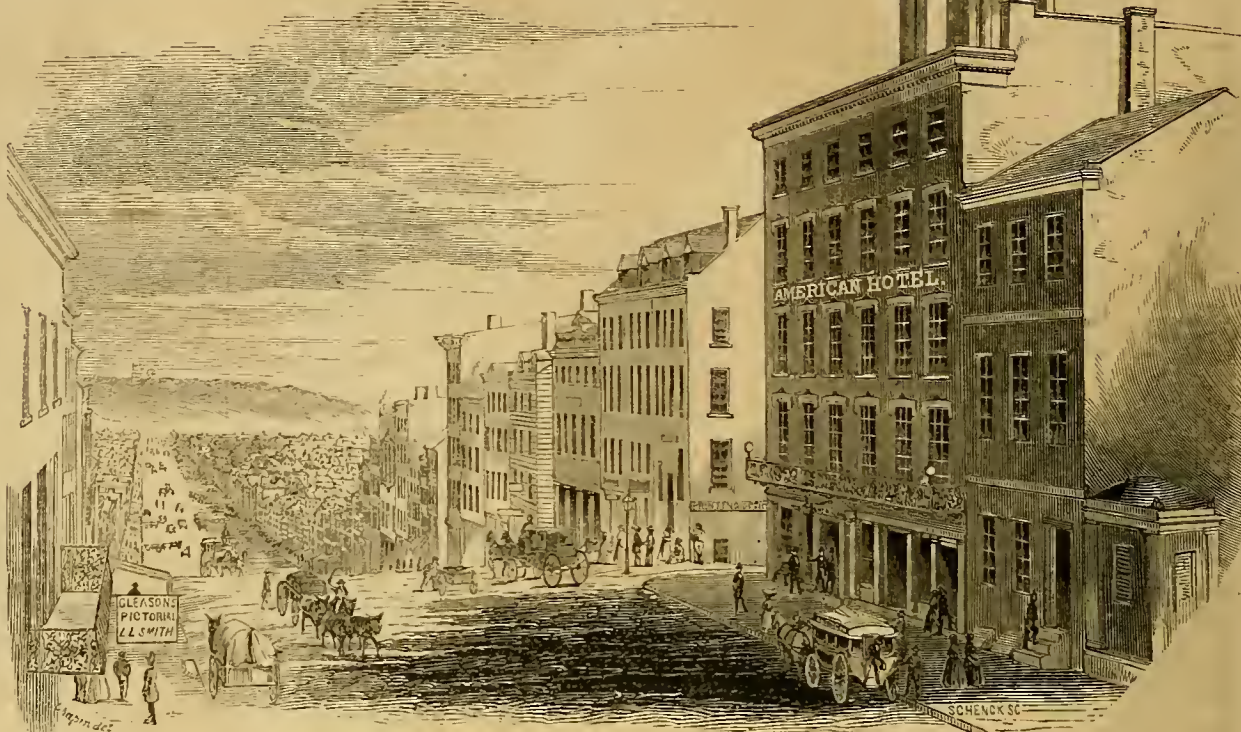
This is the law of necessity—the necessity of our moral nature. We must build humbly if we ever hope to build higher; and there's no truth more needed in our day, than that which Franklin's father hinted at when Franklin struck his head against the top of the basement door,—“You must learn to stoop a little.” Newton traced all his greatness in science to his greater willingness to build humbly—to build for the time, fact upon fact, though rude seemed the materials and the fashioning, that he might build for the ages in which he was to live. The log house may seem a rude dwelling, but it matters not if within its enclosure a noble soul is cultivating its energies and resources. That soul will build to itself more nobly in the future; and it may find that the nation has built its dwelling-place—the “White House” at Washington; or, better, the temple of virtuous fame.

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in his ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger.—*Shakespeare.*

MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Our readers who have been as far south as Richmond, Virginia, will readily recognize the view here given of the principal street in the capital of the Old Dominion. The sketch was taken on the spot by our own artist, and is a very faithful one. The principal building in the foreground is the American Hotel, on the corner of Eleventh and Main streets, kept by I. M. Smith, Esq., an indefatigable and gentlemanly host. We regret that our space does not allow us to speak of this house as it deserves. Our experience in southern travel justifies us in saying, that after leaving Washington the traveller will find no better house, and if he is so fortunate as to find its equal, he may congratulate himself upon his good fortune. If a gentlemanly host, an excellent table, attentive servants, pleasant, richly furnished rooms, and obliging assistants, can make one comfortable, they may all be found at the American. On the corner below the hotel is the office of the Richmond Enquirer. Still farther "down street" is Pratt's daguerreotype saloon, and on the same side, the building in the distance with a flag waving over it is Whitehurst's gallery. The latter gentleman is deserving of the highest meed of praise for the enterprise he exhibits, as well as for the judicious selection of his assistants. He has galleries in Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Norfolk, Petersburg and Lynchburg, and some of the pictures taken by Mr. Wm. W. Metcalf, his agent in Richmond, excelled anything we had ever seen. Opposite the American is the office of Mr. L. L. Smith, where our Richmond friends may always find the "Pictorial" and the current literature of the day. Mr. S. is a young man of enterprise, and we cheerfully recommend him to the patronage of all who would encourage a new beginner. In the foreground our artist has introduced one of the characteristic teams so prevalent in southern cities, more particularly of Richmond. Rockets, the port of Richmond, is situated about a mile and a half below the centre of the city, and the cargoes landed here are drawn, or toled, as the negroes call it, in these unique looking teams to their destination in the city. The port is an extremely muddy spot, owing to the frequent overflow of the river, and daily exhibits a scene of intense excitement. Twenty or thirty of these teams may often be seen loaded and empty, struggling through the mud to the hubs of their wheels, the mules struggling, jerking and splashing the noctuous soil in showers around them, while the sable driver, mounted on the wheel-mule—with a single rein by which he guides the nigh leader—makes a vigorous use of his lower limbs on his animal's flanks, and jerks the rein with all his strength, throwing his body into every conceivable attitude, and shouting to his mules in a jargon something between the dialect of a Kickapoo Indian and the howling of a dozen hyenas. Add to this the songs of the negroes as they "break out" the cargo, and you have a scene which is novel in the extreme, and by no means uninteresting to the observer. From its peculiarly favorable situation, between the upper and lower country, Richmond is one of the most healthy cities in the United States. Seldom, if ever, has it been visited with yellow fever, or any desolating epidemic. The city contains from 1500 to 2000 dwellings, something more than half of which are of brick, and the remainder of wood. Near the brow of Shockoe Hill, which is an elevated plain, and a favorite place of residence, is Capital Square, a very beautiful public ground, containing about nine acres, surrounded by a handsome iron railing, ornamented with gravel walks, and shaded with a variety of trees. In the centre stands the State House, which has excited the admiration of travellers for its commanding position, and its chaste yet beautiful proportions. It was constructed after a model brought by Mr. Jefferson from Nimes, in France. It has a portico in front, with an entablature supported by lofty Ionic columns of fine proportions and imposing appearance. In an open hall, in the centre of the building within, is placed a marble statue of Washington, by Houdon, a French artist, which was erected in 1788, during the lifetime of Washington. The following is the inscription on its pedestal, from the pen of Mr. Madison: "The General Assembly of the commonwealth of Virginia have caused this statue to be erected, as a monument of affection and gratitude to George Washington, who, uniting to the endowments of the hero the virtues of the patriot, and exerting both in establishing the liberties of his country, has rendered his name dear to his fellow-citizens, and given the world an example of true glory."

Richmond contains from sixteen to twenty churches of the various denominations; among which are 3 Episcopal, 2 Presbyterian, 3 Methodist, 3 Baptist, a Unitarian, a Campbellite, a Friends, a Roman Catholic, and a Jews' Synagogue. Some of these are large and elegant edifices. The Monumental Episcopal Church stands upon the site formerly occupied by the old Richmond Theatre, which was destroyed by fire during a performance, involving the destruction of many valuable lives, among which was that of the governor of the State. Among the most splendid and useful of the public works of the city are its waterworks, commenced in 1830, and completed at an expense of about \$120,000. The water is forced up from James River.



VIEW OF MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

CHURCH OF ST. JAMES THE LESS.

This beautiful little church, of gothic structure, a view of which we present below, is situated but a stone's throw from the Laurel Hill Cemetery, and near the Falls of the Schuylkill. It is of the Episcopal denomination, located in a truly romantic spot, and is an object of interest to all visitors in this delightful region. There is no lathing, plastering, or painting upon it, but it is built of plain stone and wood, although, in its unostentatious way, finely polished and finished within.



CHURCH OF ST. JAMES THE LESS, NEAR LAUREL HILL CEMETERY, PHILADELPHIA.

VIEW OF HARTFORD, CONN.

On the next page, we give an excellent view of the city of Hartford, from the Connecticut River. The picture gives a representation in the foreground, of one of the pioneer steamboats which formerly navigated the Connecticut, a crude and primitive affair when compared to our proud "floating palaces." The city itself is on the west side of the river, some fifty miles from its mouth, at the head of navigation. This is one of the most thriving cities in the State. Its population in 1850 amounted to 18,000.

Hartford is pleasantly situated upon a gently rising eminence, sloping eastwardly to the Connecticut River, and broken into graceful undulations on its western limits. It contains seventy-three streets and lanes, a portion of them running nearly parallel to the river, and others generally crossing them east and west. Main street, which extends from north to south quite through the city, and divides it into nearly equal divisions, is the great thoroughfare, and the seat of the principal retail trade. It is broad and nearly straight, and for more than a mile presents an almost unbroken range of brick and stone edifices, many of which are elegant. On this street are the principal public buildings and churches. State street, also a broad avenue extending from Main street east to Connecticut River, contains many elegant buildings, and is the seat of an active business. Near its junction with Main street, it divides into two branches, enclosing the State House and the public square. Commerce street runs along the bank of the river, is connected by a branch track with the several railroads entering the city, and has a large and commodious freight depot upon its wharf, at the terminus of the branch track, substantially built of brown freestone and brick. Asylum street, extending west from Main street to the general railroad depot, is compactly occupied by large brick and freestone edifices, and is the seat of a brisk and very extensive and heavy business, chiefly in cotton and woollen domestic fabrics. The city, as a whole, is substantially and compactly built, of brick and stone, and exhibits a larger number of elegant edifices and more elaborate architecture than most cities of its size throughout the United States.

SWITZERLAND IN WINTER.

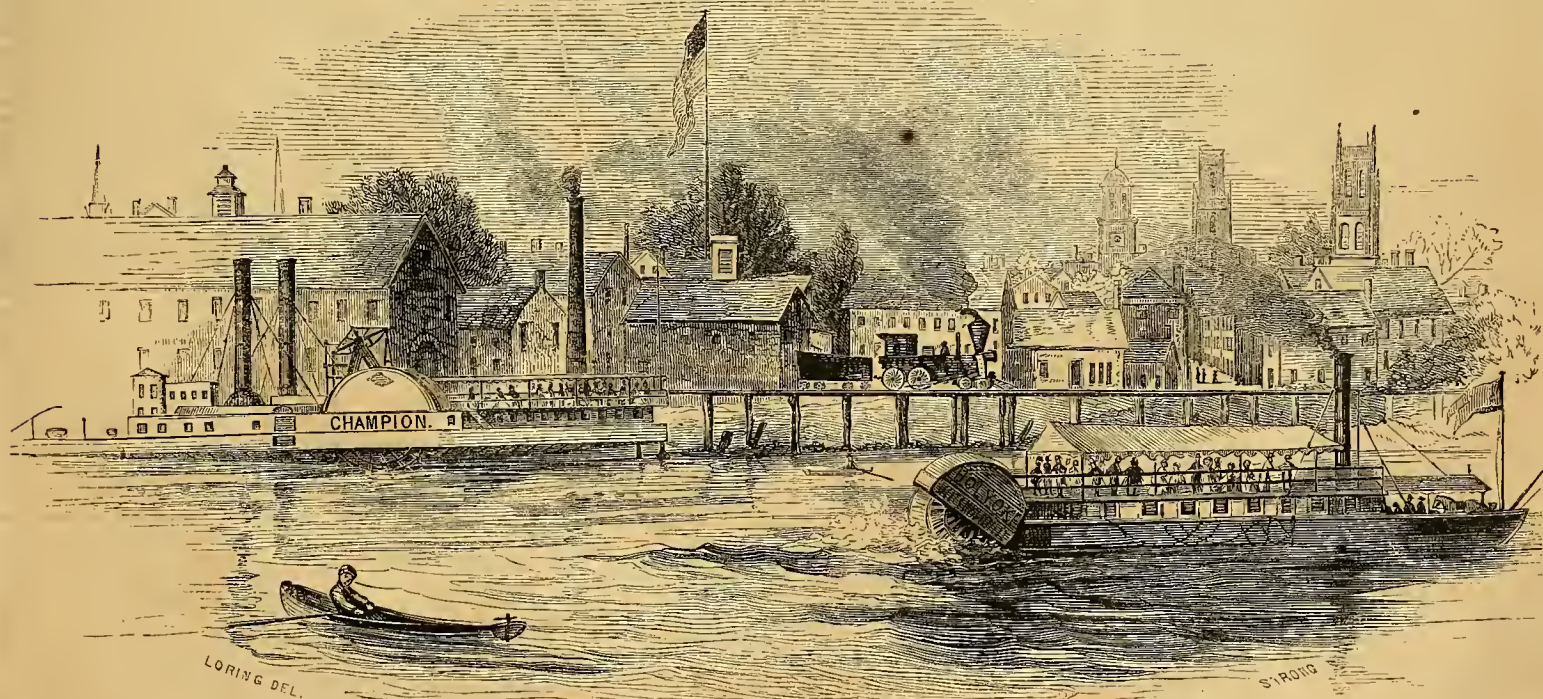
If travellers, after having visited the Alps in summer, should chance to see them in winter, they would hardly recognize them, and might think themselves under the influence of that magic of which the old legends are full. Everything would seem to them dead and petrified in these solitudes where they had left movement and life. No more flocks wandering on the mountain slopes—no more rivulets pouring over velvet banks—the very cascade is fixed to its rock, and its last waves, suspended in immense icicles, wait till the wand of the fairy breaks the enchantment and restores them to liberty. Such a scene, the cascade of Giessbach, a beautiful and striking object, is represented in our engraving with remarkable fidelity. Everywhere reigns a profound silence, and not a murmur is heard through the forest sleeping in the snow. If there rises, at long intervals, a cry from the neighboring village, whose existence you only conjecture from the smoke-wreaths spirally ascending, the dull rumor finds no echo in the mountain—it dies stifled in the thick envelope which covers the whole country like a vast shroud. All the mountains, blended in uniform whiteness, no longer indicate the distances which separate them, nor enable you to distinguish their highest summits, the abiding places of eternal snow. The lakes, whose transparent waters animated the summer landscapes with their brilliant reflections, now sleep, sombre and black, in funeral contrast with their frozen setting. Strange spectacle! in the presence of which you experience at first an invincible stupor. It is thus, they say, that the soul recoils upon itself in the presence of the desert. Still, if you can accustom yourself to this gloomy but imposing scene, you find it at last possessed of a deep fascination. The smoke, which pierces through the snow-laden hemlocks, announces the dwelling of man and the peaceful activity of domestic life. This hospitable sign attracts you; you advance, as between two walls, by a road painfully wrought out, to the village. Each house is carefully cleared of the masses of snow which surround it; communications are daily kept up between the dwelling and the barn, the stable and wood-pile; a path leads to the school, the two-house, the church, and the cemetery; for, amid the sleep of earth, human activity, the cares of this world, and religious thoughts and duties still exist. Everything, it is true, is managed so as to be handy; the foresight of the father has provided a quantity of wood within reach of the women folk; all the purchases necessary to last till spring have been made; for it is uncertain whether it will be possible to communicate with the town during the cold. Each house, like a lost ark, must be provided with some succor against unforeseen accidents. Ask the prudent peasant woman to open her closet and chests; you will see, together with the precious colonial articles the Swiss mountaineers consume so largely, and the bread, which, in certain localities is baked for the whole season, and even, sometimes, the entire year, a little stock of medicines carefully labelled, and which her experience has taught her to employ judiciously. For the rest, there is always some house in the village better furnished in this respect than the



THE FROZEN CASCADE OF GIESSBACH.

others: it is most generally the presbytery, and people run thither in time of need, to seek remedies for the body, to the same house which keeps in reserve and dispenses no less liberally, medications for the soul. The more these little communities are separated from the rest of mankind, the more the need of mutual succor is felt, and the more charitable dispositions are awakened; all the poor are nourished and sustained, or rather, there are no poor in these wild retreats, where no one possesses a superfluity. The village, almost always inert and silent, still has its hours of

wakefulness and its moments of life. The bell summons the little parish to divine service, or the children to school. The moment they are let out is always noisy; they rarely go home without a bout at snow-balling, or sliding on the frozen ponds in their wooden shoes, or building snow-men, or rolling masses of snow, which gather as they run, and form mimic avalanches. This is also the time when the sleds glide down the hills with their adventurous owners, who are often overturned by the way amid shouts of laughter from the boys who are climbing up with their vehicles to incur the same risks, and perhaps produce the same hilarity. If the springs gush from a sufficient depth to secure them from freezing, the cattle are brought to the drinking-place, and this, twice a day is a scene of pressure and tumult. Oftener the water necessary for the cattle is brought into the stable. They are frequently obliged to give them only melted snow. Extreme heat and extreme cold equally dry up the fountains. In the deep valleys the light is confined to the measure of a narrow horizon. Such a village does not see the sun during many months of winter. It is a fine moment when the beholder sees the vivifying day-star once more poising on the mountain crest. At first it only shows the upper part of its disk—by degrees it rises and clears itself, and then is seen to pursue its heavenly path. It will be seen what an enormous difference must exist between the temperature of the southern slopes, where the sun darts its rays full, and those which, being turned to the north, never receive them. These last, with a moderate elevation, are, as it were, the abode of eternal winter. Between these extreme points there are numberless degrees, and these varieties of aspect, producing a more or less rapid melting of the snow, are a great natural blessing, for they provide resonances, and prevent or diminish inundations. Our readers would not have a faithful and complete idea of an Alpine winter, if we passed over in silence the admirable effect which the light sometimes produces. When a serene evening empurples the mountains, the spectacle is yet more magnificent and astonishing than in the finest days of summer. A bright rose color and all the warmest tints then take the place of dull and lugubrious white; the lakes kindle with these flaming tints; one would think it a vast conflagration extending to the bowels of the earth; the forests and rocks dazzle the sight, and what vapors there are in the sky are colored with astonishing vigor. Then the shadow ascends from the valleys by degrees, and to this scene of life, succeeds, in a few moments, the cold image of death. The imagination of these meditative people is impressed by these sublime contrasts: children and old men formerly fancied genii presiding over these grand metamorphoses, and reigning above over the avalanches, the whirlwinds and the tempests. It is long since marvellous dragons ceased to inhabit the caverns, and the mountain giant wakened the echoes with his voice. For the rest, if these vain creeds have dispersed with the progress of intelligence, Christian faith has proportionally gained—minds are not freed from superstition to wander into doubt, but to attach themselves to the divine and salutary truth.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF HARTFORD, CONN., FROM THE RIVER—SHOWING AN OLD-FASHIONED STEAMBOAT.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THERE IS NO SOLITUDE.

BY R. A. WRIGHT.

There is no solitude
Within the cell where the prisoner weeps!
And the fading sunshine scarcely creeps
Through the window grated rude,
The spider hath spun her glittering web,
And the fly crawled o'er the cheerless roof;
And in the evening dim,
When each star its light in the sky reveals,
Mournfully low through the silence steals
The cri-ket's vesper hymn.

There is no solitude!
For all abroad on the sunny earth
Are forms of beauty, and sounds of mirth,
And flowers of gladness strewn;
The swelling roar of the surging sea,
And the cheerful song of the humming bee,
The wind-harp's music wild,
Have each a voice, whose tones impart
A thrill of joy to the beating heart
Of Nature's favored child.

There is no solitude!
For angel arms are round us thrown,
And a silent kiss and a voiceless tone,
With heavenly truth imbued,
Are pressed like a signet on the soul;
And a strength beyond our weak control
Shall lead us gently on.
Till the soul shall wake from her earthly trance,
And the veil which shades the spirit's glance
Shall be forever withdrawn.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE BLACK VISOR.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CORRIER.

WITH a quick, uneasy tread, and with an expression of countenance very unlike that proud, careless air which those handsome features usually wore, the young Count St. Earle was pacing up and down a parlor of his hotel, alternately glancing at his watch, and looking from a window which commanded a view of the street. But the impatience he was trying to conceal from himself, since there was no one else to observe it, by now and then humming strains from the new opera, or attempting a stupid yawn, would not make the minutes pass more swiftly, or hasten Pierre's return. Though it was yet but eleven in the morning, the nobleman was in full dress, the perturbation of mind in which he had returned home a few hours before having caused him to forget his accustomed repose, and the choice viands which had been brought into the apartment had not yet attracted even a glance.

A half hour more, and the door was opened by the valet, and a perfumed billet-doux, bearing the seal of the Marquise de Luigi, was presented to the count; but though that expected letter had been so anxiously waited for, and though his whole future life would be affected by the contents of that epistle, it was some moments after Pierre had left the room before the young nobleman's trembling fingers broke the seal.

While he is hesitating, we will inquire why that missive, so beautiful in its exterior, should cause him such strange emotions.

Count Edward St. Earle, the father of our hero, had once been the possessor of immense wealth, only a very small portion of which was inseparable from his title; but the whole of his disposable property, together with the dowry of the countess, was lost in a single night at the billiard-table. His most intimate friend, the Marquis de Luigi, was the winner; and when St. Earle, who was saved by his friend from the self-destruction which his misfortune had led him to attempt, refused, in behalf of the countess and his son, to whom alone de Luigi dared offer it,—the half of the lost estate, the marquis proposed the betrothal of his daughter, Margot, a child of ten years, and the heir apparent to his wealth, with the only son of the count, a lad of fifteen. St. Earle, of course, eagerly accepted the proposal, and the marriage engagement was accordingly entered into.

All parties were delighted with the arrangement; the St. Earles for the position it restored to the family, and the de Luigis for the prospect of the future happiness of their daughter, for Etienne was a remarkably fine-looking, intelligent youth, possessing all the pride and independence of his father's character, with the good sense and amiability of his mother. Margot, who had been placed in a convent to be educated, was considered too young to be consulted in the affair; but Etienne, who was shown a portrait of the child, was much pleased with the arrangement; and for a long time, in all the bright skies which the fertile imagination of the youth painted, little Margot was the "bright, particular star." But years passed away, and the count—for both his parents, as well as those of his betrothed, had died before he reached manhood—after he had gone into the world, began to look forward with less pleasure to his marriage with a lady whom he had never seen, and of whom he knew nothing, and could know nothing, until the period fixed on for the marriage; as she was to quit the convent only to approach the altar, and the abbess, who was her aunt, forbade all correspondence between the young people. A chance glimpse of her, a few months before the marriage was to take place, did not much diminish the uneasiness he was beginning to experience.

While riding one day through a narrow street, the count's attention was attracted to a vehicle, the horses attached to which having become unmanageable, were dashing along towards a *chaussée* which the recent rain had rendered entirely impassable.

"It is the Marquise de Luigi!" exclaimed the bewildered driver, who thought the mention of one whose introduction to society the coming season was, at this time, the topic of conversation throughout Paris, would bring some one sooner to his own rescue.

St. Earle forced his way through the crowd, but not before the voiture was overturned; and through the door, which she had opened, probably to leap to the ground, a lady was thrown to the pavement. She was, however, but very little injured; for as the count sprang towards her she rose from the earth, and lifting the veil which had concealed her face, gazed about her with a very calm, composed air.

The Marquise de Luigi! St. Earle was thunderstruck. Could it be that the tall, skeleton-like figure, with the coarse, unsymmetrical features, the large black eyes, whose only expression was that of passive melancholy, and the cadaverous complexion which the dress of deep mourning made to look frightfully death-like—could it be that lady was his future bride?

There could be no doubt but it was the Marquise who stood before him, with those dull eyes resting on his; for the prominent features were markedly those of the Luigi family, though she inherited none of its beauty and grace. Had there been any doubt of it, he would very soon have been convinced who she was; for as he stood there, unmindful of the ridiculous appearance he was making, gazing, as if spell-bound, in the face of the lady, instead of offering to assist the people who were striving to right the overturned vehicle, or inviting her to take his own coach, which stood but a few rods distant, a carriage drove up to the spot where the accident happened, and a voice—the sweetest the nobleman had ever heard, called out:

"My dear Margot! what are you doing there? Count St. Earle! pardon me for knowing a gentleman so distinguished for his politeness and gallantry,—it is the Marquise de Luigi! Please conduct her to my carriage, and I will take her back to the convent."

As the count held back the carriage door for Margot, who, when she had become aware who was near her, turned on him a look of proud disdain, and coldly declined the honor of his assistance, he endeavored to catch a glimpse of the fair being whose words had made the blood mount to his temples. The lady, however, seemed determined that his curiosity should not be gratified; but as ill luck would have it, the little ungloved hand, in endeavoring to draw the thick veil more closely about her face, broke the ribbon which confined it, and the covering fell from her head, and a face and figure more beautiful than St. Earle had ever dreamed of met his gaze.

There was the brightest and most joyous eye; the purest brow, surrounded by soft, shining curls; the rosy, dimpled cheek, and the ruby lip, around which played a smile in which embarrassment and mirth seemed striving for the mastery; the fair neck, whose beauty the rich embroidered muslin heightened rather than concealed; and a figure more lovely than sculptor had ever modelled.

It was but a moment that the count gazed on what to him seemed too fair to be aught but a vision, for the lady who entered the carriage without deigning to notice the parting salutation of the young man, closed the door quickly after her, and the vehicle moved away.

St. Earle returned home in a state of feverish excitement, but with two ideas very deeply impressed upon his mind, one of which was that he would never marry the Marquise de Luigi, and the other that he would ascertain who that fair stranger was.

For some weeks there seemed no probability that he would ever be able to see her again; but at length, at a masquerade ball, that sweet musical voice which had so entranced him, again met his ear; and half an hour's tete-a-tete, which she was obliged to hold with him, for her companion, to her very apparent vexation, consigned her for that length of time to the care of the count, made him as much admire the intellect and heart, as he had the personal attractions of the stranger. His third meeting with the fair Cecile, so she had been called by her companion at the masquerade, and nothing more could be learned of her name, completed her fascination of the young man; and Etienne explained to her his position in life, confessed his love for her, and asked if she could share his title and his poverty.

"To the name and estate of a man, I would not give a second thought; thank Heaven, I am in a position where I need no addition to the one or the other!" said the beautiful unknown; "but"—and the ruby lip curled proudly, and the bright eye flashed with indignation, as she added, with emphasis—"my husband shall be a man of honor and integrity!"

Three hours after that interview was written the letter to the Marquise de Luigi, a reply to which St. Earle now held in his hand.

How bitterly, now that the first burst of feeling which the taunting words of Cecile had caused, did he regret the taking of that hasty step; but it was now irretrievable, and he tore open the letter.

His fears were realized. The reply was as cold and formal as he expected it would be, but she was ready to fulfil the engagement her father had made for her; and as the period fixed on for the consummation of the marriage was so near at hand, she would immediately commence preparations for the event. She had but one favor to ask of the Count St. Earle. Her aunt, the abbess, under whose care she had so long been, was in ill health, and while her situation remained as precarious as it now was, the marquise begged she might not be required to go into society.

This wish was the only item in the letter which Etienne could think of with patience; and in his second note to his intended bride, he expressed himself willing, not only to grant what she asked, but even to delay the marriage, if she wished it.

The marquise, however, did not wish it, and the nuptials were accordingly solemnized; but at the instance of the count and the ready compliance of the lady, in the most quiet manner possible.

Not once, during the performance of the ceremony, did Etienne turn his eyes towards the bride; but had he done so, it would have been impossible for him to obtain a view of her face, the church was so dimly lighted, and Margot had so enveloped herself in a veil.

"Madam!" said the count, with still averted eyes, as he re-conducted her to her coach, "your marriage with me has released you from the convent, where otherwise you must have spent your days. Freedom is all I can give you; are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly!" said the lady, calmly, as she drew the veil still closer about her face; "and, monsieur, your marriage with me has put you in possession of wealth, without which your life would most likely have been one of beggary. Wealth is all I can give you; are you satisfied?"

The count winced, but he answered: "Perfectly; au revoir, madame!" and closing the door after her as she stepped into her carriage, he sprang into his own coach and drove away from the church, in a direction opposite that taken by the marquise.

After driving about the city for half an hour, he suddenly recollected the opera; a new prima donna was to appear that evening, and St. Earle, hoping to find something to distract his thoughts, entered the hall. He had not been there long before he found something sufficiently distracting. In the box adjoining his own, sat Cecile; and never to the young nobleman had she looked so beautiful before. There was an unusual brilliancy in that dancing eye, a heightened color on that rosy cheek, and the smile which played around that lip was never half so bewitching; and when, for her face was averted as he entered his box, she became aware that he was near her, a look stole over those features which he had never seen there before. That look! no wonder the count was distracted, for that changing countenance, that happy, timid glance, the lip which quivered as she attempted to return the whispered greeting, told him that he was loved; and that look pleaded too for his forgiveness for the words she had uttered at their last meeting.

At the first dropping of the curtain the count withdrew; but to return to his hotel, and shut him up alone with himself, was not to be thought of, and the coachman was directed to drive to one of the *salons* of the city, where fortunes are lost and won in a night. The count was not a gambler; he had never played but to make up a party at whist, and he had no intention of doing so to-night.

Not long after he had entered the room, he observed, on the side of the table opposite him, an individual in a black visor, like himself watching the progress of a play between two noted gamblers. There were others besides the count and the mask leaning over the board, and as the game became more and more interesting, the number of eager spectators increased, and bets were running high on the result; but St. Earle began to be more attracted by the glitter of the eyes which looked through that visor, than by anything else about him. Nothing of the stranger could be observed but those sparkling eyes, which, with their dark surroundings, seemed to the count like balls of fire; for the form was wholly enveloped in a Spanish cloak.

The stranger, who, at first, seemed not to observe St. Earle, at length began to be aware of the scrutinizing glances directed towards him, and not long after he had made the discovery, he moved to the side of the table where the count stood, and tapped him lightly on the arm.

"You wish to play with me?" He spoke in a low whisper, but there was something in the tone which convinced the young noble that the unknown had considered himself insulted by the eager glances which had been directed towards himself; and if he refused to play, he might expect to be challenged; and feeling no disposition to quarrel with the stranger, he sat down to the card-table.

At first, their success was varied, though the count was most often the winner; he might have been in every game, he thought, had he been able to fix his attention, for the unknown showed himself not only an unskilful, but a very careless player.

"The young man loses his money very willingly," said St. Earle to himself; "and since he compelled me to play with him, why should I not endeavor to win it? Ah, if I could sweep up what Monkton has just won, I would return to the Marquise de Luigi the papers she has put in my hands to-night, and then leave Paris forever." This is mere child's play," he said, aloud, as he threw the whole contents of his purse on the table.

"It is child's play still," said the stranger, carelessly, as he picked up the gold; and the count, after a moment's hesitation, laid upon the board the papers he had received from the marquise.

The stranger glanced at the writings, and had not St. Earle been so deeply interested, he would have observed that the fingers trembled which held the parchment to the light, and that a half-suppressed sigh burst from the unknown's lips.

Ten minutes after, St. Earle rushed like a madman from the *salon*.

"Take the carriage to the hotel," he said, as his servant opened the coach door. "I shall not return home to-night, nor to-morrow; and, Pierre, I am somewhat indebted to you—here is my watch. You may seek another master!"

Luckily the servant, in fumbling after something he wished to give the count, did not fully comprehend the import of his master's words.

"Here is a billet which a stranger put into my hand just after you left the carriage," said the man, "and he bade me, if you would not stop to examine it, repeat the words, *Cecile, No. 5, Rue St. A.*"

"Drive me there," said the count, as he stepped into the coach, and a few minutes' ride carried him to the place mentioned.

His visit there had most likely been expected, for he was shown at once into what seemed to be the private parlor of the lady. Cecile was not there, but before many minutes had elapsed, she entered the room, dressed as she had been at the opera. Her countenance was pale and agitated, and when she attempted to address him, the words died on her lips. The count led her to the sofa, and then retreating a few steps from her, gazed inquiringly in her face, and though the lady motioned him to a seat beside her, he still remained standing.

After a few moments of most embarrassing silence, the lady raised her eyes, which she had not dared before to lift to his face, and asked, in the sweetest voice:

"Is it Etienne St. Earle who is in the presence of Cecile? the Etienne who, a few weeks since, breathed in her ear words she can never forget?"

"No, lady!" said the count, in a deep, troubled voice; "had your reply to him then been less severe, he had now been kneeling at your feet, praying for a glance from those beautiful eyes, a smile from those sweet lips. But the man now before you is a husband!"

"Alas, yes!" and the lady buried her face in her hands. "I have just learned it; and you love the cold, heartless marquise? She is dearer to you now than Cecile."

The count was silent for a moment.

"The marquise is a high-born, noble and virtuous lady," he said, at length; "and cold and heartless as she may be, she deserved a better fate than to be united to me; for already have I squandered half her property, and an hour hence she will be a widow!"

The lady suppressed the shriek that came to her lips, but her face was so marble-white, and her frame trembled so violently, that the count sprang towards her, and supporting her in his arms, whispered—he could not restrain the words:

"It were far better to die, Cecile, than to live on, the husband of a virtuous woman, and beloved by a being like you."

The lady drew him to a seat beside her, and a smile broke through her tears.

"Ah, you shall live!" she exclaimed, "and we shall all be happy; even the marquise shall be satisfied. You have wronged her more than you suppose. It was not only the wealth which once belonged to your family that she put in your hands, but all the de Luigi estate that was transferable. You knew not the amount you staked. It had ruined me, had I lost!"

"You?" interrupted the count.

"Yes!" and the lady, drawing from beneath her mantle a black silk visor, held it for an instant over her face, and St. Earle no longer wondered why he had been so fascinated by the eyes which looked out from the mask. "Yes, it was I who won your wealth. The expression of your countenance, when you left the opera, frightened me; and, disguised, I followed you to the *salon*. Here are the papers I won from you, and here is the note you gave me, directed to your lawyer. You have no reason to suppose that Margot de Luigi loves you; restore her this wealth, and she will be satisfied. I will, myself, silence the priest, and the lady's two attendants are already in my pay. No one else knows that your marriage has taken place. Why do you look on me thus, St. Earle? Would Heaven itself sanction such a union as exists between you and the marquise? It has led you already to plunge her into poverty, and to determine yourself on suicide. Take these papers; send them to the marquise, and two hours hence, Etienne, we will be on our way to England! I can bestow on you as much wealth as the de Luigi ever possessed, and—an!" the lady's head sank low—"I need not say, a heart beside!"

For an instant, St. Earle gazed on the beautiful face and figure before him; but there was nothing of the lover in that fixed regard; there was but surprise and pity in his countenance; and then, putting back the papers she had endeavored to place in his hand, he rose from his seat.

"Mademoiselle Cecile," he said, coldly, "you know not the man you are addressing, and I knew not the being whom I had loved. Farewell, we meet no more!" and he moved towards the door.

"Monsieur, are you going?" exclaimed the lady. "Where—O, where?"

"To my wife, Cecile! to confess to her the injury I have done her, and offer her the devotion of my life in reparation of that wrong."

"Stay, then,—O, stay! She is here! Count St. Earle—Etienne—my noble, generous husband!" and the lady knelt before him. "Pardon, pardon! I am Margot, the marquise!"

"Cecile!"

"No, I am Margot; here is our marriage certificate. Count St. Earle, can you forgive me for what I have done? Did you know what I have suffered for the past year—for until that time I was wholly unacquainted with the nature of the contract made by your father and mine, in anticipation of a union with an individual whom I supposed might be governed wholly by mercenary motives in wishing to wed me—your forgiveness would not be withheld. I had little hope of ever gaining the affections of such a man as you had been represented to be, and but for my dear cousin, whose namesake I am, she who you supposed had become your wife, and whom you will love so dearly when you know her, and have become accustomed to her pale, sad face, that I dare say I shall be quite jealous; but for her I should have transferred to you all the property which had once belonged to your family, as soon as I became mistress of it, and then taken the veil. She would not allow me to do so, and she has assisted me in acting the part of which I have been guilty. Can you forgive me?"

"Dear Margot, how can you ask it?" and the count clasped his happy wife to his heart. "But after you knew that I loved you, why did you not reveal yourself to me?"

"Ah, monsieur," said the marquise, "the love of her husband is the life of a virtuous woman; but his honor is dear to her as her hope of salvation!"

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LOVE'S FIRST DREAM.

BY MISS SARAH E. DAWES.

It comes when the heart is blithe and free
As waves that dance on the rippling sea;
It comes when the step is firm and light,
The cheek is fresh and the eye is bright,—
And it weaves its spell till all this seem
To wear the fair hue of love's first dream.

The gentle maid feels its magic power,
As she dreams of love in twilight hour,—
And fancy paints with more vivid ray
The cloudless joy of her future way,—
And her eyes flash forth a brighter beam
At the visions sweet in love's first dream.

The youth just launched on the sea of life
Feels a firmer strength to bear its strife,
When he thinks of one whose lovely face
First won his heart by its witching grace;
And he thinks no burden too great will seem,
He sees by the light of love's first dream.

And when the glad days of youth are spent,
The eye grows dim and the form is bent,
Thou memory oft, with a soothing power,
Will picture again some moonlight hour,—
And no hour of life so sweet will seem,
As the one which passed in love's first dream.

EXPENSE OF PRODUCING A NEW PLAY.

We will take the instance of Sir Bulwer Lytton's comedy of "Money," produced a few years ago at the Haymarket Theatre. In order to give full effect to the representation, it was considered necessary to retain the services of Mr. Macready, in addition to whom, special engagements, with reference to this play, were entered into with Mrs. Fancit, Mr. Wrench, and Mr. Vining. We believe we are correct in saying that those performers were specially engaged to appear in "Money," and that their salaries, therefore, formed throughout the term of their engagement, an extra charge upon the resources of the theatre in addition to the expenses of the regular company. In the first place, the author received a sum of £600 for the London right of acting the play, extending, we presume, according to custom, over a period of three years; Mr. Macready received a weekly salary of £150; Mrs. Fancit, £30; Mr. Wrench, £18; and Mr. Vining, £8 or £10; making altogether an increased outlay of £206 or £208; without taking into account any of the other costs of production, in the shape of costumes, scenes and decorations. The play ran for upwards of fifteen weeks. By the aid of the simple process of multiplication we shall now arrive at very curious or rather startling results. Author, £600; Mr. Macready, £2250; Miss Fancit, £450; Mr. Wrench, £270; Mr. Vining, say £120; total, £3690, irrespective of the other costs of production, and the regular, unabated nightly expenses of the theatre, which, added to this amount, would bring up the total expenditure, during the run of "Money," to the prodigious amount of at least £13,000. —*Westminster Review*.

REPORTING DEBATES.

It is pleasant to look over the London papers in the morning, after having spent the night in the House of Commons. But how great the discrepancy between what you there saw and heard, and what you now read! Here, for example, is the terrible speech of the honorable member for North Yorkshire. For a full hour, we had to endure the infliction of his insufferable, dull, and dreary oratory, and that, too, unfortunately, at a time when, like another wedding guest, we "could not choose but hear," the house being so nearly empty, that all the noise the members present could make did not suffice to drown the drowsy voice still drawing in our ears. Well, here is that speech, in print; and, besides that you can read it easily in twenty minutes, it is really very tolerable—sensible, pertinent, and with some point in it, too. Whence all the difference, then? Ask the reporter. Then, again, there is the honorable member for Topperton, who, as he usually expresses himself in somewhat lengthy and complicated sentences, finds great difficulty at times in getting to the end of them; and, floundering about for a while in the endeavor to escape from one of these verbal intricacies, gives the matter up as hopeless, and bolts to the beginning of a fresh sentence; even he becomes quite a respectable speaker in the hands of the gentlemen of the press. His speech here, in the newspapers, reads as smoothly and evenly as you could desire; there is not a broken or unfinished sentence throughout, and all the painful embarrassment, hesitation, and tedious repetition in its delivery, gives place to a steady and sustained flow of language such as no one can object to.—*Household Words*.

GUM CAMPHOR.

Camphor is a vegetable gum, semi-transparent and colorless. It is exceedingly volatile. When exposed to the air, it flies off in vapor. On account of its strong and aromatic smell, it is much used to preserve cabinets and clothes from insects. From its strong smell has arisen the idea that it was a preservative against infectious disorders, but as it is poisonous, disease is more liable from the camphor than from infection. Although camphor is dissolved in water only in a small quantity, sufficient, however, is taken up to give the water both its aromatic odor and its bitter taste. If some shavings of camphor are thrown on the surface of perfectly clean water in a basin, the pieces will immediately begin to move rapidly round on their centre, others from place to place. The cause of these motions is unknown. Camphor exists in many plants; but is chiefly obtained from two plants—one a native of China and Japan, much resembling the laurel. It is obtained by chopping the leaves, branches and roots, etc., into small pieces, and placing them into a still with water. The other camphor tree is a native of Borneo and Sumatra. The camphor is obtained by splitting open the tree, when it is found in large pieces in the interior.—*Medical Annals*.

THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

Of all the races which at this day occupy the scene of the world, the most active, and that which possesses the greatest weight and influence, is unquestionably the Anglo-Saxon race. Other nations may be more noisy and brilliant than England and the United States—they may exhibit more external glory—but not one, if looked at closely, can be considered as necessary as both these people. The Anglo-Saxon race is one of the most important springs of the great political machine of the universe; without it, would perish, or be abandoned to the contempt of the future, some of the most important facts of history, and some of those moral notions which are most essential to humanity. Without England and America, Protestantism would exist no longer. Had Protestantism no other support than that of Germany, we should see it now expiring in delirium and blasphemy, amidst the laughter of other nations. Without the example afforded by England, the French revolution would not only be anathematized, but abandoned as without reason, and full of incoherent extravagances. Had it not been for England, America would on its discovery have fallen back into the barbarism in which a Spanish vessel found it. It is owing to England that the glorious discovery of Columbus has not proved useless, and counts for a great human fact, and for a service rendered to moral order, and not merely a discovery interesting to science and cosmology. It is England who at this day prevents nations from falling upon and devouring one another, and who maintains the equilibrium of the continent by the fear of having to measure strength with so redoubtable an adversary. Thus her egotism is useful, for it protects our repose. She crosses the projects of Oriental Europe, and says to the two Slavi races, "Thus far shall ye go and no further." What a destiny! Her form and power are absolutely necessary to the moral order of the world. Let us lay aside all national prejudice and patriotic pride; many nations of apparently more importance might disappear, and which seem to be more immediately interested in the maintenance of modern civilization, but there is not one whose death would leave such terrible results as that of the solitary, the egotistical, and independent England.—*Revue des Deux Mondes*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

O, WHAT DO THE BIRDS SAY?

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

O, what do the birds say,
In the bright hours of spring,
As they carol away
Oo their joyous wing?
Now winter is over,
The bleak winds are gone,
And sweet-scented clover
Empurples the lawn.
O, hear what the birds say,
And breathe it to me:
Their song is a love lay,
E-ral-ee, e-ral-ee,—
Their song is a love lay,
E-ral-ee.

O, what do the birds say,
Now summer is past,
And the forests are gray,
As they sway to the blast?
The sweet flowers are blighted,
The glad days are o'er,
And scenes that delighted
Re-brighten no more.
O, hear what the birds say,
And breathe it to me:
They still sing their love lay,
E-ral-ee, e-ral-ee,—
They still sing their love lay,
E-ral-ee.

COURTESY OF AMERICANS.

I like the Americans more and more: either they have improved wonderfully lately, or else the criticisms on them must have been cruelly exaggerated. They are particularly courteous and obliging, and seem, I think, amiably anxious that foreigners should carry away a favorable impression of them. As for me, let other travellers say what they please of them, I am determined not to be prejudiced, but to judge of them exactly as I find them; and I shall most pertinaciously continue to praise them (if I see no good cause to alter my present humble opinion), and most especially for their obliging civility and hospitable attention to strangers, of which I have already seen several instances. I have witnessed but very few isolated cases, as yet, of the unrefined habits so usually ascribed to them, and those cases decidedly were not among the higher orders of people; for there seems just as much difference in America as anywhere else in some respects. The superior classes here have almost always excellent manners, and a great deal of real and natural as well as acquired refinement, and are often besides (which, perhaps, will not be believed by fastidious England), extremely distinguished-looking. By the way, the captains of the steamboats appear a remarkably gentleman-like race of men in general, particularly courteous in their deportment, and very considerate and obliging to the passengers. —*Lady Emily Wortley*.

GOOD RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

A contemporary lays down the following pithy code of newspaper by-laws. They are the best we have seen drawn up.—1. Be brief. This is the age of telegraphs and stenography. 2. Be pointed. Don't write all around a subject without hitting it. 3. State facts, but don't stop to moralize. It's a drowsy subject. Let the reader do his own dreaming. 4. Eschew prefaces.—Plunge at once into your subject, like a swimmer into cold water. 5. If you have written a sentence that you think particularly fine, draw your pen through it. A pet child is always the worst in the family. 6. Condense. Make sure that you really have an idea, and then record it in the shortest possible terms. We want thoughts in their quintessence. 7. When your article is completed, strike out *nine-tenths of the adjectives*. The English is a strong language, but won't bear much "reducing." 8. Avoid all high-flown language. The plainest Anglo-Saxon words are the best. Never use stilted words when legs will do as well. 9. Make your sentences short. Every period is a milestone, at which the reader may halt and rest himself. 10. Write legibly. Don't let your manuscript look like the tracks of a spider half drowned in ink. We shan't mistake any one for a genius, though he writes as crabbedly as Napoleon.—*Columbus Statesman*.

THE BEARDED LADY OF GENEVA.

Madame Josephine Fortune Clofullia, the subject of the present notice, and of whom we present an accurate likeness herewith, was born at Versoix, a small village situated on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, in Switzerland. Her father was a brigadier of gendarmes in that district, and happening to be stationed from time to time in the village, he paid his addresses to Josephine's mother, and married her when she had attained the age of twenty. As some description of the physical conformation of Josephine's parents may not be uninteresting to those who seek the causes of such remarkable departures from the laws of nature, it may be as well to state that her father was above the middle height, thin and delicate in constitution, with brown hair, and very little beard. Her mother was remarkably handsome, and was celebrated throughout the neighboring district for her skill in the manufacture of lace, embroidery, and every sort of needlework. Her health was extremely delicate, and she possessed nothing of that remarkable peculiarity for which her daughter has since been so celebrated. It was not so, however, with her father, who, although small of stature, exhibited early this hirsute development, his face and body being almost entirely covered with hair. Josephine was the eldest born of the couple above described. At her birth, her face was surrounded with a fine down, which gradually increased, until at the age of eight it had attained a length of more than two inches. It was not, however, until she had reached the age of fifteen that it began to alter in color and to assume that dark tint and virile appearance that it now presents. Three other daughters and a boy were the fruit of this marriage; and Josephine's mother was ultimately carried off by one of those attacks incidental to the climate. Being the eldest of the five children, thus suddenly bereft of a mother's tender care, and her father being entirely engrossed in the cultivation of his farm, Josephine was called upon to supply to them the place of the parent they had lost. She was well qualified for the task, having received an excellent education and being well skilled in the use of her needle. The singular peculiarity for which she was distinguished excited little or no observation amongst her neighbors, as they had been daily habituated to see her from her childhood, and she attained the age of nineteen without even shaving or cutting her beard, it being strongly impressed upon her that her doing so would only have the effect of encouraging its growth and subjecting her to greater inconvenience. She had attained, as we have just stated, her nineteenth year, when happening one day to meet some foreigners who were visiting the picturesque scenery of the neighborhood, they were so

much struck by the singularity of her appearance that they endeavored to induce her father to exhibit her in public. He could not be prevailed upon, however, to quit his home, although assured of the probability of realizing a considerable sum of money by travelling with her. It was not until 1849 that he could even be induced to part with her. In that year, some French travellers, who had heard a description of this extraordinary phenomenon, went expressly to Versoix to visit her, and were so much struck

the period of their departure for America, and where Madame Clofullia was exhibited to upwards of 200,000 persons, including some of the most distinguished persons in England. She was an object of peculiar attraction to the medical profession, who visited her in great numbers, and made her the subject of several papers read before the members of some of the learned societies. Madame Clofullia is the mother of a female child, which presented a remarkable contrast to its mother, being extremely fair, and

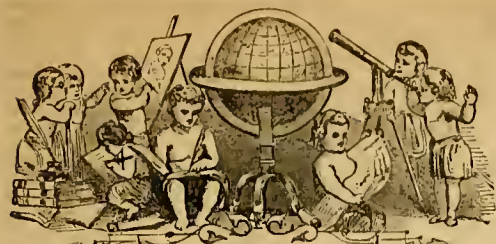
distinguished by any peculiarity; and also of a boy, who, although only a few weeks old, has already begun to develop some incipient evidences of this hirsute tendency. The births of both children are attested by medical certificates. This extraordinary woman is now being exhibited in this city at Amory Hall, where the curious will not fail to pay her a visit. There has not been for years so great a curiosity to be seen in Boston; and we are told that it is found difficult at times to accommodate the large concourse of persons who throng the hall to behold the bearded lady. Among the medical faculty of Boston, she has excited much interest, in a scientific point of view. History records but few such instances of freaks of nature, though there are many authentic cases of the like on record. Can we get well through with penning this article, and not refer this matter to the woman's rights society? Here is a member of their sex, who out Herods Herod; not content with claiming the right to vote, and laying siege to our nether garments (a la bloomer), our beards are actually in jeopardy. Heaven forbid! Hippocrates mentions *Phetusa*, a woman whose beard took to growing during the absence of her husband, Pythias, in exile. A Swedish grenadier was taken prisoner by the Russians, and presented to the Czar, in 1724, who turned out to be a woman with a beard a foot and a half long. There is a portrait of a bearded woman in the royal gallery at Stuttgart. Her name was Bartel Græfje, and her chin was buried in dark hair. In 1726, the fashionable rage of the Carnival at Venice, was a *dansense*, who had never been excelled in grace and suppleness, but who had a black and thick beard of silken and remarkable beauty. Marguerite, the Queen of the Low Countries, was heavily bearded. Naturalists tell us that there is a race of women in Ethiopia, whose hair upon the face shows no difference from that of men. A French work upon expression and beauty, declares that nothing is more captivating and mischievously piquant than a slight down of silky black upon the lip of a pretty woman. Notwithstanding this opinion, however, the history of chemistry shows that the art of suppressing the growth of hair on the female face, has been pursued with great pains-taking.



MADAME JOSEPHINE FORTUNE CLOFULLIA, THE BEARDED LADY OF GENEVA

by her appearance, that they concluded a most advantageous engagement with her father for the privilege of exhibiting her for a year through the principal towns of France. It was in this tour that Mademoiselle Josephine made the acquaintance of M. Clofullia, her present husband, a landscape painter, and the son of the proprietor of the Theatre of Arts at Troyes, in Champagne. After a short courtship they were married, and Josephine's father decided on returning to his own country. The young couple continued their tour, and on the opening of the Great Exhibition, paid a visit to London, where they remained nearly two years up to

the period of their departure for America, and where Madame Clofullia was exhibited to upwards of 200,000 persons, including some of the most distinguished persons in England. She was an object of peculiar attraction to the medical profession, who visited her in great numbers, and made her the subject of several papers read before the members of some of the learned societies. Madame Clofullia is the mother of a female child, which presented a remarkable contrast to its mother, being extremely fair, and



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FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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"Russia and the Russians," No. IV., by MISS ANNE T. WILCOX.
"The Scarred Cheek," or, the Fortunes of a Guitar Teacher," by AUSTIN C. BORDICK.
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"The Rose and the Violet," verses, by A. MORRELL CORY.
"Spring Days," lines, by NEALE BERNARD.
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"Spring is coming," verses, by MARY GRACE HALPING.

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POSTICAL IDEA.—A beautiful superstition prevails among the Seneca tribe of Indians. When an Indian maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then, loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over the grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. It is not unfrequent to see twenty or thirty birds let loose over one grave.

SPLINTERS.

.... Washington Irving has a vine of English ivy on his house at "Sunny Side," brought from Melrose Abbey, Scotland.
.... On the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad a "refreshment car" is run with the train through the whole route.
.... There is said to be some three million dollars worth of jewelry manufactured in New York city, annually.
.... A zinc sloop, the first manufactured of that metal, has lately been launched at Nantz, with success.
.... The Emperor of Austria, though partially recovered from his late wound, is said to suffer internally from its effect.
.... Fine oranges and lemons grow ripe and sweet in the open air at Memphis, Tennessee, so the Cincinnati papers say.
.... In Paraguay, it is said, that nearly every woman chews tobacco. We can conceive of nothing more disgusting.
.... Mr. Sands, who walks on the ceiling like a fly, we see by the papers, is making a great sensation in London.
.... The residence of the late Daniel Webster, at Marshfield, was, the other day, struck by lightning, and somewhat damaged.
.... Mr. Thackeray, having completed his Southern tour, has announced his speedy return once more to England.
.... No ship made of iron, or propelled by steam, has ever, says the Journal of Commerce, been struck by lightning.
.... Of the one hundred and fifty American residents of Rome, seventy-five dined together on Washington's birthday.
.... A forty-barrel whale was captured off East Hampton, L. I., some few days since, "the first of the season," and a good one.

THE NEW THEATRE AND OPERA HOUSE.

The wisdom and liberality of our capitalists have at length decided that we are to have a new theatre and opera-house, and from the character of the gentlemen engaged in the enterprise, we may expect something magnificent in its consummation. A most admirable site has been selected and purchased—central, easy of access, and eligible in every respect. The plan is to erect a large house; but while we would have it comely and commanding in external appearance, we trust that no inordinate expense will be lavished on the exterior. It is not difficult to reconcile beauty and economy in works of architecture. In a building erected for a specific purpose, fitness should ever be in the mind of the architect. A temple of Diana makes a poor custom-house, and an Athenian Parthenon a very indifferent shoe-store. If some style of pure originality could be devised it would be all the better. Every precaution against fire, and every imaginable mode of escape, in case of an alarm of fire, should be provided. The Coliseum of Rome, which accommodated many thousands of spectators, could be emptied in a few minutes.

The interior decorations of the new theatre should be sumptuous and splendid; if we would win back to the support of the stage the fashionable and wealthy, we must expect to present in its belongings all that splendor and elegance with which the national prosperity has enabled us to invest our homes; at the same time the prices should be so low as to admit of all classes participating in the fascinations offered. Of all city amusements this house should be made the attraction of attractions. With regard to the material and character of the entertainments, liberality will still be the best policy. The company should be adequate to represent tragedy, comedy, farce, burletta, and ballet. We speak of the regular troupe; for we presume that it is not intended that operas shall be presented by the stock company. The manager should be a man of taste and literary accomplishments—such a man as Buon, for instance.

We look in this new house for splendid stage appointments, and that attention to fidelity of costume which characterizes the French stage. We are sadly deficient in this respect. If a piece purports to represent a particular period of time, there ought to be nothing in the representation to destroy the illusion. We once saw a play performed in this city, the plot of which was taken from the scriptural history of Esther, yet in one scene we were treated to a view of the cathedral of Notre Dame, and in another a procession crossed the stage to the music of the Marseilles Hymn! We trust these things may be reformed altogether.

An effort should be made to give a national tone to the entertainments. Something should be done to foster and bring forth the dramatic elements in the minds of our American writers. The theatrical repertory shows fewer traces of American pens than any other branch of literature. We have done something, to be sure; but the most popular of our American tragedies, *Metamora*, is poor stuff at best, and owes its success to the splendid acting of Forrest. Dr. Bird's pieces are meritorious; Sargent gave brilliant promise in his "Velasco;" but these are unencouraged and spontaneous efforts.

THE NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.

From the very commencement of this imitation concern, we have observed in the management a speculative spirit, that exhibited private interest and personal speculation, and we heartily rejoice, therefore, that the entire affair appears to be a decided failure. The time advertised for the grand opening has already been once or twice deferred, and there is no certainty when it may be opened to the public. The fact is, the parties who have the management of it are too small to see aright their own benefit, and therefore they expose the cloven foot in every movement they make. It receives no sanction as a national movement, and is, in reality, the simple speculation of a few private individuals. The following remarks we copy from the New York Sun:

"The completion of the building before the first of May is an impossibility (as things now go), and whether it will be done before the fourth of July is a matter of serious doubt. The engineers and architects are at loggerheads; much of the material has to be fitted after it reaches the ground. Beams being found too long, and girders too short; and, to use a homely expression, 'the very old Harry is to pay all around.' Quite an attempt was made, not long since, to create an impression that applications for space in the building exceeded the limits of supply. So far is this from the truth, that numbers of those to whom space has already been assigned are sending in notices of withdrawal from their applications. This is due to the insane policy of the managers in determining to charge an entrance fee to exhibitors. Exhibitors, when they know and understand this, very naturally protest against being so fleeced."

BEARDED WOMEN.—Apropos of the picture given on another page of this number of the Pictorial, the inhabitants of the Isle of Cyprus represent their goddess Venus, in painting and sculpture, with a beard. Their books state that they wished to endow the Mother of Love with the one gift that Jupiter denied to women—denied, because, having given them every other charm, he feared that his crowning grace might draw upon them the incense and worship due only to himself.

USEFUL AND ELEGANT GIFT.—Timothy C. Leeds, Esq., has made a donation of a clock to the Boston Music Hall Association for the hall. The case is ornamented with carved and gilt figures of great beauty of design and workmanship.

THEATRICAL.—Mr. Hackett—"Falstaff Hackett"—says, he may, ere long, have the management of a first class theatre in this city. Mr. Hackett is an experienced man.

MUSICAL.—The Sontag opera troupe are performing to delighted audiences at the Howard Athenæum.

PROLIFIC.—The gold crop of Australia, at the present rate of product, is estimated at \$5,000,000 per month.

MARRIAGES

In this city, Mr. John B. Libbey, of Boston, to Miss Hannah Tyler, of Haverhill; Mr. William C. Brown to Miss Frances H. Brown; Mr. Cornelius Thomas to Miss Nancy Smith; Mr. James O. Hayward to Miss Catherine Wright; Mr. Woodbury Emery to Miss Mary A. Gould.
By Rev. Dr. Adams, S. Dwight Eaton, Esq. to Miss Caroline E., eldest daughter of Mr. Charles H. Brown.
By Rev. Dr. Neale, Horace James, Esq., of Brookline, to Miss Elizabeth Baxter, of Boston.
At Charlestown, Mr. D. T. Smith to Miss Zella R. Tappan, only daughter of the late Rev. William B. Tappan.
At Medford, by Rev. Dr. Ballou, Capt. Warner B. Kingman, of Boston, to Miss Charlotte Adela Sprague, of Medford.
At Methuen, Rev. Thomas Baldwin Thayer, of Lowell, to Mrs. Sarah A. H. Peck, of Methuen.
At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Brewster, Mr. William A. Chandler to Miss Caroline A. Chase.
At Newburyport, by Elder J. Pearson, Mr. Waterman K. Prior to Miss Lydia Meier, both of Portland, N. H.
At West Newbury, Mr. A. Augustus Haskell, of Newburyport, to Miss Roxana Lory, of West Newbury.
At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Smalley, Capt. E. Green, of Chelsea, to Emily A. Eveleth, of Worcester.

DEATHS

In this city, Mr. Benjamin G. Sweetser, 70; Mr. Charles H. Elkins, 19; Mr. James A. Dickson, 79; Mrs. Harriet L. Watson, 65; Mr. Walter A. Lovejoy, 20; Miss Elizabeth Everett Card, 23; Mr. Robert James Cushing, printer, 46; John, son of William and Sarah N. Marston, 18.
At East Boston, Mr. Thomas Muckle, a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, 84.
At Cambridge, Catherine Carter, 87.
At West Roxbury, Mrs. Susanah Billings, 82.
At Malden, Mrs. Elizabeth Pindar, 67.
At Jamaica Plain, Mrs. Rebecca Austin, wife of Bradford Lincoln, Esq., 76; Mr. Samuel H. Babcock, of Boston, 71.
At Danvers, Dr. Andrew Nichols, 67.
At Lexington, Mrs. Lucinda, wife of Mr. Josiah Smith, 79.
At Hingham, Mrs. Chloe, wife of Mr. Wilson Whiton, 72.
At Ipswich, Mr. John Choate, 47.
At Taunton, Hon. Samuel Crocker, 80.
At Worcester, Mrs. Mary A., wife of Mr. H. D. Smith, 30.
At Salisbury, Capt. Jacob Pike, 80.
At New Bedford, Malora Holmes, 43.
At Edgartown, Capt. Sylvanus Crocker, keeper of the Harbor Light, 76.
At Nantucket, Mrs. Lydia, widow of the late Mr. Hezekiah Bunker, 89.
At Wilbraham, Rev. Charles Virgin, 66.
At Portland, Me., Mrs. Catherine Barker, 84.
At Windham, Me., Mrs. Anna, wife of Mr. Ichabod Hanson, 92.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

AN OLD STORY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Says Tom to Jem, as forth they went

To walk one evening fine,

"I wish the sky a great green field,
And all that pasture mine."

"And I," says Jem, "wish yonder stars,

That there so idly shine,

Were every one a good fat ox,
And all those oxen mine."

"Where would your herd of cattle graze?"

"Why, in your pasture fair."

"They should not, that's a fact," said Tom;

"They shall not, I declare!"

With that they frowned, and struck, and fought,

And fiercely stood at bay,

And for a foolish fancy cast

Their old regard away.

And many a war, on broader scale,

Hath stained the earth with gore,

For castles in the air, that fell

Before the strife was o'er.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SYSTEM, AND NO SYSTEM:

—OR—

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

"How very neat your house is, Mrs. Fields!" exclaimed a lively young girl, as she threw aside her bonnet, and seated herself near the table where the lady addressed was sewing. "Now we haven't but just finished breakfast, and our house is all in an uproar; while here, you are with everything put nicely away in its place, and I have no doubt will do more sewing before dinner-time than I shall accomplish in two days."

Mrs. Fields smiled and looked archly at the fair speaker, who seemed puzzled as she reflected on the state of things mentioned.

"Now, do tell me what the secret is, Mrs. Fields," she continued, earnestly, "and I will be sure to make a good use of it."

"Then you think there is some mystery about the matter?" asked the lady, good humoredly.

"Of course there is; if there was not, things would go on as smoothly with me as with you. I'm sure mother and I work all the time, and we can't do more."

"Shall I run the risk of offending you, Lucy, and tell you where I think the difficulty lies?"

"You will not offend me by anything you can say, for I'm sure I want to be set right," was the unhesitating reply.

"You say your family have just finished breakfast?" resumed Mrs. Fields. "Before you came here, did you stop to wash the dishes, sweep and dust, and perform other household duties?"

"I declare I forgot all about it!" replied Lucy, coloring excessively; "or rather I thought I could do all those things just as well when I returned."

"It is now nine o'clock," continued Mrs. Fields, glancing significantly at Lucy, "and it is no more than reasonable to conclude that it would take you another hour, or perhaps more, to perform, as they should be, the various duties I have named. It would then be quite time to set about preparing dinner, as twelve o'clock, in the country, is considered the best dinner hour. Thus, according to my ideas, the best part of the morning is lost."

"I don't quite understand it yet," replied the young girl; "for when I rise early, I don't seem to accomplish any more; and as for sewing, I never think of such a thing in the morning."

"System is as necessary in housework as in any other matter, my dear Lucy. Let me mention some things I have seen. The other day, I called in at a neighbor's about ten-time. The lady of the house requested her daughter to make a fire and lay the table, which the latter immediately proceeded to do. I felt curious to know if the young lady had a methodical way of doing those things, and accordingly made bold to watch her movements. In the first place, she proceeded to the shed in great haste, and came back with a handful of shavings, which she deposited in the stove; then she returned to the shed for a few chips and two sticks of wood. These were soon consumed, and she was obliged to retrace her steps and obtain another supply. After this, she employed herself five minutes in looking for a misplaced broom to sweep up the shavings that she had littered all the way from the shed to the stove. Just think, four journeys to get sufficient materials to build a fire!"

Mrs. Fields paused a moment, but the blushing girl made no reply, and she continued:

"The young lady then spread the cloth, but discovering that it was badly stained, went in search of another. This done, she returned to the closet twice for half a dozen plates, and as many cups and saucers. The knives were then laid, but a little examination convinced her that they looked decidedly the worse for use; so they were gathered up and conveyed to the kitchen, where a quarter of an hour was spent in performing a duty which should have been attended to immediately after dinner. So she proceeded, making a separate journey for every article, until tired and heated she glanced at the fire, and perceived that while attending to the knives, etc., she had forgotten to replenish it; and, as a natural consequence, it had entirely gone out. Then the task of rebuilding it, as I have related, had to be repeated. When I left the house, I really pitied my young friend, who looked, and I doubt not felt, more tired than I should after a day's work."

"You must mean me, I'm sure!" exclaimed Lucy, frankly, "for I'm always plagued so whenever I try to do anything. What is the reason, I wonder?"

"Use the head, as well as the hands, my dear. Work by system, and, in fact, do everything systematically. Have a place for everything, and everything in its place. It is an old maxim, but a very good one."

"But just tell me how you should have managed in my place?"

"In regard to the fire, I should have filled a hand basket with shavings, chips and wood at once; then I should have carried the kettle to the water-pail and filled it; thus sparing myself the trouble of running back and forth between the sink and stove four times, with a dipper filled with water, which 'dripped' all the way; while, at the same time, I could have watched the fire."

"I never shall become a good manager, and there is no use in trying," was the desponding reply.

"Do not feel discouraged, my dear Lucy; time works wonders, and if you really make the attempt in earnest, I don't doubt you will succeed. Use calculation; not only reflect upon the means which you use to bring about a desired result, but also anticipate that result a little; see if it will prove, in all respects, a sufficient recompense for your labor. Compare the various circumstances and facts which influence your determination, and be sure that the result gained will be proportionate. Do you understand me, my dear?" she added, inquiringly.

"Perfectly," replied Lucy, who appeared much interested. "Please go on."

"I recollect a case in point, which may, perhaps, better explain my meaning," resumed the lady; "and I daily see so much confusion, disorder, and even unhappiness, occasioned by mismanagement, want of headwork, or a neglect of the small things in life, that I feel sure it can do no harm to hear the story."

"A number of years since, I had for a neighbor a man named William Wood. He was well informed, sensible, and apparently industrious; and some years previous to my arrival in the place, had come into possession of a valuable farm. It was then in the best of order, but now how changed! Fences were down; walls in a decidedly unsafe condition; stones, both large and small, lying around to dull the edge of the mower's scythe; trees bearing aloft their dead, scraggy branches, as if remonstrating at the neglect; large crevices could be seen in the barn and sheds, through which the wind whistled mournfully; while here and there a board clattered a midnight accompaniment. Unhinged doors were kept partially in place by large sticks of wood braced against them; while swine ran about the premises at will."

"The house was in very much the same condition as the out-buildings. Broken panes of glass, filled with old hats, bits of cloth, etc.; loose clapboards; a decayed roof, through which rain was sure to find its way for want of a few shingles; and window-blinds with broken fastenings, were a few of the outward characteristics. The yard in front was filled with carts, sleds (it was in the summer season, remember), old barrels, boards, a grindstone, two large hogsheds, a pile of ancient wood, and several farming implements. In fact, to reach the door on a dark night without accident, was a work of considerable ingenuity."

"Mr. Wood had a workshop and a woodshed, but apparently did not consider it necessary to use either, as the dooryard was the most convenient, and saved him many steps."

"Mrs. Wood seemed to be always busy, when at home, but somehow accomplished little or nothing. It might be owing to the fact that the breakfast-table was pushed against the side of the house immediately after use, and with its contents suffered to remain untouched, while she disposed of the morning in calling upon her neighbors; after which she began to prepare dinner, at the same time hastily washing the dishes, and exclaiming 'that for her part, she didn't see where the time went to.' Not a minute was wasted in again performing this necessary duty after the mid-day meal; for Mrs. Wood calculated that she could kill two birds with one stone; and that was to leave them until she prepared breakfast next morning; a way of gaining time which I do not exactly understand."

"She had no particular hour for dining; sometimes dinner was ready at half-past eleven, another time at one, and again at two. 'It was an old maidish notion,' she said, 'for people to think that they must restrict themselves to certain hours.' As for herself, she had rather wait until she got hungry, than to eat just because the hands of the clock pointed to a certain hour!"

"Mrs. Wood invariably spent Saturday afternoon and evening in washing and ironing; for she considered it a pity to waste the first part of the week in the performance of such trifling duties; consequently, the members of the family caught many a severe cold from putting on damp linen the morning following. It was a source of great wonder to her why they were always late at church; other people with larger families were early in their places; but for a clue to the mystery, I refer you to the following conversation—only one of many that frequently transpired."

"I declare if it isn't nine o'clock!" exclaimed Mrs. Wood, one Sabbath morning, as she entered the kitchen. "I must have overslept myself, but I haven't done such a thing for a long time."

"O yes, mother, you have!" cried the shrill voice of little Tommy; "for Charley Bruce says he always goes to Sunday school before we're up."

"Be still, child," said Mrs. Wood, rebukingly. "Charley Bruce is a bad boy, and you mustn't play with him. Now, girls," continued Mrs. Wood, "you wash the dishes, while I grind the coffee."

"When I was at Aunt Sarah's, she used to wash her dishes, grind her coffee, and lay the fire the night before," remarked the youngest daughter, as she reluctantly prepared to obey. "I should think you would do so, mother; aunt says it's much better."

"Your aunt is a fussy, old maidish woman, and I guess my ways are as good as hers; at any rate, I like them as well," re-

torted the mother, looking rather displeased. "She may teach her own girls what she pleases, but I flatter myself I can attend to mine without any assistance."

"I like to stay there," pursued the daughter; "and I think she must manage better than we do, or she couldn't find so much time for sewing. You know she does all her own, while we put ours out."

"It isn't her extra management, or anything of the kind. She has got the knack of slighting her work, and I haven't that's all the difference," replied Mrs. Wood, rather scornfully; for, if the truth must be told, she felt rather jealous of the praise which her daughter was bestowing so lavishly on her sister-in-law. "But make haste," she added; "talking won't get breakfast, nor prepare us for church."

"After much trouble with the fire, which refused to burn on account of the application of wet wood, which had suffered by contact with a shower of rain, and a great deal of running about and scolding on the part of Mrs. Wood, a cold and unpalatable breakfast was despatched, and preparations for church commenced."

"Mother, mother!" cried Anna, from the top of the stairs.

"What now?" was the rejoinder of the parent, as she left off, for a moment, the task of searching for a pair of hose in a crowded trunk, whose contents were mixed together in inextricable confusion,—an undertaking which seemed about as hopeless as looking for a needle in a haystack.

"I can't find my muslin sleeves," said Anna.

"O dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Wood. "They're in the wash-tub, I do believe; it rained so last night I couldn't dry them. Can't you wear the other pair?" she added, after a moment's pause.

"I suppose I could, if they were to be found; but you have so many places for things, that I never know where to look for them," was the true, but rather unflattering rejoinder of the daughter, as she set about looking for the articles.

"Mother, you promised to sew the buttons on my waist!" shrieked little Tommy, at the top of his voice. "I knew you wouldn't when you said so."

"I forgot it, child, or rather I haven't had time. Come here and let me pin it," she replied.

"But you went a visiting four afternoons last week, for I counted," pursued the child, as he slowly placed himself in a position to receive the pinning.

"Here are your sleeves," said Mrs. Wood to Anna. "I found them at the bottom of this trunk, and how they got there, is more than I know."

"I don't want them now," she replied, "for I've borrowed a pair of Charlotte's; but I do wish I knew where the mate to this glove is."

"What a trial I do have!" exclaimed the mother, fretfully. "Charles, what are you doing?" she added, as a tremendous crash called her attention to the closet.

"Don't be alarmed, mother," said Charles, a young man of nineteen. "I've only smashed four plates in attempting to find the clothes-brush."

"Another set of china broken! What could possess you, Charles, to mount up there to get a brush?"

"Because I found it there last Sunday," was the apologetical reply. "I was less unfortunate, then, however, if it was in a curious place."

"It's my turn to enter a complaint now," remarked Mr. Wood. "I believe I'm minus a dicky."

"Sure enough! but never mind, husband; I've got twenty minutes to fix one in before the last bell rings," was the hurried reply of the anxious-looking wife, as she hastened away. It is unnecessary to relate how she did it; but Mr. Wood, by exercising patience, at length received the desired "dicky."

"At length, Tommy, Anna, Charlotte and Charles were declared ready, and preceded by Mr. Wood and the tired mother, who had but a few minutes to make her own toilet, they entered the church just as the sermon was being commenced, attracting the attention of every eye by the lateness of their arrival. This was no new thing, however, and the Wood family did not heed it."

"As I said before, Mr. Wood was not an indolent man, but somehow or other, he never brought much to pass. Sometimes he would do a little of one thing, and then a little of another; now ploughing a little, and then sawing a small quantity of wood. He was always a month longer in cutting his hay than his neighbors, and the reason was, that instead of applying himself diligently to one thing, he would work very hard two days in mowing, and afterwards lay by three or four to recruit his strength for a second effort,—a proceeding which generally gave his hay the benefit of several showers, and obliged him to store it in a damp state. He was always commencing jobs, but never finished them, at least, in their proper season. Sometimes he would abruptly leave an important piece of work, and spend the rest of the day in fishing or hunting."

"He was a kind, accommodating neighbor, but all knew his failings, and were governed by the knowledge of those failings. It was a want of system, my dear Lucy, a lack of attention to the details in life, and an utter neglect of that methodical arrangement of things which is absolutely necessary to the success of any undertaking, great or small. The continued ill success of Mr. Wood was entirely owing to this serious fault, and to this cause also can be imputed all the anxiety, trouble, and especially the 'Sunday morning trials' of his wife."

"Life is made up of small things; in fact, our happiness, or unhappiness, depends more upon them than we are aware of. Cultivate, then, my dear Lucy, habits of order and regularity. Attend to duty first, and pleasure afterwards. Resolve that you will be a systematic young lady; and take the word of one who has experienced great good from the advice she gives, that by such a course you will gain the respect and esteem of friends, be far happier, and cannot fail to benefit those who come within your influence."

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

General Scott has sold his furniture in Washington, at auction, and intends to locate his headquarters elsewhere. — The London Times recently spoke of New England as the capital of Massachusetts! — and of Worcester as possessing one of the finest harbors on the Atlantic seaboard! — A late suggestion of one of the New York papers to the effect that Mount Vernon be bought for a summer residence for the President, is meeting with considerable favor. — "Have you ever been to Cork?" asked an Irishman of a Cockney traveller, who was a *bon vivant*. "No," was the reply; "but I have seen a good many drawings of it." — Charles H. Caldwell, of Marselles, N. Y., committed suicide, lately, by taking a spoonful of strychnine. He was supposed to be insane. — Dr. J. S. Jones's drama of the "Carpenter of Ronco" is having quite a run at Drury Lane. — Bulwer says there is nearly always something of nature's own quality in very young women, except when they get together and fall a giggling. — A terrible accident lately occurred on the Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, while the train was descending a curved grade of 100 feet, to Chent River. Two cars were thrown off, falling over one hundred feet into the river, turning four somersets in the descent. They contained forty passengers, of whom eight were killed. — A little boy, who peddles newspapers in Louisville, drew a large sum of money in a lottery, recently. — Goethe used to say, jestingly, that if a man could form beforehand a true idea of the horrors of winter, he would hang himself in the autumn sooner than endure them. — The Missouri Legislature appropriated \$10,000 for a geological and mineralogical survey of that State. — Advice from Australia are to the 10th of January. The yield at the diggings was reported greater than ever; 100,000 men were at the various diggings averaging ten ounces per week. Trade was brisk, and prices sustained except in flour. — A machine for dusting carpets is in operation at Louisville. What next? — A young man being cured of a martial predilection, by being in a skirmish, it was said of him that he had an *itch* for military distinction, but the smell of sulphur cured it. — A lump of gold has been taken at Eureka, weighing thirty-five pounds, and worth \$3000. — There is at present a great difficulty in getting vessels at Baltimore; and at New Orleans there is equal difficulty in getting sailors. — Great men have their weaknesses. Louis XIV. would have thought himself dishonored if his *valet-de-chambre* had surprised him without a wig; Turenne, when alone in the dark, trembled like a child; and we know that Cesar was alarmed lest he should be upset in his car of triumph. — A codfish was carried into New Bedford, the other day, which weighed 76 pounds. Inside were found twelve flounders, one haddock, and a brace of ducks! — Intellectual progress resembles physical. Those who climb heights move slower than those who cross the plain. — Coleridge could never write a thing that was immediately required of him. The thought of compulsion disarmed him.

AMERICAN HURRY.

That this life is only pocket-money, with eternity in bank, says the Home Journal, is a truth which (from its obviousness as well as its importance) must be expressed, somewhere, in a text of Scripture. That text (will some clergyman kindly send us chapter and verse?) should be preached from, quarterly, at least, monthly, we think, in every American pulpit. We hurry unreasonably, extravagantly, unwisely, irreligiously, in this country. Too little time is given even to personal cleanliness—less to pray—none to contemplation and self-reckoning. We are all for business—weary and fagged from one year's end to another. "Idleness" is held in horror, and all that is not money-making labor is called idleness; yet, what is truer than that toil, leisure and idleness are as different as starvation, sustenance and gluttony? The value of leisure—to the elegances as well as the virtues of mankind—is a matter we need to have better understood in this our fast country.

THE DOG DANCE.

W. J. J. Morrow, Esq., the agent for the Senecas and Shawnees, in his annual report to Col. Drennen, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Arkansas, last October, relates the following description of the national festival among those Indians, called the "Dog Dance." He says it comes off on the first full moon in each year, and continues about one week. At this dance they sacrifice a white dog. He is gaudily dressed with different colored ribbons, and hung by the neck to a gallows erected for that purpose. He remains in this situation for three days; he is then taken down and burned, and his ashes scattered to the four winds. They imagine that he goes to the spirit country, and is commissioned by them to bear such news as they wish to communicate to their deceased friends and relatives. The ceremony is conducted with great solemnity, and all appear to be deeply impressed with it.

A WAGER.—Mr. King, solicitor, of Buckingham, says an English paper, won a wager by wheeling a barrow in fifteen minutes less than twelve hours, a distance of twenty miles over a bad road. Would that all solicitors were as innocently employed!

SLAVE TRADE IN CURA.—Notwithstanding the vigilance of the authorities, and the observation of the British cruisers, no less than 3000 negroes have been landed on the island since February 12.

IT IS ONLY TOO TRUE.—A man who shows any desire to do good is at once made a packhorse; and those who cannot use him, call him a hypocrite.

IGNORANCE.—An illiterate person is the world in darkness, and like to Polyphemus's statue, with one eye out.

Wayside Gatherings.

About \$3,000,000 of jewelry is annually manufactured in New York city.

Business on the Hudson has been fully resumed at all the river towns.

A congregation of 400 Norwegian Lutherans has been gathered in Chicago.

An editorial convention is to be held at Marshall, in Michigan, early in June.

It is estimated that over 2000 buildings will be erected in Louisville during the present season.

English sovereigns are chiefly used by the jewellers of this city for manufacturing purposes.

The receipts of the Erie Railroad for 1853, it is thought, will average fourteen thousand dollars per day.

"Newspaporial" is the last new adjective. The Western editors are going to hold a "newspaporial convention" this summer.

A straw manufactory is about to be established in Nantucket, which it is expected will give employment to a large number of operatives.

A number of families in Wisconsin, before starting for California, organized a travelling Sunday-school of twenty-five scholars, and five teachers, with a library.

Henry Southern, Esq., British Minister at Rio Janeiro, died on the 18th of January, of the yellow fever, which, at the time, was raging there in its most violent form.

Captain Hamilton, of the clipper ship *Eclipse*, has been master of a vessel for twenty years, and it is said has never yet called on the underwriters for a sixpence.

A very slight delivility suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour.

Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, who has been appointed consul at Liverpool, will not take his departure until about the last of May—probably in the steamer from this port.

The Marquis of Lafayette, by a singular chance, found himself at the age of nineteen years, master of his person, and the independent possessor of one hundred thousand livres a year.

The origin of the word "honey-moon," is from a custom of the Teutones, an ancient people of Germany, who drank mead or metheglen, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after every wedding.

Within twenty miles of Buenos Ayres, a farmer bought, last year, eight thousand fat sheep, at eighteen pence per dozen. Indeed, mutton is so plentiful in that country that hogs are fattened on it.

Amadeus, the ninth Count of Savoy, being once asked where he kept his hounds, pointed to a great number of poor people, who were seated at tables eating and drinking, and replied, "These are my hounds, with whom I go in chase of heaven." He was surnamed "The Happy."

Ann of Bohemia, consort of Richard II., first introduced the fashion of riding sideways, on horseback. Previous to that, ladies rode "as the men do." Stothard, the English painter, in illustrating Chaucer's *Canterbury's Pilgrims*, has committed the solecism of placing his principal lady on horseback sideways, though the poet describes her as having on her feet "a pair of spurs sharpe."

Foreign Items.

Four thousand French troops recently arrived in Rome, "to help to protect the Pope."

Pope Pius IX. will arrive in Paris on the 6th of May, and the coronation will take place on the 10th, in Notre Dame.

The press, in Venice, is restricted almost to the point of suppression.

A sub-marine telegraph is to be laid between Turin, Spezzia, Corsica and Sardinia.

A public meeting, of the most influential character, was held in London, on the 5th inst., to advocate a reduction of the duties on tea.

Alexandria letters of the 5th March, state that the Nile was rapidly falling. There was great depression in the grain trade, and several mercantile failures had taken place.

Two monks from the celebrated Swiss Abbey of Our Lady of Einsieden, are on their way to the United States, for the purpose of founding a convent for females in Indiana.

The Ottoman government has conceded to the French consul at Smyrna, an indemnity of 300,000 piastres for distribution among such of his countrymen as have been plundered by brigands.

Charles Dickens is to go to Birmingham next Christmas, and read his "Christmas Carol," for the benefit of the great Mechanics' Institution about to be established in that town.

It appears that the aggregate length of new railways opened during 1852, was, in England and Wales, 342 miles; in Scotland 17 1-2 miles; and in Ireland, 103 miles—total 462 1-2 miles.

Chinese gongs are advertised in the London papers. "One for 40s. will effectually frighten a thief; one for 60s. will appal a burglar; one for 80s. will alarm the country for miles around."

The Koh-i-Noor diamond has been finally set in an exquisite circle of small diamonds, and made the "Mountain of Light" on a most graceful tiara of diamonds for the brow of Queen Victoria.

An American lady, who came direct from the United States, was recently arrested at Heidelberg, for having a number of pamphlets, declared by the police to be of a revolutionary character.

Mr. Webster, the celebrated actor, has taken his farewell of the Haymarket Theatre, London, after sixteen years' successful management. A quarrel on the score of rent is said to have occasioned the change.

The Seine has overflowed its banks, and above and below Paris all the meadows which are not elevated have become swamps, and are covered with water. In the meantime, the temperature is as mild as in the month of May.

The Governor of Damascus, Emir Scaddin, has recently had trouble with Mr. Wood, the British consul, who accuses him of having cursed Queen Victoria and her faith. Orders have gone from Constantinople to investigate the charge, and punish the emir, if guilty.

The latest accounts received from Switzerland, describe the agitation in that country, in consequence of the stringent measures adopted by Austria on the Italian frontier, as excessive. The Austrian troops continue to blockade the frontier of Tessino in the strictest manner.

Sands of Gold.

.... Do not speak of your happiness to a man less fortunate than yourself.—*Plutarch*.

.... If we are at peace with God and our own conscience, what enemy among men need we fear?—*Hosea Ballou*.

.... Ever since there has been so great a demand for type, there has been much less lead to spare for cannon balls.—*Bulwer*.

.... When pride leads a man's horse by the bridle, confusion is seated on the crupper.

.... Youth, enthusiasm and tenderness, are like the days of spring. Instead of complaining, O, my heart, of their brief duration, try to enjoy them.—*Ruckert*.

.... There is no less invention in aptly applying a thought found in a book, than in being the first author of the thought.—*Bayle*.

.... A great and generous resolution expresses itself with sudden energy; it springs from the heart, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, all armed.

.... When a learned man, intoxicated with his reading, takes a first step in the world, it is very often a false step; if he takes counsel only of his books, he runs the risk of never succeeding in his projects.—*Saint Evremont*.

.... As the faithful soldier never leaves his camp without the leave or command of his captain, so the good man placed in this world in such a position as God pleases, never seeks to stir or leave it without the permission of his chief.—*Anagot*.

.... The habitual and spontaneous recognition of a principle in our actions, is a mark of a healthy conscience; but all paltering with our likings, or compromising principle with expediency, marks an unhealthy state of the conscience.

.... Tell us not that the past, examined by cold philosophy, was no better and no loftier than the present; it is not thus seen by pure and generous eyes. Let the past perish, when it ceases to reflect on the magic mirror the beautiful romance which is its noblest reality, though perchance but the shadow of delusion.—*Bulwer*.

Joker's Budget.

"Does Hobson keep lent?" "Certainly; whatever is lent to him, he is sure to keep."

There is a man down east so tall that he has to use a ten-foot pole to pick his teeth with.

There is a report that the man who lives on fire-crackers has gone on a bust.

Punch says that the best way to curb a wild young man is, decidedly, to bridal him.

When Charles Lamb visited the Litchfield cathedral his guide told him that three men once dined upon the top of the steeple. "They must have been very sharp set," said Lamb.

"John," said a Cockney solicitor to his son, "I see you'll never do for an attorney, you have no *henergy*." "Skuse me, father," replied John, "what I want is some of your *chickenary*."

"Mother, send me for the doctor." "Why so, my son?" "Cause that man in the parlor is going to die—he said he would, if sister Jane would not marry him—and Jane said she wouldn't."

Archdeacon Fisher, having preached an old sermon once, when he was not aware that Constable had heard it before, asked him how he liked it. "Very much indeed, Fisher," replied Constable, "I always did like that sermon."

"My dear, why is your neck handkerchief like the real estate your father has?" "Don't know, duck." "Because, love, it is a good proper tie," (property.) A by-stander thought he distinguished something like a kiss after the dialogue ended.

"Would you be willing to undertake the management of my property for your virtuous and clothes?" said Girard, to a gentleman, who was congratulating him on his vast possessions. "No," was the reply. "Well, that's all I get," said the millionaire.

A lady, who was in the habit of spending a large portion of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened one day to be taken suddenly ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a few rods, but soon returned, exclaiming, "My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?"

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F. GLEASON,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

AMERICAN FLINT GLASS WORKS.

Below we give the reader a fine view of these famous works, as seen from Boston harbor. The works are situated in South Boston, and are a monument of enterprise and thrift. It is not long since a raging fire destroyed the company's works, but phoenix-like they have arisen from the ashes. Mr. F. F. Slane is the proprietor and overseer of the whole business. The establishment is now in a most successful condition, and is busily turning out all kinds of cut and pressed glass ware, of the most beautiful and varied styles. A very large number of employees are constantly engaged upon the works, in duties as curious as multifarious. The immense chimneys, five in number, which are requisite to the furnaces, are named Cotopaxi, Vesuvius, Etna, Tyro and Vulcan. Every portion of the business is performed here, cutting, designing, packing, etc., forming a most busy scene to the eye of the visitor. No stranger visiting Boston should fail to make the acquaintance of the gentlemanly proprietor, Mr. Slane, and examine the works which we have depicted.

weight from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and forty pounds. Two of the principal localities for the cultivation of this drug in Bengal are subject to the East India Company, and the manufacture and traffic in it is a strict monopoly of the government. In the others, there is a most oppressive system of espionage established over the natives, to an extent which throws the control of the traffic into the hands of the same company. On that which was raised in Malwa, a province lying in the western part of India, beyond the East India Company's control, and which, in order to reach Bombay, the principal market, has to pass through certain territories of the company, a *transit duty* of 400 rupees is levied. The income from this tax, in 1846, was £1,000,000, which, with the revenue received the same year at Calcutta, from the article, makes the sum total of income to the company from it £3,000,000.

The idea of sending opium from Bengal to China, originated in 1767. From this time to 1794, the trade in it met with but poor success. In the latter year, the English succeeded in station-

are thousands of shops fitted, in many of the Chinese cities, with accommodations expressly for smoking. Many of these shops are represented to be the most miserable and wretched places imaginable. Rev. Mr. Squire, of the Church Missionary Society, says of them: "Never, perhaps, was there a nearer approach to hell upon earth, than within the precincts of these vile hovels, where gambling is likewise carried on to a great extent." It is stated that there are one thousand of these opium shops in the city of Amoy. All classes in the community are addicted to the practice. The effects of this drug upon the consumer are thus described by a distinguished Chinese scholar: "It exhausts the animal spirits, impedes the regular performance of business, wastes flesh and blood, dissipates every kind of property, renders the person ill-favored, promotes obscenity, discloses secrets, violates the laws, attacks the vitals and destroys life."

The Chinese government has made strong efforts to cut off or restrict the traffic in this drug. Public attention was directed to its injurious effects in 1799, and in 1809 an edict was issued re-



VIEW OF THE AMERICAN FLINT GLASS WORKS, SOUTH BOSTON, FROM THE HARBOR.

THE OPIUM TRADE.

Opium, as is well known, is the production of the plant *Papaver Somniferum*, called in English the Poppy. This plant was originally a native of Persia, but is now found growing as an ornamental plant in gardens throughout the civilized world. It is most extensively cultivated in India, where it is estimated that more than 100,000 acres of the rich plains of that country are occupied for this purpose, giving employment for many thousands of men, women and children. Its cultivation throughout is very simple. The seed is sown in November, and the juice is collected during a period of about six weeks in February and March. The falling of the flowers from the plant is the signal for making incisions, which is done in the cool of the evening, with hooked knives, in a circular manner around the capsules. From these incisions a white milky juice exudes, which is concentered into a dark brown mass by the heat of the next day's sun; and this being scraped off every evening as the plant continues to exude, it constitutes opium in its crude state. India, it is said, produces sixty thousand chests of opium annually, each chest varying in

ing one of their ships laden with opium at Whampoa, where for more than a year she lay unmolested, selling out her cargo. In 1821, owing to the difficulties attending the sale at these places, the opium merchants withdrew all their vessels from Whampoa and Macao, and stationed them under the shelter of Lintin Island, in the bay, at the entrance of Canton River, which henceforth became the seat of extensive trade. From those vessels it was taken in Chinese junks and smugglers' boats, and retailed at various ports along the shore. In 1847, it is said about fifty vessels were engaged exclusively in this trade, besides a greater or less number which were only partially freighted with the drug. It is stated that two and a half millions of dollars worth of opium is annually imported into Foo-chow, from whence it finds its way to the interior. In that city alone there were, in 1848, one hundred houses devoted to the smoking of the drug, while as many retailed the poison in small quantities. The principal use made of opium by the Chinese, is in the form of smoking, a practice to which they are most passionately addicted. The wealthier orders do their smoking in their own dwellings but for the poorer classes there

quiring all ships discharging their cargoes at Whampoa, to give bonds that they had no opium on board. Still more stringent laws were adopted in 1820. In 1834 an edict was issued, declaring that the injury done by the influx of opium, and by the increase of those who inhaled it, was nearly equal to a *general conflagration*, and denouncing upon the seller and smoker of the poison the bastinado, the wooden collar, imprisonment, banishment, confiscation of property, and even death by public decapitation or strangulation. But notwithstanding all this, the trade kept increasing until at length, an Imperial Commission was appointed, clothed with the highest authority, to proceed to Canton and endeavor to effect an utter annihilation of the trade. He seized and destroyed some 20,280 chests of opium, and compelled the merchants to sign a bond forever to cease trading in the article. This bold measure led to the war with England, commonly known as the opium war. The Chinese were defeated, and subjected to terms which reflected anything but honor upon the conquerors; and a traffic forced upon them which they had striven by every means in their power to annihilate.—Allen.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1853.

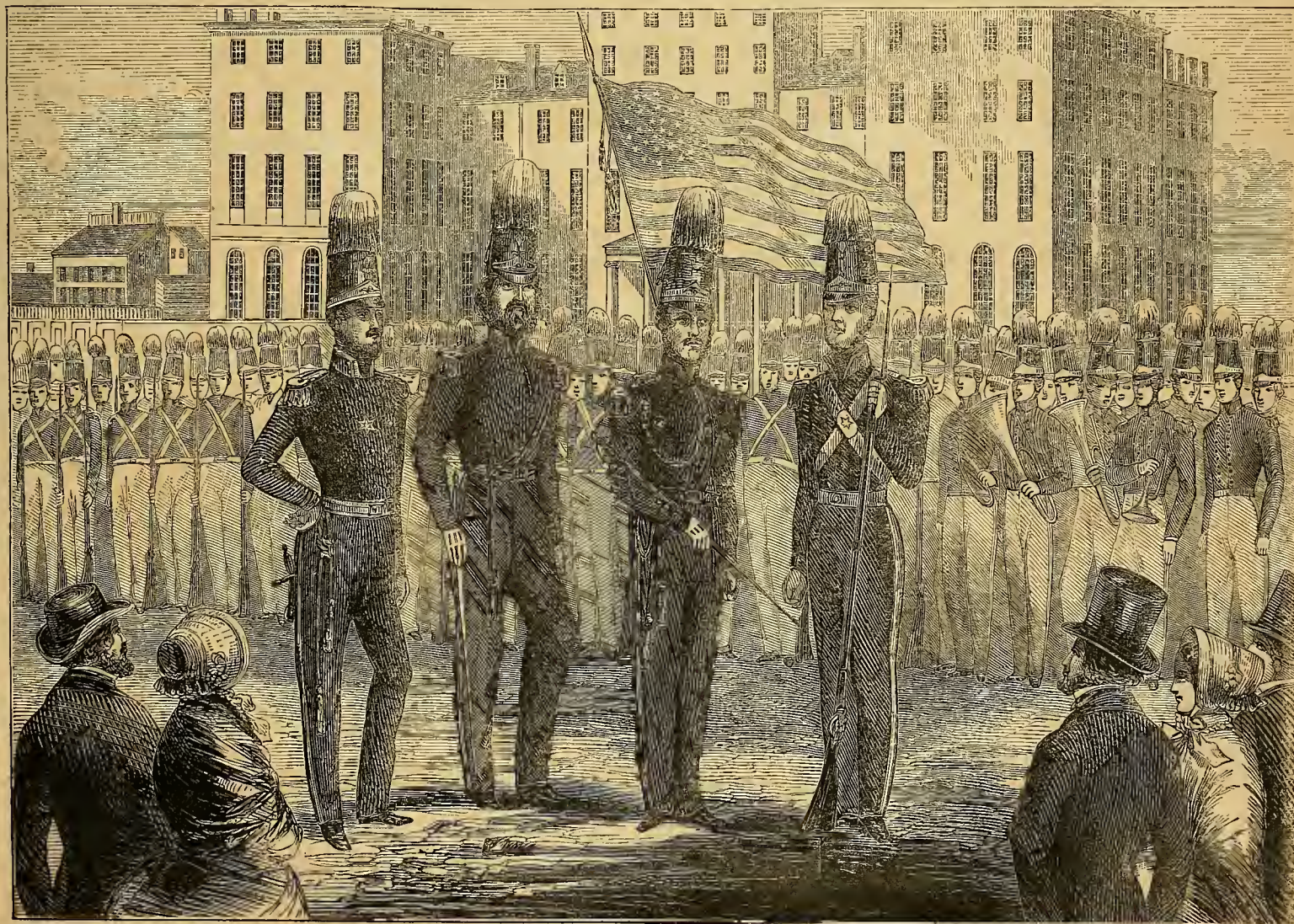
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THE CINCINNATI ROVER GUARDS.

Cincinnati for some years past has been nearly destitute of volunteer military organizations. The late war with Mexico absorbed most of the companies then in service, and for a long time subsequent the military spirit of the city seems to have been dormant. The want of some creditable association of the kind has, however, been frequently felt and expressed, and wealthy citizens have stood ready to second with their influence and means any systematic effort to supply the hiatus. The company known as the "Rover Guards," whose first parade our artist has illustrated below, originated some two months before the voluntary disbandment, in July last, of the "Independent Fire Engine and Hose Company," generally known as the "Rover Fire Company" of Cincinnati, whose roll for a quarter of a century had registered the names of many of the most influential citizens of the place. The members of the military organization were at first required to be members of the fire company also, but upon disbanding the

latter, this feature was necessarily changed. The Guards, with a view to perpetuate the memory of the former philanthropic and time-honored association, adopted its recognized title, and went spiritedly to work to effect the thorough equipment of a military corps composed of citizens recognized as identified with the progress and welfare of the town. The result of the effort has been most satisfactory. On the 5th of October last, the company election was held, and under all the difficulties incident to the formation, drill, and complete equipment of a volunteer military corps, was enabled to make its first field-dress parade on the 22d of February following. To the zeal and untiring exertions of the commandant of the corps, Captain Charles H. Sargent, the early success of this effort is undoubtedly to be in a great measure attributed. The company has now eighty enrolled members, besides a full brass band of sixteen instruments, combining the best musical talent of the city. The full-dress uniform of the corps and band is of scarlet cloth—coat, pantaloons, and cap, the coat turned up

with light buff, and trimmed with gold lace, the pants with a broad buff stripe on the outside seams, the cap of the U. S. A. regulation, except that the visor is of burnished lacker prefixed on an angle to protect the forehead, and is richly ornamented with gold embroidered bugle, star, eagle, and initials "C. R. G.;" the plume red, tipped with white. The cross-belts are of white webbing, with blue leather body-belt, and blue patent leather cartridge-box and bayonet-scarboard. The breast-plate for cross-belts is of burnished gilt, with a five-pointed star raised in silver, the chosen emblem of the corps. The body-belt has a lackerel front plate, with the initials "C. R. G." in burnished metal. The undress or fatigue uniform is neat and substantial, consisting of dark blue jacket and cap, trimmed with red cord, and black pantaloons, with a full complement of U. S. regulation equipments for drill or fatigue service.—Our artist has depicted the company in line, with the celebrated Burnet House in the background, and given a faithful picture of their soldierly appearance.



REPRESENTATION OF THE ROVER GUARDS, OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

A ROMANCE OF SPAIN IN THE 15TH CENTURY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE KNIGHT OF LEON:

—OR—

THE MONARCH'S LAST BRIDE.

A TALE OF MOORISH GRANADA.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GAME OF CHESS—THE CHRISTIAN'S DUNGEON.

NIGHT had closed over the Granadan prison. Abdalla was in his dungeon pacing to and fro at such distances as his chain would allow, and as the sharp clanking of the links fell upon his ear, he seemed studying out wild music from their notes. While he was thus engaged Tarik entered the dungeon, bearing beneath his arm a chess-board.

"Do you feel like a game of chess, this evening?" asked the jailor, as he sat his lamp down.

"Yes, good Tarik. Anything to drink up the dull moments that hang about me."

"Then I'll spend an hour with thee. Everything is quiet about the prison—the prisoners are all safe, and the guard set."

As Tarik spoke he moved a cushion up to where Abdalla stood, and having set the lamp down in a convenient place he unshackled the prisoner's right hand, and then seated himself. Abdalla did the same, and having placed the chess-board upon their knees they arranged their men.

"Tarik," said the prisoner, "something tells me that this may be the last game we shall ever play together."

"No, no—we will play often."

"I think not. The king will not keep me much longer."

"He will not dare to—"

"—sh! He will dare do what he pleases. But never mind that now. You shall move first, and I will beat you."

"Not so easily. There."

"That's your old move."

"Yes, and I mean it for a victory. By Allah, if you were playing for your life I should hardly let you beat me this time."

"I tell thee, Tarik, whatever I play for shall be mine. Life is not mine to stake."

They played, and they played, too, as men who understood the game. The minutes slipped rapidly away, and yet the two chess-players moved their pieces with but little effect. The prisoner forgot his chains, and the keeper forgot his office.

"I have thee," whispered Tarik.

"Not yet," returned the prisoner, as he backed up his queen by a dexterous move.

The players were again buried in the game, when the door of the room was opened, and Mahmoud entered.

"Tarik, here is an order from the king," said the messenger, placing a bit of parchment in the keeper's hand.

Tarik opened the scroll and read. His face turned pale, and a fearful tremor shook his frame.

"I am to wait," said Mahmoud.

"Then I will join thee below," returned Tarik, placing the scroll in his bosom.

"What ails thee?" asked the prisoner, as the messenger withdrew.

"Only a sudden and unexpected order," replied Tarik, in a thick, husky tone, while he trembled as though the death-angel were hovering over him.

"Let's finish the game."

"No, no—I cannot play more."

"If I can play, why should not you?" asked the prisoner, in a tone of strange calmness. "I feel that I have more interest in the king's message than you have."

The two men continued the game, but Tarik played wildly.

"Ah! there goes your queen, and the game is mine!" uttered Abdalla.

"Yes—you've won!" murmured Tarik, and as he spoke he turned away to wipe a tear from his cheek.

The keeper arose from his seat and sat the chess-board against the wall. He replaced the manacle upon the prisoner's hand, and then taking up the lamp he left the apartment.

"O, Allah forgive me!" he murmured, as he closed the prison. "I would rather die myself than do this deed. But I will not shed all this blood myself. *Ulm* I must kill with mine own hand, but the poor Christians shall fall by another's. Ah! this is truly his last game. Prophetic vision!"

When the jailor reached his office he called up two of his attendants. They were sinister looking, powerful fellows, and those who knew them knew them for the Granadan executioners.

"You know the place where the Christians are confined," said Tarik.

"Yes," returned one of the executioners.

"Then take your cimeters and go to their dungeon. Here is the king's order for their immediate death. Do your work well, now, and be quick about it, for I would not have them suffer pain. I have further use for the place when you have done."

"And the bodies?"

"Into the pit."

The executioners took down two heavy cimeters that hung against the wall, and having taken a lamp they departed on their fearful mission.

The Christian prisoners were seated in their respective places, and their chains were gathered about them. Utter darkness surrounded them, but they thought not of sleep.

"Hark!" uttered Pedro. "I heard a step approaching."

"So did I," returned Charles.

"What means a visit at this time?"

"We will find out if they come."

"They have stopped. Ah! there goes the bolt of the outer door!"

"Yes," uttered Charles, with a quick breath. "Gather your heavy chain for action, Pedro. By heavens! if they've come to murder us they shall find our lives dear."

"I am ready," whispered Pedro. "Be sure and look to it that your feet are clear."

In a moment more the inner door of the dungeon was opened, and the rays of a lamp shone upon the prisoners. Charles saw two men, and he saw, too, that they were both armed. He guessed the mission upon which they had come.

"What seek ye here?" the knight asked, as the man who bore the lamp sat it down at the door.

"You'd better not ask any questions," returned the foremost of the executioners.

"Back, till you tell me wherefore you are here," shouted Charles, springing to his feet and raising his hands over his left shoulder.

The man did not see how the prisoner's irons were fixed.

"Don't think of frightening us," he said, "for we have come to put an end to your sufferings. Come, put down your hands, and sit upon your bench, for you'll die easier if you do."

Charles half lowered his hands, and the executioner took a step forward; but he came no nearer, for with a full, powerful sweep the knight brought his heavy chain upon the intruder's head, and he sank upon the pavement like a dead ox. At the same moment Pedro sprang upon the second executioner, but his blow fell upon the Moor's shoulder, and with a loud cry the lamed man sprang back from the cell. The lamp was upset and extinguished in the fray, and the prisoners were left in total darkness. They heard the second executioner as he hurried away, but they knew that one lay senseless near them.

"Shall we flee?" cried Pedro.

"No, no—not yet."

"Yes, yes. The way is open. Come."

"But we shall—"

"Be killed if we stay here," broke in the esquire. "Come—follow me."

Charles hesitated no longer, but grasping his stout irons more firmly he groped his way out from the dungeon.

"This way," said Pedro. "I noticed the way as we entered. This leads to the jailor's room, and we must fight our way through, and run."

Hardly had Pedro spoken when a torch flashed through the darkness, and a number of men, at the head of whom was Tarik, were seen approaching them.

"Hold!" cried Tarik, as he came near to the prisoners. "Back to your cell."

"Let us pass," firmly returned Charles of Leon. "I know your purpose, and will defend myself."

"One moment, sir knight."

"No—not an instant. Clear the way."

Tarik was a powerful man, and used to dangers, but he hesitated before the Christian.

"You must surrender," he said.

"Never while I live! Back!"

The jailor saw that words were of no more use, and he bade his followers—four in number—to assist him. He sprang forward. The knight swung his heavy chain, but it struck the wall in its descent, and as it fell powerless, short of its mark, he was seized and thrown upon the floor. Pedro made a stout resistance, but he was overcome by a superior force, and ere long the two Christians were bound and conveyed back to the cell from whence they had escaped.

"Charles of Leon," said Tarik, as the prisoners were forced down upon their seats, "Allah knows that I am pained to do this thing. I would rather ten thousand times set you free; but it is no will of mine."

"And do you really mean that we must die?" uttered Charles.

"Yes. So the king hath ordered."

"And what have I done? What thing rests upon my head that deserves this?"

"Many have asked that same question in this very place; but I had no answer for them. You must die!"

"Tarik," said Pedro, clasping his hands together, "let me die, and spare my master. O! one death is enough."

"You appeal to one who has no authority," returned the jailor.

"Then let us die," murmured Charles. "Come, Tarik, if the deed must be done, let there be haste about it."

"You will forgive me, sir knight."

"Yes."

Charles saw that resistance would no longer avail him, but only make matters worse for him, and with a calm look he awaited the stroke that was to end his life.

"Let us both die together," urged Pedro.

"That I can grant; and would to Heaven I could grant more. Charles of Leon, bow your head, and the stroke shall be a smooth one."

"God forgive me for my sins!" ejaculated Charles; and then folding his hands across his breast, he closed his eyes and bowed his head.

"What noise is that?" uttered Tarik, just as he drew his cimeter.

"What ho, there! Tarik! Tarik!" shouted some one from without.

The jailor started, and let his cimeter fall.

"Tarik! Tarik!"

In a moment more Husam Ben Abbas, all covered with dust and sweat, rushed into the dungeon.

"Is there blood spilt yet?" he gasped, gazing wildly about him.

"No," returned Tarik, half stupefied.

"Not a drop?"

"No."

"Heaven he praised!" fell from the lips of Ben Abbas; and he sank senseless into the arms of the jailor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE VIRGIN BRIDE.

ZEHRA was alone in the gaudy apartment that had been prepared for her. She looked like a queen in her dignity, for her soul had become the home of a purpose that lifted her above the clouds of fear. Three heavy lamps were burning in their swinging frames, and their combined power gave the lustre of mid-day to the scene. Choice and fragrant flowers were blooming in crystal vases, tiny birds were singing in their golden cages, and a silvery fountain sent up its sparkling waters from a marble basin in the centre of the room. Art and nature were strangely, wonderfully combined to charm the senses, and the sensualist might almost fancy that there could be no sweeter a heaven than this!

But all was lost upon her for whom the pleasure had been intended. She noticed not the luxury of the place, nor did she appreciate the incentives that had arranged it for her. She did once bathe her feverish temples in the cool water, and at times she would listen abstractedly to the cheerful warbling of the little birds. It was getting late, and Zehra sank down upon the soft couch. She had almost lost herself in a dreamy unconsciousness, when she was aroused by the opening of the door of her apartment. She started to her feet just as Ben Hamed entered.

"My daughter," he said, "here comes your husband. Smile, now."

But Zehra could not smile. She looked up, and she saw the king.

"You can leave us, Ben Hamed," said Mohammed.

The alcaide cast one imploring and half-threatening glance at Zehra, and then left the apartment.

The maiden was alone with the man who had wrenched from her all that could make life worth living for.

"By Allah, sweet Zehra, but you look exceeding beautiful!" exclaimed the king, as he sank down upon the couch.

The maiden made no reply.

"Come and sit thee by me."

"I would rather stand in the presence of the king," returned Zehra.

"But the king is now your husband."

Zehra trembled, but her features were still calm.

"Come, sweet Zehra."

"I am unworthy to approach my king."

As the maiden spoke she thought she saw the silken arras at the end of the apartment move, and she also thought she saw a burning eye peering forth from behind its folds, but she gave it no attention.

"Ah, fair maiden, I shall think your coyness takes color from your will. Come, dearest, and sit thee by my side. I have felt quite ill this evening, but your radiant beauty revives me. Come."

Zehra moved not.

"By Allah, maiden, this smacks of stubbornness. Now I command thee to come. O!"

Mohammed suddenly pressed his hand upon his bosom, and a pain-mark rested upon his features.

"What! Will you not obey me? Then I will try other means."

"Hold, sire!" uttered Zehra, as the king started to his feet.

"Touch me not!"

"Ah! How is this?" exclaimed Mohammed, showing by his manner that the maiden's conduct was as unexpected as it was strange.

"Approach me not, sire."

"What mean you? By the beard of the Prophet, but you act your part curiously. Are you not mine?"

"No!"

"Ah! Now I see thee as thou art. But such beauty as yours is only fit for a king, so I needs must have thee."

"Another step, and this dagger shall find my heart!" pronounced Zehra, as she drew her bright weapon and raised it above her throbbing bosom.

Mohammed was for the moment awed by the appearance of the noble girl before him. She trembled not, nor did her features move, but she stood calmly before her king, and her bosom was bared for the stroke of the keen instrument of death.

"Put up that weapon, Zehra. This is some sudden freak of madness. Your father told me that you came freely."

"I came by force, and even then I was deceived. I was told that if I would make sacrifice of my peace in becoming your wife, Charles of Leon should live."

"Ah!" uttered the king, while his frame shook with rage.

"And do your affections still run there? Then I, too, have been deceived; but it matters not with you. I take not a wife at her own whim, so come to me at once."

"Beware, king! Lay not a hand upon me. I loathe you, and I have made my choice between you and death. For me the grave offers more rest to the soul than does your embrace."

"But hold, Zehra," said the king, with a sudden change in his tone and manner. "Suppose I would send thee back to thy father. When I sent for thee I thought thou wast—"

Zehra knew not the king's intent. As he spoke she let the point of her dagger fall, and on the instant Mohammed sprang forward and caught her arm.

"Now I'll see how the love of a king shall be treated," he exclaimed, as he gazed exultingly into the maiden's face. "Ah, you are mine—mine—mine."

Zehra struggled, but the king caught the dagger and cast it away. He turned again to gaze into the beautiful features of the maiden he so much coveted, but the expression of his countenance suddenly changed, and instinctively he carried his right hand to his bosom.

Mohammed's left hand was fixed like the grip of a vice upon Zehra's arm, and she uttered a cry of pain as the fingers sank into her flesh.

"O! O!" groaned the monarch.

Zehra thought it was rage that made him look so strangely; but the expression of his countenance soon became dreadful to look upon. He gasped for breath, and gradually his hold upon the maiden's arm loosened.

"O, torture!" gasped Mohammed, as he carried both his hands to his heart. "Zehra! Zehra!"

The maiden started back aghast. She was terrified by the fearful look of the king. His countenance was turning to an ashy paleness, and his eyes were rolling wildly in their sockets.

"Zehra! Zehra!" he gasped, "you are mine! mine! The floods shall not snatch you from me. What ho, there! Ben Hamed! Mahmoud! Husam Ben Abbas! Where are ye all? Off! off! Tarik! Tarik! see that your prisoner dies! Ha! ha! ha! Ah! Allah must die! He shall die! Where are my attendants? Ben Abbas, where art thou?"

Wild and more wild grew the frenzy of the king. His gaze at length fell upon Zehra, and he sprang towards her. With a low cry she eluded his grasp—he took a step beyond her—tattered a moment, and then fell heavily upon the marble floor! Zehra uttered a shriek of alarm, and while its tones still rang wildly through the perfumed air of the apartment the silken arras was thrown aside and Emima glided into the room. She approached the spot where lay the king and knelt over him.

"Mohammed is dead!" she said.

"Dead!" cried Zehra, starting forward.

"Yes. O, Mohammed! Mohammed! This is the end of thy race—the goal of thine unfaithfulness! I told thee thou shouldst never take another to thy bosom. Hadst thou heeded true I could have died for thee; but when thou didst prove untrue, death was for thee alone. O, how few there be who know the human heart!"

Emima arose to her feet and gazed into the wondering face of Zehra.

"You are free," she murmured, "and so is the king!"

"O, this is dreadful!" murmured the maiden.

"But not so dreadful as it might have been had Mohammed lived," said Emima, as she moved to the wall and touched a cord that hung from the ceiling.

In a few moments a servant entered.

"Haste thee to the court and tell the officers that the king is dead," said Emima. "Stop not to gaze here, but go."

"Ere long the cry was echoed through the Alhambra—"The king is dead!" The passages leading to the royal apartments were thronged, and soon Husam Ben Abbas came rushing into the chamber.

"Dead! dead! Is he dead?" he cried.

Emima silently pointed to the stiff body. Ben Abbas bent over it and placed his hand upon the marble brow.

"Great heavens!" he uttered, "death may not yet have done its work!"

"Yes it has," said Emima.

"Here—here it has; but I meant at the prison! O, for the wings of a falcon now!"

Madly did Husam Ben Abbas dash from the death-chamber. All who were in his way were overturned as he hastened to stay the sword of the executioner. Hope lent him her speed, and with every nerve and muscle strained to their utmost he flew away on his self-taken mission.

"He spoke of saving some one, did he not?" tremblingly whispered Zehra, grasping Emima by the arm.

"Yes."

"Did he mean Charles of Leon?"

"He meant any whom the king had doomed. The Christian may yet be saved."

"O, Heaven bless him if he succeeds!"

"Come, Zehra," said Emima, as she looked once more upon the form of the king, which the attendants had raised to the couch, "let us away from here."

Emima took the maiden by the hand as she spoke, and led her away.

The old physician came and gazed upon the corpse of the king. Ben Hamed accompanied him.

The alcalde asked what had caused the catastrophe. The physician shook his head.

"I fear it was the bursting of his own passionate heart. The fit was on him to-day."

Thus spoke the physician, and those who stood around believed him. They dreamed not of that neglected wife who had saved a fair maiden from the foul grasp of a sensual monarch.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

The sun had again risen over the city of Granada, and the light of day once more peeped through the chink-like hole in the dungeon of the Christians. They had for the time been spared from the dimeter, but their chains had been replaced, and Pedro's case of tools had been taken from him. An attendant had brought them food and drink in the early morning, but he would answer no questions, only shaking his head in mysterious silence.

The forenoon passed away, and yet the prisoners were left to themselves. They spoke to each other, and wondered what was to be done with them. They knew not the message which Husam Ben Abbas had brought the night before. They only knew that the fainting messenger had been conveyed from the dungeon, and that shortly afterwards they had been re-chained in their former positions. Noon had passed, when the door of their dungeon was opened and Tarik entered.

"How now, Tarik?" asked Charles, as he saw that the jailor bore in his hands a hammer and wrench.

"You must accompany me to the Alhambra."

"Ah,—and what is that for?"

"I know not—only that I am ordered to conduct you thither."

"And Pedro."

"He will accompany you."

Tarik proceeded to take the irons from the feet and hands of his prisoner, and when the work was accomplished, he bade them follow him. Charles hesitated not to obey, for there was something in the manner of the jailor that gave him a strange hope. When they reached the keeping-room, Tarik pointed the Christians to a small closet.

"In there you will find water and napkins," said he, "and also some of the clothing which you left behind you when you made your unceremonious exit from my keeping."

Charles and Pedro entered the closet, and when they came forth, they were conducted away towards the Alhambra.

The great Court of Lions was a scene of magic grandeur. The great fountain in the centre was sending forth its towers of diamond sparkling water, and even the massive marble lions that lay crouched upon its basin, seemed endowed with life. Richly dressed knights were collected about the numerous pillars, and busy messengers were hastening to and fro. Into the midst of this scene were Charles of Leon and his esquire ashered.

"Ah, sir Christian," uttered Husam Ben Abbas, stepping quickly forward as he noticed the entrance of the prisoners, "you are waited for."

"And wherefore?" asked Charles, gazing about him in a state of utter bewilderment.

"Follow me, and see."

Those who stood around made way for Ben Abbas, and as they moved aside they gazed curiously upon the Christians.

"Sire," said Ben Abbas, stopping before the golden throne, upon the soft downy cushions of which reposed a man bearing the brilliant garb and glittering crown of the Granadan monarch, "here are the prisoners."

"Charles of Leon."

The Christian knight started at the tones of that voice, and gazed up at the king.

"Charles of Leon," repeated the king, "we have called you here to know thy business in Granada."

"Abdalla!" fell in dooming accents from the Christian's lips.

"You recognize me, then?" said the king, with a smile.

"San Dominic!" ejaculated Pedro.

"Ah,—and you, too, wonder. I remember thy good advice, Pedro, which you once gave me,—it was about running after the sun when I ought to be in bed."

"O, mercy!" cried Pedro.

"I forgive thee; so fear no more."

Then turning to the knight the king continued:

"You wonder why I am here, and I suppose, too, you wonder why you have seen me in strange places before."

"I do, most assuredly," returned Charles, gaining courage from the kind manner of the king.

"Some others here may not know all that has transpired," said the king, as he arose from his seat and gazed proudly, happily around upon his subjects. "I am Josef Abdalla, and Allah knows how cruel has been my fate. Years ago this throne was mine by right. Mohammed was my brother, and he foully cast me into prison and usurped my throne. Ten long years have I lain there a prisoner, while my unnatural kinsman revelled in these halls. You look wonderingly at my statement, sir Christian, but it is nevertheless true. Lately, good Tarik took pity on me, and sometimes at dead of night, and deeply disguised, he would allow me to walk forth and sniff heaven's fresh air. He trusted to my oath that I would not trespass upon his kindness, and that I would not betray myself. Once he let me out in the daytime. It was at the tournament. In such a crowd I was safe. Tarik ran a great risk, but while I live, and he lives, he shall never have occasion to repent of his kindness."

"I mistrusted your errand here when I met you on the road. It was a freak of chance, surely, that you gave me the thought, but when I once entertained it, I knew enough to convince me that I was right. I was not anxious that you should carry Zehra away from Granada, for in her had my hopes of regaining my throne centered. It was a strange thought, but yet it became almost a revelation to my mind. I knew the circumstances that surrounded the usurper, and I believed he would not live long after he had taken Zehra to his palace."

The king hesitated a moment and gazed into the Christian's face. He would not betray to those about him his suspicions of the part Emima had acted, but he knew that Charles suspected as much as he did.

"However," continued Josef, "the matter has ended as well as could have been wished, though we both of us had a narrow chance. Husam Ben Abbas took advantage of Mohammed's death, and he arrived at the prison just in season to stop the fatal work the tyrant had planned. Now, Charles of Leon, about thy mission to Granada, for you are in my power now."

Charles started, and the rich blood mounted to his temples.

"You know my mission, sire," he tremblingly said, as he sank down upon his right knee.

"In truth I do, and let me give thee joyous news, too, sir Christian. The fair being you seek is yet pure as the virgin snow that glistens in the sunbeams from Nevada's crown."

"God be praised!" ejaculated the knight, in a fervent tone.

"O, you will give her to me,—I know you will."

"That depends upon the maiden's own choice," returned the king. "Arise, Charles of Leon, and you shall hear the answer from the lips of the fair girl herself. Husam Ben Abbas, let Zehra approach."

In a few moments, three females entered the hall and came near the throne. She that was in the centre stepped tremblingly to the throne and sank upon her knees.

"Arise, lady, and lay aside your veil," said Josef. "Fear not, for no harm hangs over thee."

As she arose, she put back the veil from her face. A murmur of admiration ran from lip to lip, as the beautiful Zehra gazed forth in all her blushing, trembling loveliness.

"Zehra," said the king, "the Christian knight of Leon, Charles, Count of Valladolid, claims thee at our hands. Tremble not, for your fate rests in your own hands. If you would rather stay in our own sunny Granada, you shall be protected; and if you will go with the knight of Leon, you shall go as you will it."

The maiden attempted to speak, but the words failed her. She heard her name pronounced by a well-known voice, and she turned and met the earnest, imploring gaze of her Christian lover. She forgot that the eyes of the king were upon her—she forgot that an hundred brave knights were watching her,—she thought of the darkness of the past—of the fearful doom she had escaped, and while the sweet light of the new-found day broke in upon her soul, she uttered one low cry of joy, and sank into the arms of him to whom she had given her whole heart, with all its priceless love.

"Now, by Allah, there speaks an honest, truthful heart," exclaimed the happy king, as he wiped a tear from his eye.

"What man in all my kingdom can tell so plain a truth as that?"

"O, she is mine!" cried Charles, gazing up through his tears, at the monarch.

"Yes, Charles of Leon."

"Then may the choicest blessings of kind Heaven be ever yours," the knight murmured, as he sank down upon his knee.

"Hold, sire!" cried Ben Hamed starting forth from among the crowd of Moslem knights. "You have no right to give away my child thus!"

Charles of Leon started to his feet, and Zehra clung more closely to him.

"Ben Hamed!" pronounced the king, while his eyes flashed, and his countenance wore a terrible look, "how darest thou drag that villainous body of thine into our presence? What one thing dare you claim at our hands?"

"My child, sire," uttered the alcalde, cowering beneath the monarch's gaze.

"Out upon thee, base liar! Thou knowest well that Zehra is not thy child, and that she is not Moslem born. I was on Almanza's bloody field when you cut down the servants who bore a helpless child. One woman you saved, and with the child you bore her off. You knew that child was the daughter of Henry of Leon and Castile. You remember the bloody affray, Ben Hamed, for you led the attack while Henry was on his way from Valencia to Segovia. Though you might hide your little prisoner from others, you could not hide her from me, for I saw the deed. You know you feared to tell my royal father on your return what you had done. Zehra is the sister of King John of Leon and Castile, and knowing this, you have thought to sacrifice her to the desires of my wicked brother; and more too,—you have tried to have Charles of Leon put to death because you feared he had come for her. Get thee now from my presence, and I let me see you no more. I scorn to take full revenge upon you for the wrongs you did in helping me to prison while the usurper seized my throne; but beware how you throw yourself in my way again. You are no longer an officer in Granada. Husam Ben Abbas is alcalde in your stead!"

As the king ceased speaking, the people made way for the disgraced man, and Ben Hamed shrank away like a whipped cur from the presence of those who he well knew despised him.

"Tell me, sir knight," said the king, after Ben Hamed had gone, as he turned towards Charles of Leon, "how did John discover where his young sister was?"

"He knew not for a certainty, sire," returned Charles. "Zehra's mother was in Valencia when she gave birth to her child, and Henry went there, with a considerable force, to bring her home to Leon. His party was camped at Almanza, where a party of Moors set upon him. He looked in vain for his child after the affray was over; but he found the bodies of three of the female attendants, and as the fourth was missing, he feared she had taken the child and fled. Much search was made, but all was fruitless. The old king died, and he believed he should find his child in heaven. However, a few months since, two French knights, on their way from Granada to their own country, stopped at our court. They saw the portrait of Henry's queen, and with much astonishment they spoke of a maiden they had seen here who seemed its very counterpart. They said, too, she was too clear in her blushing whiteness for a Moorish maiden. They had only seen her at a tournament, and they knew not her name."

"This, sire, was enough to excite king John's curiosity, and gradually the hope found a home in his bosom that he might find his sister. I was chosen to perform the mission. The rest you know. When I first saw Zehra, however, her exceeding beauty prevented me from noticing the likeness I sought, and the circumstances, too, were strange; but I have seen it since, and I have triumphed in my work."

"Ay," added Josef, with a kindling eye, "and you have not triumphed alone. All that is good has triumphed, while evil hides its foul head."

As the king spoke, he stepped down from his throne, and placed one hand upon the head of the knight, and the other upon Zehra.

"There," he continued, "I can do no more for your happiness. What remains must be the work of your own king. This is the first act of my rule, and I can only pray that every future act of my life may be as just as this. Husam Ben Abbas shall accompany you home, and other of our knights shall go with him. O, in after times, if history speaks of Josef III., it shall, at least, tell to the world that he was a good and just king. I wish it to speak no more."

The monarch bowed his head as he spoke, and those who stood near him saw tears in his eyes.

The prayers of the Moslem king were truly answered. He had been taught by adversity, and he was a generous, noble sovereign, and Granada was never so prosperous, never so happy, as while Josef III. ruled her destinies.

Emima lived all alone in the apartments that were hers in the Alhambra, and few knew how much she had done towards relieving Granada of the tyrant king; but if she sometimes felt sorrow for what she had done, the increasing peace of those about her helped soothe the wound, and in her heart she felt that she had not done much wrong.

Ben Hamed found that Granada was no place for him, and he soon made his way to Almeira, and from thence across into Africa.

* * * * *

O what shouts of joy—so wild, so loud, and so prolonged—rent the air at Valladolid! In the royal palace all was joy and festivity. Knights and ladies were shouting, and even the servants and humble esquires were joining in the loud chorus. Perched upon a marble pedestal, by the side of an Italian statue, stood Pedro Bambino. He was swinging his cap in mad delight, while big tears of joy were coursing down his sun-burnt cheeks.

An aged bishop had just been performing the ceremony that made Charles of Leon and Zehra one for life. King John clasped his sister again and again to his bosom, and he blessed God for the joy he had found.

"You will not be jealous of a brother's love, sir Charles," he said, as he at length resigned the blushing bride to her husband.

"No, no, sire," the knight returned, with a beaming look. "I would have all love her; and were she not my bride, your happiness would repay me for all that I have undergone. As it is, this happiness is almost too much."

"Then you must look to it that you make it last."

"Ah, sire," returned Charles, clasping Zehra to his bosom, "while this gentle being lives, my happiness cannot grow less."

"Heaven grant it!" uttered a deep voice, and Husam Ben Abbas took Zehra by the hand. "Fair lady," he continued, "I must leave you now. My stay has been as long as is proper. When I go to Granada, what shall I tell your friends?"

The fair being looked at her brother, and then upon her husband. Then she turned towards Ben Abbas, and with a voice made tremulous by joyful emotion, she said:

"Tell them that Zehra is happy. But O, Ben Abbas, you cannot tell them all the happiness I feel! Words cannot express it all, no more than an earthly minstrel can sing the joys of the seraphim!"

The Moslem raised the small white hand to his lips, a tear sparkled in his dark eye, and then he turned away, to carry the message to his own people in the south.

THE END.

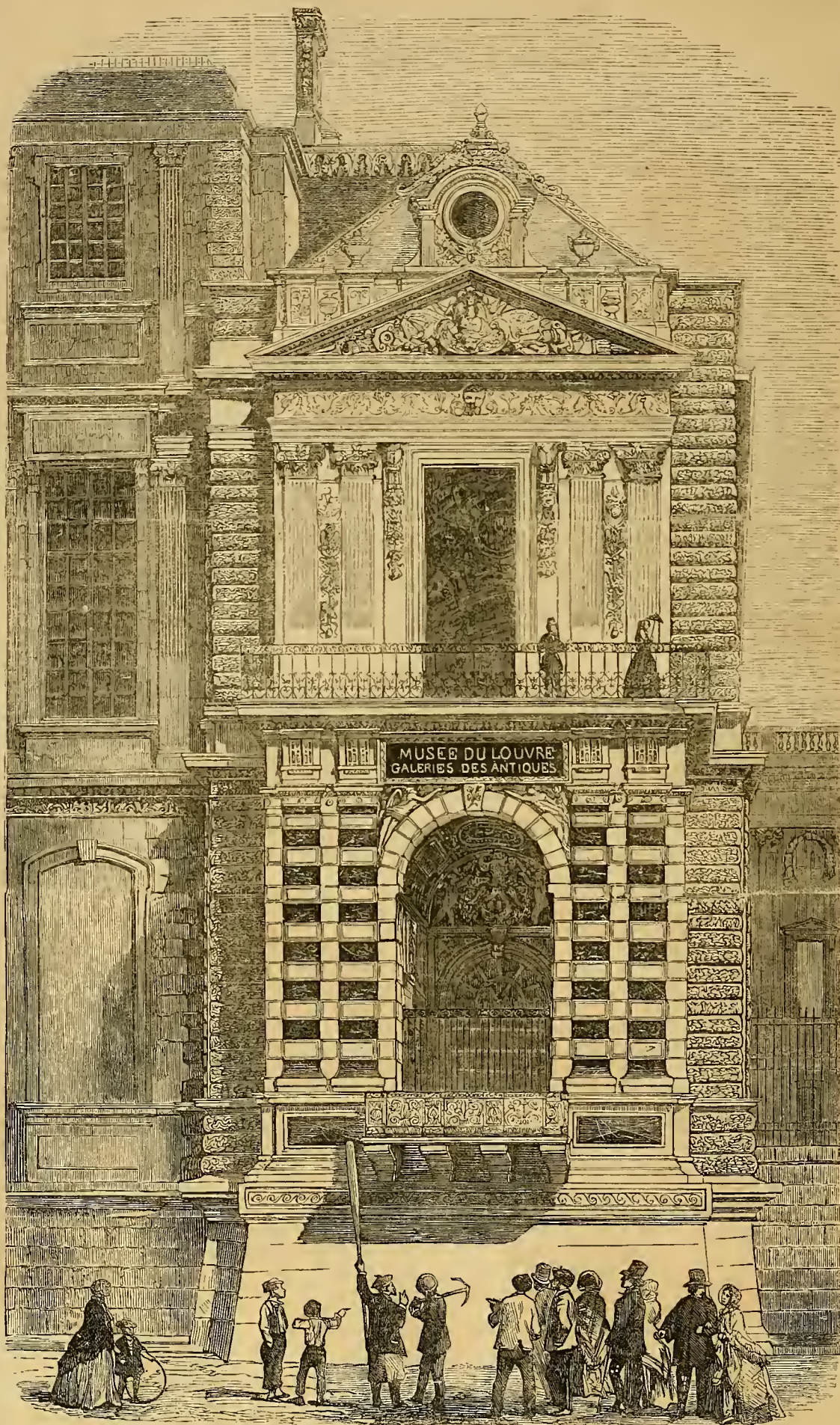
ANTIQUE GALLERY OF THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

The most ancient part of the gallery of the Louvre, which extends along the Seine, and the square building which attaches it to the Louvre, had, until lately, remained, externally, in the condition in which they were left by Charles IX. and Henry IV. Workmen are now engaged in finishing the sculpture of the facade of the first, and have completely restored the second, in which is the Apollo Gallery, which has recently been repaired in all its magnificence. This gallery formed a portion of the apartments of Anne of Austria. She had the ceilings painted by Romanelli in the school of Peter of Cortona. These easy paintings, more agreeable than correct in style, themselves require restoration in certain parts. At the extremity of the gallery is a large arched window opening in a balcony commanding the quay, to which gloomy historical recollections have imparted a sad celebrity. This window is conspicuously represented in the engraving. It is asserted that from this window Charles IX. fired upon the Huguenots during the massacre of St. Bartholomew. To perpetuate the memory of this crime, the Council General of the Commune of Paris, in the third year of the republic, issued a decree providing "that a stone post should be erected in this place, and that there should be attached to it a condemnatory inscription." For six years Paris might read the following inscription, which Bonaparte, when First Consul, removed, at a later date: "It was from this window that the infamous Charles IX., of execrable memory, fired on the people with a carbine." This tradition is questionable in more than one point. In the first place, it rests only on the suspicious authority of Brantome. He says that, after having suffered himself to be drawn by the queen into this massacre, "he (the king) was more ardent in it than all others; so that, when the game was playing, and it was day, and he saw any in the faubours of Saint Germain bestirring themselves and escaping, he took a great hunting harquebuss that he had, and fired directly upon them, but in vain, because the harquebuss did not carry so far." However it may be with regard to this useless firing towards the Seine, and even though Charles IX. might not have been guilty of it, his memory would be no less odious. Far from disavowing the massacre, or rather massacres of St. Bartholomew, he boasted in open parliament, that it was by his orders they had taken place. Of a weak, hypocritical and cruel character, he ordered the massacre of a party in which his wavering policy, or rather that of the Italian Catherine de Medici, his mother, had lately rested; he suffered friends with whom he had passed the evening at play to be slaughtered, saving only Ambroise Pare, the physician, because he could not dispense with his care in a malady difficult to cure, and which gave him the greatest anxiety, since his grandfather, Francis the First, had died of it. Still, we must perceive that in the inscription prepared in the year III, by the Commune of Paris, history was falsified by that mirage peculiar to the epoch, by which Caesar was made a tyrant, and his assassin Brutus a liberator freeing his country; whereas, in reality Brutus was the man of the aristocracy and privilege, while democracy was on the side of Caesar. Thus, in Charles IX. firing harquebuss shots upon the Huguenots, the inscription seems to

see only a tyrant firing on the people. Now he only did what the people themselves were doing; he was with the majority of the people, and he was even applauded by them when he went to the gibbet of Montfaucon with his mother, his sisters, and the court, to see the body of Admiral de Coligny suspended by the feet.

on the Huguenots, his subjects, from a window of his palace, at least the window of the Louvre charged with being the scene of this attempt is completely innocent of it, and for a very good reason—it was not in existence at the time. In the midst of the confusion and uncertainty about the epochs of construction of different parts of the palace

adjoining the pavilion now under consideration, there is reason for believing that the gallery extending from the old Louvre to the branch of the Seine above the garden of the Infanta, and constructed by Catherine de Medici and Charles IX., did not advance to the point where it now ends upon the quay; then this first portion of the facade upon the garden is of itself of a different style from that which has been added to it, and which comprises the last three windows of the Gallery of Antiques on this side of the quay. This extremity was added by Henry IV., as is proved by the letters H preserved in the recent restoration of the facade in the frieze between the basement and the first story; it is asserted even that the cipher of Henry IV. was joined to that of Gabrielle d'Estrees, but their interwoven ciphers exist now only in the facade of the gallery, which, starting from the pavilion, projects in the direction of the Seine and the Tuilleries. The balcony from which Charles IX. is said to have fired on the Huguenots on the bank of the Seine must have been in the rear of the present balcony by the whole length of the three compartments added by Henry IV., and that represented in our engraving is innocent of these dreadful reminiscences of civil and religious war. The window of the Gallery of Antiques presents a deep bay open to the air, and closed in front on the balcony by a plain grating. The interior of this bay is decorated with marbles, painting and gilding. In the interior, above the casement, and supported by two genii, is the double shield of France and Navarre; the first, three fleur-de-lis on an azure ground; the second, a chain of gold in a field gules. The whole is rich and picturesque. The great glory of Paris, as respects the fine arts, has long been, and will continue to be, the gallery of the Louvre, comprising a most extensive and valuable collection of pictures and statues. During the latter years of the reign of Napoleon, this gallery was the richest and most magnificent by far of any that ever existed, having then to boast of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Rome, Florence, and, in fact, of the greater part of continental Europe, carried off by the conquering legions of France. But victory having deserted the eagles of Napoleon, these treasures were again restored to their former possessors, and the Louvre has no longer to glory in the Apollo Belvidere, the Venus de Medici, and other matchless productions. Still, however, the collection is a very noble one. There are eighteen large halls, on the ground-floor, filled with pieces of sculpture, including the choicest treasures of the Villa-Borghese, and many works that once embellished ancient Rome. Many of them are of great value. Had we



PAVILION OF THE CELEBRATED ANTIQUE GALLERY OF THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

Truth is sufficient to render the name of Charles IX. execrable in the list of French monarchs; there is no need of masking him for the purpose. If nothing can save the memory of this young man of twenty-two, one of the good poets of his day, and endowed with some good traits that were obliterated by his mother, from the execration of posterity; if it is even true that Charles IX. fired

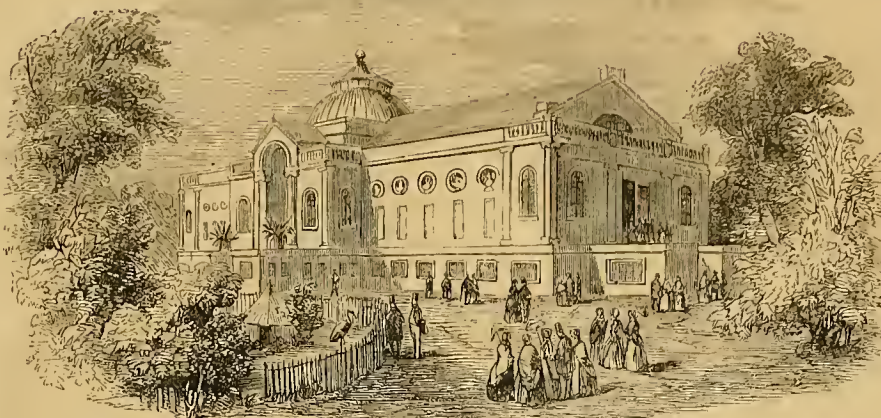
room, it would be pleasant in this connection to give the readers of the Pictorial a still more detailed account of this home of Parisian art, but sufficient has been said to fully explain its purpose, and to show it to be the rendezvous of the artistic genius of all Europe. The French, in all their fickleness of character, have never lost their love for art and the beautiful.

THE ANTWERP ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

In 1843, after long discussion, many citizens of Antwerp united and resolved to endow their city with a zoological garden. Their object was to propagate in an agreeable manner, a taste for and knowledge of natural history, to facilitate the study of it by members of the society, as well as artists and students of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, and the medical students of the Antwerp Athenaeum. A capital of one hundred thousand francs, divided into shares of one hundred francs each, bearing three per cent. interest, was the first basis of the society. subscribers were employed in purchasing a locality which now comprises rather more than six acres of ground. The society is composed of active and honorary members and corresponding members. The admission fees paid by visitors enable the society to continue and extend their operations and collections. The garden is situated outside the city, and contiguous to the railroad station. But it is only a pleasant walk from the ramparts. The entrance has nothing majestic, merely a shaded alley, at the end of which is the pretty cottage occupied by Mr. Kets, the director, and one of the first founders of the society, and his nephew and assistant, Mr. Vekemans. You have hardly taken many steps in this alley, before you meet a range of iron columns spaced along the trees on each side. Each of them, elegantly curved at its extremity, supports a perch, and here, in fine weather, is exposed a part of the collection of aras, paroquets and cockatoos. Besides the cottage of which we have spoken, there are two principal buildings in the garden; one, seen on the right as you go out, is the restaurant, an elegant and new building, which, to many of the profane, is an essential part of the garden. Here, on summer evenings, visitors assemble to chat quietly of business or pleasure; the other, looking on the garden in its full extent, is the museum (represented in our engraving), a vast edifice surmounted by a cupola, bearing a character of fine architectural simplicity. It is composed of a base and one story. The central part of the basement is devoted to birds, while the two side wings fronting the garden, are occupied by ferocious beasts. This arrangement is merely temporary. It is certain, that in case of fire, it would be hard to find men zealous enough to go into the midst of lions, tigers and animals of the same nature, to extinguish the conflagration. You reach the first story by a stone staircase; a columned vestibule gives access to an immense gallery which has no limits but that of the building itself, and which contains the extensive

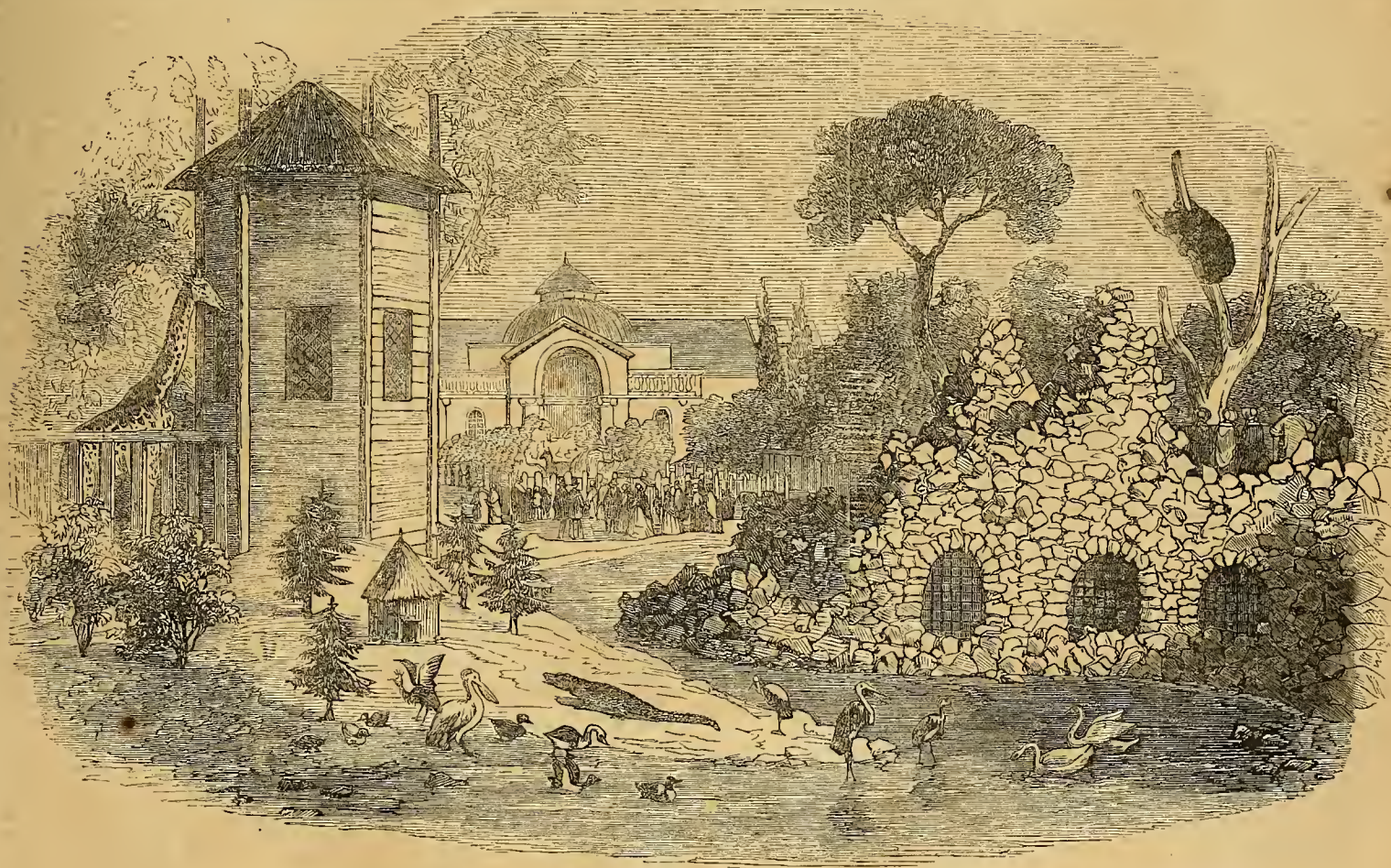
pigs, buffaloes, camels, dromedaries, zebras, etc. The monkeys occupy a palace constructed on the plan of that in the Garden of Plants at Paris. The collection of birds is richer yet. The society possesses forty-five species of paroquets, arranged in cages one above the other, in the central part of the basement story of the museum. In the garden we find two sheets of water; one of them, very shady, with verdant banks, contains different species of ducks, two pelicans and some water-hens. Its banks serve as a promenade to two wild turkeys and several kinds of plover. The other pond, larger yet, at the opposite end of the garden, as will

tary-birds, the scourge of the serpent family—and any quantity of curious pigeons. But a mere catalogue of the collection would, in fact, do, fill pages. On seeing the vast buildings, the cottages, the elegant parks, the pools, the trees and flowers of this charming garden, we cannot but congratulate the city of Antwerp in possessing so agreeable and interesting a resort. Antwerp owes a debt of gratitude to the first founders of the society, who did not shrink from the heavy responsibility, and magnitude, and difficulty of their undertaking; to Mr. Kets, the founder and generous endower of the society, and to Mr. Vekemans, his assistant, who has arranged the whole, and given the garden that smiling aspect, that air of health and richness, joined to the curious collections it contains, that makes it one of the places which the tourist, in his most rapid journey, finds worthy of an attentive and contemplative visit.—Antwerp itself is a well-built, fine old city, and it is in various respects highly interesting. Altogether it is supposed to contain about 12,000 houses, mostly built of stone, with a population of about 100,000. The great boast of Antwerp is its cathedral, a superb gothic structure, begun early in the 15th and not finished till the 16th century. Its spire, of the most beautiful and delicate workmanship, is said by Schreiber and others to be 466 feet high. The interior corresponds in grandeur with the exterior, and it contains two famous pictures of Rubens; one of which, the Descent from the Cross, is generally regarded as his *chef-d'œuvre*. Of the other churches, that of St. James, which contains the tomb of Rubens, St. Andrew, and St. Paul, are the most celebrated. All of them are adorned with fine paintings. The Bourse, or Exchange, is one of the finest buildings of its class in Europe; it is said to have served as a model for the London Exchange, burnt down in 1837. The *Hotel de Ville*, a marble structure, rebuilt in 1581, after being destroyed by fire, is a magnificent fabric. The convent of the Recollets has been converted into a museum, in which is a superb collection of paintings, including many that were formerly scattered among the different churches and convents. It comprises some of the choicest specimens of the Flemish school; as Rubens, Van Dyke, Jordaens, Van Vein, Martin de Vos, etc. Antwerp is very ancient. Ludovico Guicciardini, in his *Descrizione de Paesi Bassi*, describes it in 1560 as a city of vast wealth and the most extensive commerce; adding, that it was no uncommon thing for 500 ships to enter and leave its port in a single day! And making every allowance for the exaggeration obvious in this statement, there is no doubt that it then en-



THE ANTWERP ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN'S GALLERIES OF COLLECTIONS.

be seen in the engraving, bathes the ingenious constructions in rock-work, which serve to imprison the bears. Here you see the Egyptian goose, the brant, many kinds of swans, and a flock of twenty Carolina ducks. But an unexpected guest among these peaceful inhabitants, is a magnificent crocodile, who, free during the six warmest months of the year, sometimes languidly stretched upon the bank, sometimes inertly floating on the surface of the water, seeks ardently the beneficent rays of the sun. Up to this time (and he has lived six years in his summer palace) no attempt upon the peace of his neighbors has tarnished the innocence of his existence. At the approach of man, he dives into the water, snorting violently. To the left of the first sheet of water four



THE LODGES FOR LIVE ANIMALS, CONSTRUCTED AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, ANTWERP.

collections of stuffed animals and the curiosities of natural history, for which the society is indebted to the generosity of Mr. Kets, the director. The garden, considered as a whole, is admirably planned; accidental features of the ground are happily managed so as to add to its apparent size; it is very rich in trees and exotic plants, which, thanks to the vigilant care bestowed on them, promise cool shade and brilliant borders, when time shall have given them their full development. The collection of mammifera is numerous. It now comprises four lions, Bengal tigers, panthers, leopards, hyenas, jackals, etc.; brown, white and black bears, a considerable number of ruminating and other animals, among which are camel-leopards, many species of antelopes, ta-

cassowaries parade in a park contiguous to that of the antelopes. The society has eight of these animals, but those of which we speak were born at Knowsley, Lord Derby's estate, on the 1st of April, 1851. They are kept separate from each other, and up to this time no eggs have been hatched. Let us walk on a little farther, leaving to our right the park of ostriches, plumed cassowaries and other birds of this genus. We come to a large aviary of fine wire work, divided into compartments, where are found birds of bright plumage and rare species in great numbers. The mandarin ducks to be seen here cost two hundred dollars a pair—almost as much as our bird-fanciers sometimes pay for royal Cochín Chinas! In other places we find beautiful egret herons, and secre-

joyed a more extensive foreign trade than any other city in the north of Europe. But this prosperity was destined to be of short duration. In 1575 it was sacked and partly burned by the Spaniards. In 1585 it was invested by the famous Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, who took it after a lengthened and memorable siege. After its capture the greater part of its merchants and principal people emigrated to Amsterdam and other towns in the United Provinces, carrying with them their capital, skill, and connections. The decline of its trade dates from this epoch, and was consummated by the Dutch obtaining the command of the river. Antwerp still retains much of the prestige of its former glory, although it ranks not now among the first European commercial cities.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE ROSE AND THE VIOLET.

BY A. MORELL CORT.

On the bank of a streamlet in loveliness purling,
Its innocent way through the midst of a grove,
When the trees their soft banners of green were unfurling
To deck in bright beauty their native alcove,—
A small violet gratefully heavenward bearing
A leaf-gathered dew-drop, the delicate hue
Of its blue-mantled beaver reflecting, and wearing
The impress of heavenly modesty, grew.

And an eagle-tine flourished there too,—a rough brier
Arrayed not in glory nor bloom,—and yet pride
Had successfully taught it to view and admire
The shadow portrayed in the stream by its side.
It enjoyed the bland zephyrs, it danced in the gleamings
Of sunlight and heard the fond rivulet's song
Till in ecstasy lost, and then waked from its dreamings
To find its sweet charmer still flowing along.

A fair maid of sixteen, whose long ringlets were playing
Around her white neck in the fresh morning breeze,
And whose eye wore the veil of enchantment, came straying
That way in seclusion beneath the tall trees.
She was seeking a flower, a pretty wild flower,
To render her world of enjoyment complete;
And some loving, protecting invisible power
To the home of the violet directed her feet.

She beheld the small flower, and, as she drew near it,
With trembling emotion began to disclose
The warm passion she felt, when the pampering spirit
That flattered the arrogant brier, arose
From his couch underneath it, and loudly implored her
To view but a moment its majesty, then
To compare it with that of the herb that adored her,
And visit the rose-tree in summer again.

She stood still and remembered her own adolescence,
The monitor's sway who had dared to address,
And then recklessly stepping to bow acquaintance,
The violet was crushed—but with fragrance to bless.
When the summer was green, as the spirit entreated,
She came to the spot her fair brow to adorn,—
But the rose, when she called it, she found had secreted
Behind its bright petals a virulent thorn.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE BEGGAR BOY.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

MR. MONEYPENNY shook his head.

"Sure, sir, you're not going to let me pass this comfortable place at night-fall, when I only ask the same shelter that your oxen and your horses have, and a toss on the straw which will be none the worse for it?"

Still Mr. Moneypenny shook his head.

"The night is keen, sir, and very, very cold; and I have nothing to pay my lodging, and it is very hard indeed that you would give me a privilege that costs you nothing, and is of the very greatest consequence to me."

"I've answered you—and that should be enough. I can't let stragglers into my out-houses, and I've no spare beds. There are taverns enough—try one of them."

"But I've no money."

"That's not my fault, that I am aware of. You have words enough. You ought to be in Congress, or the State Legislature, at least. I never heard such a tease, in the shape of a beggar, in my life."

The poor boy—for a boy he was—turned away. He was a stranger and a traveller—but he never had, till now, heard the hard word beggar applied to him. His little stock of money had held out until this evening by careful economy, for he had usually obtained food as he walked, almost without the asking, and lodging besides. He was chilled through and dispirited, and without any definite purpose walked into the village inn, whose light shone invitingly. Nobody objected to his drawing near the fire, where he warmed his shivering limbs, and in the present comfort which that afforded, forgot his destitution. He mechanically read the various handbills and written notices, in the vain hope of something that might offer him a home. Finding nothing there, he studied the faces of the party in the room with no better result. Warmth obtained he began to feel the cravings of appetite, as he had eaten nothing for several hours. And he was tantalized, moreover, with the sound of the hissing fry, and the smell of comestibles which came through the often opened door.

"Supper for the gentleman," at length was announced.

A great, rosy-faced, good-natured man, who sat by the fireside, and had, unsuspected by our hero, been attentively observing him, arose to follow the not unwelcome summons. The poor boy looked wistfully and sighed.

"Come!" said rosy-face.

"Me?" asked the boy; and he drew near the gentleman's warm cheek, and whispered, "I've no money."

"Who couldn't see that?" said the other. "It's the very reason I asked you. Will you come?"

"With many thanks—"

"Not a word of that, my boy. Do you take anything before?"

Of course our lad declined. But his new friend addressed himself to a preliminary modicum of spirits, and then led the way to a substantial supper, to which the boy did grateful and ample justice. The landlord, not to be outdone in generosity by his guest, refused to accept payment for the young man's supper, and added the favor of telling him he might sleep in the haymow

if he chose. Of course the homeless wanderer gratefully accepted the offered shelter, and as he required no servant to light him to his lodgings, at once repaired to the place designated. He had scarcely taken possession before he heard voices below:

"Is the old man going to-night?" some one asked the hostler. The hostler had not heard. And then our young hero heard a conversation between two other persons, to the purport that it would not do to let the "old man," as they called him, off until morning. He had sold his cattle that day, and was well furnished with money. Oliver was uneasy. He waited a few moments, slipped down from his impromptu bed, and returned to the house. Neither his absence nor his return was noticed, and he saw, with some uneasiness, that his new friend was furnished with "warm drink," which he seemed to be enjoying with great gusto. Oliver was direct and straight-forward, and he went at once to the side of the "old man," as the stable interlocutors had termed him, and asked for a word out of doors. "Have you sold cattle to-day, sir?" he asked.

"To be sure," said the other, placing his hand inside of his waistcoat, to satisfy himself that his pocket-book was still there. "What of that, my lad?"

Oliver recounted what he had heard.

"O ho!" said the other, with a chuckling laugh, "I'll stay and face them out!"

"Well, sir—I've done my duty, and hope you don't think me impertinent?"

"Not a bit—not a bit. Come to think, I *won't* stay. I'll go. Who are you?"

"I'm a young man looking for shelter, clothing and food, and willing to earn them. I've no father and no mother—am many miles from what I used to call home, and have no friends. And I answer to the name of Oliver."

"Well, Oliver, go tell the hostler to put that sorrel horse into the York wagon, and as you've no particular engagement, go home with me to-night. There are no highwaymen in the house, or footpads, but there are some people not much better—they are gamblers."

Oliver did as he was requested, and was not at all unwilling to change his stable quarters for a bed in the farmer's house. Not to multiply words, the end of the adventure was that he was engaged as a farm-hand by his new acquaintance.

Mr. Gregory was a farmer, well to do in this world. Everything about his homestead had an air of abundant and substantial comfort. He rejoiced in the possession of many acres, from which he was content to draw the means of living, without incurring debt, satisfied if he derived income sufficient from his farm to pay his taxes, and meet his inevitable cash expenses. The thought of accumulation or investment never occurred to him, although, in spite of his carelessness, ready money would sometimes gather on his hands until he was compelled to "put it out." He had a thrifty, managing wife, and three children. The daughter was at home, her mother's assistant. The two sons were away,—like many farmers' sons despising the honest independence of their father's avocation. And Oliver came along very opportunely to be to Mr. Gregory what one or both of his own boys should have been.

Oliver, as he had said, was an orphan boy, but his conduct proved that he had received good training. He caused Mr. Gregory's farm to yield profits most gratifying, as they were unexpected; for many losses which had previously occurred from want of attention and foresight, ceased under his closer management. He had an innate aversion to idleness, and a habit of seeking and planning daily precautions against waste and inconvenience. And he insensibly and unintentionally so ingratiated himself with the female members of the household, that when a year or two had passed away, the thought of any parting or separation had ceased to be entertained by any of them. Oliver was an undoubted fixture. It was in his power to introduce reforms and changes, and nobody objected to the rude bed which he constructed in an outhouse for the benefit of travellers, who, like him, on the night on which he came under Mr. Gregory's notice, had neither shelter nor the means of paying for it.

Another change which he procured was the discontinuance of the spirit-ration, during harvest, and at other times when extra hands were employed upon the farm. He would gladly have persuaded his master, also, from his daily potatoes, but that was an evil which, however much he desired, he could not immediately reach. He was forced to content himself with preventing, so far as possible, the evils of the habit which he could not induce Mr. Gregory to forego, and on many occasions he stood between his friend, and loss or danger. If Oliver was not strictly a disinterested friend, he came as near meriting that designation as the nature of things permits. Providence has so ordered things in this world, that it is next to impossible for a man to do his neighbors good without some reaction of that good to his own benefit.

Others who would have Mr. Gregory consider them friends, were certainly not disinterested. Among these was Mr. Moneypenny. That individual had an acquaintance with games of chance, modes of betting, and other hazards, which usually resulted in his own advantage, to the cost of whatever unfortunate he could inveigle into his meshes. He was one of the company whom Oliver frustrated at the inn on the first night upon which he met Mr. Gregory. True to the selfish and savage instincts of a gambler, he kept his eye upon the "young beggar." Perhaps he might have forgotten the first offence—but Oliver repeated it; and as often as Mr. Gregory was exposed, managed to protect him. The interference with their vocation made the whole coterie angry, but none more so than Mr. Moneypenny.

That worthy applied himself industriously to the purpose of breaking up the connection which saved Gregory from becoming

completely the dupe of himself and his companions. Innuendos and insinuations against Oliver's character were for a long time plied with little effect. Gregory knew too well the honesty and industry of his faithful foreman to have his faith in his integrity shaken by interested strangers. Every man, however, has a blind side, and Moneypenny discovered the weak point in Gregory's character. And after that all went swimmingly for awhile with the confederates.

"Don't be in such haste, Gregory," said Moneypenny to him one evening; "your foreman will overlook it if you don't get home for once till ten or eleven o'clock."

Gregory glared on him with anger and astonishment.

"Perhaps you did ask Oliver's permission, and were to stay with us. If you did not, I will give you a written apology to him."

Gregory paid no other attention to this sally than to order his horse promptly. Still the shot told, and the man felt more than he was willing to acknowledge, a false shame that he had submitted even to good direction. He grew less cordial and kind to his friend, his true friend, the "beggar-boy," and gave himself more license in drink and in idleness, to prove that he was his own master! Many a man has made a similar error. Moneypenny was too skilful a tempter to repeat the provocation. He saw that it was doing its work, and that was enough. To overdo the matter would have been to defeat his purpose. Still there was left too much influence of the man over his master to suit the ends of the clique, and they bethought themselves of a new mode to lessen it.

"Are your sons at home, Gregory?" asked Moneypenny.

"No—they neither of them take to farming."

"It's very well then that you have this Oliver What's-his-name to look after matters."

"I couldn't have a better."

"Interest, man—interest. Everybody naturally guards his own, and is careful of property to which he hopes to have a title."

"I don't understand you."

"Perhaps not—but perhaps your daughter does. It's all very well on some accounts to keep a faithful servant, but most people dislike the idea of harboring a stroller to marry into the family."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Gregory. But this shot had told as well as the other; and when the farmer walked his horse past his kitchen-window, and saw the cheerful fire and light within, the scene was not pleasant to him. There sat his wife and daughter, each occupied with her needlework, while Oliver amused them by reading aloud. There was an air of domestic comfort there, which appeared to lose nothing by his absence. It looked like a party the members of which were pleased with each other—so well pleased that there seemed no doubt of a closer union by-and-by. Gregory was furious, and believed all and more than his artful enemies had suggested.

As he entered the kitchen, Oliver rose and went out to take charge of the horse. There was a moody and sullen look on Gregory's face, at which his wife and daughter were not astonished, for as he had become more in the habit of absenting himself from home, gloom had gathered upon his brow. To-night his discontent was more apparent than ever, and was increased rather than abated by the efforts of his wife and daughter to dispel it.

He was resolved upon a quarrel with Oliver; and when such a determination exists, the pretext will not long be wanting. But why quarrel? it may be asked. Two reasons. Gregory was in the wrong, and knew it. And he was in long arrears of debt, and really dependent upon one whom the custom of the world regarded as his dependant. Under such circumstances how could he part with him on pleasant terms?

Part with him he did, and went to ruin speedily. But a few years were necessary to accomplish great changes. Gregory's habits grew from bad to worse. His farm ceased to support itself, and less did it yield an income. His ready money found its way into the pockets of his thievish companions, and in his old age he was obliged to mortgage his property. On the mortgage he was soon unable to pay the interest, and foreclosure was threatened. In vain he appealed for assistance to his friends. They had plundered him of all he possessed, and he ceased to be an object of interest, or even of tolerance, to them. They surely regretted, with hypocritical sorrow, that he had thrown away his property, and they professed to fear that he would throw himself away besides. But nobody would even credit him for necessities, much less supply him with money. Drink had become a passion with him—a passion, which, in his poverty, he could no longer always gratify.

He was furious when his forgotten debt to his old servant, with its arrears of interest, was put in suit, and judgment went against him by default. Other creditors followed, and Mr. Gregory was a completely ruined man. A sheriff's sale wound up his affairs, and at the end of it he was doubly bankrupt, for the proceeds were not sufficient to satisfy the mortgage and the expenses of the sale. The judgment held against him by his discharged foreman took the whole mortgage of the personal property. The conveyancer to whom the farm had been mortgaged was the purchaser; and the same party also bought in all the farm stock, except such as happened to sell for more than its value.

"I wish Oliver had remained with us!" sighed the wife, as they sat round the hearth, no longer theirs, and looked painfully and unceremoniously forward to their forced removal.

"Wishing does no good," said Gregory; "and if it did, I cannot see why you should wish that. Oliver was one of the first to bury this ruin by bringing his snit, like an ungrateful vagabond. If he had refrained, the others would not have thought of it."

"Don't flatter yourself," said his wife, with some asperity. "And for my part, since we must lose our home, I am glad that the just debt has preference over the others."

There was a knock at the door. In answer to the usual summons to "walk in!" the subject of their conversation entered. Mr. Gregory offered him a chair with formal politeness. Mrs. Gregory offered him her hand, and Miss Gregory did not refuse hers when he essayed to take it. There was an awkward effort to enter into conversation. None of the party knew how to commence. With an apology for doing so, Oliver at length asked what were their plans.

While Mr. Gregory was endeavoring mentally to concoct something which should be sufficiently dignified and contemptuous, Mrs. Gregory answered that they had no plans.

"Would you like to remain here?"

"Of all things, if possible," she answered. "But that cannot be."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Gregory. "We have been unfortunate, but have not lost all spirit. We could not consent to come under obligations to those who have ruined us."

Oliver smiled, with the slightest shade of bitterness, at Gregory's idea of spirit and magnanimity. He felt the intention of the remark, but his conscience acquitted him; and he proceeded to tell them how they might continue in their homestead, if they chose. The holder of the mortgage, who was the purchaser of the property, was quite ready to renew it to him (Oliver), and thus secure the interest in future, and escape the advance of more money on a property which would not yield more to a non-resident in rent than it would pay in interest. Having given them this information, and desired them to postpone their answer till the morrow, Oliver took his leave.

Certain colloquies are remarkable for their influence over husbands who are rebellious when wide awake and stirring. Sleep is a pacificator, and Mr. Gregory having been talked into slumber by his helpmate, awoke in the morning disposed to be placable. The issue will readily be conjectured. Oliver entered in possession very much on the old footing, only that Mr. Gregory had no longer the temptation of large sums in his pocket on cattle-market days. Oliver furthermore verified Mr. Moneybags's prediction, by marrying the daughter; and it is shrewdly suspected that this was an event to which she had never ceased to look forward, though Oliver was driven away from the homestead.

Matters soon resumed their cheerful look at the Gregory farm. Not only was the interest on the mortgage promptly paid, but the principal was annually diminished, until in a few years the estate was Oliver's property in fee simple.

And Mr. Moneybags? For many years he disappeared from the neighborhood. His claims against Gregory were contested, and shown on trial to be "without consideration." Disgrace followed the exhibition which the suit caused, and losses of various kinds followed disgrace. His fellow-harpies devoured the remnant of his effects, and their evil practices finally brought down the whole of the knavish coterie to their true level.

The bed for the stranger is still kept up at the Gregory farm. One night an old man who applied for shelter was put there to rest. In the morning he was reported ill, and Oliver was shocked to recognize in him his old enemy, Mr. Moneybags. He was brought to the house and well cared for till he recovered. And then, perhaps you are ready to say, he was given constant shelter and employment. Not at all. Oliver is not romantic in his generosity, and would not endanger his own household to serve a stranger. Mr. Moneybags went his way when he was restored to health, and finds in this land of plenty no lack of food when he is hungry, or of labor when he is disposed to undertake it.

Every condition has its consolations. And Mr. Moneybags is not without his. For whenever the course of the Hon. Oliver —, in Congress, is alluded to in his hearing, Mr. M. says:

"Knew the fellow when he was a boy. Always knew he would make something. Told him myself he would get into Congress!" But further than this, relative to his early knowledge of Hon. Oliver —, Mr. Moneybags deposes not.

The path to a respectable position in life is left open to all who are disposed to make the most of their abilities and opportunities; and who are correct in their principles of conduct and consistent in following them. Integrity, seconded by industry, usually makes riches, and in cases where wealth is not attained, the honest man has a capital within himself, which no process can deprive him of. Success to the many honorables who are yet in the school of adversity!

THE POET BURNS.

Burns was one of the few poets fit to be seen. It has been asserted that genius is a disease—the malady of physical inferiority. It is certain that we have heard of Pope, the hunchback; of Scott and Byron, the cripples; of the epileptic Julius Cæsar, who, it is said, never planned a great battle without going into fits; and of Napoleon, whom a few years of trouble killed; where Colburn (a man of talent, not of genius), would have melted St. Helena, rather than have given up the ghost with a full belly. If Pope could have leaped over five-barred gates, he probably would not have written his inimitable sofa and lap-dog poetry; but it does not follow that he would not have written the "Essay on Man," and they who assert that genius is a physical disease, should remember that, as true critics are more rare than true poets, we have only one in our language, William Hazlitt; so very tall and complete men are rare as genius itself, a fact well known to persons who have the appointment of constables. And if it is undeniable that God wastes nothing, and that we, therefore, perhaps, seldom find a gigantic body combined with the soul of Æolian tones; it is equally undeniable that Burns was an exception to the rule—a man of genius, tall, strong, and handsome as any man that could be picked out of a thousand at a country fair. —*Edinburgher* *Elliot*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE FIFTH VIOLET.

GIFT OF AN UNKNOWN FRIEND.

BY H. MARION STEPHENS.

It came to my heart like a gleam of light,
To wake its pulse into wild delight;
For it told a tale in its gentle bloom,
How the earth had burst from its winter gloom.

It came with the halm of a bright spring day,
And I longed to be out with the rills at play,
Where the sky bends down with a softer smile,
And the fresh leaves whisper of love the while,—

Where the wild song floats on the dreary air,
As the swelling buds are unfolding there,—
Where the sweet blue goss in the vale are seen
And the grass springs up with a deeper green,—

Where the forest fern and the saucy brook
Bend down with a kiss to the sleeping lake,—
Where the lovely stream in its tufted bed
Gleams out through the fringe like a silver thread,—

Where the star-winged bee with a drowsy hum
Seems telling his friends that the flowers have come,—
And the earth looks glad that a fairy spell
Has awakened the buds which it loved so well.

It came to my heart with the perfumed air,
And nestled away with the wild flowers there;
And oft will I lighten a lonely hour
By the kind word breathed through that simple flower.

[Translated from the French for Gleason's Pictorial.]

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.—No. 4.

BY MISS ANNE T. WILBUR.

ST. PETERSBURG IN WINTER.

The Carnival—The Square of the Admiralty—Katchelis—Russian Mountains—Sleighs—Tours de force—Swiss Mountains—Denouement of the Vaudeville.

We are now approaching the carnival, that noisy week—for such is in Russia the length of this period of popular diversion,—eight days, neither more nor less; the eight days which precede Lent.

We will pass over the fashionable assemblies, masked balls, dancing dejeuners, all festivals which, except in a few particulars, resemble those of Paris or Vienna. We prefer to describe the carnival of the people, the rejoicings more especially Muscovite; they are more humble, as we shall see, but not less lively and impassioned.

And first, let us pause on the square of the Admiralty; it has been taken possession of by architects; they are taking measurements, drawing plans, tracing the outlines of a little city. Materials are soon piled up; the carpenters arrive; they set themselves to the work; these men, armed only with a hatchet, that wonderful instrument in the hands of the Russian artisan, fashion wood in a hundred ways, square it, saw it, pierce it, polish it, submit it to all the demands of carpentry. Very soon the frames of houses arise; then the roofs; afterwards come the walls; this is the easiest; for it is only necessary to nail on planks. These houses, as we see, are barracks, but they affect in their forms the most varied styles of architecture. This one is decked with the *ogives* and *trefles* of the middle ages; this has borrowed its form from Byzantine buildings; this has all the varieties of Chinese fancy; some are modelled from the architecture of the Renaissance; others, more simple, are satisfied to imitate the farms of La Brie or of Champagne. Each of these barracks, whatever may be their form and character, has its balcony for the show of *Paillasse* or *Harlequin*; for this strange city, springing up in a few days in the midst of a public square, will soon contain all the rope-dancers, horse-jockeys, showmen, jugglers, mountebanks, in short, all the clowns of the empire, who come hither to practise their professions by exciting the public curiosity, reinforced by the great drum and the eaters of flaming tow.

Before these barracks rise the mountains of ice. There are two towers placed opposite each other at a distance of from two to three hundred *toises* (four to six hundred yards), and terminated by a covered terrace, from whence starts an inclined plane, slightly elevated in the middle, which, reaching the ground at an angle of forty-five degrees, continues to run horizontally to the end of the space which separates the two towers. Thus there are two paths which meet and run parallel with each other, each terminating at the foot of the opposite mountain. These paths are formed of slabs of ice hewn from the Neva, perfectly adjusted and admirably smooth.

In the interval between the mountains and the barracks, are raised swings of every form; *escarpolettes*, windmill cars, sleighs, wagons, cradles, nothing is wanting to the collection. Swings are a national pleasure; the Russian loves them passionately; to be well established in a little suspended car, and, during his aerial evolutions to crack nuts and sing his village songs, is for him happiness most to be desired—always after the ice-mountains.

The week of preparation is over. Sunday arrives. It is the first day of the carnival. At noon the *katchelis* (swings) are open; a thousand flags and banners unfold in the air their capricious forms. The orchestras of the barracks commence their symphonies. Some are very good. The merchants of dainties are at their posts; some sell nuts and gingerbread, others make *blinners*, a species of thick and heavy pancake, the delight of Muscovite stomachs. The latter, like the purveyor of Gostinodvor, offers to amateurs the most varied repasts. Then comes the tea mer-

chant, without whom there could be no genuine public fête in Russia, as with the *coco*-merchants at Paris.

The ice mountains are opened. See the *moujiks* (peasants) clad, over their warm *loutenges*, with the large blue caftan, their heads coiled with a cloth cap or Tartar bonnet; they advance, carrying a little sled under their arms, and climb the large stairway behind the mountains. The sled is of great simplicity; it consists of a little plank fixed on two steel runners. The light vehicle is placed on the edge of the terrace, its proprietor seats himself upon it, after having carefully arranged his full garments. He stretches out his legs, inclining his body a little forward, but it is quickly thrown back at the moment the sled is launched on the declivity of ice. The impression experienced at this moment is undefinable; respiration is suddenly compressed; one experiences a strange and delicious oppression. Meanwhile the sled, swift as an arrow, passes, with the rapidity of lightning, the sleds which arrive from the opposite mountain, at the foot of which its fantastic race soon expires.

It must not be thought that these gliding cars only need to be pushed forward to pursue their road. On the contrary, they must be guided with extreme address. The conductor, with his arms hanging behind, must retain it in a direct line, either by the balancing of his body, or imperceptible touches of his hand on the ice. The apprenticeship is rude and somewhat dangerous, for the sled, roughly leaving its inexperienced conductor, lets him roll over the icy hill, at the foot of which he arrives only after having hit himself severely against the parapets, and consequently black and blue with contusions, fortunate if he has escaped the shock of some sled behind him. These shocks may break the head, ribs, limbs, or kill at once. It may be supposed that great care is exercised; accidents of this nature are therefore very rare.

Thus the day passes away, a day very quickly flown, if we recollect that at four o'clock in the afternoon night has come; but there is a morrow, and so on to the last day.

Towards the end of the week, a crowd of elegant equipages are collected around the *katchelis*. The aristocracy come to enjoy the pleasures of the barracks, witness *Harlequin* and *Columbine*, and applaud the prodigious metamorphoses of *Pierrot*. Afterwards come the grand carriages of the court, drawn by four horses richly caparisoned, filled with the young girls of the institute of St. Catharine, an educational establishment for noble ladies, under the immediate patronage of the empress. We may count more than sixty of these gala carriages, driven by coachmen in court livery, and followed by grand lacqueys in scarlet vestments. At the doors and windows are crowds of pretty faces, their owners gaily conversing, proud of the conveyance in the imperial carriages.

We have spoken of the ice mountains of the *katchelis*. These are public, and last only eight days; but there are private ones which remain all winter. They belong to different societies of young people, who have them built at the common expense. The Swiss mountains are at Kammenoi-Ostrov, the island where the summer residences of the inhabitants of St. Petersburg are situated. But the island has actually disappeared, and one could hardly recognize the topography of these places in summer, so verdant, so animated, so perfumed. They present to the eye only a desert of ice. The coquettish villas which embellish the island, are concealed under a covering of coarse matting, itself hid beneath snow. The tall firs and tufted birches wave sadly their naked branches, often loaded with ice, on which rest flocks of sinister ravens; everywhere the aspect is sad, gloomy, desolate.

Then the Swiss mountains are built at Kammenoi-Ostrov, in the part of the island nearest St. Petersburg. They are much frequented, especially on Sundays. The most charming parties meet there and give themselves up entire days to the pleasure of sliding. These mountains are not inferior in height to those of the *katchelis*, and the young people who come hither equal in skill the most expert *moujiks*. They have adopted a costume which leaves them more freedom of motion. A sort of hussar jacket, Russian furred boots, a Scotch cap and large red leather gloves, constitute the peculiarities of this graceful and easy dress.

It is useless to say that their sleds are far from being as simple as the others. They are mounted on English steel, of excessive fineness; the body is covered with stuffed cushions and valuable carpeting, often embroidered by beloved hands. They are more elevated on their slender runners, narrower, and of forms infinitely more elegant.

The ladies, even the most timid, trust themselves to the skill of these spirited cavaliers, who often dispute the honor of their company. Nevertheless, if the court come to the mountains, and the empress takes a fancy to slide, it is usually a coarse peasant who has the honor to conduct her.

Nothing is so singular and picturesque as a party at the mountains by torchlight; and it is a pleasure which is afforded more than once during the winter to the society of St. Petersburg. But here the skill of the sled-drivers is severely tested; for the glare of the lights, reflected on the ice of the inclined plane, throws on the dazzled eye millions of scintillations, and makes the great shadows of the tall firs around seem to tremble. And yet the young people give themselves up to the most eccentric, the most perilous, the most extravagant feats. Excited by the danger itself, they seem to brave and defy it. Some extend themselves on the narrow bases of their sleds, face downwards, others on their backs; these on their knees, those, standing, guide the sled by the simple balancing of their bodies; others, disdaining every species of vehicle, their feet armed with skates, trace capricious festoons on the polished ice. Often, the result of these joyous parties is to confirm an affair of the heart, which but for their piquant aid would have peaceably died away in the repose of ordinary life. It is seldom that the season of mountains terminates without the addition of many happy couples to the society of St. Petersburg.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

CITY OF PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

This manufacturing city, of which we give a representation above, contains some fifty thousand inhabitants. The city stands at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers, which, by their union, form the Ohio. It is built upon the triangular plain, enclosed on two sides by these two rivers, extending partly up the highlands, by which the side opposite to the point is bounded. The distance from the point back to these highlands is about one mile; and the different prominences are known by the names of Grant's, Ayer's, and Quarry Hills. The place was laid out in 1765, on the bank of the Monongahela; with streets running parallel to the river, and others running back from the river at right angles with them. The same arrangement was followed when, afterwards, the town began to be built upon the bank of the Allegheny; so that the cross streets, starting at right angles from the two rivers, necessarily meet obliquely, at a point a few streets back from the Allegheny. Thus the city, in its outline, bears a strong resemblance to the lower part of the city of New York. The city is united to the adjacent country, beyond the two rivers, by a bridge over each, and by ferries. The site, says a writer on the spot, is a real amphitheatre, formed by the hand of nature. The rivers flow in channels from 450 to 465 feet below the highest peaks of the neighboring hills, which, by accurate measurement, have been found to vary thus slightly between these relative elevations. These hills surrounding the city are filled with bituminous coal, which is easily quarried and brought to the city, and affords unequalled facilities for manufacturing operations, for fuel, and for lighting the streets and dwellings with gas. The principal coal strata lie at an elevation of above 300 feet above the part of the city which is on the alluvial plain; and so uniform is this geological feature, that a levelling instrument, placed at the mouth of any of the beds, if carried round the horizon, carries the circle of vision along the openings of all the other mines. The coal formation is here, as in every other part of the Ohio valley, level; so much so as often to render the draining of the mines difficult. These hills, though steep, are not generally precipitous, and afford from their verdant slopes and peaks a series of rich and varied landscapes. The fertility of the soil continues to their very summits. There is nothing of barrenness visible, but the forests, fields, meadows, orchards and gardens, exhibit one panorama of beauty and abundance. Pittsburgh occupies the site of the former French fort Duquesne, which the French held possession of from 1754 to 1758, and whence, by instigating the Indians to hostilities, they brought so much terror to the frontier settlements of Pennsylvania. It was here, in 1755, that General Braddock lost his life, and the army under him suffered a defeat, in an attempt to drive the French from this post, and that the youthful Washington displayed his military skill, and gave promise of his future greatness, by conducting in a masterly manner the retreat of the shattered forces. A subsequent expedition, with a more formidable force, under General Forbes, was successful in striking terror into the enemy, so they evacuated the fort and abandoned the place; though not without having routed and

dispersed an advanced detachment of 800 men, sent forward under Captain Grant; which they did, with the aid of the Indians, by surrounding them, upon what is now Grant's Hill, and killing and capturing about 300 of their number. Among the prisoners taken was the captain himself. The English, having dispossessed the French, erected a temporary stockade, which they called Fort Pitt; and in 1759, General Stanwix commenced the construction of a more formidable work, which cost the British government

£60,000 sterling. This fort sustained an attack from the Indians in 1763. Some remains of a brick redoubt, which was built in 1764, after peace was restored between the French and the English, are still visible. Until after the close of the Revolutionary War, Pittsburgh continued to be only a small place. In 1775, the number of dwellings within the present limits of the city was not more than twenty-five or thirty. But in 1784, the ground, which belonged to Penn's manor, and was the property of the family,

was laid out into town lots, and sold rapidly. Two years later, the first number of the Pennsylvania Gazette was published here, in which it was stated that the number of houses in the village was about 100. In 1778, the county of Allegheny was constituted, and in 1791, Pittsburgh became the county town. The earliest authentic account of the population is in the Pittsburgh Gazette for January 9, 1796; when, by a census just taken, it appeared that it amounted to 1395. It was during this year that Louis Philippe, afterwards king of the French, visited this place, and spent considerable time there. Pittsburgh is compactly built, with many handsome edifices, chiefly of brick; which, however, have a dark and smoky appearance, from the falling soot of the bituminous coal, which is used to such an extent by the manufactories and otherwise. Among the public buildings, the new court house, situated upon an elevation which commands an extensive view, is a splendid edifice, of the Grecian Doric order of architecture, 165 feet long and 100 feet deep. The height of the dome above the ground is 148 feet. The cost of this building was about \$200,000. A splendid Roman Catholic cathedral, located on Grant's Hill, makes an imposing appearance. The buildings of the Western University of Pennsylvania are also situated near Grant's Hill. The Third Presbyterian Church, several of the banking houses, and some of the large hotels, are also fine buildings. There are three market houses, and a museum containing many Indian curiosities. Three covered bridges cross the Allegheny River, one of which has a walk for foot passengers upon the top. A bridge also crosses the Monongahela, 1500 feet in length, which was erected at an expense of \$102,000. The harbor is chiefly in this river, because the depth of water is greater here than in the Allegheny. Many other objects of interest might also be enumerated did our limits permit.

INDIAN FALLS, NEAR COLD SPRING.

New York State abounds in large and small falls, of the most beautiful character, richly repaying the tourist who visits them, and forming the constant resort of artists from all quarters to sketch and faithfully delineate them. That which our artist has depicted here is called Indian Falls, and is situated near Cold Spring, in the State referred to, and is formed by Indian Brook, so called, which also gives material for several lesser falls in its romantic course. Niagara, the father of waterfalls, is also situated in New York State; and artists tell us that nowhere in Europe are there more picturesque scenes of the character to be found, than are presenting themselves to the observant traveller in the various portions of this extensively watered State, where nature exhibits so many charms.



VIEW OF INDIAN FALLS, NEAR COLD SPRING, NEW YORK.

THE NEW POLICE BADGE.

Our good city has long claimed pre-eminence among her sister capitals in the United States, for the high character and efficiency of her police organization. This department of the city government is composed of men who, for sterling worth, courage, determination and intelligence, stand unrivalled by any like body of men in the Union. Of this arm of the law, our citizens are justly proud, because of the perfection to which its organization has been



THE NEW BADGE OF THE BOSTON POLICE.

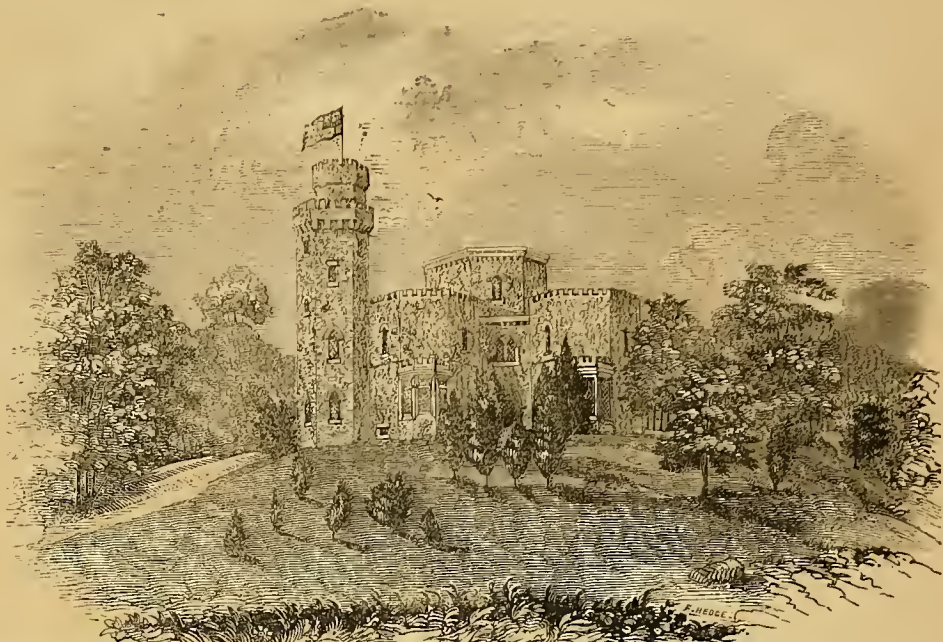
brought. Our city fathers have lately passed an order, which has been put in practice, relative to the distinctive badge to be worn by the police. Heretofore they have worn the word "police" in large metallic letters around the hat; but this uncouth fashion is now discarded, and the star emblem on the left breast adopted. The new badge is similar in size and shape to that worn by the Baltimore police, being a six-pointed, elongated star, radiating from an oval shield, or plate, in the centre. On this shield in the *Boston star*, as is represented in our engraving, is a figure of Justice, raised in bas-relief, holding the sword and scales; upon the pedestal at her feet—on which is inscribed the date of the foundation of the city,—stands a hound, emblematical of watchfulness and activity. The whole forming a beautiful and appropriate design, which is accurately represented by the accompanying engraving, drawn from an impression of the die, furnished us by the designer and manufacturer, Mr. E. A. G. Roulston, of this city, to whom is due much credit for this last of the many elegant specimens of his handiwork. Mr. R. is an ingenious workman, and has done himself credit in this production.

FONT HILL, RESIDENCE OF EDWIN FORREST, ESQ.

Mr. Forrest, the American tragedian, has built him a fine, stately mansion, about a mile south of Yonkers, N. Y., on the east bank of the Hudson River, a fine view of the castle-like structure being afforded in passing up or down the river, though not from a point immediately opposite, as it is partially shut out from view by the rocks and trees which form a screen to the river side. It is situated on rising ground, and is accessible from the railroad track or nearest landing by a romantic winding path. Its style of architecture is half Norman half Tudor, turret rising above turret, as represented in our engraving, and its base surrounded by a wild growth of luxuriant underwood, and flowers, and cedars. The

SUGAR ESTATE NEAR MATANZAS, CUBA.

The view given below represents the well-known and very delightful sugar plantation of John Chartrand, situated some fifteen miles from Matanzas, near the village of Limonar, where Vice President King was so hospitably entertained not long since. This spot is one of those lovely gardens for which the Island of Cuba is so justly celebrated, while the salubrity of the atmosphere renders it a delightful residence for the invalid. It is approachable from Matanzas by railroad, and is situated within five minutes' walk of the depot. The road leading to "Ariadne"—the name by which the estate is known—is beautiful beyond description, running through a splendid avenue of palms—that king of



VIEW OF FONT HILL, FORREST CASTLE, AT YONKERS, NEW YORK.

edifice is deserted now, and its popular owner finds more congenial residence in town life. The library, an octagonal apartment, looks towards the river, and the various rooms are spacious, being a mingling in their finish of ancient and modern styles. The view from the turrets of Font Hill is sublime in summer, the lake-like Hudson adding that charm to the scenery which water alone can give. There are few spots in America more beautifully situated than Mr. Forrest's castle at Font Hill. We have too often spoken of this eminent tragedian personally, to require any detailed account of him in this connection, and we can only add here that the same extraordinary success and popularity attend his professional career, which has realized for him a large fortune, and a lasting and honorable fame among his countrymen.

the tropical forest,—and orange-trees, with all the surroundings of floral beauty, characteristic of this land of the sun. The hospitality of the host of Ariadne is proverbial, and his generous solicitude and unremitting attention—for which all remuneration was refused—to our Vice President, deserves a national token of appreciation. Mr. Chartrand's estate gives employment to over one hundred slaves, and a happier or better managed set of men cannot be found on the island. Mr. C. was formerly a resident in St. Domingo, and had his life saved by a faithful slave, whom he brought to the United States, and afterwards carried with him to Cuba. This slave lived with him as his friend, and died in his house, at the age of 90 years. Mr. King, since his return, gratefully expresses his estimate of the hospitality he there received.



REPRESENTATION OF THE SUGAR PLANTATION OF MR. CHARTRAND, NEAR LIMONAR, CUBA.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE PROPHECY.

BY ALICE CAREY.

We two were playmates,—Rosely
Had lived by three years more than I.
One wild March day she said to me,—
"Sweet, would you grieve if I should die?"

The black cock clapped his wings and crew
Loud, from the willow overhead;
I laughed for the good sign—she drew
Her gold hair through her hands and said,—

The while the tears came,—“We shall play
Under these houghs no more!” Alas!
I know now that she saw that day
The daisies in the churchyard grass.

I tried to see the squirrel climb
The silver heeb-bole,—tried to see
The bees, thick-flying,—all the time
My eyes were fixed on Rosely.

A week or more the March had worn
Upon the April's flowery way,—
On our low bed sweet Rosy lay,
So pale, and all her long locks shorn.

Across her pillow in bright strands
I saw them fall (and wept to see),
The self-same way her little hands
Had twined them 'neath the willow tree.

I had been with her all the night;
Softly she slept the time away.
In the wet woods before the light
The little brown birds sang for day.

Over the locks that lay across
The pillow where so well she slept,
Long years has grown the churchyard moss,—
One golden tangle only kept.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SCARRED CHEEK:

—OR—

THE FORTUNES OF A GUITAR TEACHER.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

JEAN LAVAL was a guitar teacher. His room was near the corner of the Rue des Saints Peres and the Quai Voltaire. It was towards the middle of the day that Jean sat at his desk, engaged in composing a lesson for his favorite instrument. He was a tall, gracefully-formed man, somewhere about thirty years of age, with a face full of sparkling intelligence and natural goodness, and he would have been remarkably handsome had it not been for a large, frightful-looking scar upon his right cheek. I say a frightful looking one, not because it looked so now, but because it must have been a frightful occasion that gave it. Yet Jean Laval was a good-looking man. He had been in Paris but a year, and during that time he had made quite a number of friends, but how those friends came to him, was a mystery he could not solve. He had not sought them, nor had he used any great endeavors to keep them; for his scanty purse could not warrant a very extended circle of companions.

Jean had just closed his portfolio, when the door of his room was thrown open, and a young and gaily-dressed man entered.

"Ah, Monsieur Laval," said the new comer, carelessly taking a seat, "I'm glad I've caught you in. We are to have a glorious time to-night, and you must join us."

"I don't know about that, de Pommoy," returned Laval, thoughtfully.

"But why not?" asked Hugh de Pommoy, who was one of the most gallant young men of the gay Parisian circles. "We can't get along without you. Just take your guitar along, and we'll give some of our fair friends a serenade. Come, don't say no."

"I believe I must."

"Pshaw! Why, what's the matter with you, Laval?"

"Nothing, only these gay scenes don't suit me. I am not used to them."

"No, I suppose not," smilingly returned de Pommoy. "You are more used to the rattle of arms and the smell of powder. By the way, now that we are alone, why can't you give me a sketch of your history? You've kept us in the dark on that subject."

"My history could be of no interest to you."

"O yes, it must be. Yours must have been an eventful life."

"It has been somewhat eventful, I must own."

"So I thought," said de Pommoy; "and now if you have any reason for wishing it kept a secret, I assure you I will not betray it. Come, let's have it, for I've long been on nettles to know all about you."

"Well," returned Laval, half-reluctantly, "if you think an outline of my life would interest you any, I'm sure I've no objections to giving it, though you may use your own judgment about telling it to others."

"Go on," said de Pommoy.

"I was born in this city," commenced Jean Laval. "My father was a poor scavenger."

"A scavenger!" echoed de Pommoy. "However, the father of the King of Naples was only an innkeeper."

"When I was only six years of age, I was left an orphan," continued Laval, "and in order to support myself I tried to work for a boot-black, and when I was eight years old, I obtained a box, blacking and brushes, and went through the streets. I got a sou

for every pair of boots I blacked, and sometimes a gentleman would give me more. In one year I made out to save enough to buy me a tin case, and to fill it with pins, needles, tapes, ribbons, etc., and with this I determined to push out and see the country. In six months I had travelled through more than a dozen departments, and had got back as far as Alencon, where I came across the first real incident of my life. I was then only nine and a half years old, though I was remarkably stout for my age. It was near dusk, and I was trudging along by the banks of the Sarthe, when I was startled by a loud racket behind me, and on turning, I saw a horse coming towards me at a leaping, plunging gallop, on the back of which was a young lady, who was shrieking loudly for help. The whole course of my life had tended to make me bold and reckless, and dropping my tin case, I sprang forward just in time to seize the horse by the bridle, and he at once settled back upon his haunches. It was fortunate I caught the bridle as I did, for in another moment the animal would have plunged into the river. The lady quickly slipped from her saddle, and instinctively turned towards me. She was a beautiful creature, not over seventeen or eighteen years of age; but her face was pale, and she would have sunk upon the ground had not a gentleman at that moment dashed up to the spot, leaped from his horse, and caught her in his arms. I still held the beast I had caught by the bridle, but the noise of the other startled him, and with a furious plunge he dashed from me. The sudden jerk upon the reins threw me forward, and just as the horse cleared me, he let fly his heels, and one of his sharp shoes struck me here."

Laval laid his finger upon his scarred cheek as he spoke.

"I never saw the young lady again, nor did I come to my senses till over a week had passed away; but the circumstance proved a fortunate one for me, for it threw me into the house of an honest miller with whom I lived till I was twenty-one, and while there I learned to play the guitar, and so proficient did I become that—"

"Hold!" exclaimed de Pommoy, who was fast turning white with some strong emotion. "Do you mean to say that you got that wound on the cheek by a kick from a horse?"

"Just as I have told you."

"And were you never an officer in the army?"

"Never."

"And never in the army?"

"Never."

"Don't trifle with me, Monsieur Laval. I will not reveal your whereabouts, if you have enemies."

"Enemies! Reveal!" repeated Laval, with a marked degree of astonishment in his manner. "I do not comprehend you."

"In one word, Monsieur Laval, did you ever hold any post of honor under the Emperor Napoleon?"

"Never."

"Then you have most egregiously humbugged us!" exclaimed de Pommoy, starting up from his seat.

"I am more in the dark now than ever," said Laval, with forced calmness.

"We have always supposed you to be somebody."

"So I am—a man."

"O, pshaw! We have supposed you to be one of the officers of Napoleon's army, and that you chose an *incog.* for fear of Louis, and with that understanding we have suffered your company."

"I never gave out such an idea."

"But you allowed others to entertain it."

"I never did, Monsieur de Pommoy. I never knew that such an idea with regard to myself was abroad. When I came to Paris a year ago, I settled quietly down in my present quarters, and I have sought the society of no one."

"But you have visited some of the first families in the city."

"Yes—to give lessons on the guitar."

"What dupes we have been!" uttered de Pommoy. "It got whispered about that you were a hero, and your looks, your bearing, and, above all, that scar on your cheek, seemed to confirm the report. But a scavenger—a hoot-black—a pedler—a miller's boy—a guitar teacher! O!"

With these incoherent words, Monsieur Hugh de Pommoy seized his hat, and fled from the apartment.

It was some moments before Laval recovered from his astonishment, but when he did get his feelings under perfect control, the whole truth flashed upon him. He could now understand the secret of the friendship he had received. Paris was filled with remnants of Napoleon's disbanded army, many of the officers of which dared not yet make themselves very conspicuous under the eye of the fretful, choleric Louis XVIII., and the poor guitar teacher had been taken for one of them. A sort of painful smile passed over his face, and he endeavored to dispel the feelings which had been called up by resorting to his guitar. But it was of no use. His heart had learned to lean somewhat upon the friendships that had clustered around it, and he could not thus have them torn away without experiencing a pang of grief. He had no relation on earth—none to care for him, unless, indeed, it might be the old miller who had brought him up. But after all, perhaps all his acquaintances might not prove like de Pommoy.

Towards evening, Jean Laval descended from his room for a short walk. He turned to the left, and passed along the Quai d'Orsay, and from thence he crossed the Pont Royal. When half-way across he met some half-dozen of his acquaintances, and instinctively he smiled and raised his hat, but they sneered and turned away their heads, and he heard the words—"Scavenger!"

"Beggars!"

Jean Laval felt a cold chill upon his heart, and with a slower step he entered upon the Quai des Tuileries, where he met more of his quondam friends, and they, too, turned away to let him pass.

"They're all gone!" murmured Laval to himself. "And this is the friendship of the world! This is the heart of Parisian love. Had this scarred cheek of mine been gained upon the bloody battle-field of the emperor, I should have been a hero and a man; but now that it turns out that it was only gained in saving the life of a helpless fellow-creature, I am nothing. Ay, worse than nothing, for I am a mark for contempt. Well, let them go."

Thus speaking with himself, the guitar teacher kept on till he reached the Pont Louis XVI., and having crossed over the river, he turned his steps back towards his room.

The next day Jean went out into the city, but wherever he met any of his acquaintances, they invariably failed to recognize him, and one or two females, with whom he had been on social terms, tossed their heads in disdain as he passed them. No wonder the poor man felt sick at heart when he returned to his room, and that a sense of deep loneliness should creep over him.

That evening he had a lesson to give, and as soon as it was dark, he took his guitar and started off. It was a princely mansion where he stopped, in the Rue St. Honore, and upon ringing the bell, a servant appeared at the door, and at once showed the applicant into a splendidly-furnished drawing-room, where he was soon joined by a girl who might have been sixteen years, and perhaps twenty. She was not of that cast of features that would at once strike the connoisseur as beautiful, and some might have thought her rather too short and *embonpoint*; but be that as it may, she was such an one as it would be very easy to love; for her every movement and look, and the very light of her deep blue eyes, had a winning grace of kindness and good nature, and the smile that seldom left her dimpled cheeks spoke of a soul at perfect rest with its own conscience. Such was Julie d'Artois, the only child of a wealthy and aristocratic widow.

"I declare, Monsieur Laval, you look as though you had lost all your friends," uttered Julie, as she noticed her teacher's melancholy look.

A faint smile passed over Laval's face as he gazed upon the kindly smiling features of his pupil, and trying to drive away his melancholy, he replied:

"Ah, mademoiselle, I have few real friends to lose."

"No real friends? Why, there's Baillon, de Pommoy, Crasan, and—"

"They are no friends of mine."

"O, fie! You've had a quarrel. But you're not going to fight."

There was a smile upon Julie's face as she commenced her last remark, but it quickly faded away as she closed.

"No, mademoiselle, I have had no quarrel, nor do I intend to fight."

"I'm glad of that," quickly returned Julie.

"And why so?" asked Laval, gazing sharply into the girl's face.

"O," said Julie, with some little hesitatioo, "because if you should, I might lose my guitar teacher."

"That is the only friendship I have to lose," Laval replied, with a tinge of bitterness. "If I have a friend in Paris, it is a friendship founded only on interest."

"But those gentlemen I mentioned have no such motive?"

"No, and they are no friends of mine, as I have already said."

"Then you must have been quarrelling."

"I have not, nor have I any inclination to do so."

"Then why are they not your friends now?"

"Because they never have been."

"Never?"

"No, not to me as I am. They knew not that I was but a poor guitar teacher when they sought my acquaintance; but when they discovered that fact, they not only cut me, but they sneered at me. But pardon me, mademoiselle, we will attend to our lesson."

Julie brought her guitar, and endeavored to give her attention to the instruction she was receiving; but it was some time ere she could understand the rules that were being laid down for her. At length, however, she became herself again, and ere the lesson was closed, she had begun to laugh and talk, to play and sing, as was her wont.

"Now," said she, as her teacher was about to take his departure, "when you come again, I want you to come good-natured; for I declare I never shall learn anything if you carry a long face all the time."

Jean Laval could not but smile at this request.

"There, there!" cried the laughing girl, "just bring that smile back with you, and I'll promise to be as diligent a scholar as you could possibly want."

A month passed away, and during that time Jean met his former acquaintances often, but not one of them had deigned to notice him. At first, these slights had cut him to the quick, but he had almost overcome the bitter feeling now, and he had, moreover, resolved that, as soon as he had fulfilled the professional engagements he had already entered into, he would leave Paris and seek some other place of abode, where he would be careful and cultivate no friendships that should be founded in misunderstanding of his true parentage, life and position.

During the past month, too, Jean Laval had continued his lessons to Julie d'Artois. She had not only been ever kind to him, and ever affable, but she had betrayed a marked interest in him, seeming to sympathize with him in his troubles, and to feel for him in his loneliness. She had never asked him aught of his former history, nor had she questioned him upon any points touching his desertion by those he had once thought his friends; but with the same happy smile upon her face had she heeded his instructions, and with the same kind, joyous look had she talked with him upon any subject that might present itself.

Is it to be wondered at that such a heart as Jean Laval's should

throb pleasantly beneath such kindness? And is it a wonder that, lonely and almost friendless as he was, the attentions of such a being as Julie d'Artois should have awakened a new, a strong sensation in his bosom? When first he had resolved upon leaving Paris, he had thought that he should not sever a single tie that could bind him to the great city, and it was not until his mind reverted to Mademoiselle Julie that he was awakened to a sense of his attachment in that quarter. The next time he visited her after he made this discovery, he found, indeed, that his heart had gone. Circumstances, one after another, trivial in themselves, had been gradually and insensibly throwing the strong cord of love about his heart, and now, as he gazed into Julie's beaming, happy face, and heard her pleasant words, his fingers trembled upon the vibrating strings of his guitar, and he dared not look his pupil in the face.

"Come, come, Monsieur Laval," uttered Julie, playfully tapping him upon the shoulder, "I could play that *rondo* better myself. Why, what is the matter? You haven't lost any more—"

A peculiar look from Laval stopped her in her utterance.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle, if I have forgotten my promise."

"O, I meant nothing but playfulness. Come, we'll try that part again."

Jean played better the second time.

"There!" cried Julie, laying her guitar upon the table. "I think I've learned enough for to-night. Now I want to show you my drawings."

Thus saying, Julie tripped away, and soon returned with a portfolio of drawings, and sitting down by the side of her teacher, she began to look them over, and ask his opinion of each one as it was passed. Now this was a dangerous occupation for poor Jean Laval, and he felt it to be so, but he could no more have resisted the charm, than a drowning man could have let pass a floating plank. For an hour he sat thus, and at the end of that time, he took his leave.

Strange and manifold were the sensations that moved in the bosom of Jean Laval as he sat in his room that night. One truth was open to him: He was almost madly in love with Julie d'Artois. But why should he allow his thoughts to dwell upon her? He, the cast-off of society, the poor teacher, thinking of one of the richest heiresses of Paris! He resolved that he wouldn't; but alas! it was like the poor bird that tries to turn from the burning vortex which dwells in the eyes of the charming snake.

"Only two more lessons," he murmured, as he turned towards his sleeping apartment, "and then I shall see her no more. I can soon overcome this passion. And yet," he continued, while his lips quivered, and his voice trembled, "it will sever the only tie of friendship my heart knows."

Again Laval was by the side of Julie d'Artois, and another lesson was finished.

"One more lesson will complete the term," said Laval, as he laid aside his guitar.

"Yes; mother was speaking about it to-day, and she said I must have another course of lessons."

"Then you will have to get another teacher," said Laval.

"Another teacher!" echoed Julie, looking up in astonishment.

"Yes."

"O, you are jesting."

"I am serious, mademoiselle."

"And have you got above teaching?"

"No."

"Then what do you mean?"

"I am going to leave Paris."

"Then I will wait till you come back. I shall lose nothing by practising some of my old lessons."

"But I may never come back again."

Julie gazed into Jean's eyes to see if he was in earnest. It required but a single glance, however, to settle that point, and the color began to forsake her cheeks.

"But why do you leave Paris?" she asked, at length.

"I have nothing here for which to remain," he returned.

"Yes, you have. You have scholars here."

"I shall have given all the lessons I have promised when you take your next, and then, if I want more scholars, I can find them in some other part of France. I must leave Paris."

"Is there danger to you here?" Julie asked, with rather more earnestness than she was aware of.

"Danger? No."

"Then you have business elsewhere?"

"I shall seek it."

"But why leave the place where you already have business enough, to rush into uncertainty? Surely, you must have formed some ties in our city—some friendships."

"None, save such as I may have formed for my few scholars; but that is only professional. We naturally become attached to those whom we are employed in instructing, even as you love your beautiful canaries."

"And I should feel very sad to be separated from even one of them," quickly returned the fair girl.

"Ay," said Jean, in a mournful tone, "because you not only feel attached to them, but you know that your attachment is reciprocated. I am not thus situated."

"Then there is nothing in Paris that could induce you to stay—nothing that will give a pang to your heart in the separation."

"I cannot say that, mademoiselle," returned Laval; and then, with his eyes bent to the floor to hide the emotion that worked in his countenance, he continued: "There is but one tie that can bind my heart to this place—one spot that I can ever look back upon with a glowing bosom. The memory of that, I shall ever cherish within my heart of hearts."

Julie d'Artois played with the strings of her guitar as it lay

upon the table. Her bosom heaved, and in the depths of her blue eyes there was gathering a bright moisture.

"Tell me of that tie," she at length uttered, in a half-hushed, tremulous voice, at the same time looking up into her companion's face.

"And will you not be offended?"

"Certainly not."

"Then, mademoiselle, there is one in Paris who has ever been kind to me, who has been a friend, and, I believe, a sympathizer. At first, I felt a peculiar satisfaction in that being's company, and then, as I knew her better, I experienced a strange thrill of pleasure when I found myself by her side. That feeling ripened into love—a love so intense that my whole soul became wrapped up in it; and now, as I think of leaving the city, I feel that love stronger upon me. But the claims must be broken."

Julie bowed her head till her tresses swept her guitar-strings.

"You have not told me all," she murmured.

"And would you know more?"

"Yes—all."

"That being of whom I have spoken is Julie d'Artois!"

The girl raised her head, and gazed into the face of the speaker. There was a bright light in her eyes, and something almost like a happy smile broke over her features.

"And you would have gone away, perhaps forever, and not told me of this."

"And not told you of it!" repeated Jean Laval, starting with a sudden emotion. "Me, who passed my early years a poor, homeless, houseless wanderer, who have been almost the football of fortune, and am now nothing but a guitar teacher, love one like you, and then dare to breathe the thought! What mean you, mademoiselle?"

"I thought love would dare even life itself."

"Ay, and so would mine, but it would not dare insult and scorn, and a hopeless refusal."

"It might not have suffered so much as that," returned Julie, again bending her head.

"What! Do I understand you, or does some demon rack my brain? You do not mean that you could love me?"

"Yes."

Jean Laval started as that monosyllable fell upon his ears.

"O, do not trifle with me!"

"I am not—I love you."

"But you would not become my wife?"

"If my mother consents."

Laval's hopes sunk in a moment.

"Ah! Madame d'Artois will never do that."

"But you have not asked her."

"And if I should, she would only refuse me."

"If I will send her to you, will you try the experiment?"

"Yes," returned Laval, without actually knowing what he said.

Julie tripped lightly from the room, while Jean stood utterly confounded. He tried not to reason upon the matter, but he only placed his hand upon his brow as if to assure himself that he was awake. He was satisfied that he was in his right mind, but ere he had a chance to think, the door was opened, and Madame d'Artois entered. She was a proud-looking, stately woman—the very impersonation of an aristocrat, but yet there was much of humanity in her still handsome countenance.

"Good evening, Monsieur Laval."

"Good evening, madame."

"My daughter says you would like to speak with me."

Laval was dumbfounded. He tried to speak, but the words stuck in his throat. At length, however, he made a desperate effort.

"You will not be offended, madame."

"I assure you not."

"Then, madame, I—I—love your daughter. Do not blame me."

"Surely I could blame no one for loving her. She is made for loving."

"Ah, madame, but I love her deeply, fondly! I would—I will say it, even though you spurn me—I would ask you for her hand."

"And do you think Julie would consent?" asked Madame d'Artois, in a calm tone.

"Yes, yes," eagerly replied Jean. "She had me ask your consent."

"Well," said the lady, gazing calmly upon the man before her, "if you are both content, I see not why I should object."

"But remember, madame, I am poor."

"But you are a hero, nevertheless, and as my child has money enough, I can do no better than to give her a protector who has already shown his bravery."

Again Laval's hopes sank to zero.

"I will not suffer you to be deceived on that point, madame. It was an idle tongue that set that story afloat. I am no hero, nor was I ever in the army. I never was more than what I now appear, and I have been much lower; but yet the hand and heart I offer are unspotted by evil."

"I had thought you were a hero."

"No."

"Then how came that scarred cheek?"

"Ah, that scarred cheek seems to be my evil genius. That was done, madame, when I was a small boy. A horse was dashing furiously towards the bank of a river, and upon his back was a young lady. She was screaming for help, and I sprang forward and caught the hridle. I think I saved the lady's life; but—"

"Stop, Monsieur Laval. I have heard that story before."

"Yes, I told it to Monsieur de Pommy."

At this moment, Julie entered the drawing-room.

"Julie," said her mother, as she turned towards her daughter, "would you marry Monsieur Jean Laval?"

"Certainly I would," returned the fair girl, with a joyous look dancing over her face.

"Then your request becomes mutual," said Madame d'Artois; "and believing that you will make each other happy, I shall make this my answer."

And that answer was simply this: she led her daughter forward, and placed her hand within that of Jean.

"Can all this be real?" murmured Jean, gazing first upon Julie, and then upon her mother.

"Do you not see it with your own eyes, and hear it with your own ears?"

"Yes, but—but—I—"

"Ah, Jean," uttered Julie, "I had learned to love you before I ever saw you."

"I do not comprehend."

"I loved you because you saved the life of my mother!"

"Jean Laval," said Madame d'Artois, "you shall be in the dark no longer. I was the young girl whom you saved from a horrible death! It was my husband who came up and caught me in his arms. We had been married then but just a week. As soon as I recovered from the effects of my fright, we came to Paris. I inquired for you often, though, perhaps, you knew it not, and I never failed to learn that you were an honest, upright youth. Eight years ago, I went to Alencon to see you, but the old miller told me that you had gone to Germany to study music, and I heard nothing more from you till about six months ago, when one of my friends spoke to me of a man who was giving her daughter lessons on the harp. She recommended him highly, and when she also informed me that he was principally a guitar teacher, I requested her to send him to me, as I wished to procure a teacher for Julie. The moment I saw that scarred cheek, I knew you. My dearest gratitude had not lost sight of its object. Julie was pleased with you, and so I determined to let matters take their own course without revealing myself, and," continued the widow, with a smile, "I think they have now come to a crisis."

"And is it not a happy one?" asked Julie, looking up into her lover's face, with a roguish expression dimpling and wreathing about her countenance.

"Happy!" cried Laval, while the bright tear-drops gathered in his eyes. "O, 'tis a happiness almost too great!"

"Then keep part of it for the future," said Madame d'Artois.

"No, no," said Julie, "I'll find him in happiness for the future."

"And if God spares my life, it shall all be spent for you, my dear girl!" exclaimed Jean, and with a bounding heart he clasped the fair girl to his bosom.

"So your scarred cheek is not such an evil genius, after all," remarked Madame d'Artois.

Laval only smiled, and drew his arms more closely about the priceless jewel he had won.

People wondered when it was announced that Jean Laval had married Julie d'Artois; and his quondam friends tried hard to get themselves back into his good graces; but he chose for himself a circle of truer hearts, and, with his lovely bride to bless him, he walked on in the even tenor of his happy way. As soon as his character was generally known and appreciated, the wonder at the marriage ceased, and, with immense wealth at his command, he commenced making happiness for others. The poor, toil-worn scavenger, who received the liberal bounty of Monsieur Laval, little dreamed that that noble man was once a scavenger like himself; and thousands there were in Paris who knew him not by name, but who yet often had occasion to bless from the innermost recesses of their hearts "that kind-hearted, generous man with THE SCARRED CHEEK!"

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SPRING IS COMING.

BY MARY GRACE HALPING.

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!

Over hill and over plain;

List, the busy wild bee's humming,—

Joyous spring has come again.

Wild flowers in her white hands bearing,

With her eye of blue serene,

Roses round her forehead wearing,

Comes spring's fair and radiant green.

Like some young and besuteous maiden

Her small feet the green sward press,

Her warm breath with fragrance laden,

Robed in regal loveliness.

Now the mountain torrent, breaking

From its chain of ice and snow,

Hill and dale to music waking,

Rushes to the plain below.

And the crystal brook is singing

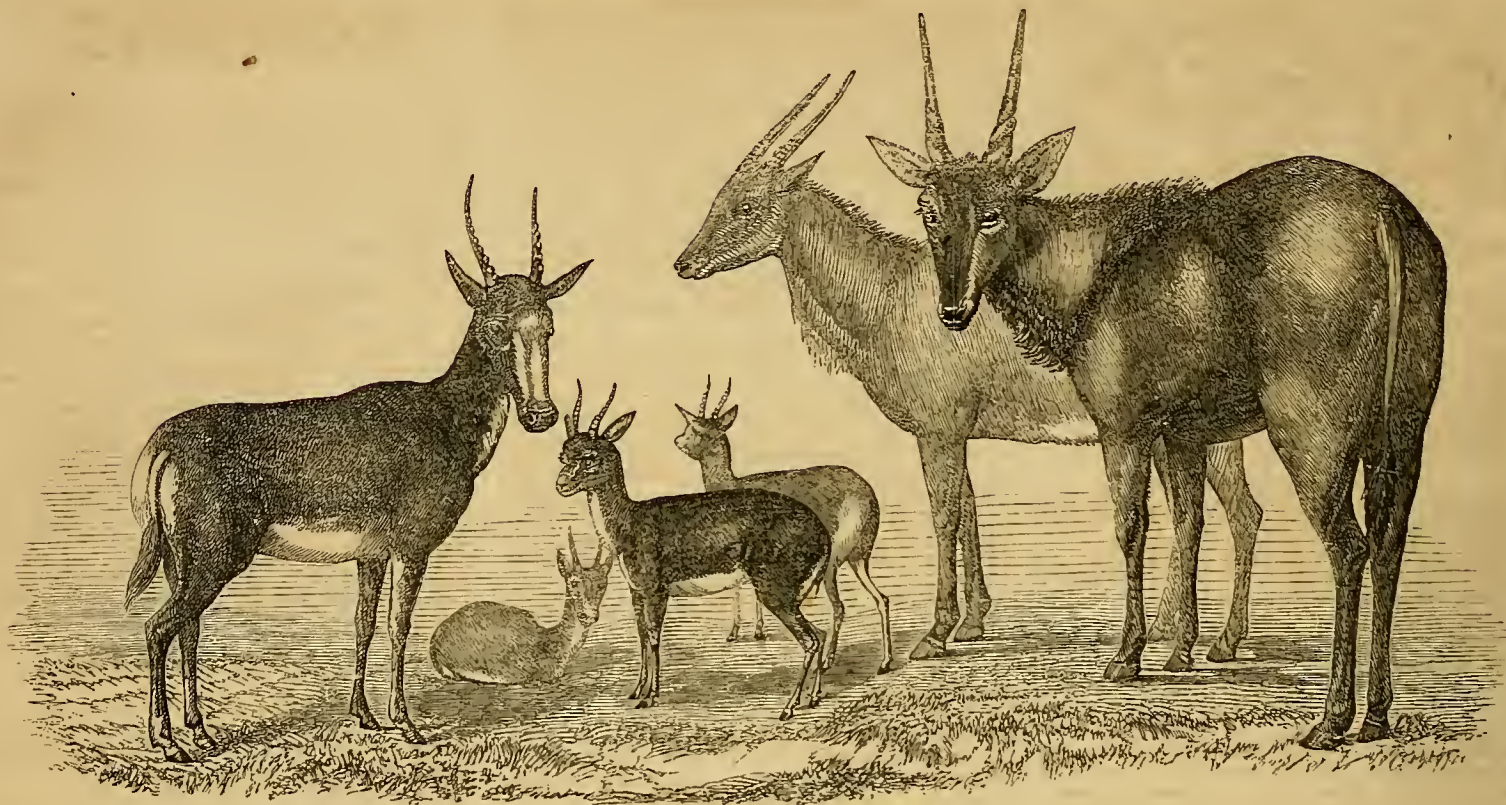
Gaily by the cottage door,

And the wild wood-flowers are springing

In the forest old and hoar.

TRUE POLITENESS.

I believe politeness is best to be known by description, definition not being able to comprise it. I would, however, venture to call it "benevolence in trifles," or the preference of others to ourselves in the little hourly occurrences of life. It is a perpetual attention to the little wants of those with whom we are, by which attention we either prevent or remove them. Bowing, ceremonious, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness; that must be easy, natural, unstudied; and what will give this but a mind benevolent and attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles to all you converse and live with.—Lord Chatham.



THE BOUTE-BOK.

GAZELLES

MALE AND FEMALE ELANDS.

SPECIMENS OF RARE ANIMALS.

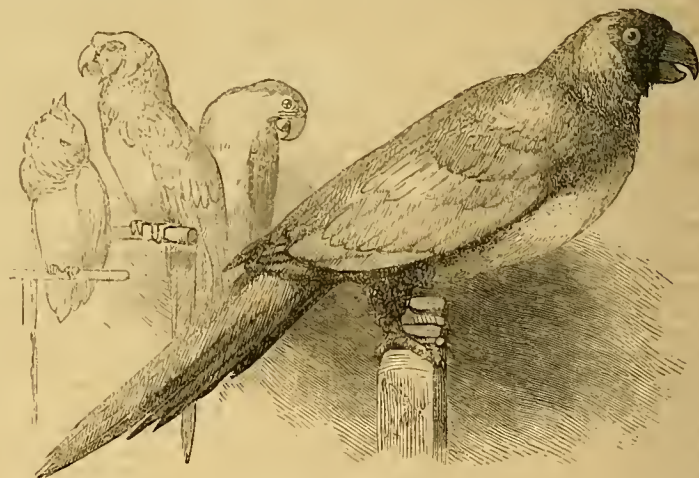
We present on this page some interesting zoological specimens, of a character not very familiar to the general reader. First, the boute-bok is a native of South Africa, and is well known, also, by the name of blaze-buck, in reference to its white face. The second representation is composed of three specimens of the gazelle,

largest of the antelope species, and when full grown is five feet in height at the shoulder, and, from the mildness of its nature and the excellent quality of its flesh, is more esteemed than that of any of the other wild animals of South Africa. The docility of this species is such, that to save the burthen of conveying such a heavy carcass, the old bulls weighing about eight

fourth group represents a male and two female hog deer, a favorite object of sport to the Indian hunter. A peculiar habit in this species, of stamping with a quick jerk of the fore-knee, is represented in the engraving. The subject of the fifth group is the masked parrot, so called. It is a native of the South Sea Islands, and derives its name from the peculiar character of its natural



THE MALE AND FEMALE HOG-DEER.

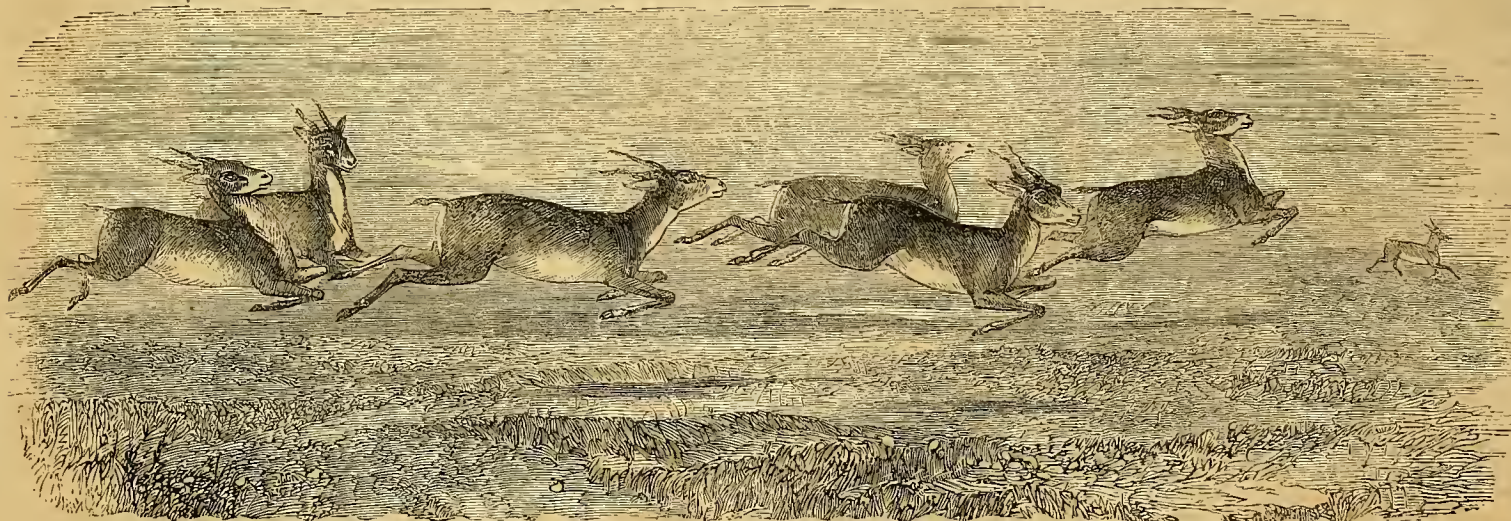


THE MASKED PARROT.

the most delicate of the antelope species. This delicate animal, so remarkable for the beauty and size of its eyes, has ever been highly valued as a pet by the better class of Europe. The gazelle is found in Egypt and North Africa, and may be seen faithfully represented upon the monuments of the former country and Nubia. The third group represents a male and female eland, the

hundred weight, it is the practice of the African hunters to ride into the midst of the herds in which they congregate, in order to select the full-grown males, and turn them in a homeward direction before bringing them down. The large muscles from the thighs of this animal, when dried and cured, produce an esteemed article of diet, called by the Cape colonists thigh tongues. The

head ornament. The sixth group represents a herd of Indian antelopes. These animals are remarkable in their native state for their extreme shyness. They are represented in the accompanying illustration in the performance of a series of long and lofty springs, which they exhibit upon the least alarm from the approach of strangers, or the appearance of any sudden danger.



VIEW OF A HERD OF INDIAN ANTELOPES.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

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MISS P. HAMILTON,
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CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"Hildebrand: or, The Buccaneer and the Cardinal. A Sicilian Story of Sea and Shore," by AUSTIN C. BURDICK,—being the commencement of an excellent Novelletto.

"A Bunch of May Flowers," a story, by MISS ANNES LESLIE.
"The Student's Composition," a story, by SYLVANUS GODD, JR.
"Edith's Reign: A Tale of May Day in Merry England," by BEN: PERLEY POORE.

"The May Docket," a story, by MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Meeting at Sea," verses, by FUGUE CARRY.

"The Lament of Agn," lines, by J. HUNG, JR.

"May Day," a poem, by MRS. L. H. SMOURNEY.

"The Cottage by the Sea," lines, by HENRIETTA ALGER, JR.

"The Ocean's Song," verses, by D. HARLY, JR.

FIRE-ARMS.

The percussion-lock, it appears, was invented by an English clergyman—Rev. Mr. Forsyth—in the year 1807. In the year 1500, all fire-arms were fired by a lighted match carried in the hand. About 1510, the match-lock was introduced, which was so far an improvement that the lighted match was attached to the gun. But a shower of rain was still an effectual damper of the hottest fight. Soon after, the wheel-lock was invented, which produced ignition by the rapid revolution of a steel wheel against an inflammable substance. This lock was in use during the wars of the Commonwealth. The well-known flint-lock was introduced about the year 1692, and was in universal use down to the battle of Waterloo. The percussion-lock, for many years after its invention, was only employed in the slaughter of birds and beasts, but is now applied in all the armies of Christendom, to the weapons designed for the destruction of men.

PICTORIAL BOUND.

At our reduced prices for bound volumes of the Pictorial we have received orders from all directions, and have been kept busy enough in filling them. The three volumes, I, II, and III., at \$7 for all, is a bargain that shrewd people will improve. With these volumes, one can sit down at home, and yet travel all over the world, seeing all notable places, dignitaries, monuments, localities, animals, and, in short, a sample of all that is worth observing, and be, at the same time, thoroughly instructed and improved by the accompanying letter-press. It would be impossible to put into the hands of the young a more instructive set of books, or that would so much entertain while it improved them. Of course, it will be remembered that we have lately republished the first volume uniform with the rest, forming a series that is greatly admired by all who have examined the work.

VICE PRESIDENT KING.—Mr. King left Matanzas on the 7th inst., in the steamship Fulton, the captain of which had a cabin built on deck for his better accommodation.

SPLINTERS.

.... The New Yorkers are about to erect a superb opera house on grounds situated in the immediate vicinity of Union Square.

.... It is indeed a fact that one-half the population of Europe are in arms to keep the other half in subjection, at this time.

.... Bunker Hill Monument was lately struck by lightning twice in one day. Fortunately the fluid followed the lightning-rod.

.... Art has lost a favorite and accomplished son, in the death of Jessi, the celebrated engraver, lately deceased at Florence.

.... A person will float like a cork, it is said, on the great Salt Lake, its waters are so thoroughly impregnated with salt.

.... Alexander Von Humboldt is still alive, erect, eighty-four years old, and as ardent a student as he was forty years gone by.

.... The United States possesses a hundred million acres of public land that the foot of the white man has never touched!

.... The gold product of California last year was considerably over eighty millions of dollars, all of which was exported thence.

.... The present Emperor of the French is short in stature, and has very short, ill-formed legs,—so a Paris correspondent writes.

.... Fine specimens of copper ore have recently been obtained from mines a few miles east of Leesburg, in Virginia.

.... The annual cost of the United States army and navy is 67 cents per head for the population; that of Great Britain \$2 56.

.... It is said that the post of Minister to England was offered to Washington Irving, but he felt too old for the responsibilities.

.... It is announced that the Emperor of Morocco is dying, and great public disturbances are feared at his death.

.... A letter from Havana states that during a recent week, upwards of 1200 slaves were landed on the coast.

.... The eighth edition of the life of Hosea Ballou, by the editor of the Pictorial, has just been issued by the publisher.

CONDITION OF MEXICO.

Comprising an area of territory one third as large as all Europe, and a climate that fosters nearly every species of vegetables, and a soil rich in mineral productions, Mexico is bankrupt, torn by discord, dissensions, and civil war. Her roads are in the possession of notorious guerrillas, or acknowledged banditti, and her government is in the hands of heartless and imbecile speculators. It is probably without parallel, the present and long past history of this miserable and but half-civilized country. Reckless, as people are apt to be, who have nothing to lose, she madly went to war with us, with a coward army and bankrupt treasury, and of course was drubbed into the most servile submission, with comparatively but a handful of Yankee soldiers; but, with the arrogance natural to ignorance, she still half challenges another conflict with a nation that could sweep her, as a government, by one decisive act, from the face of the globe.

The only way to account for this ridiculous folly is, to look for its cause among those who represent the country. The people are not so free as Russian serfs, and far below our southern slaves in intelligence, knowledge of the comforts of life, or physical courage. Thus stands Mexico, the poorest and most despised of nations. Caresing Santa Anna to day, and pronouncing against him to-morrow; adopting one system of government in one department, and in another acting upon rules diametrically opposed to these; faithless to their obligations, treacherous to their friends, and trembling before their enemies. Probably no better example of the fickle character of the people can be adduced than the career of Santa Anna himself—twice hailed as the deliverer, and twice discarded as the destroyer of his country, he is again by universal acclamation called to the helm of state!

Santa Anna is all bravado, all fuss and bluster; hating the people of the United States—as he has good cause to do—he calls upon the people to second him in reclaiming their lost nationality, and breathes anathemas, loud and deep, against the "northern barbarians." Not content with the utter disgrace he has already experienced, he returns once more to bathe the soil in blood, and to sacrifice the lives of the people upon the altar of his ambition. Alas, for poor, misguided Mexico! thy fate is a hard one, thy lot mysterious, and difficult to realize. We should not be surprised, if Santa Anna, on assuming the reins of government, should take a lesson from Louis Napoleon, and strive to turn his so-called republic into an empire, and assume imperial command and control; and, moreover, we are by no means sure that such would not be the best course under the circumstances.

With its natural advantages, extending over twenty-one degrees of latitude, Mexico might be made the garden of the world, could industry and thrift but be infused into the nature of its indolent people. From its varying surface, and consequent variety of climate, it not only produces all the vegetable and floral riches of the tropics, but also nearly all the natural growths of the temperate regions of middle Europe; and, indeed, according to Humboldt, there is scarcely a plant in the world which is not susceptible of cultivation in this country. The soil is of extraordinary fertility, and like that of Cuba, needs but a touch to prepare it for the seed; or, as Douglass Jerrold says of Australia, *just tickle her with a hoe, and she laughs with a harvest*. We say it does seem thrice unfortunate, with all these natural advantages, that the territory of Mexico should be as sterile as her inhabitants are barren of principle.

But we hope there is a better fate in store for her yet. Like Cuba, she must wait for Yankee enterprise to overrun her broad territory, before the riches that now sleep in her bosom shall be made to blossom like the rose, and the wealth of her mines be poured forth to enrich the treasury, and challenge the commerce of the world. Military rule will then be unknown, intelligence will stalk abroad, and every rancho shall sustain its school-house, every village its slender spire pointing towards heaven; while those old feudal piles and ghostly convents shall be levelled with the dust, and peace, and safety, and plenty reign in this El Dorado of Old Castile.

MAZZINI.—Speaking of Mazzini and the continental police, the London Times says:—"With a price set upon his head in half the kingdoms of Europe, and with a face so remarkable as never to be forgotten when once seen, he, nevertheless, traverses the whole continent, passes in and out of cities under the strictest surveillance of martial law, visits Milan, Vienna, Naples, Rome, crosses and re-crosses the channel, where spies are always upon the watch, and issues his proclamations fearlessly everywhere."

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—This periodical keeps pace with the age in which it is published, and we can truly say, that we have seldom spent time more agreeably, or more profitably, than when engaged in looking over the back numbers of the current volume. The engravings are well executed, and the literary contributions are of the highest order. In short, in our estimation, Gleason leads the van, so far as illustrated newspapers are concerned. Success to the proprietor, for he deserves it.—Warren Journal, *Belvidere*, N. J.

HISTORY OF HANOVER, MASS.—We have received from Rev. J. S. Barry a copy of his work, just published, upon this subject. It is a book evincing much patient research and carefulness of record, and must find a ready sale in Plymouth County.

THE SEASON.—The budding trees, and fragrant atmosphere from the South, which does not lose all its flavor of flowers before it sweeps over our colder New England clime, tell us of early summer.

"THE FIRST VIOLET."—There is a sweet poem, thus entitled, on page 279, of the present number, by Mrs. H. Marion Stephens, fragrant as the flower it eulogizes so gracefully.

THEATRICAL.—Mr. Chippendale, the well known and favorite actor, is now stage manager of the Haymarket Theatre, London.

MARRIAGES

In this city, Mr. C. E. Pearson to Miss Abby A. Piper; Mr. Samuel C. Davis to Miss Lucy A. Griffin; Mr. G. H. Ransom to Miss Mary E. Pentland; Mr. Atwood T. Knowlton to Miss Martha Deane; Mr. John Martin to Miss B. Schleret; Mr. F. G. Kunder, of Winchester, to Miss Louise Stearns, of 1 Chester; Mr. J. H. Lanning to Miss P. Bellinger; Mr. J. G. Fritz to Miss Catharine Altvater; Mr. James H. Dyke to Miss Fannie M. Ripley.

By Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. William S. Vior to Miss Elizabeth Nix; Mr. Elias Hartwell to Miss Elizabeth Palmer.

At South Boston, Mr. Moses H. Randall to Miss Ann S. Forsyth.

At Charlestown, Mr. Henry Allen, of Boston, to Miss Mary Ann Bell of London, England.

At Chelsea, Mr. William L. Libbey to Miss Julia A., daughter of Mr. William N. Miller.

At East Cambridge, Mr. Watson B. Hastings to Miss Mary Putnam.

At West Cambridge, Mr. Ephraim Tufts, Jr., to Miss Susannah Scott, of St. John, N. B.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Campbell, Mr. Henry P. Toppan to Miss A. C. Knapp, daughter of Charles Knapp, Esq.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. Samuel Howard Merrill to Miss Hannah E. Adams, widow of the late William Jenkinson, Esq.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Thomas, Mr. Charles W. Dyer to Miss Margaret J. Lusecomb.

DEATHS

In this city, Mrs. Elizabeth Brewer, relict of Mr. Nathaniel Brewer, 80; Mr. Samuel Sullivan Sullivan, son of the late Deacon John Sullivan, 31; Mrs. Mary Jencks, widow of the late William Jencks, Esq., 60.

At Chelsea, Miss Fanny H. Hayden, 16.

At Charlestown, Walter S., son of Enoch and 1 Statira Richards, 2 years.

At Medford, Humphrey Chabourne, Esq., formerly of Waterboro', Me., 81.

At Lynn, Mrs. Susannah Hand, 76.

At Newton Corner, Judith S. Wilder, daughter of Mr. Joshua Wilder, of Hingham, 28.

At Milton, Miss Julia H., daughter of O. T. Rogers, Esq., 18.

At North Danvers, Mr. Amos Mudge, 70.

At Marblehead, Mrs. Nancy Johnson, wife of Mr. Samuel Graves, 21.

At Lowell, Mr. Jonas W. Packard, 40.

At Orono, Mrs. Lydia W., wife of Mr. Abram Stooce, 55.

At Worcester, Kate W., daughter of Jason and Catherine Putnam, 17.

At Westboro', Miss Ellen A. Wiswall, 23.

At Amherst, Mrs. Jeremiah, widow of the late Col. Elijah Dickinson, 89.

At New Bedford, Capt. Joseph T. Chase, 60; Mrs. Rebecca Porter, wife of Mr. Benjamin Irish, 39.

At Hardwick, Mr. Isaac Sibley, formerly of Milbury, 75.

At Stratford, Conn., Mrs. Hannah F., wife of Philip C. Lewis, 18.

At Portsmouth, N. H., Mrs. Mary, widow of Capt. William Walcott, 88.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SPRING DAYS.

BY NEALE BERNARD.

Thin snow-streaks linger side the hills,
Where shadows darken all the day;
And murmurs sweet of gushing rills
Vie with the spring bird's roundelay.

The balmy air blows freshly up,
Cool from the soulless lowland glens,
Where bloom the meek-eyed buttercup
And violets on fragile stems.

The earth seems bathed in sweet perfume,
From horsting bud and opening flower;
And Nature hastes to clothe in bloom
And brightness every genial hour.

The melodies of early birds
Make redolent the air with praise;
And grazing flocks and loving herds
From hillside grateful voices raise.

Low, wanton winds rove humming through
The rustling leaves, last autumn dried;
And skies glow with a deeper blue,
And verdure clads each steep hillside.

The radiant sun's mild warmth recalls
Beauties and blessings year by year;
These changes mark God's low footfalls
Viewlessly passing o'er our sphere.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE FRETTING WIFE.

BY MISS P. HAMILTON.

"Why don't you ever clean your boots on the scraper, William?" said Jane Lovett to her husband. "I had just made everything nice and comfortable when you came in; and now see the dirt wherever you've been, from one side of the room to the other; and it must be just the same in the entries and on every stair. I'm completely tired out with brushing and dusting—"

"Fret! fret! just so every time I come into the house!" was William's soothing response. "I should think your tongue would get tired."

"I do get tired of speaking to you about things which make me so much trouble; and yet you don't seem to mind them at all."

"No, and so much speaking only makes me mind the less."

"That's just as amiable as you are. You never care how much I have to go through, nor how much I suffer. Such a continual effort for me to get along! My life seems a continual struggle, just for the sake of life," and here Jane began to cry.

"What a fuss about a little dust on the carpet!" snapped the husband.

"No, it's not merely that," retorted the wife, in a crying tone, "but you never seem to care how hard and trying things may be for me. You care nothing for my pleasure or ease. You know very well I wouldn't mind the carpet once, but it's just so all the time and about everything. The man who shook the carpets last week said he never should have thought that they were taken up every year if he hadn't been told so, for he hadn't shaken such dirty ones for four years. Now why should our house be so much dirtier than other people's? You know it's not my fault, for I'm as particular as anybody."

"You've got a new saddle for your hobby, and there'll be no end to your riding it, just because that old fellow wanted to make a fool of you, and get the job of shaking your carpets twice a year."

"But William," said Jane, putting down the handkerchief from her eyes, "why won't you be more careful? When I try so hard to get along and keep things nice, you needn't make so much work. Dear me! to have to live with such a person! It would have been better for us both if we never had met."

Hereupon the husband, William, departed, leaving Jane to cry it out alone. She sobbed awhile quite heartily, and made herself believe she was the most unappreciated, unfortunate and miserable of all beings; then, like a good housewife, she began to think, "What good does all this do? I am making myself sick for nothing—my eyes will feel so badly that I can't sew." So she wisely rose and hatched them, brushed up her carpet, and sat down to her needlework. But she was not in a good mood, not repentant, nor forgiving, nor cheerful, not even pacific.

She was in little better feeling when she met her husband at dinner, but was quite in the humor to make demands, and let her grievances be manifest. The carving was hardly over, when she began:

"William, did you see about having the stove cleaned and lined this morning? Bridget says she cannot cook with it any longer as it is, and it makes her so cross that I can hardly manage her."

"No. I hadn't time," was the laconic answer.

"Hadm't time! I guess you could have found time if you'd tried—I've no idea you ever thought of it. If you cared anything for other people, you'd think of them and find time to see to things. You find time for your own matters."

"You seem to know so much, why do you ask me? Perhaps you'd better see to your affairs yourself."

"What hadn't I better do? I do almost everything now, yet you never seem satisfied. I suppose I can go to the stove-store, since you don't seem to be able to do anything—I don't know but I shall have to go to the tailor's yet, to order your clothes for

you. Well, I want to know if you saw Walker about those drawers, as I have so often asked you to? I am in such need of them, I don't know what to do. Everything is in confusion in the closets."

"No, I didn't see Walker?"

"Well, when will you?"

"I don't know."

"Will you ever?"

"That I don't know. Anything further?"

"Yes. Did you get a latch for Bridget's door?"

"No."

"I asked you to be sure and remember it when you went out from breakfast. That door is slam, slam the whole time. I never saw anybody like you. I cannot get anything done, and it's just so always."

Mr. Lovett ate away unmoved, and his wife, not thinking of any other subject of complaint at that moment, finished her dinner in silence.

Just as Mr. Lovett was leaving the dining-room, she called out, "William, Alboni sings to night, can't you take me to hear her?"

"I have an engagement this evening," he answered, with his hand upon the door.

"It's the last night she sings, and I haven't heard her," said Jane.

"I can't help it," said William.

"You don't try to help it. Mr. Linton has taken his wife twice to hear her, and they're going again to-night. Mrs. Linton thinks she sings as well as Jenny Lind."

"I suppose she has a right to her opinion."

"Well, why can't you take me?" persisted Jane.

"Take you to a concert, after all you've said?"

"Anything for an excuse! You know I've said nothing but the truth, and you never take me anywhere, and never did."

"No, never!" said Lovett, in a tone of irony, as he closed the door.

Jane was not disappointed, for she had no expectation of going to the concert. She only asked her husband to take her, in order to try him, and to show him what other husbands did, and what he didn't do. She had now so far relieved herself, that she was in a mood for wholesome thought and reflection; and she soon began to have some misgivings as to the right of the course she had been pursuing, and also as to its wisdom. Right and wisdom are in fact the same thing.

Jane Lovett was at heart a woman of good motives and kind feelings, though, as we have seen, she had an irritable, uncomfortable temper. Her temperament was nervous as that of too many women in these days—our grandmothers would have called them cross, ugly, or most likely, scolds and vixens; but in the light of our philanthropy, we know better—dear hearts! they are nervous!

Jane Lovett was nervous—she had too much regard for trifles, a too lively perception of evils, and little facility in adapting herself to circumstances. She was also affectionate and imaginative, and in her girlhood had formed a high ideal for her lover. Her opportunities of acquaintance with her husband before marriage were limited, and so she loved, and hoped, and trusted he was all she would desire in a life-long companion and lord. Yes, lord, for she had an idea that she should like to look up to somebody, lean upon him, cling to him, reverence him, and all that sort of thing. How was she disappointed! What a change a few weeks of married life does sometimes make in a woman's future! William Lovett was a man of very good natural feelings and endowments, and could make himself very agreeable when he tried, else he never would have won his wife—but he had few of the qualities which make domestic life a paradise for woman. He had been reared alone, without any home discipline and education, and was often thoughtless and inconsiderate of others, and sometimes selfish. He lacked all the useful and convenient, though unappreciated habits of order, tidiness, and promptness; and what was worse for a man, he even lacked industry and energy. He could rouse himself for an emergency, but it was only for that, and then he sank back into his former indifferent, careless ease.

Such a character was least of all in accordance with that of Jane, who was possessed of great energy, and had been trained to carefulness and industry. At first she was greatly distressed in her disappointment, and secretly lamented her fate in bitterness of spirit, but keen feelings do not last long. She gradually grew accustomed to her lot, and endeavored to perform its duties faithfully, though she was not happy, and was very often annoyed by the delinquencies and deficiencies of her husband. They irritated her temper, and she would complain and fret. This course had no effect to improve things. It seldom has.

Matters grew worse year by year. The husband's affection waned by degrees, and he became more and more inattentive and selfish, while the cares and anxieties of the wife kept increasing, and with them increased her complaining and fretting. An unenviable state of things, most surely! I wonder if it's rare!

After the dinner colloquy we have given, Jane returned to her own room, thoughtful and repentant. She discoursed with herself somewhat in this wise:

"I am sorry I was so cross at dinner. William might have been pleasant, if I had given him a chance. What a miserable life we are leading! I am so unhappy, and things are growing worse and worse—what may they come to? To be sure, William is not what I once thought he was, but that cannot be helped now—he is my husband; we are vowed unto each other till death, and why not make the best, instead of the worst, of my lot? And it is not so bad as it might be, after all. William might be dissipated or dishonest, which he is not now. But who knows what he may become, if I any longer render his home unhappy? O, I

am wrong! I know I am! Let me try to do better! God help me! Finding fault with William does not improve him; I have tried it long enough; I will try what gentleness, meekness and endurance may do. I shall make him happier in that way, and it is easier to be virtuous when we are happy than when we are wretched. It will require a strong effort and unremitting watchfulness to overcome my faults of temper, but is not the happiness and well-being of life a sufficient motive? I will make the effort. I cannot change character and circumstances, but I will suit myself to them."

Jane thus came to a wise resolution, which she ought to have made early in her married life; but it was in this case, according to the old maxim, "better late than never." And, what was wiser than the resolution, she began to act upon it. Plenty of good resolutions are made—few are remembered—fewer kept. When her husband came home to tea, Jane was dressed neatly, and though there was a cloud on his brow, she looked and spoke pleasantly. It was an effort for her to appear in the same way in the morning, for her husband was still moody, and silent, and disobliging; but she remembered her resolution, and did not break it.

In the middle of the forenoon he entered her room on some errand, as on the day previous, with boots unscrapped; she seemed to take no notice of them.

"I think I must have made a light breakfast," he said, carelessly.

Jane soon disappeared, and returning, offered him a plate of tempting sandwiches.

He looked up at her in surprise. "What does this mean, Jane?"

"I thought you were hungry, and I wanted to please you," was her ingenuous answer.

He took the sandwiches with one hand, and drawing her towards him with the other, kissed her tenderly. "Why Jane, we're growing young again."

"I wish we might grow good and loving," was her answer, as she returned the kiss.

When he was gone, Jane brushed up her carpet quickly and cheerfully; and it did not seem half so dirty as the day before, though the mud was much deeper in the streets. The boot-scraper was not forgotten again that day, and before night a man appeared to put the stove in order, and Walker called to say he was sorry he had disappointed Mrs. L. about the drawers; he would have them done soon.

Jane kept herself good-natured and cheerful the next day, and several other days, although William often forgot that his boots were muddy when he came home, and several times turned all the drawers inside out to find what he had left at his office—woke up the baby with his loud squeezes—forgot half her commissions, important as they were to her, and even delayed to order coal till one day there was none with which to cook the dinner. She schooled herself to patience. Sometimes when a murmuring word was coming, she bit her lips and kept it back. Sometimes she left the room to gather strength and self-control, but oftenest spoke of something beside the subject of vexation, as quickly as possible.

At the end of a week, Alboni's "last concert" was again announced.

"Now, Jane, we'll hear Alboni to-night," said William at breakfast. "She's going to sing again—perhaps on your account. You'll go, I suppose?"

"Yes, thank you, but I don't care much about hearing her. I'd almost as lief stay at home with you."

"Why! don't you think she sings as well as Jenny Lind?"

"No, I don't—do you?"

"Hardly—but you say Mrs. Linton does. We'll hear her though, and see."

When they were returning from the concert that night, Mr. Lovett said to his wife:

"Well, Jane, what did you think of Alboni?"

"O, I was charmed."

"Well, did you think she sang as well as the nightingale?"

"Indeed, I enjoyed her singing more—she somehow made me feel so happy—so full of delight. Were n't you delighted?"

"Yes, I must own I was; but I cannot give Alboni credit for all. You've been such a dear good girl lately, Jane"—and he bent his face very near to hers, I know, though one couldn't see distinctly for the darkness. "I really think we're growing young again."

"Do let us try and keep so, William!" said Jane.

NEW ORLEANS.

The position of New Orleans as a vast commercial depot is unrivalled, being situated at the mouth of a river which sweeps through a valley peopled by over eight millions of inhabitants. This river is navigated by more than five hundred steamboats of immense tonnage, at an annual expenditure of over fifteen millions of dollars. These statistics may sound large, yet the mind can form but a faint idea of the reality, unless the eye can witness it. With such a river sweeping by its wharves, navigable for more than two thousand miles, and passing through a region of country fertile in coal, lead, iron, and copper ore, with a wonderful variety of the vegetable kingdom, no wonder that New Orleans is what it is in point of commercial importance. Look upon the map, and you will agree with us that there is no river on the globe that can compare with it. Tributary to it is the Missouri, running thirty-nine hundred miles to the Great Falls, among the wigwags of the Flat Foot Indians; the Yellow Stone, navigable for eleven hundred miles, and the Platte and Kansas, navigable twelve hundred miles or more each. The Ohio, too, with the products of the Middle and Northern States upon its bosom, the Arkansas, Big Black, Yazoo and Red River, all pouring their wealth into this great main artery, the Mississippi. With such unbounded resources as this, the Crescent City must become in time one of the largest and most wealthy commercial marts in the world.—*New York Mirror*.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Christian Sneyely, a worthy citizen of Harrisburg, Pa., is the last victim of the spiritual manifestations taken to the lunatic hospital. — Mrs. Sinclair, late Mrs. Forrest, sailed from New Orleans, a few days ago, for California. — A bill has been introduced into the New York Senate amending the law of libel, so as to protect newspaper publishers in the publication of fair and correct reports. — Within the last ten years the colored population of New York has fallen from about fifty to forty-seven thousand! — Ebenezer Hill, a patriot of the Revolution, died at Wakefield, N. H., only a few days since. Mr. Hill was at the battle of Bennington, and while stationed at West Point, was one of the guard over Major Andre the night previous to his execution. — Mr. Pick, of the New York Pienayne, thinks that "if Santa Anna has not yet learned prudence, the schoolmasters are yet willing to go abroad." — The laborers on the Junction Canal in Chemung, N. Y., a few days since struck a placer of skulls, supposed to be those of the red men of the forest, who were sadly routed by Sullivan and his party in this valley. Besides the skulls, other relics of the Revolution were found. — Bulwer says, ever since there has been so great a demand for type, there has been less lead to spare for cannon balls; and Bulwer is right. — At Barstend, N. H., at the Presidential election, fourteen persons voted, whose united ages were more than two hundred years, the leader being one hundred and two years old. In the same town, a lady was baptized by immersion in a pond, by a Baptist clergyman, on her one hundredth birthday. — Mr. Bachanan received his appointment for England on his sixty-second birthday. He was born in Franklin county, Pa., on the 13th of April, 1791. — Puget Sound, Oregon, is said to have the best of salmon, herring and halibut fisheries. The Sound contains a series of harbors, accessible at all times with any wind, and entirely free of bars and shoals. It is yet but sparsely populated, but it is destined to be second only to San Francisco for business. — The recent returns show the Bank of England to be in a flourishing condition, the profits of the half year being over \$3,000,000. — The number of letters which passed through the post-offices of the United States, in the year 1852, was ninety-six millions,—about one-fourth of the number that passed through those of Great Britain. — A German woman residing near Little Chute, Wisconsin, recently became insane from excess of joy at unexpectedly receiving food for herself and family, while in a starving and dying condition. — A subscription paper is being circulated in Cincinnati, to purchase a statue from the chisel of the sculptor Powers, who is a native of that city. The citizens are said to be much in earnest about the matter, and are determined to show to the world that the works of the artist are appreciated at home.

OLD BACHELORS.

The New Orleans correspondent of the Musical World and Times says: This is a queer place in some respects. For instance,—every third man you meet is an old bachelor, living in a sort of single-blessedness: he dams his own socks and sews on his shirt buttons. Most of these tough old customers are from the North—New England. They have come down here to make fortunes—not to marry; although, as a general thing, I suppose few of them would object to marrying a fortune. They "keep house" after a fashion of their own. A number of them hire or buy a commodious mansion, fit it up in superb style, and then employ one woman to keep it in order. These old bachelors (some are not very old) are the best fellows in the world. They are intelligent, genial, liberal, and take life quite comfortably; and it is the intention of each of them to return to the North some day, for "the girl he left behind him," whom he will install mistress of his house, heart and fortune.

A HEROINE.

The Cincinnati papers tell of a heroic deed performed by a woman, in a building on fire, in Syracuse street, there, a few days since, which is worthy of record. A family, consisting of a mother and four children, were residing in the third story of Krostman's bedstead factory, which was burned the night previous. Finding herself cut off from retreat, in consequence of the stories beneath being on fire, the mother ascended to the roof, carrying her children with her. Here, tying one of her babes to her shoulders, she boldly leapt across an alley six feet in width, to the roof of another building, from whence, leaving her burden, she returned, and in like manner carried off in safety each of the others! The act was witnessed by a large concourse of spectators. The mother was in feeble health, and nothing but maternal love could have carried her through so trying a scene.

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.—The subject of juvenile delinquency is exciting much attention in Rochester, N. Y. The number of truants and vagrants who infest the streets of that city, pilfering and begging, and growing up adepts in crime, is said to be fearfully large. A meeting of the citizens has been held, and it was agreed by all present that the evil upon which they had assembled to consult, was one which could no longer be endured.

PERSONAL.—Grace Greenwood writes from Rome: "I met on this night a son of Mrs. Hemans. He resembles, somewhat, the portraits of the poetess—has, I should say, her eyes and hair. He is a peculiarly mild and pensive young man, whom you might almost believe had been reared on his mother's melancholy melodies."

VERY APPROPRIATELY DESIGNATED.—Mr. Pouch thinks that the man at the circus who walks upon the ceiling with his head downward, must belong to the very highest walks of the drama.

Wayside Gatherings.

One hundred divorce cases are now on the docket in Cincinnati. Coal has been discovered in the Rocky Mountains in ample quantities for future use.

Cars are now loaded with freight at Boston, and not unlocked until they reach the depot opposite to Montreal.

The postmaster at Clay's Point, Lewis county, Va., has been arrested for robbing the mail, and has acknowledged his guilt.

The number of clerks employed in the government offices at Washington is 1730; average salary, about twelve hundred dollars.

Scruples are like the sand-bags in a balloon. He who throws them all overboard rises with ease, but is likely to come down with a jounce.

The Legislature of New York will probably grant a charter for a canal around Niagara Falls, and it is said that it will be completed within two years.

A whale, weighing forty tons, fifty feet in length, was caught, lately, at Montauk Point. He was to be taken to New York for exhibition.

A man was recently brought before a court in New York, charged with stealing "pants," and was discharged on the ground that the term "pants" was not a legal phrase!

Lieutenant-General Sir Love Parry, of Madryn, is dead. At an early age he entered the army, served in America, commanded at Quebec, and had a horse shot under him at Landy's Lane.

The State Engineer and Surveyor of New York says it is an established fact that passengers can be carried on railroads at a cost not exceeding one cent a mile, when ninety passengers are on the train.

A letter from Florence mentions that there is a giant in that city, who has sold his body to the Academy of Science for scientific purposes; and is to receive, as a compensation, fifty cents per day till he dies.

The Portland Mirror says that a gentleman has given \$2000 to Bowdoin College, to aid indigent young men in getting an education. But no one is to derive any benefit from the same who uses either rum or tobacco.

Powers, the sculptor, some time since, refused to execute a bust of Haynan, the Austrian butcher and woman-whipper. Mr. Powers deserves a monument for the spirit and patriotism involved in this rebuke to that revolting embodiment of despotism.

The Washington papers announce the death of Land Washington, at the advanced age of 86 years. He was for a long time employed as a clerk in the Treasury Department, and ten years ago was well known about the Capitol as a reporter on the Globe.

Cardinal Wiseman, of London, during a recent tour on the continent, accepted a lock containing a lock of hair recorded to have been cut from Samson's head by Delilah, and was also shown the seissors with which she cut it, on one of the blades of which was distinctly marked "Sheffield."

A London omnibus driver was sentenced, a short time since, to six weeks hard labor in the house of correction, for calling a lady a liar. She had offered him a three-pence, stating that she had got in at Fleet Street, to which the man replied: "You are a liar; you got in at the bank."

Foreign Items.

War has been openly declared between Honduras and Guatemala.

The once noisy festival of St. Patrick's Day passed over very quietly this year at Dublin.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany has liberated the Madiai family, and given them leave to quit the country.

At St. Paul's, Bermondsey, England, sixty-three persons have renounced Romanism, since the last accounts.

Sir Henry Bulwer is sinking under the effects of a disease, the seeds of which were received at Washington.

Protestantism is said to be rapidly on the increase in Florence, notwithstanding the efforts of the Jesuits to check it.

It appears from an official report, that the directors of the East India Company have spent £53,000 in house dinners, during the last eighteen years.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany has conferred the honor of knighthood of the Order of St. Joseph upon Baron Rothschild, in consideration of the service of that wealthy unbeliever in negotiating a loan.

It has been estimated that in Macclesfield the large silk manufacturers are annually plundered to the amount of £15,000, and those of Manchester to the extent of £20,000, by the work-people in their employ.

The Liverpool Mercury says, that there are a hundred and fifty-six places of worship in Liverpool, fifty-eight of which are attached to the Church of England, eighty-six to the Dissenters, and twelve to the Roman Catholics.

From Paris, it is stated by those who claim to be well informed, that the revolutionary chiefs were never more active than at the present moment, and that an outbreak somewhere may be looked for towards the end of May.

It is reported that Madame de Montijo, the mother of the Empress of France, is to be married to the Prince of Hesse. It appears that the prince has a fortune of £12,000 a year, and the emperor proposes to settle an equal sum on the lady.

In Central Africa, a large number of Jewish negroes have been discovered. Nearly every family possesses the law of Moses on parchment. They trace their origin to the first captivity, when some of the Hebrews fled to the desert, and intermarried with the natives.

Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, who has been recently in New York, purposes to visit Chili, Peru, Bolivia and Guayquil. His royal highness, who is a well-known traveller and naturalist, has at present a large collection of scientific objects in New York, from whence they are to be sent to Europe.

An American, named P. E. Hall, is vice-principal of the new college which the British authorities have instituted at Benares, India. He had spent seven years in Hindostan, studying the Sanscrit language, and is said to be a very learned and accomplished man.

The Vedas, or sacred books of the Hindoos, are to be published in England, as translated by Professor Wilson. They are referred to a period of 3000 years ago; consist of treatises and hymns, amounting to 10,000 stanzas, and inculcate a religion far purer than that of the modern Brahmins, who sing, but do not understand the hymns.

Sands of Gold.

.... I never knew a man of letters ashamed of his profession.—Thackeray.

.... If any signal infelicity happens to fall upon you, the only way is, not to sit still, but to resolve upon action.

.... Alas! in strong natures, if resistance to temptation is of granite, so the passions that they admit are of fire.—Bulwer.

.... The beauty of behaviour consists in the manner, not the matter of your discourse.

.... I know nothing that more moves as to tears than the hearty kindness of a dog, when something in human beings has pained or chilled us.

.... Come forward, some great marshal, and organize EQUALITY in society, and your rod shall swallow up all the juggling old court gold-sticks.—Thackeray.

.... Pleasant recollections promote cheerfulness, and painful ones gloom. Thus the happiness that flows from the right regulation of the feelings tends to perpetuate itself.

.... Wrap thyself in the decent veil that the Arts or the Graces weave for thee, O Human Nature! It is only the statue of marble whose nakedness the eye can behold without shame and offence.—Bulwer.

.... Goodness of nature is of all virtues and dignities of mind the greatest, being the character of the Deity; and without it, man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin.

.... He that will not permit his wealth to do any good to others while he is alive, prevents it from doing any good to himself when he is dead; and by an egotism which is suicidal, cuts himself off from the truest pleasure here, and the highest happiness hereafter.

.... Sound economy is a sound understanding brought into action; it is calculation realized; it is the doctrine of proportion reduced to practice; it is foreseeing contingencies, and providing against them; it is expecting contingencies and being prepared for them.—Hannah More.

Joker's Budget.

When is a ship in love? When it is attached to the buoys. Wanted to know—how many square rods are contained in a wisecrack?

What is the difference between "Don't you know?" and "No you don't?"

Why are lazy-looking young ladies most adored? Because they are *idle-eyed*!

Bulwer makes one of his characters divide the human family into two classes—those who are wise and those who are otherwise.

According to law, the survivors of railway accidents can recover. Their recovery may be safe enough as a matter of fact; we wish it were equally sure as a matter of fact.

Theodore Parker says: "Mr. Facing both-ways is a popular politician in America, just now, sitting on the fence between Honesty and Dishonesty, and like the blank leaf between the Old and New Testament, belonging to neither dispensation."

During a cause in which the boundaries of a piece of land were to be ascertained, the counsel of one part stated, "We lie on this side, my lord;" and the counsel of the other part said, "We lie on this." The chancellor stood up and said, "If you lie on both sides, whom will you have me to believe?"

When Sir William Hamilton announced to the Royal Irish Academy his discovery of the central sun—the star round which our orb of day and his planetary attendants revolve,—a waggish member exclaimed: "What! our sun's sun! why, that must be a grand sun!"

In a neighboring town in which they were building a railroad, was employed a party of Irishmen, one of whom went to a neighboring store, kept by a Yankee, and asked for a "yard of pork." The Yankee deliberately cut off three pigs' feet, and gave them to him. "Sure, is this what ye'd be after callin' a yard of pork?" asked the Irishman. "Yes, indeed; don't three feet make a yard?" The biter was bit.

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P. O. LEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

AQUAKANONK, N. J.

We give herewith a view of this picturesque little village, which is situated on the Passaic River, between Newark and Patterson, and about ten miles distant from New York. The Ramapo Railroad passes through it. A small propeller runs between Aquakanonk and New York, depending, principally, upon freight. Owing to the circuitous route, it takes nearly four hours to accomplish the voyage, while a person may be conveyed by railroad in twenty minutes. The Passaic is one of the most beautiful rivers in the United States; its course is so very winding, that a vessel in navigating it heads to nearly every point of the compass. Its banks are lined with country seats, many of which, especially in the vicinity of Aquakanonk, are noted for their beauty and the taste with which the grounds are laid out. The river abounds in fish, and during the proper season the disciples of Izaak Walton may be seen upon the rustic bridges, or snugly seated in boats upon the stream, enjoying their favorite pastime. A blessing constantly with us is apt to be overlooked and unappreciated, but if we were to be without these beautiful, convenient and ever necessary threads of water, extending inland, hither and thither, our fertile soil and lovely scenery would soon become like the sands of the desert. Beautiful scenery is not complete in a picture or in nature, without, at least, a dash of lake or river on its bounds. Our seaboard abounds in these charming additions to commerce, fertility and comeliness. This river, the Passaic, has a course of some seventy or eighty miles, flowing through a mountainous country, but with a very winding course, and empties at last into New York Bay. It has in its course some noble falls, which afford fine water power. Especially are the Falls of Patterson noted, being a perpendicular fall of fifty feet, and a total descent of seventy feet, with a width of sixty feet, affording an immense water-power and a most picturesque view. The river is navigable to Aquakanonk, the locality represented by our artist herewith. Sloops and small steamers therefore pass to and from the town, creating some amount of trade, and it thus becomes the head of navigation on the Passaic River.



VILLAGE OF AQUAKANONK, NEW JERSEY.

WASHINGTON CITY.

Washington would be a beautiful city if it were built; but as it is not, I cannot say much about it. There is the Capitol, however, standing like the sun, from which are to radiate majestic beams of streets and avenues of enormous breadth and astonishing length; but at present the execution limps and lingers sadly after the design. This noble metropolitan myth hovers over the north bank of the Potomac (this Indian name means, I believe, the wild swan, or the river of the wild swan), about one hundred and twenty miles from Chesapeake Bay, and at the head of tide water. Pennsylvania Avenue is splendid: it is about three hundred feet broad; but the houses are not colossal enough to be in keeping with the immense space appropriated to the thoroughfare. They should be at least as high as the highest of old Edinburgh houses, instead of like those of London, which some one compared to the Paris ones making a profound courtesy. Now these Pennsylvania Avenue habitations seem to be making a very distant courtesy indeed to their opposite neighbors; and it made us think of people at an immensely wide dining-table, separated as "far as the poles asunder."—*Travels in America.*

THE HERRING.

The great winter rendezvous of the herring is within the Arctic Circle; there they continue for many months in order to recruit themselves after the fatigue of spawning; the seas within that space swarming with insect food to a far greater degree than those of our warmer latitudes. This mighty army begins to put itself in motion early in spring; appearing off the Shetland Isles in April and May; but the grand shoal does not come till June. In fine weather they reflect a variety of splendid colors, like a field of precious gems. The first check that this army meets in its march southward, is from the Shetland Isles, which divide it into two parts: one wing takes to the east, the other to the western shores of Great Britain, and fill every bay and creek with their numbers; the former proceed towards Yarmouth, the great and ancient mart of herrings; they then pass through the British Channel, and after that, in a manner disappear. Those

which take towards the west, after offering themselves to the Hebrides, where the great stationary fishery is, proceed to the north of Ireland, where they meet with a second interruption, and are obliged to make a second division: the one takes to the western side, and is scarcely perceived, being soon lost in the immensity of the Atlantic; but the other that passes into the Irish Sea, rejoices and feeds the inhabitants of most of the coasts that border on it. The artist, as represented below, has chosen his scene from the fishery off the Isle of Man, where, in successful years, from 40,000 to 50,000 barrels of herrings are taken. The herring fishery is well known to be precarious, as it is dependent on the unexplained migrations of the shoals that visit the English as well as the American coast; but the deep sea fishing we would recommend would afford a regular and profitable employment, if maintained in steady operation by sufficient capital. The banks on the southern and western coasts of Ireland abound with fine fish. Success there has no limit in nature, but is limited by the inefficient means in the hands of poor fishermen. Yet, even with these inferior means, the success has often been such that for want of a market they have been used to manure the land.



SCENE REPRESENTING THE HERRING FISHERY, OFF THE ISLE OF MAN, ENGLAND.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM. 6 Cts. SINGLE. } Vol. IV. No. 19.—WHOLE No. 97.

MAY-DAY.

The number of the Pictorial which we issue to-day, is dedicated to the advent of spring, and we could hardly have collected a richer feast of fragrant thoughts and beautiful pictures, timely and illustrative of the theme, than we herein present. The rural scene below, representing stream, and valley, and mountain height, adorned with the soft foliage green of "foreshadowed summer," is one of more than usual interest. The pleasant cottage in the dell, the curling smoke, the arching bridge, the happy children on the green sward, the patron goddesses strewing flowers in the footsteps of spring, all combine to illustrate the idea of the season. As we have often taken occasion to remark, we have too few holidays in this country, and we would gladly join in an effort to devote a few appropriate days of the year to annual celebrations. People require relaxation from labor; they need occasional festivities and holidays to keep them at peace with themselves, and to keep them in good spirits; to enable them to return to labor with renewed strength and zeal; and, in short, to render the laboring classes more happy and contented with their lot in life. The bow that is never unstrung loses its elasticity; and

the mind and body which know no relief from incessant labor, soon wear out altogether. What more fitting time for rejoicing "with exceeding great joy" than May-day? How bright and genial the promise of the year; how fresh and green is everything, and how great the contrast to the bleak season but just passed away! Even the birds have consecrated the day, and their earolings, as they fly from branch to branch, or poise in the clear fragrant air, are redolent of thankfulness to the Giver of every good gift. And if these tiny denizens of the air and wood find so much to be musical, and happy, and devotional about, in their sweet way, shall not man, also, with his "boasted reason and accomplishment

profound," raise his voice to consecrate the day to cheerfulness and proper ceremony? We observed that the day in Boston set aside for this occasion was more generally regarded this year than for a long period heretofore, and are most happy to chronicle the fact, as it accords so much with our own views. Groups of merry children, whole schools in combination, with wreaths of flowers, and fancy dresses, passed our office, early in the morning, returning from rambles in the neighborhood, or from a flower fair held on the Common. Equestrian parties of older persons were to be seen in large numbers, returning from a ride through the delightful suburbs of our city of notions; and vehicles in any number, loaded with bright eyes and manly faces, returning from the same route, with bouquets without number, rendering the air fragrant as they passed. This is as it should be. Let each succeeding year be more and more universally observed and dedicated to the purpose of celebrating the advent of the season of flowers; let children participate in these ceremonies, and thus erect for their after memory, when looking back through the long vista of the past to those happy landmarks of time which served to enliven the days of childhood, a monument of joyousness.



[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HILDEBRAND:

—OR—

THE BUCCANEER AND THE CARDINAL.

A SICILIAN STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

CHAPTER I.

THE CARMELITES.

TOWARDS the latter part of the sixteenth century our story opens. The kingdom of the Two Sicilies was at that time an appendage to the Spanish crown, and it had held that political relation since 1504, being governed by a Spanish viceroy. This dominion was by no means calculated to benefit the country. Nearly all of national spirit was extinguished among the people, for the Spanish king was one of the most bigoted men of his time, and the influence of his character was most sensibly felt wherever his sceptre was acknowledged. Not only did the commerce, manufactures, and agriculture languish, but even the very population began to dwindle.

At the time of which we write, the city of Palermo, and, in fact, the whole neighborhood of the Val di Mazara, was really governed, not only in ecclesiastical, but in civil matters, by Ludovico, the Cardinal of Palermo. There were but few of the nobles who had not been obliged to bow the neck to this prelate—their spirit was crushed, and in many instances their property was taken from them without cause or comment. What Ludovico could not do by legal power he could easily accomplish through the means of the Secret Tribunal of the Mazara.

It was near midnight, and the season was early summer. The moon rode high in the heavens, and her face was full and bright. Not a cloud hung in the blue vault, and the breeze that swept down the mountains caught upon its bosom the aroma of a thousand fruits and flowers as it reached the garden-like country of the Val di Mazara, and thus loaded it wafted its way over the sleeping city. Not all the inhabitants of Palermo slept, however, for in nearly all of the churches there were priests and monks who kept vigil over the treasures which were there hoarded away. Occasionally, too, the footfall of a cowed friar broke upon the pavement of the street—some "father" who might have just left the bed of the dying, or the private domestic confessional.

It lacked yet half an hour of midnight, when a very short and very fat monk left one of the most sumptuous dwellings in the city, and as he walked along, his step seemed to indicate that he had made rather free with the wassail bowl. His habit was that of the Carmelite order of mendicants.

The monk kept on his way from the dwelling he had left, until he reached one of the churches that stood near the Ottangolo. This church he entered, and having passed up to where stood the altar, he drew back the crimson arras that hung beside it, and knocked at a small gilded door which was thus revealed. The sliding of a bolt could be plainly heard upon the inside, and in a moment more the door was opened, and the Carmelite passed through into a sort of vestibule where a large taper was burning upon a small table. There were two monks in the place where our casual companion entered. They were also Carmelites, and a large bottle of wine stood on the table near them.

"Ah, Benedic, you stay late in your visit," said one of the seated monks to the new comer. "Here's Paroli and myself been waiting for thee more than an hour."

"Never mind, Sopho; I've had business."

"Business?" repeated both the others at a breath.

"Ay—and important business, too."

"Now, Benedic, let's have none of your deception. You always find a ready excuse for your movements."

"Honestly, though, I have been on important business," persisted Benedic, as he sat down, threw back his cowl, and lifted the wine bottle from the table.

While he drank, the other two cast significant glances at each other, for they saw plainly that he had already drunk freely. When he had done drinking, he turned to the third man of the party and said:

"Let me tell you, Paroli, that my business is not to be laughed at. No, by the shrine of our lady, it is not; and as for you, Sopho, if you think I speak falsely, why, you shall have no hand in it, that's all."

"Is there a paolo to be made?" asked Paroli, a little soberly.

"A paolo?" returned Benedic. "Ay, that there is; and a few golden crowns, too."

Both the other Carmelites were all sober attention in an instant. The bare mention of gold had a strange charm for them.

"And can we join in the business?" asked Sopho.

"Perhaps so," answered Benedic.

"But what is it? Where have you been?"

"I have been to the cardinal's." Benedic instinctively cast his eyes about the vestibule, and then he continued, "He has a rich plan on foot. You know Donna Angela Fontani?"

"Yes, yes."

"And you know her father is dead?"

"Yes."

"Well, since Charles Fontani died, his brother, Michael, has been made Duke of Palermo. The cardinal got him the office. Donna Angela is under the charge of her uncle Michael."

Benedic stopped and raised the wine bottle again to his lips.

"Well, and what of this?" asked Sopho.

"Ah, there it is," chuckled Benedic, as he sat the bottle down.

"Charles Fontani left his daughter a fortune of nearly half a mil-

lion golden crowns. The good cardinal would like right well to handle that gold. But mark ye, now, you are not to speak of this."

"Of course not," responded the other two.

"Then the secret lies just here: the cardinal means that this girl shall marry with Nicholas de Villani, the young marquis. You know him?"

"Yea," returned the others. "The son of old John de Villani."

"The same."

"But how is this to help the cardinal to that property?" asked Sopho.

"No matter," bluntly replied Benedic. "It will place it in Ludovico's hands, and that is enough, and if we help him successfully we shall handle some of the gold. Now do you know one Francis de Mora?"

Both answered in the affirmative.

"Well, that youngster is likely to stand in the cardinal's way. He loves Donna Angela, and she loves him; and, what is more, before the old duke died, he rather promised de Mora that he should marry his pretty daughter. Now this youth is in high favor among the people, and he must be taken care of."

"But the cardinal has the power to do this if he chooses," said Sopho. "His word is law here in Palermo."

"Yes," returned Benedic; "but then he would do it quietly. In fact, he has the best reasons in the world for not wishing any noise made. Now we three have got to hold ourselves in readiness to keep watch over the girl, and also to be ready at any moment to take care of Francis de Mora."

"But how?"

"Just as occasion may require. There are many ways in which a man can be disposed of."

"And how looks the girl's uncle upon the matter?"

"O, bless your body, he is completely under the cardinal's thumb."

"Is he?"

"Ay, in good faith he is. Let the cardinal alone for that. It's only de Mora and the girl who are likely to rebel."

"Only those two?"

"Only those for us to know," said Benedic, "though I think our good cardinal has something to fear from Hildebrand."

"The buccaneer?"

"Ay."

"But how? What, in our lady's name, can the cardinal have to do with him?"

"Ah, now you tax me too hard, for I can't tell you," returned Benedic; "but I have a bit of work on this point, of which the cardinal does not know, and if we can but accomplish it we may make a handsome sum. You know that there has been a large sum offered for the apprehension of Hildebrand. Now I have found out the point on the island of Levanzo where he sometimes puts in with his vessel, and we must contrive some means to entrap him. If we could find one man who was keen and bold enough, we might do it."

There were some minutes of silence, and at length Sopho said:

"By our lady, I know just the man. He is keen and quick—powerful as a giant, and bold as a lion."

"But will he answer us?" asked Benedic.

"Ay, that he will. He will do anything for money," returned Sopho. "I would trust him with anything."

"Then we may need him," resumed Benedic. "My plan for Hildebrand's capture is not yet matured, but when it is, we will call upon your man."

"But does the cardinal desire that he should be taken?"

"I suppose so, of course; and I mean this shall be a sort of surprise for him. We will have the buccaneer in irons before the prelate mistrusts it. It will tell well for us."

For some time after this the three monks sat in silence. The bottle was passed around, and they looked knowingly at each other from over its neck. Of course they were well agreed upon all that had been proposed, and they were only anxious to begin the work. They were three men, who, like thousands of others, were ruled in life by appetite alone. The moral, the physical, the social, and the intellectual, were brought to one level, as ministers to appetite, and few were the things they would not have done in the service of their sensual deity.

It is a melancholy reflection that there are no positions in life free from the presence of evil—that there are no bodies of men without impure members. Upon all classes may be found that one blot—the giving away of virtue before the love of gain. These three monks were lured by the love of gold, and though they had to possess it secretly, yet they were determined to have it. They were men who might fear exposure, but they feared not to do evil.

CHAPTER II.

HILDEBRAND.

THE Marino of Palermo is one of the most delightful walks in the world. It flanks the harbor to the eastward, and back of it looms up the wall of the city. Near the centre of the Marino stands a sort of temple, and it has stood there for ages. It may have been remodelled, and remodelled, till few of its original stones are left, but yet there it stands.

While the bell of the cathedral was tolling the hour of midnight a young man stood within the shade of the temple. It was during the same time that the three monks were holding their meeting in the vestibule of the church. This young man was not over twenty-four years of age. He was a stout, finely built person, with a countenance of real manly beauty. His head was covered with a mass of black, curling hair, and a light moustache circled upon his lip. His head was now bare of other covering, for he had removed the light velvet cap and placed it within his belt,

seemingly for the purpose of the better enjoyment of the agreeable breeze that played about the temple. The man's dress was quite gaudy, being after the fashion of the nobility of the times. The doublet, with its deep sleeves, was of rich crimson velvet, and about the neck it was ornamented with lace and jewels. He wore a small sword at his side, its hilt just touching his left elbow.

Such was Francis de Mora, the last scion of a noble family. He had never known the care of a father or mother. His mother died when he was but an infant, and his father was lost at sea while the emperer Charles ruled Spain. His father had been one of those who would never submit to the Spanish yoke, but the son was allowed to enjoy the paternal estates, though he never obtained his parent's lordly title. Francis had been brought up from early childhood by the duke, Charles Fontani, but since that old noble had died, the young man had been his own master.

Shortly after the last echo of the cathedral bell had died away upon the breeze, Francis de Mora was aroused by the sound of a light footfall, and with a joyful look overspreading his features he started forth from the place where he had been standing. In front of the temple he met Donna Angela Fontani. She was counted the fairest girl in Palermo, and though her immense wealth may have made some think more particularly of her beauty, yet she was lovely as the sweetest rose of the Val di Mazara. She possessed all the voluptuous outline of the fairest Sicilian form, together with a sweetness of expression that might have become a saint. She had those large, dark, lustrous eyes, so peculiar to her countrywomen, and her complexion was as clear as the virgin snow. She wore a flowing robe of pure white silk, and a mantle of the same material was thrown over her head.

The reader already knows the relation in which these young people stood to each other. While the maiden's father had lived, he planned that they should marry. When he died, he left his daughter in the charge of his brother, and that brother, Michael Fontani, had, through the agency of the Cardinal Ludovico, been made Duke of Palermo, the title which his brother Charles had borne before him.

"Angela," said the young man, as he sprang forward and grasped the maiden by the hand, "you see I am true to your appointment."

"Ay, and I bless you for it," returned the girl, in tones of strange meaning.

"What! have there been tears upon your cheeks?" uttered Francis, as the bright rays of the moon fell upon his companion's face. "What means all this, Angela? Why did you make this appointment? Why send for me to meet you at this strange time, and in this place? You look troubled. Pray God there be no danger."

"Alas! Francis, there is danger enough. We both have an enemy who will seek to work our ruin."

"There is none in Palermo powerful enough for that, Angela."

"Yes, there is. The cardinal!"

"Ludovico?"

"Yes."

Francis de Mora trembled and turned pale. He knew the power of the cardinal, and he knew, too, somewhat of that prelate's character.

"But how—what—why—should he be an enemy to us?"

"He has made up his mind that I shall wed with de Villani."

"With that young rascal? No, no, my sweet Angela—the cardinal would not dare to do that. What! you marry with Villani? By my faith, my sword shall find the fellow's heart first!"

"It is the cardinal's plan, Francis, for I overheard him talking with my uncle last night."

"And your uncle—did he not spurn the idea?"

"No. He agreed to the plan. At first he offered some faint objections, but he dared not thwart the cardinal. You know Ludovico made him what he is—and Ludovico holds him with a rod of iron. No, Francis, my uncle has not only agreed to all the cardinal's proposals, but he has offered to urge the matter himself."

"But the cardinal, then, has no aims against me directly?"

"Yes—for I heard your name mentioned, and I heard the cardinal say that he would see that you stood not in the way."

For a few moments Francis de Mora stood like one in a frightful dream. He could hardly realize the truth of what he had heard, it had come so suddenly upon him, and yet he knew that it must be true. For himself alone he felt at that moment as though he could have braved all the cardinals in Christendom, but how to avoid the blow as it now came he knew not.

"Angela," he said, at length, "have you thought yet how this thing can be avoided? O, I know that you will not submit to it—you will not allow them to force us asunder. If you have not thought yet, I will think as soon as the effect of this first blow has passed from my soul."

"Yes, Francis, I have thought," returned the fair girl. "It is not my nature to wait long in danger. I have resolved to flee from Palermo."

"To flee? But whither?"

"To Florence. My mother's relations live there, and once with them I shall at least be safe from Ludovico's power."

"When will you go?"

"Before another sun shall rise."

"And how?"

"With Hildebrand."

"Is that his vessel in the harbor?"

"Yes."

"Angela, I fear to trust you with that terrible man."

"He is not half so terrible as is the cardinal."

"Yet he is an outlaw—a buccaneer."

"Ay, and he has a hand upon the cardinal," said Angela.

"He came to me this morning disguised as a monk. He told me

that he knew all the cardinal's plans, and he offered to aid me if he could. Let me tell you, Francis, that Hildebrand has a good heart. He may have been guilty of wrong, but 'twas greater wrong that led him to it. If he has raised his hand against any man, it has been against those who are enemies to his country."

"I know, I know," murmured de Mora. "He was a companion of my father's. He and my father both refused to bow the neck to the Spanish yoke. But he has won for himself a terrible name. The Spaniard fears him, and even the Sicilians know him only as the black buccaner."

"And with Hildebrand I have resolved to trust myself," said Angela. "He will carry me in safety to Florence, and there I shall be safe. My friends there shall appeal to the viceroy, and I may obtain my property."

"Angela, I know not what to do, or what to say," uttered the young man, still holding the girl by the hand and gazing into her face. "This thing is so sudden that it has almost unmanned me. An hour ago I could not have dreamed that there was a sign of a lightning-bolt. Yet one thing I know: if this be true of the cardinal, then the sooner you leave Palermo the better; for, villain as he is, there is not a man in the city that dares to say him nay. Perhaps I may join you in Florence, and perhaps you may come back here. I would go with you now, but it would be the utter ruin of all my property."

"Yet, Francis, you will join me soon. Sell your estates and come to Florence. Trust not to my returning here."

The young man was upon the point of replying, when he was startled by the sound of a heavy footfall near him, and on turning he beheld a man habited in the garb of a monk just turning the angle of the temple. Francis placed his hand upon the hilt of his sword, but Angela restrained him.

"I think it is Hildebrand," she whispered.

"Donna Angela!" said the new comer, approaching the spot where the companions stood.

"It is me, sir."

"And de Mora, too, eh?"

"Ay."

The dark monkish habit fell from the man's shoulders and revealed the quaint garb of Hildebrand. He was a strange looking man, dressed in a rich, yet semi barbarous costume, his face half-covered with beard, but still with a countenance full of bold frankness and daring. His gaudy damask frock was secured by a rich Moorish sash, and a heavy Turkish cimeter hung by his side.

[SEE ENGRAVING, PAGE 304.]

"Come, my fair maiden," said the buccaner, pointing his hand towards a brig-rigged vessel that lay out in the harbor, and upon the white sails of which the moonbeams were shining, "my vessel is ready and waiting."

"I am all ready, sir," returned Angela, in a trembling voice.

"Then there is not a moment to lose. I am just from your uncle's house, and you are missed. They have gone to the dwelling of Francis de Mora, in search of you."

"To my house?" uttered the young man.

"Ay, signor; and they may be here ere long. I know how your hearts beat, but there must be no time wasted in what is now useless talk. Come, lady, my boat is close at hand. None save yourselves and an old friar whom I brought, know that I am in the city, and they will little dream Hildebrand carried thee off."

"One more kiss," murmured the fair girl, as she turned towards her lover. "Ah, Francis, you will follow me soon."

"Hildebrand," exclaimed the young man, "take me with you now. By our lady, I cannot leave her to go alone."

"Tut, tut, signor; you had better make a transfer of your property before you quit Palermo. Donna Angela will be safe in the hands of her uncle, but your's will go to aid the church the moment you leave it. All you have to do is, to profess all ignorance of the whereabouts of the girl, and be careful that you do not directly cross the path of the cardinal. Leave the rest to me. I will see thee again ere long—ere many weeks, at least. I promised your father that I would have an eye to thee, and in love of his memory I will protect thee and thine as far as lies in my power."

"I thank you," returned de Mora, "for with all your faults I believe you are a friend of mine."

Hildebrand smiled.

"If I have my faults," he said, "they are big ones; but mark ye this," and his voice sank to a deeper key, "Spain is my enemy, and she is an enemy of Sicily. Towards her my hand is raised. I have not yet been whipped into subjection to the Spanish tyrant. But this is no time for moralizing. Come, lady."

"One word more," urged Francis. "How did you learn of the cardinal's plans with regard to Donna Angela?"

"Walk towards the water, and I will tell you as I go," returned Hildebrand; "but mark ye, I trust the secret to your honor, which you shall not reveal."

De Mora promised, and as the three started towards the boat the buccaner continued:

"The cardinal owes me money—money which I have lent him at various times—and he long since promised to pay me. Ha, ha—the cardinal has been in some strange business since he wore the scarlet hat. More than the proceeds of one Spanish cargo have passed through his coffers. But a week ago—I was in Syracuse then—I received a letter from him, in which he promised to pay me as soon as a certain plan which he had on foot could be matured. That plan, he informed me, was the marriage of Donna Angela Fontani with the young Marquis de Villani. The whole business, he said, would be done in less than two weeks. For reasons best known to myself I resolved to stop the villainous work; and stop it I will."

De Mora gazed into Hildebrand's face, but he made no reply. His mind was busy with the strange events of the last half hour, and they had already reached the boat ere he spoke.

"Come to me soon," said Angela, as she hung upon her lover's neck.

"I will, I will," he replied, while he pressed his lips upon her fair brow. Then turning to the buccaner, he continued: "You will be careful of her, sir; and let me know of her when I see you again."

"Were she my own child she should not be more safe."

There were more embraces, more kisses, and then the fond adieux were spoken. Hildebrand lifted the maiden into the boat—then the oarsman shoved off, and de Mora stood there alone.

CHAPTER III.

THE FRANCISCAN.

It was not until the boat reached the chieftain's vessel that de Mora started from the dream like reverie into which he had fallen. The events of the last hour had passed before him more like the offspring of some wild phantasy than as things of reality, and when he came to fully realize all that had transpired, he at first blamed himself that he had let Angela leave him. It did not seem possible that a great danger could have grown up so quickly, or that the results could need to be summary. This reasoning, or rather his conclusions, were based upon his affections alone—upon his hopes and desires; but when he became more calm, and his thoughts took a wider range, he was forced to confess that what had just been done was for the best; and ere long he was in a mood to feel thankful that Angela had made her escape.

The connection between de Mora and Hildebrand was somewhat mysterious—mysterious, I mean, in the manner of its commencement. It was some time after the name of the buccaner had become a word of dread to the haughty Spaniard that he first made himself known to Francis and Angela. Then he went to them in disguise, and related the story of his friendship for Lorenzo de Mora, the youth's father, and also told how he had promised that father that he would protect his son should there ever be need. Since that time he had frequently been to Palermo, and he had always, on such occasions, called upon Francis and Angela. The girl trusted the buccaner more readily than did her lover. She saw at once that his soul was noble and true, while the young man had more dread of the name which had attached to the man's character.

Now the real character of Hildebrand was by no means such as might be inferred from the appellation he bore. All through Sicily—in the cities, and among the mountains—were true-hearted men who had never owned the Spanish rule. They were patriots of the holiest stamp. They loved their native island, and they hated the bigot who swayed the iron sceptre over its destinies. From their fathers they had learned of national freedom, and they had learned, too, of the desolating wars which had been carried on under foreign rule. Hildebrand was one of those Sicilian patriots. He saw the fatal miasma which infected the atmosphere of his country, and he saw the people losing all their national spirit and energies. His soul was on fire against the Spaniard, and he did all that lay in his power to intercept and destroy the Spanish ships that sailed to and from his native island. Of course he was an outlaw in the face of his country's government, and Philip had offered great rewards for the capture of the dreaded buccaner. The Sicilian patriots loved Hildebrand as much as the Spaniards hated him.

De Mora stood by the water's edge and watched the vessel of the buccaner until it had passed from sight beyond the eastern cape, and then he turned back towards the city. From the Marino he entered the Porto Felice, and with a quick step he moved on towards the Ottangolo, near which his dwelling stood. He had passed nearly half the distance, when he noticed a body of men coming towards him. They were walking very swiftly, and they seemed much excited. As they came nearer he could see that the Duke of Palermo was at their head. Francis would have turned out, but there was no chance, and keeping close within the shade of the tall buildings, he hoped to pass unnoticed; but in this he was mistaken, for, as the men came near him he was seen, and the duke hailed him.

"Ah, de Mora, is this you?" uttered Fontani, with sudden energy. "By the saints, you are just the man. Where is my niece?"

"I'm sure I cannot tell you, sir," returned Francis.

For a single moment the young man trembled with apprehension, but it was only for that moment, for on the next he had settled his mind upon the course he would pursue. He would deceive the duke quicker than betray Angela.

"Do you not know where she is?" asked the duke, coming nearer to the young man and looking him sternly in the face.

"Will you tell me first what you mean?" said de Mora.

"I mean that Donna Angela has left my house."

"Ah. But perhaps she will return."

"No—for she has taken much clothing with her."

"Taken clothing?" uttered Francis, in real surprise.

"Yes," returned the duke. "Much of her clothing is gone."

"It may have been stolen," suggested Francis, for he knew nothing of Angela's having taken any part of her wardrobe.

"I think not. Some of the servants saw a monk leave the piazza with a large bundle, and they are confident it was the same monk who has sometimes visited Donna Angela and yourself. Now what do you know of her? You must know something."

"Upon my soul, signor, I have had nothing to do with this matter."

"Speak the truth, Francis."

"I do, signor. But tell me, what occasion could she have had for leaving you?"

The duke did not answer. It was now his turn to hesitate and be puzzled.

"I thought Angela was all happiness beneath your roof. Surely you were kind to her."

"Yes, yes."

"Then why should she have left you?"

"I do not know," returned Fontani; but he looked troubled as he spoke, for he knew he was telling that which was not true.

"It is strange that she should have left you. Did I but know the cause, I might know, perhaps, where to look for her."

"But where have you been so late as this?" asked the duke, seeming anxious to be rid of the theme de Mora had broached.

"Most of the evening I have passed with a friend upon the Marino," unhesitatingly answered the young man.

The duke gazed earnestly into de Mora's face.

"Francis," he said, "if you know where my niece is, tell me, or it shall be the worse for you."

"Why, what do you mean, signor duke? Think you I would hide the girl, or that I could know of her wandering place and not go forth to bring her back? I pray you seek her, if she be really gone. Should she be lost, I shall suffer more than you."

"I wish I could believe you, de Mora."

"The belief should not cost you an effort. If you can believe yourself, then I assure you that upon the same ground you may believe me."

"Then join us in the search."

"Not now; but if you do not find her to-night I will search to-morrow."

"De Mora, if you deceive me you shall rue it."

"I shall do nothing, signor duke, the consequences of which I will not readily abide. But you are losing time now."

Fontani shook his head in a dubious manner, and then he passed on towards the harbor. Francis watched the party till they had become lost to sight in the deep shadows of the buildings, and he was just upon the point of moving on his way, when he noticed a dark form emerging from a deep embrasure in the great doorway of a church which stood nearly opposite. He saw that the form was approaching him, and with his hand upon his sword-hilt he awaited its coming; but his hand slid from his weapon in a moment more, for he saw the individual was an old Franciscan friar.

"A God's blessing upon thee, my son," said the old man.

"The same to you, father," returned de Mora, for there was something in the old man's voice that pleased him.

"I have a request to make of thee, my son. I am somewhat of a stranger in your city, and I seek a shelter for the night. If you have a roof, let me share its protection till morning."

"Most assuredly you shall, good father; so come along."

"I might sleep upon the pavement of the church, or in the open air; but I am old, and cannot bear it."

"Never mind, good father. I believe a de Mora never yet refused shelter to one who needed it."

"De Mora?" repeated the Franciscan. "Are you the son of Lorenzo de Mora?"

"Ay—that was my father's name. Did you know him?"

"Partially."

"When, and where?"

"Of course it must have been years ago," returned the friar, as he walked slowly along. "I think it was at Ravenna I saw him first. I remember him well, however."

The Franciscan placed his arm within that of his young companion as he spoke, and ere long they reached their destination. Francis led the way up the steps, and the friar followed him into the building. A large lamp was burning in the room where de Mora spent most of his time, and as he entered there he handed his visitor a seat.

"Would you accept a glass of wine?" asked Francis.

"Not to-night, my son."

"Then you will have a bed?"

"I carry my bed with me," returned the friar, as he threw the heavy cowl back from his head. "Let me lie upon your floor, or, if you have a pillow, I will use it."

The Franciscan was an old man, certainly fourscore. His hair, such as was not shaven off, was white as snow, and his form was considerably bent. His countenance was a strange one to look upon. It was intelligent—more so than most countenances—the features were very regular, and the wrinkles upon the brow seemed to be more the result of care than of age. That brow was massive in its proportion, and the eyes that sparkled beneath it were black as night. At first one might have failed to notice what it was that made that countenance look so strangely, but when the eyes were particularly noted the cause was clear. The contrast between those deep black eyes and the snow-white hair and brows was remarkable.

De Mora felt strangely interested as he gazed upon the old man. He noted all the peculiarities of his form and features, and a feeling of deep reverence crept to his bosom. At first it had almost seemed to him as though the ring of hair that surrounded the old friar's head must have been false, its color was so spotless; but he soon perceived that it was not. He knew that he looked upon a man who wore no disguise—a man whose simplicity of manners was at least natural. Since the Franciscan would not accept of a bed, the young man procured him a thick rug upon which he might lie. These favors were thankfully received, and after the friar had said his prayers, he clasped the small wooden cross of his rosary to his bosom, and then laid down upon the hard couch which had been prepared for him. The youth watched him for a moment as he lay there, and when he turned away to seek his couch, he was worked upon by a strange curiosity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

M. DE LAMARTINE.

M. de Lamartine is a poet, a traveller, a legislator, and a politician. He plays many parts on the stage of life, and is good in them all, though his greatest and widest fame rests upon his poetry, and his prose, which is almost as beautiful. Alphonse de Lamartine was born at Macon, in the beginning of 1791, when France was in the midst of the storm of the Revolution. His first recollections are of the prison, to which he used to be taken to see his father, who had been arrested, suspected of the crime of being an aristocrat, because he had filled some post in the Orleans branch of the Bourbon family. He survived the reign of terror by living in the greatest privacy, at an obscure place called Milly, afterwards so piously illustrated by his son. There the poet passed a long and innocent childhood, and only left it when he



PORTRAIT OF M. DE LAMARTINE.

entered the College of the Peres de la Foi, at Bel'ev. After leaving college, and about the year 1809, Lamartine lived at Lyons, and from thence made a short trip to Italy, and then proceeded to Paris, where for some time he lived a gay and joyous life, dreaming, and writing, and fancying he was a dramatic poet, for which, of all things, his genius is the most unsuitable. In 1813, his health being affected, he revisited Italy. The fall of the empire and the restoration had a considerable change in the destiny of the poet. Nurtured in sentiments and opinions wholly opposed to the revolution, he had never acknowledged the sway of Napoleon. It was to him but the rule of brute force, of numbers, and of the sword. He entered as an officer in the *garde du corps* in 1814, but did not resume his post after the hundred days, and his life presents no event of note till 1820, when his "Meditations Poetiques" were first given to the world. The advent of a great poet was at once acknowledged. The work became universally popular, and, thanks to Lamartine, France believed once more in poetry, the eternity of love, and the beauty of nature—things that the verse-makers of the century had wholly forgotten. He profited by the popularity his name had acquired, and entered on the career of diplomacy; he was attached to the French Legation of Florence. He has been an exception to the common lot of poets, being blest with fame, wealth, and a marriage of affection. In 1830, he was admitted a Member of the Academy, and since that time he has travelled in the east, of which voyage he has given a most eloquent description to the world.

THE MAY-POLE.

The scene below is one representing a May-day scene in merry England, in olden time. The occasion was made a gala day then, and lads and lasses gathered about the base of the May-pole, chose their queen, and twined the fragrant wreaths about her brow as a fitting crown. Around this loved symbol of springtime gather old and young, and dance with dimble feet and hearts as light. O, it is a joyous sight, a sight of olden time, a sight still to be seen in some of the retired rural districts of England, where the heavy tread of progress has not entirely obliterated the pleasant usages of the past. Would that May-day were again esteemed as it was once esteemed,—would there was once again shown the joyousness of heart that made the heel light and the laugh loud, that lent gaiety to youth, and associated relaxation from labor with festive enjoyment, on this auspicious day which ushers in the spring. In this country the occasion is more generally heeded than many people are aware of, especially in New England, where May morning is a period for happy reunions, and banquet presentations, and other matters of an appropriate character for the occasion. On page 298, the reader will find the story connected with the picture below.



BARON HAYNAU.

The Baron Haynan, whose conduct in the late Hungarian war was stained with such acts of atrocity as will long cause his name to be held in execration throughout Europe, is stated to be a natural son of the Duke of Hesse, by a goldsmith's daughter. He was born at Cassel, in the year 1786, and appears to have been long notorious for his eccentricities, which, when he was for some time in military command at Graz, led to his being considered insane. Upon the recall of Baron Welden from the superior command of the Austrian troops, he was replaced by Baron Haynan, who was appointed under the style and title of Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army in the kingdom of Hungary and the principality of Transylvania; he being, at the same time, charged with the direction of the government in both those coun-

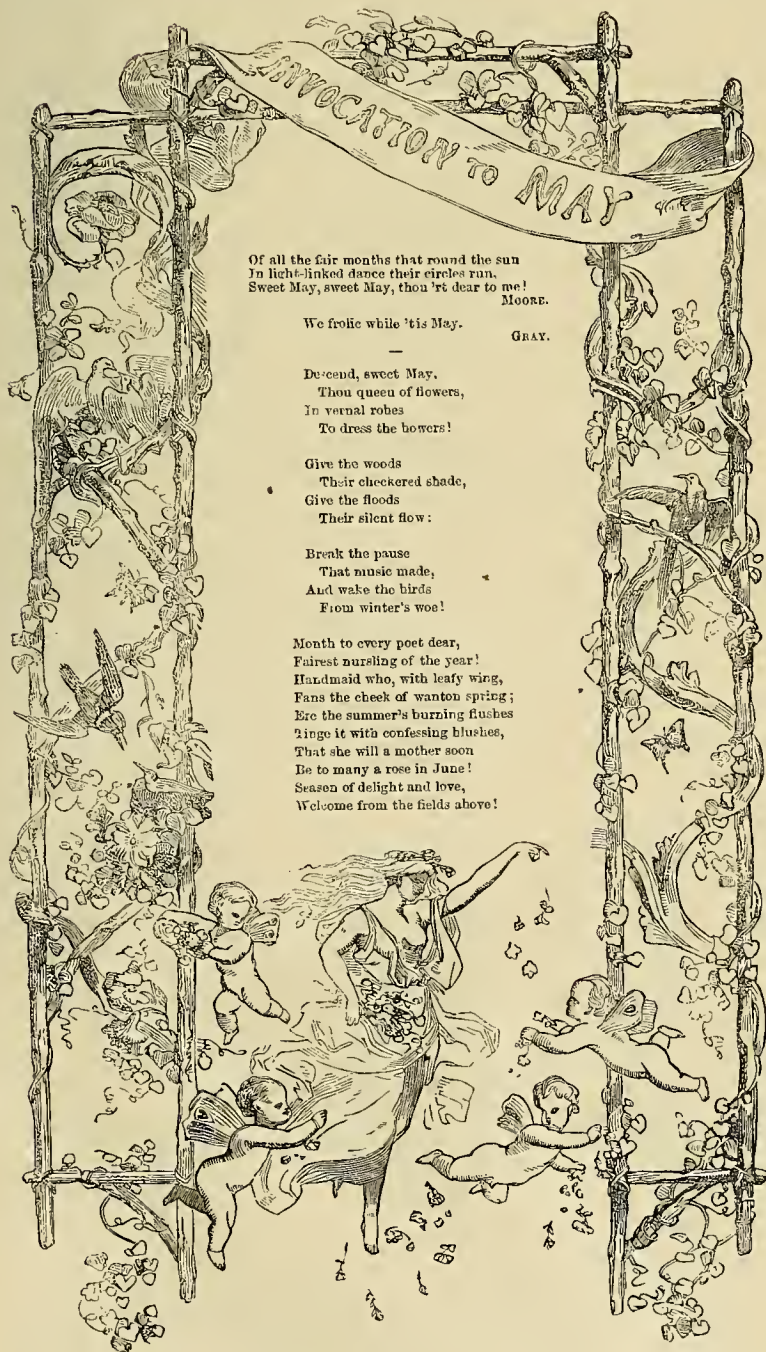


PORTRAIT OF BARON HAYNAU.

tries, declared in a state of siege. He, probably, may have been considered to have gained this distinction by his cruelties, when, on the 30th of March, he arrived with an imperial force and a battering train before Breseia, which had revolted against the Austrians. After a six hours' bombardment, the city was entered, the barricades in the streets carried with great slaughter, and the beautiful city almost razed to the ground. In August, he added to his ignominious conquest the capture of Szeged; and, within a week, he led the imperial army to Temeswar, where a sanguinary conflict ensued, which terminated in the utter defeat of the Hungarians. At the close of the war, Haynan carried into effect the exactions from the Hungarians with such unsparing cruelty, that he received the imperial command to retire to less active service. Nevertheless, so strange is human nature in some of its phases, and so notorious are the Austrians for their inconsistency, that we find this execrated commander's conduct receiving their approval; and a deputation, consisting of a number of the most distinguished citizens of Pesth, presenting a most beautiful album to General Haynan, as a "token of gratitude!" In this country, as well as in Europe, his name is detested, and his memory will be handed down to posterity, coupled with the epithet of the "woman-whipper" and the Austrian "human-butcher." He has gone to his long home now, having lately died, and it is said that his death was partially caused by his remorse, and the annoyance caused by the publicity of his crimes. Even his own people despised him, and he was too cruel even for the emperor, who more than once censured him for severity. The reception which this monster in human shape received in London, where the mob turned out *en masse* and belabored him with broom-handles and besmeared him with filth, is well known to the readers of our paper. The "woman-whipper" was glad to hide his "diminished head," and to make the best of his way out of England under cover of a disguise. Such be the fate of all tyrants!



A SCENE DESCRIPTIVE OF MAY-DAY IN OLDEN TIME.



Of all the fair months that round the sun
In light-linked dance their circles run,
Sweet May, sweet May, thou 'rt dear to me!
MOORE.

We frolic while 'tis May. GRAY.

Descend, sweet May,
Thou queen of flowers,
In vernal robes
To dress the bowers!

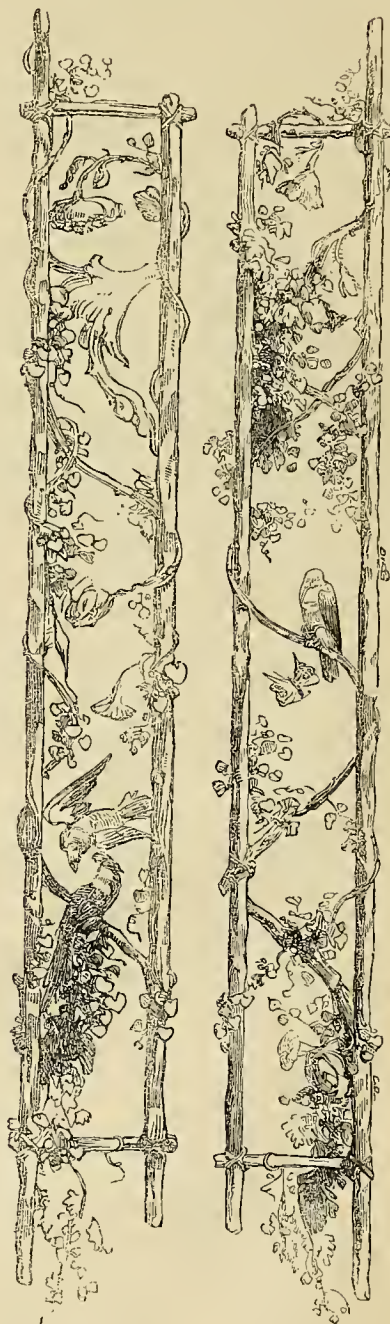
Give the woods
Their chattered shade,
Give the floods
Their silent flow:

Break the pause
That music made,
And wake the birds
From winter's woe!

Month to every poet dear,
Fairest nursing of the year!
Handmaid who, with leafy wing,
Fans the cheek of wanton spring;
Ere the summer's burning flushes
Tinge it with confessing blushes,
That she will a mother soon
Be to many a rose in June!
Season of delight and love,
Welcome from the fields above!

APPROACH OF MAY.

She comes—the varied vernal May!
Let's haste to gather our "BOUQUET!"
First, the peerless primrose flowers,
Culled along the wayside bowers;
Twice them with the crowfoot creeping,
And "the shepherd's glass" that, sleeping,
In the meadow loves to lie
Till the dewy grass be dry!
Here are yellow cowslips glowing—
And blue violets scarce showing
Their sweet eyes like a maiden when
She hears love's first confession word,
And turns away—nor looks again,
Save as a startled, trembling bird!
This white and rosy May will twine
Most sweetly with the young woodbine
And sprinkle these gay butterflies—
The mockery of their different dyes,
The sulphur, peacock, tortoise-shell,
Will harmonize our garland well!
And wisely, too, a moral show,
That they when touched away will fly—
Like worldly joy that oft we know
Upon the tasting lip will die!
"Forget-me-not," and harchell, too,
And the field hyacinth so blue;
Besides the flower to which, they say,
NARCISSES gazed himself away
In mirror of a glassy stream!
Forsooth! some poet's fancy-dream!
Crocus with its varied hues,
Let us mid our sweets infuse;
Queen of meadow, and the bloom,
Sembling bee without his hum.
Orchids, with deceiving form,
Mimicking the insect swarm!
Lords and ladies spotted gay
We will range in bright array!
Everything of grove or field
The "painted populace" can yield!
Next we'll skim the streamlet's wave
For the lotus flowers that lave,
Blue and yellow blossoms spread
Widely o'er their rocking bed!
Now from lowly let us climb,
To snatch a garland from the lime;
Or the infant oaks' first budding,—
And the perfumed chestnut studding
His green lawn-like leaves with flowers,
That, as distant castle-towers,
Frown their battlements of fear,
Till their sweetness draws you near,
And you find that peace and love
Are mingling kisses sweet above,
Mid the blossoms that afar
Semed the mimic homes of war!
Through the garden's richer store
We will range to gather more!
—But hold! not rudely be the task commenced,
The garden is the Rose's Palace ferred
By ancient hands of cunning artifice!
All other flowers are menials to her there;—
SOLANA she, to one sole sacrifice
In love's devotion, which she will not share
With aught of earth beside!
'Tis a sweet theme,
Which many a muse before has tried;—
Let none now deem
The hands profane which touch the lyre,
They but essay (it were no crime 't aspire)
To sing again that oft-sung tale:
THE MAY-ROSE AND THE NIGHTINGALE!



[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE FAY OF THE FALLS.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

When nature lies calmly in midnight repose,
And the avil no longer rings sharp on the ear,
A melody floats from the wave as it flows,
In murmurs of sweetness enchanting to hear:
Hark! distant and dying, that silvery voice calls,
'Tis the soft melting lay of the fay of the falls.

How plaintive its accents! it murmurs in sighs,
Till the air seems to thrill with its exquisite flow;
And the stars, looking pensively down from the skies,
In sympathy throb with a tremulous glow:
List! distant and dying, that voice ever calls,
And sweet is the song of the fay of the falls.

It mourns for the days when along the green shore
The thick-flowing spray drooped its bloom to the stream,
And the red hunter's bark the bright wave floated o'er,
Ere the hills had re-echoed the clangor of steam:
Now distant and dying, a voice sadly calls,
'Tis the tremulous tones of the fay of the falls.

The shore is despoiled of its green forest bowers,
Where nature's sweet warblers their carols awoke,
And the wild deer have fled for the dun city towers
By the marge of the stream with its din and its smoke:
And distant and dying, beyond its brown walls,
At the noon of the night, sings the fay of the falls.

The dark clouds of water-fowl come nevermore,
To scream mid the rushes in wildest of glee;
The dull notes of commerce have usurped the shore,
While it burdens each wave going down to the sea;
Now distant and dying, that pensive voice calls,
In the soft melting strains of the fay of the falls.

Sing on, mournful spirit! thy song shall ne'er cease,
While the wave hurries on to its home in the main;
But ever, when earth is reposing in peace,
Into night's listening ear pour thy soul-melting strain:
And, as distant and dying, we list to its calls,
Our hearts shall respond to the fay of the falls.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A BUNCH OF MAY FLOWERS.

BY MISS AGNES LESLIE.

"O, why thus longing—why forever sighing
For the far-off, unattained and dim;
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?"

ANEMONE, crocus, crown imperial, violets, daffodils, the bright yellow colt's foot, the sweet-smelling, trailing arbutus, and rich clusters of columbine, securely fastened in an exquisite pearl and silver bouquet-holder, gave their mute May greeting to bright Laura Ainslee, as she awoke from her rosy slumbers. They were lying close, close to her cheek, and yet wet with the morning dew; how they smelt of the spring, the green grass, and the fresh earth. "Who in the world could have sent them?" Yes, examine them as carefully as you please, Miss Laura, you will be none the wiser; only your own name, written upon a slip of paper, half hid amid the buds and blossoms, and in a hand-writing not at all familiar, rewards your anxious search.

She dressed herself with alacrity, and ran down stairs eagerly to her mother.

"Who sent these, mother, do you know?"

"No; I found them tied upon the door-knob, almost before light, and I told Biddy to lay them on your pillow; but you had better put them in water, and come to your breakfast, for Maggie is just going to ring the bell."

What a precious bit of romance this was, for this little romantic brain of hers, and how glad she felt the hand-writing was unfamiliar; though she "might have known it never could have been Charley Winthrop, or Harley Etheridge,—they never would have thought of anything so altogether *recherche* and delightful. Perhaps it was the dark-eyed stranger, who looked upon her so admiringly at church last Sunday, and somebody said he was a senator to Congress, or something of that sort,—and hadn't she a right to look high; wasn't her father a judge—Judge Ainslee—and the richest man in Willowdale?" Up went her pretty head at this thought—a higher toss than usual—and a mysterious glance was sent to the May flowers, now reposing luxuriously in a vase of water. But not a word of all this did she speak to her wise father, for well she knew he heartily hated anything romantic or sentimental, but ate her breakfast in decorous silence.

That evening, when Harley Etheridge called to bid her good-by, previous to starting for the west, he found the little lady very absent and nonchalant, and, instead of playing his favorite music, she sang some noisy bravura, which she knew he detested. Yet there was no evidence, in his manner, that she annoyed him. He gradually relapsed into as provoking a nonchalance as her own, and even jested her about Charley Winthrop; he "had heard there was some flirtation in that quarter." "Charley Winthrop, indeed!" with what inimitable disdain she scouted the very idea.

"Not a straw did she care for him or any other of the Willowdale gallants; she looked higher;" and suiting the action to the thought, she glanced up at the vase of flowers. Harley Etheridge's eyes followed the upward direction of hers, and met them on the return with such a questioning gaze, that spite of herself, the color deepened in her cheek to a most vexatious and uncomfortable crimson. "Saucy fellow! what business had he to gaze upon her thus?" Just one week since she would scarcely have doubted the propriety of this; but the comfortable feeling of im-

portance and mystery that bouquet had inspired, effected the change.

Only once did the old manner of devotion return to him. When he rose to go, he approached to where she was standing, beside the marble mantel, and lifting his hand to her cherished gift, said gently: "Will you not bestow a single flower upon me, Laura, before I leave you?"

Those flowers! those precious flowers!—it seemed a sacrifice to think of robbing them to bestow upon another! She murmured out something about their being a "present," but it was too late; he had severed a small sprig of the purple columbine, and was quietly fastening it in his bosom. She was flushed with resentment when he looked up, but without noticing it he took her hand in his and said:

"Do you know what this signifies, Laura?"

"She did not know, nor did she care," and flinging his hand away, hardly awaited his departure, before she left the room.

After her passion had had time to subside, remorseful feelings came over her. "Harley had gone away—perhaps forever," she was "sorry she had treated him so harshly." Thus a week passed by, and in the meantime, though hearing nothing more from her mysterious innamorato, her interest had not abated one whit. She felt confident some other token would be received, though she was not a little fluttered and surprised when it *did* come, at the beginning of the second week, in the shape of a gilt-edged and highly perfumed note, written in the same unknown hand-writing, containing only the following request:

"Will Miss Laura Ainslee receive the giver of the May flowers—Ernest Leighton—on Tuesday evening, with her friend, Mrs. Rogers?" OAKLANDS.

This was better than she had expected. That dear Mrs. Rogers, who had travelled all over Europe, and knew everybody. It must be some of her friends, perhaps a count, or at least a fellow traveller of note. But she would not be too eager,—not she,—so a note, with this dignified return, was despatched, penned daintily on dainty paper:

"Miss Ainslee will be happy to receive Mrs. Rogers and any of her friends," signed, sealed, and directed to "Ernest Leighton—Oaklands." "Ernest Leighton! what an aristocratic name, and how well Laura Leighton would sound."

All the next day she was nervous and absent-minded; Biddy said more than once she "believed the craythur was bewitched."

Fortunately these long, leaden days will come to an end, and it was a relief to Laura when she saw the sun go down. Then the question arose, what should be worn on this interesting occasion? "Blue was too sentimental;—pink?" she had no thick dress of that color, and it was too cool to wear a thin one. At length, a plain, light lilac cashmere was chosen, and with a vandyke collar of French embroidery, she really looked very lovely. A few geranium leaves, and their bright scarlet blossoms in her braids, completed the toilet. Before the twilight had quite faded, a phaeton rolled up the avenue and stopped at the garden-gate. How her heart beat as she watched the stranger assist Mrs. Rogers to alight. In a few moments they were in her presence.

"My friend, Mr. Leighton, Miss Ainslee." As he bowed over her hand, a pair of dark eyes met hers with such a thrilling glance of passionate tenderness that her own sank beneath them, and her fingers grew cold and tremulous in his warm pressure. Even by that gray light she could see how handsome he was, her beau ideal indeed. Of manly height, with a profusion of black, silky hair, black moustache, and whiskers, whose raven tint added to the brilliancy of his white teeth whenever he spoke or smiled,—he never laughed,—but such a smile!—it was worth a dozen common laughs. Laura thought; but we are not expected to take her word for it, my dear reader, for she looked through love's eyes, you know.

They talked as most people do, I presume—about the weather, their neighbors, the last new book, and gradually came to foreign topics, wherein Mr. Leighton seemed perfectly at home, and Laura discovered that he was an Englishman.

When Mrs. Rogers bade her adieu, she said, with a spice of mischief in her usual quiet manner, "I want you to come over and pass the day with me to-morrow, Laura dear; you must not say me nay; Ernest will come for you in the phaeton;" and then those dark eyes looked into her own again, and those deep tones murmured in her ear, "Will you not let me have that pleasure, Miss Ainslee?" Miss Ainslee answered "yes," I suppose, for the gentleman's face looked radiantly happy as he said "good night."

The acquaintance progressed rapidly after this, amid daily walks and drives; and at last Laura was betrothed to this handsome young Englishman, with only the knowledge of Mrs. Rogers. Notwithstanding her love for him—for she did love him with all the romantic affection of her little heart—this secret troubled her. She had never before concealed anything of a responsible nature from her parents, and now only yielded to the arguments and persuasions of her lover, who wished to receive letters from England before a disclosure was made.

There was something, too, in the manner of Leighton, that annoyed her since her betrothal. He was yet kind and tender, but the hourly devotion, the lover's glance that followed her wherever she moved, was wanting. With the certainty of her affection, he had become a man of the gay world again, fond of his eigers, politics, hunting, and chess. Now all these things were very tiresome to Laura. She had been accustomed to entire devotion, and unlimited attention she expected as her due. Once or twice she rebelled, but the good humored indifference with which it was received told her how useless it was; and so she resigned herself to her fate with what patience she might.

"You must make allowances for Ernest's education, Laura," said Mrs. Rogers, at one time. "He has been brought up with all the indulgences and luxuries of an elder son and heir in one of the wealthiest families of England. He has passed his time, or a great deal of it, on the continent; and with such abundant means, such a life is not calculated to make an ascetic of a young man by any means."

"I wish to heaven he had been brought up in New England," replied Laura, passionately.

"But Laura dear, you never would have fancied him, even if he had been as elegant and charming as he is, if that had been the case."

She could only acknowledge her error with bitter tears.

One day she had been sent for from the Oaklands for a picnic, in the woods adjoining the house, but the day proving stormy they were obliged to remain in doors.

The conversation ran on theatricals; and while discussing the merits of a star that had shone on the Italian stage, a year or two previous, Mrs. Rogers smilingly observed: "You were very much enamored of Madame —, at that time, Ernest, were you not?"

Laura was horror-struck, and expected an indignant denial; but quietly taking his cigar from his lips (for Ernest was privileged to smoke anywhere, and at all times), he negligently knocked the ashes out of the open window, and smiling, as one smiles when he remembers some innocent little folly of his youth, he replied:

"Yes, I was, desperately. How I used to await her coming at the carriage, after a play, to obtain a smile, and what money I spent in bouquets and trinkets."

"Did she love you, Ernest?" questioned Laura.

"Love me, my dear girl!—no more than half a dozen others, I presume."

"What a sin for a woman, and a widow!" exclaimed she, indignantly.

"A widow!" laughed Leighton, highly amused; "who said she was a widow? Her husband was as veritable a piece of Italian flesh and blood as I have seen."

"And you in love with her, and making her presents! You ought—"

"Gently, gently, my dear; don't you know these Italian women are privileged to have a score of gallants, or cavaliers; and young men, for want of something better to do, haunt their footsteps, and load them with gifts. It's the way of the world, *ma chere*."

"It's a way I don't like," said Laura, with energy; "and if that's the way of the world I don't want to be in it,"—and she burst into tears.

Mrs. Rogers withdrew; foreseeing the coming storm, she judged rightly it would be none the better for her presence.

Leighton threw his cigar from the window, and came to her side.

"Don't weep, Laura; this is nothing, I assure you. My darling has been such a little country girl, that she knows nothing of the world outside."

"And she don't want to know if that's the way of it;" drying her tears, and choking back the sobs with an effort.

"Nay, dear, you will get used to it."

"Never! I cannot bear to think that a man to whom I have given my love should have haunted the steps of a stage actress; that the lips which have been pressed to mine should have first been sullied by that woman's hand."

"Sallied! nonsense, Laura, you're a little simpleton; these things are as common as life itself; and you will not find one man out of a thousand who has been exempt from them, and that one is sure to be some stupid person or other."

"Ernest, I know it is not so; I know that there are men of polished manners, fine intellect, and warm, noble hearts, who are good men, what I call thoroughly good men, who would no more stoop to such follies, than they would sacrifice their right hands."

"Can you name them?"—in a slightly ironical tone.

"Yes, my father, and Harley Etheridge."

"Ah, and who is this Harley—a former lover?"

"Mr. Leighton judges others by himself—I don't cast off lovers like gloves."

The gentleman rose. "And Miss Ainslee is very complimentary. Do you know that twice within these few moments you have said words, which, from a man, I would not have overlooked without satisfaction?"

Without replying to his question she exclaimed in withering tones:

"Satisfaction! that is another of your world's Christian usages, I suppose; which means that you would have taken upon yourselves the responsibility of each other's lives, contrary to the divine law, which says, 'vengeance is mine.'"

"Miss Ainslee is getting quite enthusiastic in her moral lecture; perhaps if Mr. Etheridge were here—the model of propriety—he could appreciate it."

"I wish to heaven you were more like him, Ernest Leighton."

"I don't,"—smoothing his moustache with provoking coolness. "The dull prig."

"He is not a dull prig!—you libel the noblest nature in the world by that speech."

"One would certainly think you loved him, by the way in which you defend his good qualities."

"He was the best friend I ever had; I wish I could have loved him." And the repressed tears gushed forth again.

"Laura, my own Laura, my best beloved, forgive me for the deception I have practised. Look at me as I am, dearest, and say you will love me as I am."

The changed tones—so like, and yet so unlike, Ernest Leighton's. She turned her face to his. On the carpet lay the silky

black hair, the whiskers and moustache; and before her knelt Harley Etheridge.

"Harley!—Ernest!"

"Yes, my beloved, it is Harley, who loves you with fond and earnest devotion. Forgive me, Laura, for the part I have played. I knew you would have no idea of the fate to which you would have wedded yourself. A New England girl, brought up religiously as you have been, is no fit companion for a rich and reckless, idle man. And it is such as these who are mostly possessed of the fascinations which captivate romantic young hearts—pardon me for saying it, Laura—like your own. I knew, as plain Harley Etheridge, the chances were sadly against me—for you were full of the mystery and romance of a warm, enthusiastic nature. As you see, I did not go west; despairing of winning your affections as I was, I bethought me of this plan. I immediately confided it to my cousin, Mrs. Rogers, who entered into the scheme with great avidity. I have always possessed the art of imitation from boyhood, and have often deceived people in adjoining rooms by imitating the voice of a friend whom I chanced to know; so I had no difficulty in varying my tones to a foreign accent. The false whiskers, moustache and false hair, the indolent carriage and dandy costume, did the rest. And now, Laura, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, Harley! I am so glad that you are not Ernest Leighton, with his abominable cigars, hunting, and chess. You haven't acquired the habit with the fawning, have you, Harley?"

"No, my love," he replied, laughingly; "it has been pretty hard work to pursue them with the avidity I have, and I shall be very glad to relinquish them."

"And then that Madame —; I shudder to think of it."

"And I, Laura, never loved and admired you more than when I heard such noble sentiments from your lips. They are what every woman should hold and maintain, as earnestly as you have done. If women were less reserved in such opinions as these, if they would openly scorn the fashionable sinner, as they do the sin, vice would be far less attractive, even to its votaries. Men would not dare as they do to steep themselves to the very lips in profligacy, and then approach the purest women of the land, and think themselves none the worse for it. Laura, it is women themselves, after all, who countenance such things with their smiles; for do they not mingle with them in the hall-room, and listen to their honeyed words with flattering attention? Is not such a man oftenest the favorite guest amid a whole family of pure-hearted girls, who would scorn the very presence of a woman with but half the weight of guilt upon her soul; while he is cited as the captivating, yet rather wild, Mr. —? And even the father says, as I have heard fathers say myself, 'O, he will sow his wild oats hy-and-by.' O, my beloved,—in the words of an English writer,—'that the young girl would take on faith what only bitter experience can make her know; that the captivating lover, so winning in his smiles, so ready in his speech, so bold in his looks, who plans to come, and see, and conquer—and meets too often a Caesar-like success—has purchased his power by the sacrifice of every attribute that would have been a fair harter for her love; that his ease and self-possession are the proof that he is acting an often rehearsed part; that he can no more respond to her gushing tenderness, her perfect faith, and her elysian dreams, than a tree, whose roots have been charred by a forest fire, can send forth fresh green leaves and halmy blossoms. O, that she would believe that the soul's modesty is not confined to one sex, and that it is most frequently the bashful lover, who stammers forth his love, who has no eloquent phrases in which to express it, whose cheek changes and whose tones falter as much as do her own, who has for her the heart's wealth of a pure unsullied passion, and the tideless tenderness which alone can satisfy her heart's vague aspirations!"

She looked upon him as he spoke. She saw his hazel eyes light up, and his tones deepen with feelings that were an honor to his young manhood. And it was such a man as this, whom she had thought inferior to an Ernest Leighton. With beautiful ingenuousness she placed her hands in his, saying:

"Harley, it is I who should say forgive,—it is I only who should be the one to suffer. I was blind until now, and you have restored my soul's sight. Can you overlook my foolish, foolish romance, and not quite despise me?"

He took her to his heart.

"Laura, I knew you were, after all, a noble-minded woman; all I wanted was to remove the veil,—and I have my reward. I would not change places with an emperor now. I will await no longer an interview with your father. I knew his sound common sense and precision in business matters would require something more decided in the knowledge of a son-in-law, than Ernest Leighton was prepared to give. He has known Harley Etheridge long enough, I trust, to give him his treasure without fear."

Judge Ainslee gave his most hearty approval and consent to Harley's proposals, and on the wedding day said, with more pleasantry than he was often wont to indulge in, "I am glad you did n't let your romantic notions spoil you for a sensible man, Laura."

"My bunch of May flowers were not all romance, after all, Harley," she smilingly replied.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE LAMENT OF AGE.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

Dear to my heart were the light and the rays
Which beamed in the season of youth's blessed days,

Long ago;

Vice had no seat on the throne of my heart;
Hope was my pole-star, and virtue my chart;
Truth bade me never from honor depart,

Long, long ago.

Bright was the future I used to behold,
Now to me only a tale that is told,

Long ago;

Then how I sighed for the wisdom of age,
Read with delight on its promising page,
Thought that no error my mind could engage,

Long, long ago.

Vain and delusive has life proved to be;
Age has lost all its relish to me,

Long ago;

Joy has forsaken me here on the earth;
Death too, has ravished my family hearth,
Would that I'd died in the days of my mirth,

Long, long ago.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE STUDENT'S COMPOSITION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

A NUMBER of years ago I took it in my head to prepare myself for a school teacher, and with this aim I repaired to the small, retired village of O—, in the State of Vermont, where there was an academy for that purpose. The preceptor was a kind-hearted old man, a graduate from old Harvard, and one who spared no pains in hestowing knowledge upon those who sought it at his hands. There were about forty young men in the academy when I entered, most of whom were ambitious to become pedagogues. The room in which I was quartered contained two beds, and two sleepers were appointed to each. Jack B—, a good-hearted, intelligent fellow from Burlington, was my mate, and Sam J— and Jerry P— occupied the other bed. Jerry P— is our hero. He was a simple-minded genius, from the western part of Coos county, N. H., and the end and aim of his ambition was to become a "schoolmaster;" but the aspiring youth had sadly mistaken his mental abilities. He could pace off an acre of land much more correctly than he could measure an angle, and he could distinguish the difference between a how and a yoke more readily than he could tell an arc from a sine. He managed the *noun proper*, and by dint of considerable exertion he learned to distinguish the verb from the participle.

One Saturday forenoon our preceptor gave out the subject for a composition to be written by each of the scholars and read on the next Saturday. It was to be in the form of an "Address to Modern Greece."

Bright and early on the following week we commenced scratching together ideas for the composition, and by Monday evening some of us had sketched down the proposed heads. Tuesday morning, as soon as he had done his breakfast, Jack B— went up to our room, and he found Jerry in the act of ransacking Sam J—'s portfolio.

"What ye up to, Jerry?" asked Jack.

"I'll tell yer," returned Jerry, with admirable self-composure, "I was jest goin' to look at Sam's composition, 'cause I was afeared 'at I might git mine jes like hisn, an' I don't want to do that, yer know."

"Of course not," said Jack.

When Jack came down he informed us of what Jerry was up to. We knew that he would steal our thoughts and apply them as his own, if he could get at them, and we determined to punish him for his plagiaristic curiosity. A plan was concocted among us, and we had no doubt he would fall into the trap.

"Jack," said Sam J—, as we were all in our room on the next evening, "have you begun your composition yet?"

"Yes."

"Let's hear part of it."

"You'll steal it."

"No, we won't," returned Sam and myself.

"Wont you, Jerry?"

"No, I swear I wont," uttered Jerry, with an uncommon degree of earnestness.

"Well, boys," said Jack, as he took a piece of paper from his pocket, "I have n't got it finished yet, and I may alter this some when I copy it off; but I think it's good, what there is of it." And thus speaking, the wag spread himself, and in a serio-comic tone, pretending to read from the paper he held, he commenced:

"*Mr. Grecians!* You have a country vast and unbounded, and a territory unseeable. Why should you rest like a huge cod upon your knives, while the ancient Patagonians are ravaging your country like the mosquitoes of the Dismal Swamp?"

And thus Jack went on for about five minutes, Sam and myself holding our sides, and Jerry gaping in absorbed wonder at the grandiloquent language he heard.

"There, what do you think of that?" cried Jack, as he closed.

"Capital!" uttered Sam.

"Good!" echoed I.

"Pooty good; but nothin' extr'or'nary," responded Jerry, with a self-gratulatory chuckle.

"It's better than you can write, at any rate," retorted Jack,

pretending to be highly indignant at the slur that was thus cast upon the result of his literary labors.

"Do'n't 'bout that," said Jerry.

"Well, we'll see."

On the next morning Jerry was busy with his pen, and we could see that his countenance was lighted up with an immense enthusiasm. On the following evening we each, with the exception of Jerry, pretended to recite such parts of our composition as we had prepared, and we could not fail to see that the ambitious student received all we said as real gospel.

"*Mr. Grecians!*" exclaimed Sam, "why should you let the polluting foot of Ethiopia's tyrannical exiles crush your vast State-house into the dust?"

"First rate!" yelled Jack. "Egad, that's a point worth making. 'Ethiopia's tyrannical exiles' is good."

Like sentences were eloquently pronounced, and like remarks were made, and when we retired to rest that night, we felt assured that Jerry had got his cue.

Saturday at length came, and quite a number of visitors were present to hear the exercises. Fortunately it happened that Jerry was called upon to read his production before either of us there. Several of the younger scholars had read theirs to good acceptance, and in turn our hero was called up.

"Well, P—, have you prepared anything?" asked the teacher, who had rather doubted Jerry's ability so to do.

"Yes, sir," answered Jerry, as he started to his feet.

"Ah—then we'll hear it."

Jerry unrolled his document and planted himself in the most commanding attitude he could assume. His manuscript was held in the left hand, while the right was elevated most imposingly above his head. All was still and quiet.

"*Mr. Grecians!*" thundered Jerry, in a tone that made the old walls shake, and at the same time bringing his fist down with a crash upon the bench before him. "You have a country very vast and extremely unbounded. It cannot be seen! Why should you let the ancient Patagonians come upon you, while you are resting like huge cods upon your bloody knives? Cannot the thunders of the tramping feet of Ethiopia's tyrannical exiles arouse you from your sleepy slumbers? A way with such thoughts, and huckle on your cannons! Beat your swords into ploughshares, and march on to the terrible fight. While you rest asleep in your vast State-house, the great hosts of Venus are coming upon you! The locusts of Iceland are already overrunning your apple-trees, and eating away the underpinning of your great temple of Mammon, and before you know it, the terrible rocks will tumble down and crush your poor bones like dry sticks!"

Jerry stopped to take breath. The preceptor had been at first wonder-struck, but a broad smile gradually spread over his features, and at length he had to force his handkerchief into his mouth to keep from roaring outright. Down the cheeks of Jack B—, Sam J— and myself the tears were rolling as we held our shaking sides, and as the old preceptor's eyes at length fell upon us he seemed to comprehend the truth.

"*Mister Grecians!*" again thundered Jerry, with increased eloquence. "I am astonished that your magnificent mummies should be left to run loose in the highways of your unbounded country, while you—"

"Stop! stop!" hurst from the old preceptor's lips, and the roar which he could no longer control hurst forth. This unlooked restraint that had been making hideous the faces of the scholars and visitors, and a simultaneous burst of laughter shook the whole building.

"*Mister Grecians!*"

"Stop, Jerry—do, for heaven's sake! Where did you get that stuff?"

"I writ it, sir," returned the unlucky wight.

"Well, don't read any more of it now."

Jerry P— was dumfounded, and mechanically he sunk into his seat. Jack B— was next called upon. Jack's composition was not only good, but it betrayed considerable knowledge of Grecian history, and as he proceeded with it poor Jerry began to see into what a wicked snare he had fallen, and as soon as the school was dismissed he seized his hat and skulked away. Our preceptor called upon us to remain, but when we informed him of Jerry's attempt to steal our composition, he had no reproof to administer.

During the remainder of the term, Jerry P— went by the name of "*Mr. Grecian*," and when the term was closed, he, with the rest of us, applied for a certificate to the effect that he would make a "schoolmaster."

"Well, now," Jerry exclaimed, as he entered our room, holding a folded paper in his hand, "I got my certificate, and I know'd I should."

Of course we were much surprised at this announcement, and with considerable curiosity we asked to look at the document.

"What yer laughing at?" he asked, as we looked at the "recommendation."

"Nothing," we replied.

The missive read as follows:

"To all School Committees whom it may concern:—Jerry P—, the hearer, is a young man of excellent morals, and you will find it highly edifying to examine him previous to placing him in charge of a school. (Signed) S— L. B—, Principal of O— Academy."

The old preceptor could not find it in his heart to refuse Jerry a certificate, and so he had given him this inoffensive missive. I never heard that "*Mr. Grecian*" obtained a school, though he still keeps his teacher's certificate as a proof that he is eminently qualified; and for the present he confines his genius to the cultivation of his father's farm.

KNOWLEDGE.—Pleasure is a shadow, wealth is vanity, and power a pageant; but knowledge is ecstatic in enjoyment, perennial in fame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. In the performance of its sacred offices, it fears no danger, spares no expense, looks in the volcano, dives into the ocean, perforates the earth, wings its flight into the skies, explores sea and land, contemplates the distant, examines the minute, comprehends the great, ascends to the sublime—no place too remote for its grasp, no height too exalted for its reach.—*De Witt Clinton.*

WEST POINT, N. Y.

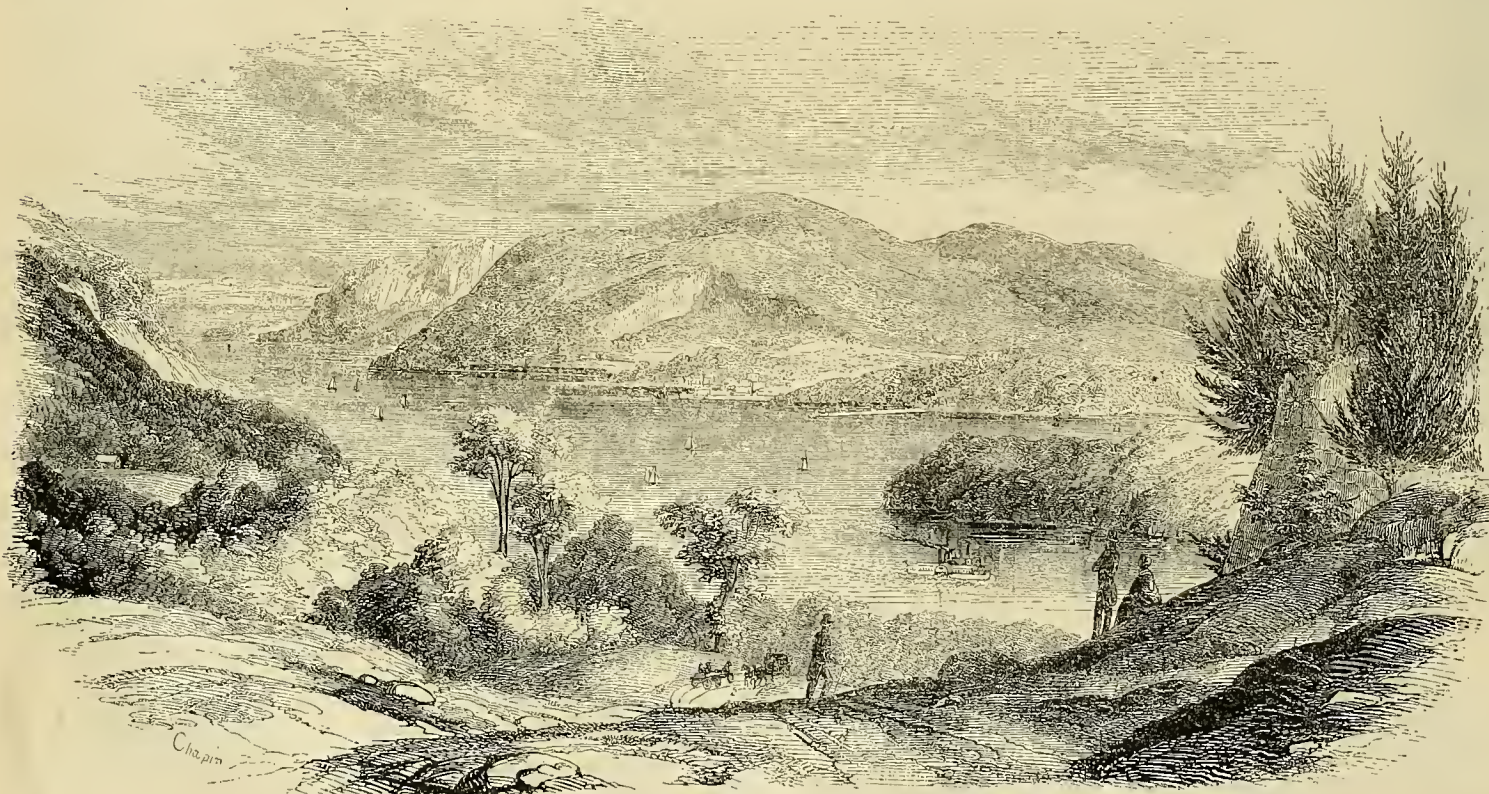
We herewith present our readers with the third and last series of West Point Sketches. The picture below conveys a somewhat limited idea of the magnificent view to be obtained from the ruined ramparts of Fort Putnam, on the summit of Mount Independence. An indescribable thrill of emotion is awakened in the breast of every true American, as he wanders among the grass-grown ruins which ere while have echoed to the footsteps of our patriot sires, and, gazing "up, around, below," drinks in at a glance the whole glorious landscape. Toward the south the view is circumscribed by the Dunderberg, Anthony's Nose, Bare Mountain and Sugar Loaf; while to the north the river flows far, far below, dotted here and there by the sails of innumerable river craft, with an occasional steamer ploughing its ceaseless way over the bosom of the water. On the right rises, in towering majesty, Breakneck and Bull Hill, while on the left, Old Crownest and Butter Hill look down with apparent contempt upon their lesser neighbors. In the extreme distance is seen the city of Newburgh, and its neighboring town of New Windsor, with their white walled houses glistening in the sunlight, and shining and sparkling like the dew on the grass of a summer's morn. But who can describe such a scene? It must be seen to be appreciated, and will amply repay the trouble of climbing to the top of Mount Independence to see. The second large engraving represents, on the left, the Academy or School. This is a plain, old-fashioned building, the upper part of which is devoted to recitation and lecture rooms, while the first story is used as a riding school. The long building on the right of the Academy is the New Barracks. The old-fashioned, ungainly buildings which stood on the Parade, and which were, up to last summer, used for barracks, mess hall, etc., etc., have been razed to the ground, and the new granite structure shown in the engraving, and a new mess hall, also of granite, erected to fill their places. In the foreground is shown a part of a field battery going through their evolutions, which group is intended to match a similar group represented in a former number of the Pictorial. In fact, the view of the West Point Hotel, etc., the representation of the Camp Ground—both given in Vol. III.—and this engraving are pictures to match, and give a panoramic view around the Parade, while



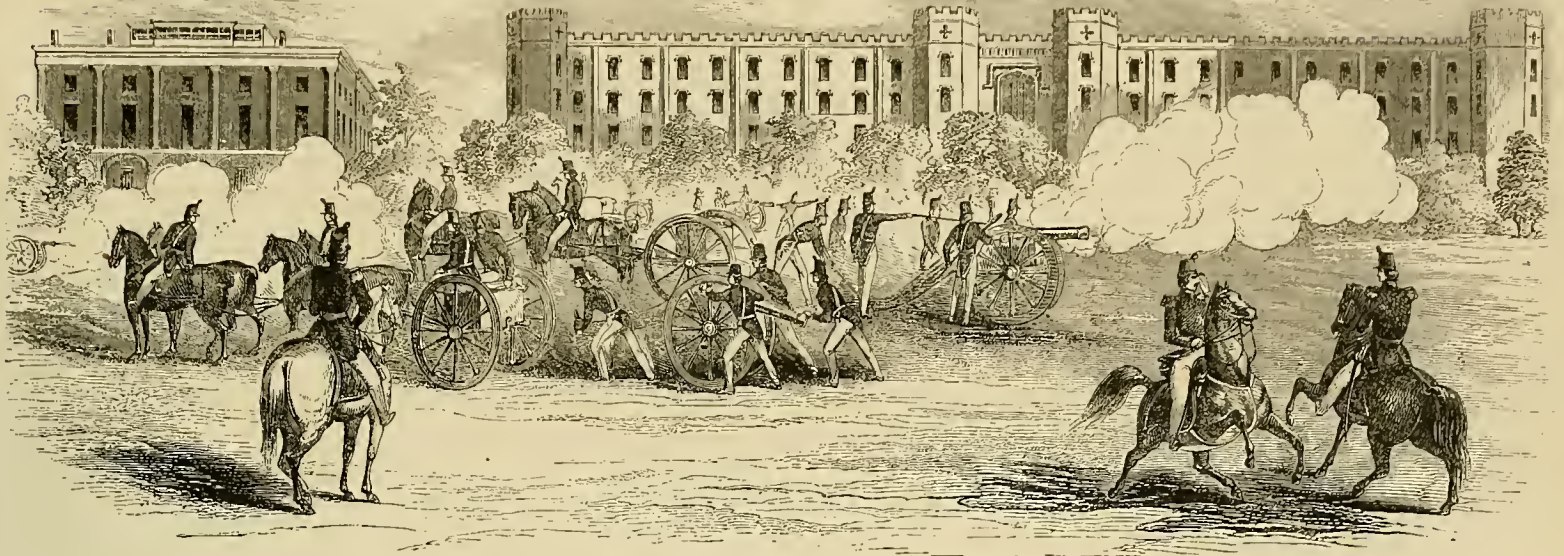
INTERIOR VIEW OF OLD FORT PUTNAM, AT WEST POINT, NEW YORK.

the view from Fort Putnam comes in as an auxiliary, and completes the view around the horizon. Our artist has given us above a very faithful representation of the interior of Fort Putnam, as it now appears. The sketch represents three of the six vaults which remain, and which were built in the walls of the fort, and served as barracks, magazines and storehouses. They are faced with brick, and are twelve or fourteen feet wide, by as many high, and are twenty feet deep. Each one had a fireplace and chimney, and loop holes for firing through in case of attack. The material of the ramparts is limestone, and they seem to be so strongly built, as to warrant the conclusion that they may stand for very many years yet, as a memento of the days when our fathers braved the dangers of the "battle and the breeze," to secure their children, and their children's children, the blessings of freedom. The view from the rampart has already been spoken of, and we would say to the visitor, before leaving this interesting locality, if there is the least spark of enthusiasm in your bosom, or if there lurks no feeling of patriotism there, but a taste for the beautiful in nature, enlighten your "inner man," climb to the top of Mount Independence,

and take our word for it, you never will regret it. The engraving on the opposite page represents the uniforms of the cadets of the Military Academy; young gentlemen who have come here from every portion of our wide domain to be instructed in the art of war. The senior class wear a coat of "blue cadet mixed," with braid across the breast, and on the sleeve and skirts. The cap is the old-fashioned patent leather bell crown, with a black pompon, set in a gilt or brass eagle. The only other ornament is a silver castle on the front. The pants are white in summer, and the same color as the coat in winter. The junior class wear a simple fatigue jacket of gray, and black cap. A collection of trophies and relics of the Revolution—to be seen in the courtyard of the laboratory, and of which our artist has given us a characteristic sketch—will afford much interest to those who are fond of relics of times bygone. It consists of a large, brass mortar taken from Burgoyne at Saratoga, and a portion of the chain which was stretched across the Hudson River, at West Point, during the Revolution. The chain is made of bars about two and a half inches square; the links are about two feet long, and weigh about one hundred and forty pounds each. The chain was manufactured at the Sterling Iron Works, in Orange county, and was conveyed to its place of destination link by link, and put together there. It was stretched across the river at the narrowest part, just below the steamboat landing, and was buoyed up on logs of wood, sharpened at the end to lessen the opposition to the current, which logs were kept stationary by anchors. By the side of this group, may be seen various cannon, mortars, etc., two of the most interesting of which our artist has thrown in at the sides of the map of West Point and its immediate neighborhood, represented on the opposite page. That on the right, is a French piece captured at Ticonderoga, while on the left, is one of two brass field-pieces, of English manufacture, with the monogram of the king, G. R., surmounted by the crown, and bearing the following inscription:—"Taken from the British army, and presented, by order of the United States in Congress assembled, to Major-General Greene, as a monument of their high sense of his wisdom, fortitude and military talents which distinguished his command in the Southern department, and of the eminent services which,



VIEW FROM FORT PUTNAM, WEST POINT, N. Y., LOOKING UP THE HUDSON RIVER.

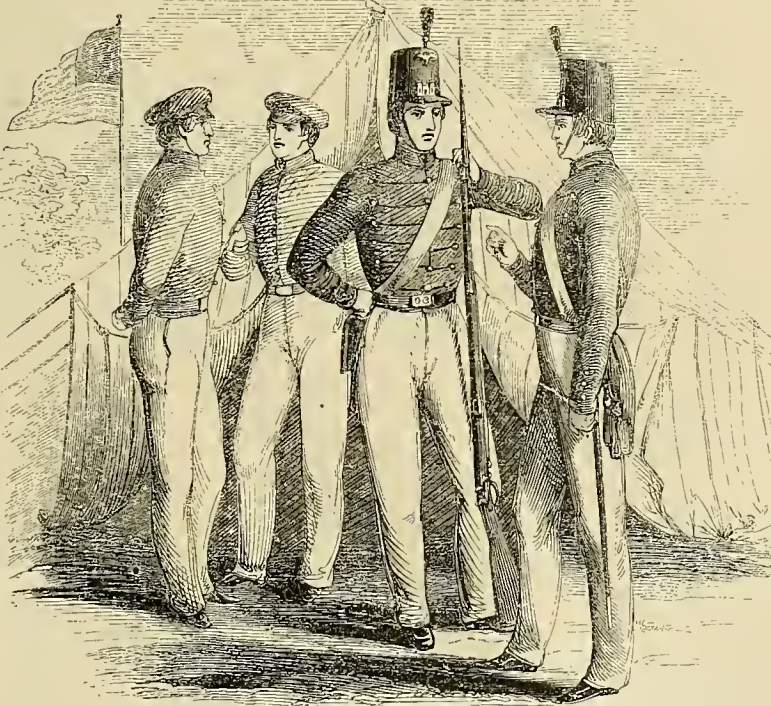


VIEW OF THE U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY AND THE NEW BARRACKS, AT WEST POINT, N. Y.

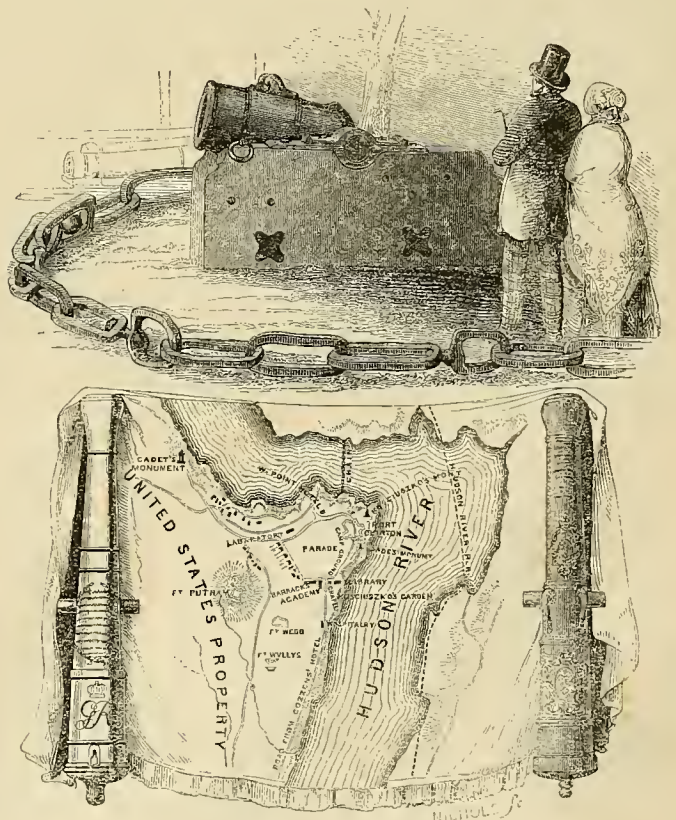
amid complicated dangers and difficulties, he performed for his country, October ye 18th, 1783." During the Revolutionary War, West Point was emphatically the key of the country, as it commanded the river, and prevented the British from holding communication with their provinces in Canada. At this point, the hill, composed of huge crags and blocks of stone, protrudes to the middle of the river, impelling the current to the opposite bank, and reducing the channel to less than half a mile in breadth. This natural formation was eminently favorable to the object of the fortifications erected here. The cliff selected for the fortress rises from the river in three retreating terraces; upon the third of which, one hundred and eighty-eight feet above the water, and spreading out into a plain of more than a mile in circumference, old Fort Clinton was erected. Upon some of the eminences rising still higher in the rear, redoubts were erected covering this fort; one of which was Fort Putnam, which may be seen in the engraving given upon the last page. On Constitution Island, which is a mass of rock, towards the opposite side of the river, works of strong defense were also constructed. These works were constructed under the direction of the celebrated Kosciuszko, as engineer; to whose memory a monument has been erected about thirty rods east of the hotel, in the vicinity of "Kosciuszko's Garden," a spot to which the "Polish chieftain was accustomed to retire for study and reflection." These fortifications were defeated

by four thousand men. They were built in a single year, almost without cost to the country. The French engineers, superintending the execution of their own plans to the minutest details, received no emolument, and the soldiers who labored at them had no pay. The British had a strong desire to possess themselves of this important post; and its surrender, as is well known, was to have been the first fruit of Arnold's treason, which was providentially prevented by the detection of Major Andre, and the discovery of the correspondence in his possession. These grounds, now occupied by the national military academy, were ceded to the United States Government, by the State of New York, in 1826. Here are erected, for the purposes of the institution, the stone barracks, as seen in the representation which is given above, with the necessary accommodations for two hundred and fifty cadets, the number authorized to be received by law; also a large three-story building, two hundred and seventy-five feet long by seventy-five feet wide, for the recitation and drawing-rooms, for military exercises in winter, and for a depository of apparatus, models, etc. Besides these, there is a beautiful stone building, two stories high, one hundred and fifty feet in length by sixty in width, in the Gothic style of the period of Elizabeth, designed for the library and philosophical apparatus, with an astronomical observatory upon one of the three towers with which the north front is ornamented, a chapel, a hospital, a mess hall, and seven-

teen separate dwellings for the officers of the institution, with many other necessary buildings. During the months of July and August, the cadets leave their barracks, and encamp upon the plain; and their time is devoted to a series of drills and evolutions upon parade, which are highly interesting to visitors. We might enlarge more fully upon the history of the relics to be seen here, as well also as upon that of the institution and fortress at West Point. But those who are desirous of learning more of these interesting objects, will find in "Lussing's Field Book of the Revolution,"—an invaluable guide, not only to West Point, but to every spot in our country where Revolutionary relics and reminiscences are to be found—and we cordially recommend the work to the perusal of every American. The map we have given will enable the visitor to find all of the localities illustrated or described in the various series which we have presented to our readers. As a whole these views will be of particular value to the readers of the Pictorial, representing, as they do, a locality of so much national interest to all Americans. The students of the academy come from nearly every section of the United States, and, of course, have friends in all these various localities. To such, the engravings we present, will, of course, possess more than ordinary interest; while the distant view of old Fort Putnam, which we give on the last page of this number, will render this series of engravings still more complete.



UNIFORMS OF THE CADETS, AT THE MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT.



REVOLUTIONARY TROPHIES AND RELICS, AT WEST POINT.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

We hired a cottage within sight of the seashore, and there lived happily for many months. By day we wandered along the strand, entranced with the grand music which came pealing out from the vast organ of the sea, and gathered up the shells which the waters scattered liberally at our feet. We felt that in the vast cathedral of Nature, whose vaulted roof is the over-arching sky, this was the orchestra, and that from no instrument made by man could we hear music so solemn and impressive. But human happiness is of short duration. Claribel died, and in her grave all my hopes of bliss were forever buried.—*Thackeray.*

In a cottage, by the sea,
By the ever-rolling sea;
Where the surges rage and roar,
As they dash along the shore,
With their foaming crests of white,
Sparkling with reflected light;
Where the winds are moaning low
To the water's ebb and flow;
In the pleasant days gone by,
Fled—alas! how silently!
In that cottage, by the sea,
Dwelt a maiden fair with me.

I remember how of yore
The twain wandered on the shore,
How we gathered from the strand
Sea-shells mingled with the sand;
How we listened all the while,
As in some cathedral-ale,
To the music, soft and low,
Of the waters in their flow;
While the organ of the sea
Played for us a symphony,
Or anon, with lighter strain,
Breathed a musical refrain.

O, I loved her passing well,
Dearly loved my Claribel;
But the days flew quickly by,
As the clouds along the sky;
As the stars that gem the night
Fly before the dawn of light.
Gone are all my hours of pleasure,
Vanished with my vanished treasure;
For a deathly shadow fell
On the brow of Claribel;
In my cottage, by the sea,
No one dwelleth now but me!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

EDITH'S REIGN.

A TALE OF MAY-DAY IN MERRY ENGLAND.

BY BEN PERLEY POONE.

"Happy the age and harmless were the days,—
For then true love and unity were found,—
When every village did a May-pele raise,
And Whitson ales and May-games did abound;
And all the lusty yokelers, in a rout,
With merry lasses danced the rod about."

MAY-DAY in Merry England, Anno Domini, 1634—surely there could be no pleasanter time or locality for a romance than these belonging to the tradition we are about to relate. The fatherland was "Merry England" then, and her laboring children, instead of continuing their wearisome toils in mines or in mills, used to enjoy the great Spring festival with mirth and glee. Nature seemed disposed to array the earth for their pleasant rural customs. Cowslips spangled the grassy carpet, the larches hung forth their bright tassels, the fruit trees were snowy with blossoms, the groves displayed a variegated mosaic of verdure, and the well-trimmed hawthorne hedges, bursting into flower, filled the air with perfume. Butterflies fluttered forth in the balmy breeze, with their new array of dazzling colors; the bees hummed busily about; turtle-doves cooed sonorously in the thickets, and the thrush and nightingale—nature's choristers—made the whole scene musical with their notes of joy and love. All England made "merry," and many a green nook and remote homestead is haunted to this hour by legends of those May festivals of old—although an increasing population pressing hurriedly upon the resources of the soil, and haggard want, thrusting its wolfish face into every village gathering, have long since trampled out, not the love of these happy anniversaries, but the means of enjoying them. Utilitarians may denounce these rural merry-makings, so full of grace, and of goodness; but they remain embalmed in the grateful memory of the people.

"Like a vase in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Lucky is it, gentle reader, that the pencil of the artist and the sharp steel of the engraver have been called into requisition, to portray the merry revel of the men and maidens of Naworth, with which our story commences. How could we have sketched, in plain pen and ink, the tall May-pole—that ancient symbol of the Spring—so decked with ribbons and flowers that it gleamed up into the sunshine like a straightened rainbow? Or, how could we have portrayed, with a simple pen, the jocund swains, arrayed in their best doublets and hose, or the sprightly maidens, clad in brilliant tiffets, who danced around the May-pole to the music of viol and lute. Thanks for the pictorial assistance in the excellent engraving on page 292—but we must have a few words more in detail about some of the personages.

The owner of the substantial manor-house in the background, who stands gazing with pleasure upon the merry dancers, and upon his daughter Edith, the Queen of May, is Master Joseph

Sutton, mariner. Year after year had he followed the sea; new braving the severe cold at Archangel, and then turning the prow of his stannch bark towards the African coast, in defiance of sultry heats and of consuming fevers. His voyages were profitable, and when he retired to his newly-purchased manor of Naworth, his wealth and character challenged respect, even from the proud aristocracy of the neighboring estates. Dame Sutton was a buxom old lady, and on the present occasion appeared to enjoy the prevalent mirth, although she had declared in the morning, as she arrayed herself, that she only went to look after young Hal Howell, her eldest daughter's orphan child. The trio are admirably depicted in the engraving. And now a few words more of description about Edith, the queen of the festival, who is seen seated at the foot of the May-pele, with a maid of honor on either side.

Edith Sutton, the youngest and only surviving daughter of Master Joseph, was so beautiful, that, ere she had seen sixteen summers, she was the "cynosure of neighboring eyes." Tall, graceful and well-formed, her charms were more ethereal than those of the buxom lasses of the village; yet none of them envied her. Her dark brown hair curled in wavy masses, her eyes were dark and sparkling, and such was the happy nature of her disposition, that their lustre was rarely dimmed, except with the "graceful tear that flows for others' woes." A kind daughter, a true friend, she was universally beloved, and the hearts of her old parents beat high with joy, as they saw her sitting, in the pomp of her reign, as Queen of May, apparently happy. Alas, how deceitful are appearances, and how many smiling faces mask sad hearts! The queen, though well content with the homage paid her, was at heart sad and desolate, and her thoughts wandered far away across the wide ocean. Philip Anstun, who had on former May-days been her chosen companion, had been absent for six years, in the colony of the Massachusetts Bay—a land where savages committed horrible atrocities, and where wild beasts roamed in equally ferocious freedom. But he had with him Edith's love—had he forgotten her, and their plighted faith?

Not that she lacked suitors. Her personal charms, joined to those of Master Sutton's fortune, were a theme of admiration the country round about, and many a young man of gentle birth sought to ally himself with the mariner's daughter. Even the young Lord Tudor paid her marked court, greatly to the delight of Mistress Sutton. In those days, when so much of the feudal spirit remained, it required a much stronger mind to resist the attractions of noble birth and blood, than it does in England at the present time, when an alliance with a rich citizen's family is so frequently adopted as an infallible method of raising the wind, with the poor descendants of the House of Peers. Even Edith might have felt herself particularly honored, although her love for Philip Anstun would not have been shaken had not she been a confidant of Lydia Anson, who figures in the engraving as her right-hand maid of honor. Lydia had received marked attentions from Lord Tudor a few months previous, but alas, her father was not wealthy; and when her affections had been engaged, she learned the baseness of her snitor. Such was the state of things at the Naworth festival.

But a drum was heard in the distance, and the delighted villagers saw approach a troop of masquers. "The gentles! the gentles from the castle!" was whispered on every hand, and the villagers retired behind their queen and her maids of honor, forming an exquisite tableau. As the troop approached, four masquers advanced to the front, while a young man, who acted as master of the revel, came before the queen, and bent his knee.

"Fair queen," he said, "we have come to pay homage to our liege lady, and to offer our tribute."

This, coming from the wealthy and handsome Lord Tudor, would have made half the female hearts in Salisbury beat high with joy, but Edith regarded the speaker with contempt. She knew too well that his engaging exterior—like the beautiful skin of the adder—was the cloak of deadly villany, and had ever shunned his attentions. But now, it would have been discourteous not to have received his proffered compliments, and, with some effort, she replied:

"You do us much honor, my lord, thus to grace our humble revels, and we thank you for your courtesy."

"Approach then," cried Lord Tudor, "ye Seasons, and pay homage to your queen!"

Four girls, elegantly attired to represent the seasons, who stood in the front rank of the masquers, now came forward, and the one who personified Spring commenced the recitative, the others following in their turn:

Spring.—"Homage to pay unto the Queen of Flowers—
All bathed in fragrant airs and sunny showers—
I come Beneath my steps the grass is set
With violets, cowslips, daffodils, all wet
With freshest dew as any crystal clear.
The youth, the smile, the music of the year
Am I! Fair sovereign! here are posies
Of crisp-curled hyacinths, pale maiden roses,
And bright anemones of richer dyes
Than rubies, amethysts, or azure eyes
Of sapphires. Accept them all, I pray,
Ere Summer comes to greet the Queen of May!"

Summer.—"In a green nook, whose mossy bed receives
Shade from my own unnumbered leaves,
I heard a voice call Summer."

Spring.—"Hast thou not
Brought flowery tribute? To thy favorite grove
I sent my dearest, trustiest messenger,
A dappled butterfly, whose pinions whir
Like thy mailed beetles. He was charged to say
That fair queen Edith would be here to-day.
Did not that rouse thee?"

Summer.—

"Yes! her name hath won

In my deep solitudes, where scarce the sun
Can pierce the heavy umbrage. Gay flowers are mine,
Carnation, pink, acacia, jessamine,
With coral-budded myrtle, which discloses
White pearly blossoms, and perfumed musk-roses.
These I present to thee, fair queen, whose name
Comes stealing through them with an odorous fame."

Autumn.—"Fair Queen of leaves and flowers! give way to me,
To Autumn and her fruits! Do you not see
How I am laden? Corn and grapes are here,
And olives—of the riches of the year
I am the joyful gatherer. Merry nights
Have I at harvest-time, and rare delights,
When the brown vintagers, beneath the trees,
Dance, and drink in the sunset and the breeze.
And I have brought young tendrils of the vine,
Amid your gayer garlands to entwine—
Accept them, pray!"

Spring—

"Ah! what form is this?

Stern Winter—hence! Come not to mar our bliss
With frosts and tempests! Icy season—hence,
Ere we all wither by thy influence!"

Winter.—

"Go hence thyself—frail playmate of the loves!
Mistress of butterflies and turtle-doves!
Homage to thee, fair queen, I guard thee!
I, barren Winter—from the unfading tree,
Ever to glory sacred! This laurel crown
Wear! As it decks thy temples, thy renown
Will cast upon its shining leaves a light
Ineffable! Approach, ye seasons bright,
With gifts and garlands; let us offer here
The blended homage of the circling year!"

As the addresses ceased, the other masquers came forward, and then, to a lively air, executed a "saraband," which was then the fashionable dance at court. When they had concluded, Lord Tudor, who had stood eagerly gazing at Edith, again advanced, and, after making a profound reverence, he said:

"Having paid our homage, fair queen, may we ask you, and your attendant train, to accompany us to Castle Tudor, where a party of the nobility wait your coming. We will there repeat what we have here rehearsed, and then for dancing round the May-pole on the lawn, with a feast for the dancers."

"Huzza! huzza!" exclaimed the villagers, who felt highly honored by this condescension, and charmed at the idea of tasting the good cheer of the castle. But when they crowded around their queen, they found that she had escaped, accompanied by one of her maids of honor. Lord Tudor bit his lips—especially when he remembered how cruelly he had deceived Edith's attendant, to whom he had once promised marriage—but, to his great joy, the queen soon returned to her seat of honor.

"We have consulted with our parents," she said, playing her regal part to perfection, "and they consent, with one stipulation."

"And that is?"

"That is, that we, my lord, can go masked, even as you all are."

"Nay, fair lady," said the young nobleman, "for it would not be well to veil the sun, even though the moons be eclipsed. Nevertheless, I will not offer to oppose your will, for to-day your reign is absolute."

"But you submit cheerfully," replied Edith, with a smile.

"Submit! Why, I hope to rank to-day among the few in my life marked by delightful recollections. So, fairest queen, don your mask. It may conceal your face, but your bright eyes will peep forth, and your voice sound as sweetly as without it."

In a short time the necessary arrangements were made, and the villagers set out for Castle Tudor, escorted by the gay band who had come from thence. The young lord, by virtue of the part which he assumed, walked by her side, and it appeared to him that she had never treated him with such kindness. Strange to say, the infatuated lover did not recognize Lydia Anstun, although his garments often touched hers. Man's love is written on the sand of the beach, and is swept away by the next high tide of his heart's passions; but the affection of woman, once won, is inscribed upon the granite-like tablet, never to be obliterated.

While this merry-making was going on, two travellers were approaching Naworth in the "London Mercury"—a stage-coach, which left the metropolis every Wednesday morning, and actually performed a journey of sixty miles before Friday noon, when it was started on its return trip. It was a huge tub-shaped affair, covered with black leather, thickly studded, by way of ornament, with black, broad-headed nails tracing out the panels, while the royal arms were painted upon the door. The coachman and guard sat together upon a huge box, while behind was a basket, nearly as large as the coach, for the transport of baggage. The three lean horses could hardly drag the lumbering vehicle, which groaned and creaked at every fresh tug, like a ship struggling through a head sea. Never did the "Mercury" get over more than three miles an hour, or travel more than eight hours a day.

Of the four passengers who had left London in the "Mercury," but two remained in the vehicle, as it slowly approached Naworth, just before the noon of May-day. The one wore the black suit and shovel-brimmed hat peculiar to ecclesiastics of the established high church of England, with broad linen bands attached to his white cravat. He was, however, rather unclerical in his demeanor, and his rubicund face wore the appearance of a fearless, hardy, and somewhat equivocal character. The occupant of the opposite seat was a younger man, whose manners had less swagger, and whose face evinced good breeding, blended with intelligence and kindness. His suit, of dark brown cloth, was cut in the plainest form, nor were there any ruffles on the fine Holland linen seen at the neck and wristbands. Large boots reached above his knees; his hat was as high as, and about the shape of, a sugar-loaf, and his sword, of goodly size, had a plain, black leather scabbard.

When the coach was full, there was little conversation; but as

the passengers diminished in number, those who remained became more familiar. Yet it was not until May morning that any discussion took place. Indeed, Parson Poundtext had been too much interested in obtaining information about the western continent from his companion, who was none other than Philip Austen.

Passing through Ashborn, they saw a May-pole, gaily ornamented, and surrounded by a merry throng.

"Such pleasant sights," said the parson, "are unknown, I suppose, in the American colonies."

"We had one," replied Austen, "reared on Mount Dagon, by the ungodly Morton, but the valiant Endicott cut it down, and dispersed his wanton company. Men who plant colonies upon religious principles, desire no enjoyment not to be found at the house of God, or by their firesides."

"Tut, tut, young stranger! Why, you are more bigoted than Sultonstall, in his address before the Privy Council. Have a care, or Bishop Laud's satellites will have you before the Star Chamber, and you may lose your ears, or be seared with the branding-iron. As for Endicott, is he the presumptuous rascal who cut out the cross from the king's colors at Salem?"

"Nay, sir!" exclaimed Philip, his cheeks glowing with anger. "Mr. Endicott is both a good and a true man, even if he does not wear the livery of Babylon, as you do. But I seek no quarrel, especially here, just as I return home after a long absence."

"Neither do I. Faith, 'twould be a pity, for at Naworth a couple are to meet me at the church, and, judging from the pains they take, the wedding fee will be liberal."

"Let us pursue our journey in peace, then," replied Philip Austen. "But who, pray, is thus to be married at Naworth? Is the old vicar dead, that your reverence is thus summoned from London?"

"This is no rustic affair, sir. The bridegroom is none other than young Lord Tudor, who holds a commission in the king's dragoons, whereof I am chaplain. So he sent for me, and is to come privately into the church, at four of the afternoon, when I shall tie the knot in true military style. None of your love for the bride, but obedience—that's my motto. Obedience, look to the right, and keep your powder dry, as we say in barracks. But one word more about the Massachusetts Bay, and we will not quarrel; for the church-spire now peeps through the trees. Is it true that you venture to talk about rebellion? Burdett has written to Archbishop Laud that you aim not at a new church discipline, but at sovereignty. Surely you have no treason beneath your pine forests?"

"No, reverend sir. The colonists are not traitors, and if roused, they will copy from their emblem, the rattlesnake. Ere they strike, they will give warning. But how is this? Here is a May-pole, but no masquers."

"Perhaps," said the parson, with a sneer, "they have gone to church."

"At any rate," rejoined Philip Austen, "I am not sorry to be spared the welcome of a mad set of revellers; for I feel sad at returning to the village where I was born—where I left my aged parents—where I return to find only their graves."

As he concluded, the "Mercury" stopped before the Manor House, where Philip had requested to be set down, and he alighted, exchanging a parting salutation with the clergyman, who kept on to the church.

The door of the Manor House stood invitingly open, and Philip entered the well-remembered hall, through which he passed into the keeping-room. This, as was the custom in those days, was lined with massive panel-work of brown oak, while a huge fire place occupied a goodly share of the room. The polished and waxed floor glistened like a mirror, and the curtains were of heavy green damask, of which material were likewise the cushions of the lounge, and also of the carved chairs. On the walls, quaintly framed, were portraits of the gallant Raleigh, the stern Blake, the brave Sandwich, and other navigators of renown, with a map of "the Canaries;" but the chief glory of the apartment was a corner cupboard, filled with relics brought home by Master Sutton in his voyages. The jaws of a shark, eggs of the ostrich, Indian bows and arrows, with shells and coral, formed a museum which won the admiration of the country round.

Master Sutton, who sat smoking a long clay pipe, recognized Philip the moment he entered the room, and gave him a cordial welcome. He had always fancied the absentee, and often used to joke Edith about him, while he had looked with some alarm upon the attentions paid her by Lord Tudor. Dame Sutton thought otherwise, and was quite annoyed at this unexpected return, just at a time when her daughter had received such marked honor from the gentles at the castle, and the young peer.

"But you don't inquire after Lucy?" said the old tar, after the first greetings were over.

"Master Austen," remarked Dame Sutton, with a smile, "has probably forgotten his old flirtations. Nor is it much harm. Why cannot one forget, as well as the other?"

Poor Philip's face turned crimson, but Master Sutton came to his relief.

"Nonsense, dame!" said he, "you know that Edith has never looked upon a lad since Philip left us. Rest assured, my fine fellow, that your old playmate will be glad to see you. Indeed, if you will go up to the castle, where she has gone with the masquers, you will find her there."

The now delighted swain left at once, and no sooner had he gone than Dame Sutton commenced her attack, wondering that any one could prefer to have a poor Puritan son-in-law, instead of a wealthy peer. The old man puffed away in silence for a time, but as the storm of her passion appeared to rise rather than calm, he put on his hat, took his staff, and sallied forth.

He had not walked far, before he met with an acquaintance, who came up and wished him joy, asking:

"But why were you not at the wedding?"

"Wedding?"

"Ay, Master Sutton, wedding. The marriage of your daughter Edith to Lord Tudor."

"Nay, nay; do not jest."

"'Tis no jest," said another villager, who came up. "No sooner was the masque over, than Mistress Edith and her maids of honor slipped over to the church, and the May queen was married to the young lord by a London parson, the chaplain of his regiment."

"Impossible!"

"No, indeed. Say, my masters," addressing a group which approached, "is not Master Sutton the father-in-law of a peer?"

"Ay, ay," was responded by several; and then it was proposed by one to "visit the Green Dragon tavern, and have some sack."

The old sailor was bewildered, and his kind comforters, after the laudable example of Job's friends of yore, were but adding confirmation to the evil tidings, when Philip Austen came up. He, too, had heard the account, and had seen those who saw Lord Tudor lead the May queen from the church, and hand her into a carriage. Nay, he had met the lord's groom, tipsy enough, shouting, "Long life to my master and his rich bride!"

Taking the sorrow-stricken father by the hand, Philip urged him to return home, and led him back to the Manor House. Slowly and in silence they retraced their steps, for the old man's heart was nearly broken, and the young man saw all his fond dreams vanish into air. Entering the house, Philip opened the door of the keeping-room. There, to their surprise, they saw a young lady sitting in the bay window, her bright hair becomingly braided, and mischievous playfulness sparkling in her dark eyes. It was Edith! As she rose to meet them, and held out her hand to Philip, they started back.

"Nay, I am neither a ghost nor Lady Tudor," said she, mirthfully; "and now that my reign is over, I am not even queen of May."

"You are not married, then?" exclaimed her father, fearfully awaiting her reply.

"Married!" she replied, holding out her ringless hand. "How could either of you think so?" (Philip felt repaid for the love anguish of years by the tone in which she uttered these words.)

"But sit down, and let me give you an account of my reign. You remember Lydia Anson, Philip? Well, a few weeks ago she came to me in tears, and said that Lord Tudor had deceived her; for he had promised to marry her, and had wronged her; 'and now,' sobbed the poor girl, 'he is a going to leave me and marry you.' 'Marry me!' I exclaimed. 'Yes,' said Lydia, 'he told me so last night, and said that he intended to marry you on May-day, not that he loved you, but for your money.' I assured Lydia that he should never marry me, and then we agreed to counterplot, if possible. Well, a day or two afterward, there came a perfumed note, in which he protested love, and begged me to leave the May festival, hurry to the church, and there become his bride. O ho! thought I, you shall be tricked, my scape-grace. So we laid a plan, poor Lydia pretending to him to be reconciled, and we three stole away from the castle to the church, wearing our black velvet masks, as ladies of quality do. On the way I was gracious enough, but on my arrival at the church, I retired for a moment or two into the vestry, and there, in the twinkling of an eye, Lydia and myself exchanged clothes. You know it was always said that we resembled each other, and the masquerade dresses aided us in the deception. Out we came, and in five minutes more the ceremony was over, and off drove my lord with his dowerless and once discarded sweetheart. Lydia Anson is my Lady Tudor, and I, dear father, have laid down my sceptre; what think ye of my reign?"

"Capital! capital!" shouted Master Sutton, while he shook with laughter.

As for Philip, his face was wreathed in smiles, and the eloquent glances of his fine eyes convinced Edith that she had not waited his coming in vain. Just then, in bounced Master Harris, steward to the Duke of Sussex, Lord Tudor's father.

"Here's five work!" he exclaimed, "and all through you, Mistress Edith. It was whispered about to-day that my lord was about to wed an heiress, and all at the castle were pleased, especially when they saw the reported maiden of his choice—the Queen of May. Well, in an hour or so after the masquerade, in comes my lord, swearing and cursing, and behind him came a damsel somewhat resembling Mistress Edith, and I clad as she was at the May-pole, but her dress was bedraggled, and her ruff hung on her shoulders, like the torn sails of a windmill. Now, the old duke, though lame with the gout, has fine ears, and he sent Lawson, his valet, to see what the matter was. 'My lord duke,' said Lawson, on his return, 'Lord Tudor has been cheated in a wife.' 'Cheated in a horse barter he may have been,' replied the duke, 'but that word should not be applied to the holy state of matrimony.' 'But, my lord duke,' continued Lawson, 'he thought he married rich Master Sutton's daughter, and hath wed a country girl not worth a groat.' 'Let him come up, and bring his wife with him,' said my lord duke.

"So up they came; Lord Tudor looking like a caged bear, and his bride wiping her eyes on her sleeves, for she had left her handkerchief in the carriage, when her husband, on unmasking her, stopped and got out. So my lord duke questioned her and him, just as he does poachers and vagrants, brought before him by the constables, and brought it all out. 'I see it all,' said he, striking his great staff upon the floor. 'Young man, when I became master of this household, I took the resolution to suffer no iniquity before me, and this resolution I have kept, and I will keep it.

Cherish this damsel as you have promised to do at the altar, or I will disinherit you. Treat her kindly, and I will send you to the Virginias, where I have a goodly estate, and where you can tutor her to so deport herself as to wear her coronet. Do well for five years, and I will pardon you.' The young lord hung his head, but his goodness of heart prevailed, and he drew Lydia to his heart and kissed her, then led her from the hall. 'Verily,' said my lord duke, and the tears rolled from his eyes, 'here is a sermon from the text: *'the cunning is taken in his own craftiness.'*" Then said he to me: 'Run down to Master Sutton's, and tell Mistress Edith that she has shown caution, discretion, and cunning, and I commend her.' Such is my message, and now good-day, for I have much to do at the castle."

"Nay," said Master Sutton, "take a pottle of sack first."

The wine was soon brought, and all pledged the bride—Lady Tudor.

Soon, Dame Sutton, after smiling graciously upon Philip, remembered that she had promised to visit a neighbor, and then her husband thought he would walk down to the Green Dragon tavern, to hear the gossip, having first made Philip welcome as his guest. No sooner were the young people alone, than Philip was kneeling at Edith's feet, and pouring out the tale of love which had so long filled his soul. He told it in the clear and heart-stirring voice which Edith had so long wished once more to hear, and the happy couple now enjoyed beauty without alloy.

Master Sutton was not the man to let matters drag, and in less than a week, Edith was Mistress Austen, although Philip did not send to London for Parson Poundtext. They resided at Naworth Manor House until the old people were peacefully laid in the churchyard, and then crossed the ocean, where many of their descendants now reside. May-day was to them ever sacred, and although they never danced around the May-pole, they were ever ready to help the desponding, to uplift the broken in heart, and to sympathize with innocent joy. Mistress Edith Austen was never again queen of the revels, but the hearts of husband, children and friends ever acknowledged her reign.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MEETING AT SEA.

BY PAGEE CAREY.

As ships from far and different ports,
To distant harbors hurrying on,
Meet with each other on the deep,
And hail, and answer, and are gone,—

So we upon the sea of life
Have met, as mortals often will,
One from the prairies of the west,
One from the land of rock and hill.

So we shall pass our separate ways,
As vessels parting on the main,
And in the years to come, our paths
May never meet nor cross again.

Yet when life's voyage all is done,
Where'er apart our paths may tend,
We'll drop our anchors side by side
In the same haven at the end.

AN EASTERN STEAMER.

I did not sleep on shore, but in the cabin of the steamer, because it was cooler; and besides, the bedrooms in Beyroust are infested, not only by vermin swarming everywhere, and tormenting mosquitoes, sounding like a band of music, and giving no rest, but with large, long-legged bottles, ugly little green lizards, and long black snakes. On retiring to your room at night, candle in hand, you chance to notice an extraordinary shadow moving across the floor; you stoop down, thinking it is a mouse, but you find it to be an immense hairy spider, as big as a pigeon's egg. In the surprise of your horror, the monster escapes like lightning down into its hole; and then you must turn into bed, in the delightful uncertainty whether he and the rest of his family may not creep into your bosom. And as to those three lizards now looking calmly up in your face, you are told that should they creep over your naked body they are quite harmless, their bite not being venomous. And if a snake should affectionately twine round your neck before morning—what for no? it will keep you warmer; and Fahrenheit's thermometer stands only at 98; and besides, the embraces of this domestic are never to be compared to the withering grasp of the bon constrictor. And as to the fleas and mosquitoes, having been in Egypt you have surely learned long since to endure them. With consolations of this kind, the Arab takes away the candle, and leaves you in doubt and darkness most horrible, with the words, "El am do Allah!" (praise be to God!) wrong after all, only the mosquitoes have punished you as severely about the eyes as if your head had been put into chancery by Tom Crib at a boxing match.—*Dr. Alton.*

ANTIQUÉ FASHIONS.

A letter from Madrid says: "A museum, unique of its kind, has just been opened to the public here. It belongs to the Duke d'Hijar, and is composed of the costumes worn by the Queens of Spain on Twelfth Day during the last four centuries. It has been the custom from time immemorial for the reigning Queen of Spain to send the new dress which she wears on Twelfth Day to the Duke d'Hijar as his right. The ceremony of presenting this year's dress to the Duke took place the day before yesterday. The costume, composed of a white satin dress, with lilac flounces and lace veil and the usual accessories of bonnet, gloves, handkerchief, and the under garments, was two court commissioners, appointed for the purpose, in a royal carriage, escorted by a detachment of halberdiers to the Duke's palace, and was received by him, according to custom, in his state drawing-room, where he was seated under a dais, in the full dress of a lieutenant general, and surrounded by his household. The dress was immediately placed in the gallery appropriated to this service, and the next day the whole collection was thrown open to the public.—*Gabigani.*"

It is difficult not to recognize a little taste in those who see a great deal of merit in ourselves.



THE YOUNG GARDENERS.—FROM A PAINTING, BY EDUARD MAGNUS, OF BERLIN.

THE YOUNG GARDENERS.*

Here is a dream of glory!—sweetly blest
With such refined simplicity of Art
That its esthetic influence bounds—confest—
To NATURE'S bosom, and absorbs the heart!
True *two* so blend—pure Art—dear NATURE—just
As though new kindred grew between them both;
Art standing Nature, singing "Come, you must!"
And Nature coming as if nothing loth!
Such holy beauty never Genius drew,
With pencil half so glorious, yet so true!

What is the theme? When Eden's garden bloomed
From Earth's young bosom,—and by mortals trod,
Who felt how INNOCENCE their nature doomed
To walk in purity before their God!
The wearers of his image throw away
Their angel garment for the cloak of sin,
And banished purer light, and endless day,
And caught the flaming sword, and quailed
within!

Since then,—with withered Paradise—when Earth
Would call back innocence—lo! Genius wild
Would crown it with a new and lovely birth
In the sweet presence of a *little child*!
And such the pictured bud of Art that now
Nestles on Nature's bosom, and gleams upon its
bough!

Here are *two* little Children—as they sit
In some sweet garden of the blushing south;
Their pretty eyes by very Heaven seem lit
While lingering beauty flickers round the
mouth,
And playful dimples smile upon the cheek,
And *Love* seems glowing through the very curls;
Not love line that which makes the brain grow
weak.

In after life, with wild and maddening whirls;
But love that calls all hearts down—like some
spring
That hath a quenching for Affection's thirst—
A soothing, holy, good-beguiling thing
That always calmed the soul, and never curst
The blessed love of childhood.—Well they play
Young Gardeners!—with the crop they find
around,
And as their sweet limbs catch the warm sun's
ray,
They gather flowers and fling them to the
ground,
As the light plays around their forms the while,
And bathes their beauty in a sea of smile!

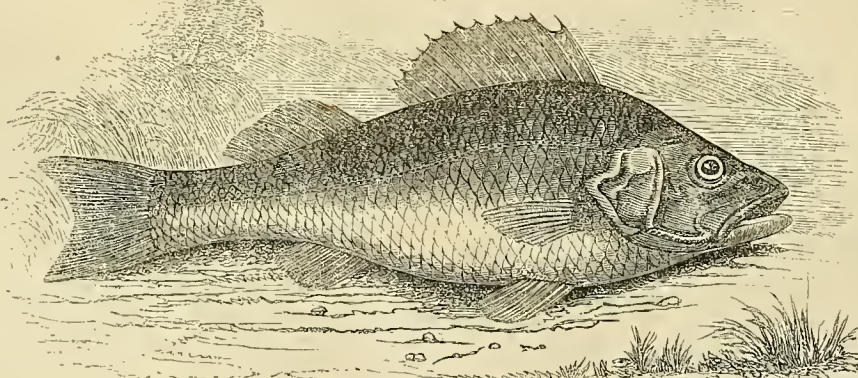
The boy is infantine—a very child
With but a top of flowers—all else unclad—
So mule, per se, purposeful, and wild;
Yet with his cherub heart so full and glad!
The girl—his most sweet sister—holds him fast.
Keeps him from harm, and smiles upon his face.
(O, that such heavenly smile could ever last,
Nor ever fade before the world's disgrace!)
And the trees seem around them both to grow
As flames unto their pictures—just as though
Nature would clasp them to her arms of green,
And say, "So pure be all my children seen."

* The painting, an engraving of which we give, illustrative of this theme, is one of the best tributes to the genius and power of the artist—a most natural and vivid picture by Eduard Magnus, of Berlin. In our opinion nothing has ever burst forth from the brain with such an intense light of genius.

ANGLING NOTES FOR MAY.

May, more especially if we reckon by the Old Style, is the month which, on an average, affords the fly-fisher the most sport and the most pleasure. Spring, which, in the month before, "came slowly up this way," is no longer hesitating and coy; she has gathered confidence as she has become better clothed, and she now tips forward like a mountain nymph in a new green kirtle, courting the gaze of admiring mortals. How delightful is the walk to the water side, so early in the morning, in the month of May. The angler is up before the sun, and has walked a long mile before he meets him on the upland lawn; and just as he is admiring the brilliancy of the dewdrops that gem the grass, up springs the lark within twenty yards of him, in the full burst of song. As

he is crossing the stile, by the side of the copple, about half a mile further on, he hears, or thinks he hears, a note which never fails to arrest attention: he pauses for a moment, and hears it repeated—"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" He hails the winged voice as a favorable omen, and goes on his way rejoicing. And now, having reached the stream, which is beginning to curl under the gentle breeze which has just wafted the mist away, he fits his rod, and "goes at" the water for a panier full. The cut of a perch here appended indicates that this fish is now in season—that is, any angler, who is fond of such sport, has now, and will have for the next three months, a good chance of catching him. The perch, though a handsome fish, both as regards form and color, is not of much use for the *pan*, being dry, bony and insipid; and he bites so freely, and yields so tamely that he may be captured with very little skill. Almost any kind of tackle is good enough for him, provided it be strong enough to pull him without the aid of a landing net; and no bait is more tempting to him than a branding worm. He lies mostly in quiet pools, or *slacks*.



THE PERCH.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

- "The Cossack, a tale of Eastern Europe," by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.
"Giant Phrases," a practical sketch, by DR. J. H. ROBINSON.
"A Lesson to Match Makers," by ALICE B. NEAL.
"Cairo as it is," a sketch, by REV. F. W. HOLLAND.
"Spring," lines, by MARY N. DEARBORN.
"One who loved above her," a poem, by ALICE CAREY.
"Oratio Ad Dominum," by THOMAS H. CHIVERS, M. D.
"To the Return of Spring," verses, by JESSY MAY.
"The Poetry of Earth," a sonnet, by W. L. SHOENAKER.
"A Song of Spring," by PARK BENJAMIN.

THE SHIP-WORM.

Destructive as the ship-worm unquestionably is, nevertheless its services could ill be dispensed with. Though a devastator of ships and piers, it is also a protector of both; for were the fragments of wreck and masses of stray timber, that would choke harbors and clog the waves, permitted to remain undestroyed, the loss of life and injuries to property that would result, would soon far exceed all the damages done and dangers caused by the teredo. This active shell-fish is one of the police of Neptune—a scavenger and clearer of the sea. It attacks every stray mass of floating or sunken timber with which it comes into contact, and soon reduces it to harmlessness and dust. For one ship sunk by it, a hundred are really saved; and, whilst we deprecate the mischief and distress of which it has been the unconscious cause, we are bound to acknowledge that, without its operations, there would be infinitely more treasure buried in the abysses of the deep, and venturesome mariners doomed to watery graves.

BOUND VOLUMES.

The demand for the bound volumes of our illuminated paper still continues undiminished; persons who have made a business of selling the Pictorial bound throughout the country, have made thereby from ten to twelve dollars per day; the highly attractive character of the work simply requiring it to be seen to be appreciated. It will be remembered that we have now volumes I., II. and III. bound uniformly, and in beautiful and durable style, forming a most valuable and ornamental series of books. It will give us pleasure to communicate with any person desiring to purchase these volumes to sell again.

BEAUTIES OF DESPOTISM.—Many of the noblest families at Milan have been thrown upon the charity of their neighbors. Upwards of six thousand men constantly patrol the streets, which they frequently clear of the people, at the point of the bayonet, under the silliest pretexts. No one is permitted to walk with his hands in his pockets, lest they may contain arms.

SPLINTERS.

- ... We see it stated by the Southern papers that Lola Montez has gone to California. A very proper field for her genius!
- ... The State of Rhode Island was so called in the year 1644, in reference to the Island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean.
- ... The attempt to stop the Sunday-night mail between Boston and New York is a very foolish affair. More nice than wise.
- ... It is stated that the negro population of the United States is steadily on the decrease, especially in large and populous cities.
- ... Lamartine has been seriously ill. He is said to be utterly averse, like Napoleon the great, to taking medicine.
- ... Gottschalk, the American pianist, was, at last dates, giving concerts in his native city of New Orleans, with great success.
- ... Slavonians, Greeks, Wallachians, Arnauts—twelve millions of men—are all held in submission by one million of Turks.
- ... Green peas are now very abundant and cheap in our city market. We have had them in small quantities for four weeks.
- ... Madame Eliza Bisceacianti is in Lima, South America, performing opera with distinguished success and pecuniary profit.
- ... The authorities of Memphis, Tennessee, have unanimously extended the hospitalities of the city to Thomas F. Mcagher.
- ... The new town of Nahant, formerly a part of Lynn, contains only thirty legal voters, but they will increase.
- ... Santa Anna's address commences with—"On placing my foot on the shores of my native country." He has lost one leg.
- ... We regret to state that President Pierce suffers materially in his health, from the importunities of thoughtless office-seekers.
- ... Advice from Texas confirm the reports previously received of the finding of gold on the Upper Colorado.
- ... Of the thousand men who formed the New York regiment in Mexico, only sixty are now alive and able to labor.

CHEERFULNESS.

It is the part of the true philosopher to jest as well as to preach, and he will be found enforcing some of his most valuable truths by appealing to our natural sense of the humorous. It is exceedingly tedious to see people budging on through life, ever with a frown upon their faces, and a sigh on their lips; they become pestilential, and one is apt to catch the malady by contact. Such people don't realize that there is any sunny side to this life of ours; a smile seems to them to be sadly out of place on a companion's face, and a hearty laugh downright blasphemy. Ey—fy—what philosophy. Cheerfulness is an anodyne, a charm to make us permanently contented and happy. A cheerful man feels well, does well, and loves things which are good; while he who is always sad, doeth ill in the very sorrow he evinceth. Long-faced, saturnine people are generally avoided, and very justly so, for who wishes to partake of their malady? Whereas, those accustomed to look on the sunny side of life, are ever courted for the genial spirit they diffuse about them.

He who administers medicine to the sad heart, in the shape of wit and humor, is most assuredly a good Samaritan. A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he is dying, all that is necessary is to look half dead yourself! Open, unrestrained merriment is a safety-valve to the heart and disposition. If overburthened with the noxious gases of care, pull the string of wit, up flies the valve of fun, and out go the troubles and vexations of life to the four winds of heaven. It is a fact beyond dispute, that mirth is as innate in the mind as any other quality that nature has planted there—it only wants cultivation, and the more we cultivate it, the more fruitful it becomes. Mirror-like, the world reflects back to us the picture which we present to its surface. A cheerful heart paints the world as it sees it—like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness; and thus, chameleon-like, life takes its hue of light or shade from the soul on which it rests, dark or sunny, as the case may be.

Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking on the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "for every had there might be a worse, and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck!" When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of submission—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see this world on its sunny side, and you have almost half won the battle of life at the outset.

QUEENS OF FRANCE.

The Dublin University Magazine, for March, has a long leading article entitled, "The French Crown Matrimonial," in which it gives a biographical sketch of all the Queens and Empresses of France, from the wives of Charlemagne to the widow of Louis Philippe. Out of the sixty-seven royal and imperial consorts, there are but thirteen on whose names there is no dark stain of sorrow or sin. Eleven were divorced, two died by the executioner, seven were very early widowed, three were cruelly traduced, three were exiles, thirteen were had in different degrees of evil; the prisoners and the heart-broken make up the rest. About twenty were buried at St. Denis, who were denied the rest of the grave: their tombs were broken, their coffins opened, their remains exposed to the insults of a revolutionized populace, and then flung into a trench and covered with quick-lime.

BACK NUMBERS.—We would answer, to numerous and repeated inquiries, that we can supply all of the back numbers of the Pictorial, either bound or otherwise, from the very commencement of the work. We have just reprinted volume I. in uniform style with the other volumes of the work, and can supply any single number at six cents each from the first. People who would preserve a complete and connected illuminated record of the times, should not fail to procure a set of the Pictorial for preservation and future reference.

H. FULLER, ESQ.—This gentleman, editor of the New York Evening Mirror, is our *beau ideal* of an editor. In his paragraphs, piquant; in his articles, pathetic at times, and often witty in the extreme; concise, terse, and to the point, always. We have long watched the emanations of his pen with interest. Mr. Fuller adds to his literary excellence the prepossessing personal accomplishments of a true gentleman.

"THE KNIGHT OF LEON: or, The Monarch's Last Bride. A Tale of Moorish Granada."—This story, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., just completed in the Pictorial, is now issued in book form. Its great popularity while being published in the paper, evinces the power and excellence of the story. For sale at all the periodical depots throughout the country.

GRAVE OF "FATHER BALLOU."—The remains of the late Hosea Ballou and wife were removed on Saturday week from the Boylston Street burial ground to Mount Auburn, where they were placed in the vault prepared for the purpose by the Second Universalist Society of this city, and over which the Universalists, as a denomination, are to erect a monument.

"CONRADO DE BELTRAN: or, The Buccaneer of the Gulf."—This exceedingly interesting novelette, by F. Clinton Barrington, having been long out of print, and continued calls being received for it, we have issued a new and handsome edition, which may be had at all of the periodical depots throughout the country.

"GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION" maintains its position, not only as a publication of high artistic value, but as a choice, dignified, and instructive in all its literary departments.—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

MARRIAGES

In this city, Mr. John Goldborough of Easton, Md., to Miss Priscilla Le Baron, daughter of the late Francis L. Alden, of New Bedford; Mr. Albert O. Dearborn to Mrs. Nancy P. Boothby.

By Rev. Mr. Neale, Mr. Fred K. White to Miss Caroline Dickman, of Cambridge. By Rev. Mr. Stow, Mr. Alexander H. Swainesburgh to Miss Margaret Russell. By Rev. Mr. Beecher, Mr. Charles E. Clifton to Miss Susan C. B. Bennett. By Rev. Mr. Crowell, Mr. Geo. B. Mifflin to Miss Margaret S. Innes. At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Whittemore, Mr. James A. Davis of Boston, to Miss Mary F., only daughter of William Howlett, Esq.

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At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. Samuel Harris, of Lowell, Mass., to Miss Abigail H. Scott.

At San Francisco Cal., by Rev. Mr. Briggs, Rev. E. De Wolfe to Mrs. Mary L. Swan, formerly of Boston, Mass.

DEATHS

In this city, Mrs. Ruth Burditt, 68; Mr. James McAllister, 72; Mr. Wallace A. Hurlburt, 27; Miss Sarah Elizabeth Southern, 22.

At Andover, Mrs. Deborah A. Dickinson, 60.

At Roxbury, Mrs. Eliza, widow of the late Samuel Woods, Esq., 60.

At Newburyport, Mr. William S. Dodge, 72; Mr. Samuel Collis, 74.

At West Amesbury, Mrs. Melitah Mores, 62.

At Fall River, Mr. William S. Wood, formerly of Little Compton, R. I., 37.

At Nantucket, Mr. John Adlington, formerly of Boston, 80.

At Worcester, Mr. John Howland, 70; Lydia P., wife of Mr. R. P. Noyes, 16.

At Westham, Mr. Elijah Craig, 92, the oldest person in the town.

At Carver, Hon. Benjamin Ellis, in his 79th year.

At Providence, R. I., Mr. William Henry Coleworthy, of Boston, 27.

At Dover, N. H., Frederick, son of Hon. Fayman Wentworth, of Lowell, 8.

At Barnet, N. H., Mr. Richard Garland, a revolutionary soldier, 50.

At Windsor, Ct., Mrs. Elizabeth, relict of Mr. John Sill, 51.

At New York, Mr. Emily M. Holt, formerly of Portland, Me., 30.

At Baltimore, Md., Mr. Abraham G. Cole, 54; Mrs. Julia Mills Ashton.

At Gainesboro', Canada West, Mr. Zenas Alger, a native of Bridgewater, Me.

At Lunenburg, N. S., Mr. Samuel W. Grant, late of Boston, Me., 24.

At Murderer's Bar, Cal., Capt. Ivory Smith, late of Kennebunkport, Me.

At London, Eng., Clarissa, wife of Charles Goodyear, of New Haven, Ct.

At Sandwich Islands, Mr. Charles J. Flagg, of Boston, 22.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE MAY BASKET.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

It was the last day of April—a balmy, summer-like day, yet, true to the character it had long sustained, of being a month of tears and smiles, a tiny cloud would now and then float along the azure sky, and as it passed, shower down a few large drops, which lay sparkling like diamonds in the heart of many a wild flower that brightened the sunny slopes, or bloomed in some warm and sheltered nook.

It had long been the custom at Brookvale, as in many other rural towns and villages, to hang what are called "May-baskets" on the outer door-knob of friends and acquaintances, the first morning in May. This was usually done at so early an hour that the inmates of the house were buried in sleep, so that these May-baskets would, without doubt, in the olden time, have been deemed the gift of some good fairy.

Although those light, buoyant clouds, during the early part of the day, had continued to sail across the sky, like so many graceful hawks, freighted with liquid gems, for a few hours before sunset not a speck had dimmed the blue fields of ether. Many a maiden might then have been seen in the green pastures and still greener meadows of Brookvale, gathering flowers to crown the May-basket which she intended to hang at the door of some favorite companion or friend, and beneath which some tasteful present, generally the work of her own fair fingers, was to be deposited.

As a bevy of rosy-cheeked, laughing girls turned the corner of a green lane, some, not only with their baskets, but straw hats piled high with floral treasures, which they had found in lavish profusion, the stage-coach whirled by, and drew up at the hotel, some dozen or twenty rods distant. Seven or eight passengers alighted, one of whom, a gentleman of twenty-five or six years old, particularly attracted the attention of the young girls, though they veiled the interest they felt under such a show of carelessness that they scarcely appeared to notice him.

"I know well enough who it is," said one of them, by the name of Janette Lawton.

"Who do you think it is?" asked Juliet Anderson.

"Frank Morley. He is a brother to Mrs. Elmer, whose husband has recently purchased the fine house and grounds nearly opposite the hotel. I shouldn't wonder if he should go a Maying to-morrow with Clara Elmer, which will give us a chance of being introduced to him."

"Where shall you hang your May-basket, Juliet?" inquired one of the girls.

"O, that's a secret," returned Juliet, laughing.

"I shall prepare two," said Janette Lawton. "I have a wreath of the sweetest feather-flowers to put in one of them."

The girls now parted, to meet again the following day, when, after gathering a sufficient quantity of flowers for the purpose, they were to assemble at a pleasant spot, already selected, and in imitation of a time-honored custom, choose a queen, crown her with a flower-woven coronal, and then, with her at their head, walk in procession to the village.

Juliet Anderson lived a little out of the village, and on the road leading to her father's house, in a small, lowly dwelling, lived a widow and her daughter by the name of Shelburne. They depended on their own industry for a livelihood, and as Mrs. Shelburne had been suffering from indisposition for several weeks, the task of Emma, the daughter, had been very hard. Juliet, as she passed, caught a glimpse of Emma through the window, and saw that she looked uncommonly pale and weary.

"Why should not Emma go a Maying with us to-morrow?" thought Juliet. "To her the fresh air would be a luxury; while I and the girls I have just parted with, can, at any time we choose, take a ramble in the woods and fields."

Juliet turned back and entered. She found Emma employed in embroidering a cape; while her mother sat near in an easy chair. Mrs. Shelburne, although she said she was much better than she had been, and hoped soon to be able to render her daughter some assistance, was very thin and pale.

"I shall not allow you to assist me for a good while yet," said Emma, smiling. "You know you tried to sew a little, one day last week, and it made you restless and feverish all night."

"I am afraid, Emma, that you work too hard, and confine yourself too much to the house," said Juliet.

"She does," said Mrs. Shelburne, "and to-day, owing to being disappointed in obtaining her pay for a wreath of feather-flowers she has been making for a young lady, she is going to try to finish that cape to-night, hoping that the lady who employed her to embroider it will not be so short of funds as the one for whom she made the flowers. I do think that after Emma consented to make them for half the usual price, she ought to have tried to pay her. It is hard for any one, who works early and late, as she is obliged to do, to have nothing to eat except a piece of dry bread, because what is justly her due is held back, for the sake of being able to make elegant presents to those who don't need them."

"It is very hard, and very unjust," returned Juliet.

After a minute's silence, Juliet asked Emma if she had any little fancy article on hand, which was not promised, as she should like something for a May-basket.

"Here are some feather-picks," said Emma, taking a bunch containing half a dozen from a small drawer. "I made them for the young lady who had the wreath mother mentioned, but she said they looked too stiff and unnatural."

"They are perfectly natural, and very beautiful," said Juliet. "I must certainly have them."

Having paid for the flowers, Juliet told Emma that her principal object in calling was to invite her to go a Maying with her. Emma's face flushed at an announcement so unexpected, and she experienced a thrill of delight at the idea of a ramble in company with those of her own age; but the next moment she thought of her invalid mother sitting, during her absence, lonely and desolate.

"I cannot go," said she. "I cannot leave mother. The thought of her loneliness would destroy all my enjoyment."

Mrs. Shelburne, in reply to this, said that it would be impossible for her to feel lonely, when she knew that her daughter, while breathing the fresh air, was listening to the music of birds, and gathering wild flowers, in which she so much delighted.

"Your mother shall not be left alone," said Juliet. "I heard Aunt Mary say yesterday that she was going to call soon, and sit an hour or two with you, and she will like to come to-morrow morning, I know. So you may expect me to call for you, and to bring Aunt Mary with me."

About an hour after Juliet took leave of Mrs. Shelburne and her daughter, Frank Morley, the young gentleman whom the girls at the head of the lane saw alight from the stage-coach, went to take a stroll in the woods. He was thinking about returning, when he caught a glimpse of a young girl, seated on a rock, at the entrance of a little glade. Her white muslin apron was filled with flowers, and others were strewn upon the rock. The ribbon that tied her straw hat was knotted so loosely that the hat fell back, so as to expose the front part of her head, which was adorned with a profusion of light-brown curls, to which the declining sunbeams gave a tinge of gold. Judging from the rosy smile which hovered on her lips, and seemed to Morley to break in sunny beams from beneath her dark eye-lashes, her thoughts must have been as bright and beautiful as the flowers she was weaving. He watched her at her graceful task, and found when she had arranged a wreath or a cluster of flowers to please her, she placed it in a small basket at her feet. When the flowers were all woven, she placed the basket on her arm, and left the glade. She proceeded slowly, as if to enjoy the delicious balminess of the air, which enabled Morley to easily follow her at such a distance as to keep sight of her. Having seen her enter her father's house, he retraced his steps, and soon arrived at the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. Elmer.

As the first smile of morning "checked the eastern clouds with streaks of light," Morley stole from the house, for he had been seized with an irresistible curiosity to know for whom the young girl, whose appearance had so charmed him, intended the basket she had taken so much pains to crown with flowers.

As he walked slowly along through the principal street of the village, he saw that May-baskets had already been appended to the door-latches of several houses; but the one he was in quest of—for he had noticed it so particularly as to be able at once to recognize it—was not of the number. He had already reached the outskirts of the village, when, at a distance, he saw some one approaching. Though dimly described by the still imperfect light, he saw that she carried a basket on her arm, and he knew by the graceful outline of her figure, and her airy, elastic step, it could be no other than the young girl he had seen in the glade. The thought occurred to him that he would conceal himself till she had passed, as she might feel embarrassed at meeting a stranger at so early an hour. This proved unnecessary. Only a few steps more brought her in front of a small, humble-looking dwelling, which, approaching gently, so as to make no noise, she hung her basket on the latch of the door.

The object of his walk being attained, Morley returned as expeditiously as possible, as he did not wish to be missed by any of the family. He found that during his absence, two May-baskets had been hung at Mrs. Elmer's door, with a card attached to each, on one of which was written, "For Mrs. Elmer," and on the other, "Miss Clara Elmer." Morley had promised Clara to go a Maying with her, and after breakfast, he assisted her to weave a wreath of some early garden-flowers for her gipsy hat. He said nothing about the May-baskets he had seen at the door, and it was some time before they were discovered. The contents were immediately examined. The one for Clara contained several little tasteful articles; while Mrs. Elmer's present consisted of only a wreath of feather-flowers, the same which had been made by Emma Shelburne. It called forth the unqualified admiration of both ladies. They had never seen anything of the kind half so beautiful, and they longed to know who was the donor.

The day, if possible, was brighter, balmy, and more exhilarating than the one preceding. The young people of the village, however, did not venture forth into the fields and pastures, till the dew had had time to exhale, for though very beautiful when glittering in the morning sunbeams on leaf or flower, or velvet turf, it loses all its poetry when transferred to the skirts of a lady's dress.

It was full ten o'clock when those dispersed in little groups, gathering flowers, began to assemble at the spot where they were to choose and crown their queen. Among the first to arrive was Janette Lawton, and two or three of her more intimate associates.

"Don't you think we are highly honored?" said Janette.

"Why?" inquired Louise Darley.

"I am sure I shouldn't think you would need to ask. You, of course, know that we have Miss Emma Shelburne among us."

"No, I haven't seen her, but the poor girl wants some amusement as well as the rest of us, I suppose."

"If she does, I should think she might have too much sense of propriety to intrude herself into company so much above her, and where she might know she isn't wanted. I shouldn't wonder if she expects to be chosen queen."

The intervention of some shrubbery prevented them from seeing that Frank Morley was so near as to overhear these remarks. He saw Clara at a little distance, and went in pursuit of her.

"Do you know a girl by the name of Emma Shelburne?" said he.

"Yes, she is the daughter of a poor widow, and maintains herself and mother by doing fancy work, I heard some one say the other day."

"Do you know where she lives?"

"Yes, in that small house we passed this morning, where we saw that pale woman sitting by the window."

Morley said no more. As he had suspected, it was the same house where his charming little wood nymph, as he called her in his own mind, had hung the basket. He and Clara now joined Janette Lawton and others, who had assembled at the chosen spot. Clara, who had already seen Janette and several other of the young ladies, formally introduced Morley to them. Janette was a handsome, showy girl, and by some was considered the belle of the village. There were others who assigned the palm of beauty to Juliet Anderson. Janette, however, in her own mind, had little doubt that she should be chosen the May queen.

They soon began to speak of the presents they had severally found deposited in the May baskets left at their doors.

"I suspect Emma Shelburne and her mother had the most valuable present," said Louise Darley.

"What was it?" was inquired by several.

"A twenty dollar gold piece, and in such a sweet porte-monnaie," replied Louise.

"Who could have given it to them?" was asked.

"That I cannot tell," said Louise, "but Miss Clara Elmer is strongly suspected."

"Without reason, as I regret to say," said Clara.

"Perhaps it was Mrs. Elmer," said another.

"No," said Clara, "it was not. Lucy is benevolent, but she has not been at Brookvale long enough to know where presents of that kind would be acceptable."

"If it was neither you nor Mrs. Elmer," said Louise Darley, "it must have been Janette Lawton. I can think of no one else among as young girls who is able to put twenty dollars into a May-basket."

Janette reddened a little, but did not deny being the author of the benevolent deed.

"Miss Lawton," said Clara, "I almost envy you."

Janette blushed still more deeply, looked down, but made no attempt to remove the false impression. She saw that it had raised her in the estimation of her companions, more especially in that of Clara Elmer. Morley no doubt would be similarly affected towards her, and she ventured to steal a glance at him. She saw nothing in his countenance by which she could read his thoughts. It was expressive of neither pleasure nor displeasure. The girls continued to chat upon the subject, till the approach of Juliet Anderson, accompanied by Emma Shelburne, caused them to be silent. Frank Morley's countenance brightened when he saw Juliet, for in her he recognized the young girl he saw hang the May-basket at the door of the poor widow. Addressing Louise Darley, he requested an introduction to her, and the pale, worn-looking girl at her side.

"I too must claim the privilege of being made known to them," said Clara, when Louise had complied with the request of Morley. Janette Lawton, in the meantime, approached and addressed Emma the moment there was opportunity.

"How glad I am to see you here, Emma," said she. "I thought your mother was too unwell to leave alone, or I should certainly have called for you myself."

"My dear girl," whispered Clara into Janette's ear, "it is impossible for me to tell you how much I love you for your benevolence and kindness."

Very different were the sentiments with which Morley regarded her. Clara was a good deal surprised that he did not share her enthusiasm, and still more so, at the manifest coldness with which Emma Shelburne received Janette's apparently cordial greeting.

During this time, most of the young girls had been employed in weaving the flowers, which lay piled in rich profusion on the green turf, into wreaths; while the young men busied themselves in arranging a throne for the May-queen. She was not yet chosen, and as the preparations were nearly completed, the question began to be asked, "Who shall she be?"

"Janette Lawton," was answered by a number of voices.

"Yes, Janette is the one who best deserves the crown," said Louise Darley, who drew her by the arm towards the throne.

"I am sure," said Janette, "I didn't expect to be thus distinguished."

"According to my mind," said a voice, as its owner emerged from the woods, hard by, "Juliet Anderson ought to be your queen."

The next minute, a gentleman, by the name of Selby, a rich and rather eccentric bachelor of forty, stood in the midst of them.

"According to my mind," he repeated, "Juliet Anderson ought to be your queen. She has a nobler claim to the distinction than any which can be founded on mere personal charms. I rose early this morning, long before the sun, and as I sat at my window, which commands a view of Mr. Anderson's house, I saw a young girl come out at the front door, with a May-basket on her arm. Though not fairly light, I knew it was Juliet. I watched, and saw her leave her basket at the door of Mrs. Shelburne. I have just come from there, for I had a curiosity to know what kind of a present she had made the poor widow and her daughter."

"What was it?" was eagerly demanded.

"A twenty dollar gold piece."

"Is it possible?" said Louise Darley, and she glanced at Janette, whose face was the color of crimson.

Mr. Selby, who thought the surprise manifested by Louise and others was occasioned by the largeness of the donation—Juliet's father being far from rich—said:

"I will tell you how it happened. The twenty dollars was a present to Juliet from her Aunt Mary, whom I found at Mrs. Shelburne's, and who told me all about it. She had, a few days before, given the money to her niece to purchase a shawl, or something of the kind, but when Juliet found how hard Emma had to work, and that many who employed her, not content with getting the work done at half price, neglected to pay, while she and her invalid mother were suffering for the bare necessities of life, she asked her aunt's leave to put the gold piece into the basket which she intended to leave at the widow's door. I think I have plainly demonstrated that Juliet Anderson ought to be your queen."

"There cannot be a dissenting voice," said Frank Morley, "for if she is not crowned queen of May, she will certainly reign queen of all our hearts."

When Juliet found that there was no escape for her, she quietly submitted to be crowned. The flower-woven coronal was placed on her head by the hand of Emma Shelburne, and there certainly was no one present who could have borne the literally "blushing honors" more meekly, or with a better grace.

It soon afterward began to be whispered, that, as far as Frank Morley was concerned, Juliet certainly reigned queen of one heart, and the whispers, as is not always the case in similar instances, proved to be not without foundation.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

We learn from the Lynchburg, Va., Express, that the dwelling house of a Mr. Maddox, of Amherst, was lately struck by lightning, during a thunder-storm. Mr. Maddox was stunned, and his daughter instantly killed by the thunder-bolt!—The authorities at Naples have prohibited "Rigoletto," Verdi's new opera, on account of some fancied impropriety in the story!—Take time to deliberate; but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking.—Mr. Porter, who has made several exhibitions on a small scale of his model Aeroport, or flying ship, at Carnar's Saloon, in Washington, intends to give it a trial in the open air in a few days.—The crops throughout California promise a larger yield than ever before.—Between seven hundred and eight hundred Spanish troops have recently arrived in Cuba from Spain. It is stated that about 25 per cent. usually die during the first year of their residence on the island.—The man who went to the Mint in Philadelphia, and called for a "julep," was looked upon as "a snicker," and treated accordingly.—S. J. F. Levy, who was arrested in Savannah, and delivered up \$4000, which he had stolen from the mail, is related to a Senator in Congress from Kentucky, and was a special agent of the post-office!—Efforts are making, with a good prospect of success, for the establishment of a large flouring mill in New Bedford, and the Old Steam Mills are spoken of as a location of the new works.—A writer in the New York Observer states that the memoranda, in his possession, shows that Hon. Amos Lawrence gave away, during the last ten years of his life, more than five hundred thousand dollars.—William H. Sherburne, twenty-one years old, while cutting wood in Barrington, N. H., severed the tibial artery of his foot by a stroke of the axe, and bled to death.—John Rose, an insane man, died recently at Goshen, Orange county, N. Y., having literally starved himself to death. A post mortem examination was held, when his stomach revealed the following contents: one large silver teaspoon, a pair of steel spectacles nicely rolled up, and a key or crank used for winding up a clock.—Saxon cattle are being imported into the west of Ireland from England and Scotland, which is called by the Galway Packet a strange revolution in the affairs of Ireland.—The Sultan of Turkey, it is said, has lately granted a large piece of ground for a cemetery of Christians, of all communions, and it was expected that he would defray the expenses of building a wall around it.—An Irishman, named Coraelius Connar, a hodman, fell from a building in process of erection by the Fitchburg Railroad Company, near the state prison, and was instantly killed. He leaves a wife and six children.—Milton, in his early writings, foreshadowed his great poem, then not matured in his mind. He declared his intention, many years before he commenced his task, of writing some great poem for posterity, "which the world could not willingly let die."

VERY SINGULAR.

Mr. Everett, in his recent speech in the Senate, on Central American affairs, made the following statement:—"In the year 1823, the State of San Salvador passed a formal act of her legislation, providing for her incorporation into the American Union. She sent two commissioners to Washington to carry that act into effect. I do not know that the least public notice was taken of the overture. I suppose they were treated with civility, as a matter of course, but no communication that I can recollect was made to Congress, nor am I aware that any official response, even from the executive, was made to the offer of a whole State." We rather think such an offer would be treated somewhat differently just at the present time.

ASTOR LIBRARY, NEW YORK.

The Astor Library, located on Lafayette Place, will be open to the public on and after the first of May. The collection of books made by Dr. Cogswell in his visit to Europe is now being removed to the library, where the entire hundred thousand volumes will be opened for examination. The outside appearance of the library building is not very imposing. The interior of the building is beautifully designed, and exceedingly well adapted for the reception of books, every available space being fitted for library purposes. The building is heated by hot air generated by furnaces in the cellar. The library is fire-proof, being almost entirely of iron and stone. Its cost is \$180,000.

CLOSE QUARTERS.—A young Chippewa Indian recently saw and shot, in the neighborhood of Stevens Point, Wisconsin, a young bear. Before he had scalped his prize, he found himself in the embrace of old brim himself! His gun was empty—his tomahawk fast in the bear's hug under his blanket—his only resource was in his knife. The struggle was fearful. While the beast was rending away his breast and one side, he plied the knife. He conquered at last, though with the loss of the flesh of one breast and side, and a rib broken and nearly sundered from his body. The poor fellow survives, and it is hoped will recover.

SINGULAR SUICIDE.—Count Camerata, a young man of twenty five, grandson of Eliza Bonaparte, sister of the Emperor Napoleon, has just blown out his brains, in Paris. Suicide really seems to be contagious in the city of Paris.

CURIOSITY.—A Bible written on palm leaves is preserved in the University of Gottingen. It contains 5376 leaves. Another Bible, of the same material, is at Copenhagen.

SPIRIT RAPPINGS.—A lady of Northampton, the mother of six children, the youngest an infant, has become a raving maniac, through the influence of the rapping humbug.

Wayside Gatherings.

There is one religious society to each thousand of the 40,000 inhabitants of Newark, N. J.

Cuba tobacco seed, planted in Texas, proves to be an abundantly yielding crop.

The staunchest California, worth, with her cargo, about twenty thousand dollars, sank in the Mississippi River lately.

Six full grown panthers were killed lately in Elk county, Pa. The largest measured thirteen feet from the nose to end of tail.

A professorship of farming is about to be established at the literary institution at Fairfax, Vt., with an endowment of \$20,000.

The only silk brocaded power looms in the world are in operation at Humphreysville, Connecticut.

Memphis, in her corporate capacity, and by her individual citizens, has subscribed \$700,000, more or less, to the Memphis and Charleston Road.

The king of Prussia had given the Madiai family an asylum in his country. It is thought, however, that they will proceed to England.

The culture of tobacco has been successfully introduced into Algeria, and two crops are raised a year. The quantity raised in 1852, was 1,400,000 kilograms.

A meeting summoned by the mayor had been held at Newcastle, calling on the government to aid Turkey against the designs of Russia and Austria. It was numerously attended.

A farmer, near Cincinnati, has forwarded a check for one thousand dollars to the Clay Monument Association of Ohio, to promote the object of the Association.

A bull fight was lately advertised at Placerville, Cal., but the Americans not liking this Spanish amusement, lassoed the bull, whipped the matadores, and tore down the building.

Billy Bowlegs, and his one hundred and one Indian warriors, have not been seen or heard from since the whole military resources and energy of the government were invoked against them.

In Clarksville, Arkansas, on March 24th, Reubotham, Murphy and Sadler had a pistol and bowie knife fight, in which Murphy was killed, and the two others terribly wounded.

A man who was put out of the Pennsylvania Railroad cars, near Greensburg, because he had no money to pay his fare, sat down by the track and died.

It appears by the census that the consumption of spirituous liquors in the United States reaches the enormous quantity of eighty-six millions of gallons annually, equal to six gallons for every adult person.

Mr. John E. Warren, of Minnesota, late of Troy, has been appointed secretary of legation to Central America. He is the author of two books, one on Spain, the other on Brazil, and has been attached to Mr. Barringer, at Madrid.

Touching the Springfield Rapping Convention, the Republican has the following forcible remark:—"It was a poor, pitiful, non-sensical, incoherent, hodge-podge, insane, frothy mess of tomfoolery."

Stewart, the proprietor of the marble palace, has gone to Ireland on a visit. Mr. Stewart is a native of Ulster, and, it is said, has returned to purchase some of the lands now selling under the action of the encumbered estates court.

Foreign Items.

Grisi is recovering from her recent indisposition.

The King of Prussia is having a dwelling-house erected for the Protestant bishop at Jerusalem.

The income of the Bishop of London, for the last seven years, has averaged \$85,000 a year, according to his own return.

Queen Victoria has given birth to a son. Mother and child doing well.

The rebellion in China, at last accounts, was gaining ground rapidly.

Spain has ordered the enlistment of 25,000 men for the contingencies of 1853.

A diorama of the "Career of Napoleon Bonaparte" is one of the newest shows in London. It has made a hit.

The Princess Donna Maria Amelia, of Brazil, died at Funchal Madeira, February 4th, aged 21. She was the daughter of Don Pedro the First.

In 1838, corporeal punishment was inflicted, in the English army, eight hundred and seventy-nine times; in 1852, ninety-six times.

Reports are current in London that the Chinese government are about to legalize the trade of opium, in consequence of the total impotency of the laws against it.

Chinese ingenuity is said to have succeeded in teaching monkeys to gather tea on those spots which are not accessible to man but at the hazard of life.

Some students of the University of Prague have been sentenced to be "beaten with rods," for making waaton demonstrations in favor of Kossuth.

Marshal Haynan and the Archbishop of Vienna, named Milde (which, in German, signifies clemency), both died on the same day. The Viennese accordingly say that Haynan *ist mit Milde gestorben*: Haynan died with clemency.

In the House of Commons a statement was recently made by Mr. Osborn, that in the time of Cromwell, the Jews were so numerous and so wealthy, that they undertook to purchase St. Paul's Cathedral, with the view of turning it into a synagogue.

The London Times states the extraordinary fact, that ninety-five out of every hundred letters sent from the United States to Ireland, contain remittances of money to pay the passages of relatives to this country.

A burdy-gurdy player in the streets of Hamburg was found to have a noble tenor voice, and the theatre engaged him at a large salary, putting him, for instruction, previous to his performance, with the best masters.

An English paper says that there are at present building in the Clyde 93 iron vessels, 53 of which are screw steamers, 26 paddle wheel, and 15 sailing vessels. The tonnage ranges from 50 to 3300 tons, the largest being the new steamer Persia, to sail between Liverpool and New York.

The Governor of Milan has issued a decree releasing the citizens from further necessity of illuminating their windows at night, save in the case of a gun fired from the citadel as a signal of alarm, upon which they are enjoined to illuminate instantly, and to desert the streets. Neither at Milan nor at Rome are citizens allowed to approach sentries.

Sands of Gold.

.... Silent fools are like empty wardrobes under lock and key.
.... It is only great souls that know how much glory there is in being good.—*Sophocles*.

.... He who receives a good turn, should never forget it; he who does one, should never remember it.

.... Gratitude is a duty none can be excused from, because it is always in our own disposal.

.... Truthfulness is a corner-stone in character, and if it is not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.

.... Catch not too soon at an offence, nor give too easy way to anger. The one shows a weak judgment, the other a perverse nature.

.... There are some that live without any design at all, and only pass in the world like straws on a river; they do no good, but are carried.

.... The footprint of the savage traced in the sand is sufficient to attest the presence of man to the atheist who will not recognize God whose hand is impressed upon the entire universe.—*J. Petit Senn*.

.... The only court circular story which ever pleased me, was that of the king of Spain, who in great part was roasted, because there was not time for the prime minister to command the lord chamberlain to desire the grand gold stick to order the first page in waiting to bid the chief of the flunkies to request the housemaid of honor to bring up a pail of water to put his majesty out.—*Thackeray*.

.... When God formed the rose, he said, "Thou shalt flourish and spread thy perfume." When he commanded the sun to emerge from chaos, he added, "Thou shalt enlighten and warm the world." When he gave life to the lark, he enjoined upon it to soar and sing in the air. Finally, he created man, and told him to love. And seeing the sun shine, perceiving the rose scattering its odors, hearing the lark warble in the air, how can man help loving?—*Gruen*.

Joker's Budget.

In the opinion of Mrs. Mulloney, the man that dies on a washing-day, does it out of spite. Husbands will please notice.

Nahaat is a republican town; yet there are a great many surfs upon the beach.

The habitual drunkard who "threw himself away," is now trying to lift himself up in a tub.

The Major thinks that if Colonel Pike were not a housekeeper he would be a boarding Pike!

"Don't be in a hurry—keep your seat," when addressed to a visitor in an editor's office, means, "clear out as fast as you can."

A grocer in Burlington, Vt., heads an advertisement in the Sentinel thus:—"A fig for your cent's utility!" A fair proposal, certainly.

An editor received a letter in which weather was spelled "wethur." He said it was the worst spell of weather he had ever seen.

There is a man in Indiana so thin that when the sheriff is after him he crawls into his rifle and watches his adversary through the touch-hole.

"What branch of education do you have chiefly, in your school?" "A willow branch, sir; the master has used almost a whole willow tree."

A London witness, having described himself as a "penman," was asked in what department of literature he wielded his pen, and he replied that he penned sheep in the Smithfield market.

There is a man who says he has been at evening parties, out West, where the boys and girls bug so hard that their sides cave in. He has had many of his own ribs broken in that way.

The foreman of a grand jury in Missouri, after administering an oath to a beautiful woman, instead of handing the Bible, presented his face, and said, "Now, kiss the book, madam!" He did not discover his mistake until the whole jury burst into a roar of laughter.

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F. GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

CURRAN AND THE FARMER.

A farmer attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to mine host for the bailment; but the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what hundred was meant, and was quite sure no such sum had ever been lodged in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and, finally, to the honor of Bardolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice.

"Have patience, my friend," said the counsel; "speak to the landlord civilly, and tell him that you are convinced you must have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend, and then come to me."

Moved by the rhetoric or authority of the worthy counsel, he followed the advice, and returned to his legal friend.

"And now, sir, I don't see as I'm to be better off for this, if I get my second hundred again; and how is that to be done?"

"Go and ask him for it when he is alone," said the counsel.

"Ay, sir; but asking woud do, I'm afraid, without my witness, at any rate."

"Never mind, take my advice," said the counsel; "do as I bid you, and return to me."

The farmer returned with his hundred, glad, at any rate, to find that safe again in his possession.

"Now, sir, I suppose I must be content; but I don't see as I'm much better off."

"Well, then," said the counsel; "now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him."

The wily landlord found that he had been taken off his guard, while our honest friend returned to thank his counsel exultingly, with both hundreds in his pocket.—*Mirror of the Times.*

Nothing is more delightful than to feel a new passion rising, when the flame that burned before is not yet quite extinguished. Thus, at the hour of sunset, we behold with pleasure the orb of night ascending the opposite side of the horizon.



ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE MONTH OF MAY.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MAY-DAY.

BY MRS. L. M. SIGOURNEY.

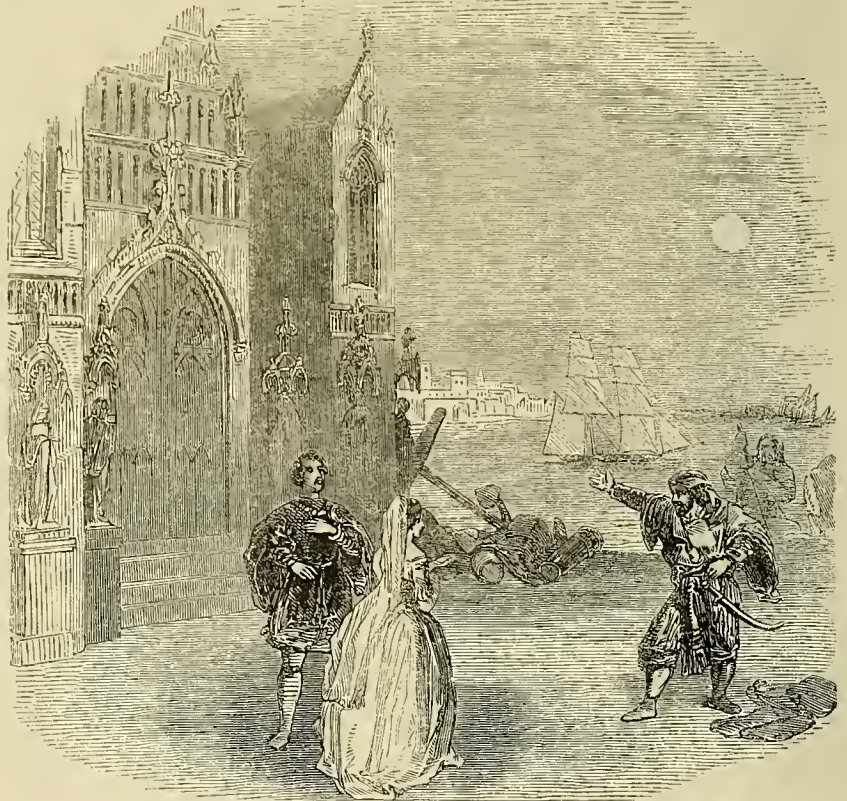
Come forth! come forth! at the dewy morn,
Come forth to the groves, mid the scented thorn;
There's a rushing of wings through the vernal sky,
A gleaming of plumes, like the rainbow's dye.
There are gushes of melody, wildly stirred,
A chant of love for the brooding bird,
And a warbled chorus from tree and spray,
Hail to thee, May! Hail to thee, May!

Come, twice a wreath of the earliest green,
With cowslip buds and the violet sheen;
The daisy is up mid the tufted grass,
The king-cup nods as we gliding pass.
The fox-glove exults on the hillock's side,
And the hyacinth kindles the garden's pride;
And their petals thrill, as they whispering say,
Hail to thee, May! Hail to thee, May!

There's a quivering sound, like the lute's faint sigh,
From the shaded dells where the mosses lie;
"The florist sought, with the spring's first ray,
Where his tulip-bulbs and his lilies lay;
Yet no man cared for our nameless bed,
Where the frost-chain bound us so dark and dread,
But he—who rules where the seraphs wait,
He remembered us all in our low estate;
He quickened our hearts mid the desolate soil,—
Praise to our God! Praise to our God!"



ILLUSTRATION OF MAY-DAY.



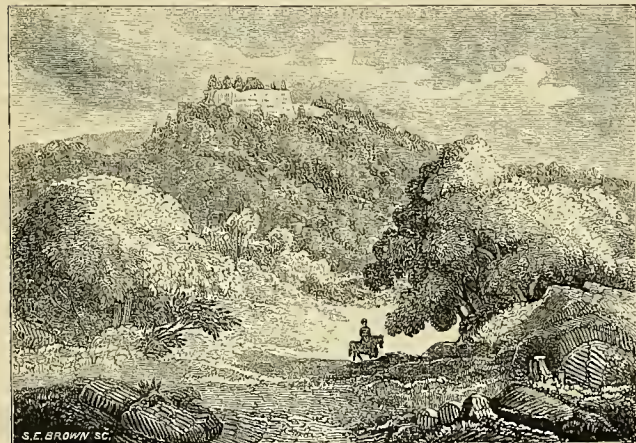
THE LOVERS AND HILDEBRAND MEETING NEAR THE TEMPLE

[See "HILDEBRAND," page 291.]

OLD FORT PUTNAM.

This ancient landmark, so intimately connected with the stirring events of our struggle for independence, is now little more than a mass of ruins. Its lofty position on the height above West Point, N. Y., makes it plainly visible to those who pass up or down the Hudson, and the distant view which we present of it, herewith, will be more generally recognized, therefore, than the interior view given on another page of this number. The view from the fort, is probably one of the finest that the entire course of the picturesque Hudson can afford, from the lofty points on either bank. Fort Putnam is situated 598 feet above the river. The English were strongly desirous of obtaining possession of this spot, as it was the key to

their communication with the Canadas, and the reader will remember that its surrender was to have been one of the earliest fruits of Arnold's treachery, so providentially prevented by the detection of Major Andre, and the discovery of the correspondence in his possession. The proximity of the West Point Military Academy to the old fort, draws many summer visitors to the spot, and the fort is the daily resort of the curious from all parts of the country. It is approachable by a carriage-road, though the ascent is at times very abrupt, and almost dangerous when a vehicle is used for the purpose; but once upon its crumbling walls, the traveller is repaid for all trouble in the toilsome ascent, by the glorious view that presents itself to his gaze.



DISTANT VIEW OF FORT PUTNAM, WEST POINT, N. Y.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1853.

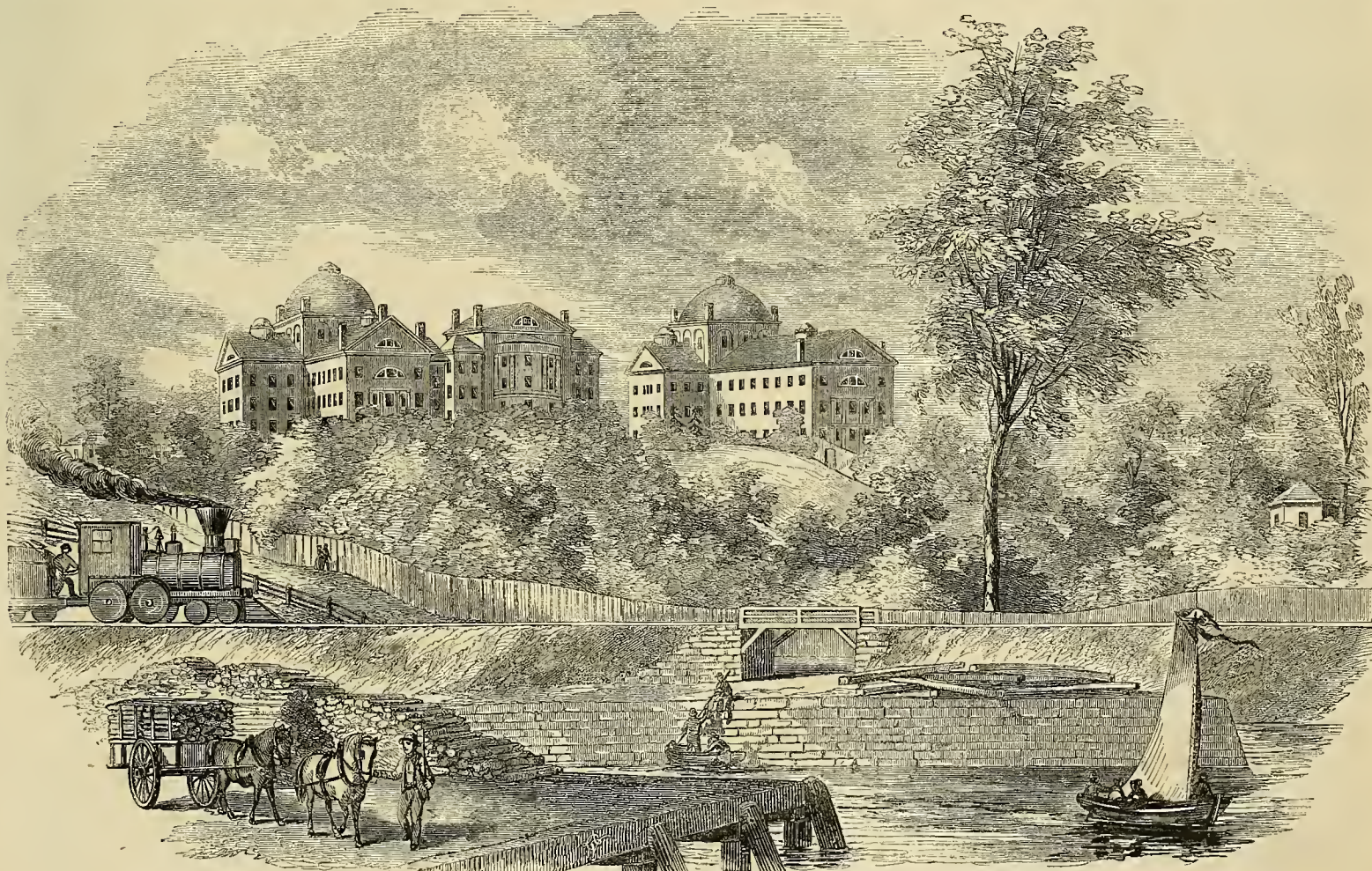
\$3 PER ANNUM. } Vol. IV. No. 20.—Whole No. 98.
6 Cts. SINGLE.

MCLEAN ASYLUM, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

The McLean Asylum for the Insane, situated in the town of Somerville, a suburb of Boston, is well known all over this country as being one of the most excellent institutions of the character in this land, and probably in the world. Under the control of intelligent and liberal men, officered by persons of both sexes, chosen, as well for their humane dispositions and proper temperaments, as for their other professional qualifications, the institution has gradually come to share the entire confidence of the public, and especially of those who have been obliged to resort to its means in behalf of suffering friends. The faithful representation which we present below of the institution and the grounds attached, will be at once recognized by a majority of our New England readers, or any of the more distant ones who may have chanced to visit Boston, and seen the points of interest in its environs. The asylum is under the immediate charge of Dr. Bell, one of the most successful physicians that has ever attempted the treatment of the insane. Dr. Bell's report shows that there have been three hundred and sixty-six patients in the asylum

during the last year. Of these, one hundred and thirty-five have been discharged; more than one half of whom—seventy-two—have been restored to reason. The average number of patients has been exactly two hundred. The number of deaths, fifteen, has been unusually small for such an institution. Nothing of unusual incident has occurred in the asylum during the year. Dr. Bell advises us at length, of a necessity, the approach of which has for some time been apprehended, viz., the provision of further accommodations for the class of patients resorting to the asylum. Not more than one half of those for whom application has been made have been admitted during the last year—the refusal being occasioned solely on account of want of adequate room. Other hospitals in this region of the country are similarly crowded. Dr. Bell estimates that the fair extent of accommodation at the asylum, even after the completion of the Appleton Wards, will not exceed that for one hundred and sixty,—looking to the higher order of arrangements—although the number of patients has, at times, amounted even to two hundred and ten. The main buildings remain, in external dimensions, as they were

in 1837, when the household consisted of less than half of the present number, and the excess has, in a considerable degree, been provided for by interior alterations, encroaching even upon the proper quarters of those having official charge. These alterations have made the interior of the present asylum irregular and inconvenient, so far as those sections are concerned which have been fitted up at various times to meet pressing emergencies. The hope, which was cherished, that such alterations or enlargements would be no longer needed, after the many and large proposed New England establishments for the insane, has proved entirely illusive. Indeed, it is ascertained that there are as many insane patients, in this region of country, for whom accommodations cannot be obtained in an institution like this, as there were at the period of the establishment of the asylum. Dr. Bell is of opinion, for reasons which he gives, that it is true policy to establish another similar asylum, separated, in point of location, from the present one, but bearing similar relations to the General Hospital. He also believes that there would be advantages resulting from having entirely separate asylums for the two sexes.



VIEW OF THE MCLEAN ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, IN SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HILDEBRAND:

—OR—

THE BUCCANEER AND THE CARDINAL.

A SICILIAN STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE CARDINAL.

It was somewhat late on the following morning when de Mora awoke, and upon descending to the room where he left his guest, he found the old man sitting by one of the windows, engaged in reading a book which he had found upon one of the tables.

"Late to bed, and late up, my son," said the Franciscan, with a smile, as he closed the book and arose to greet his host.

"Ay, father; but it is not often that I am found up so late as I was last night."

"No. Your healthful countenance speaks that plainly enough. But come, let me have water for my ablutions, and I will cease to trouble you."

"You will have some breakfast with me?"

"Perhaps I may take a little bread and wine."

"You shall have what you please. Follow me, and you shall find water."

After the father had bathed his face and head, he partook of the simple repast which de Mora set before him, and shortly afterwards he arose to depart.

"Tell me your name before you go," said Francis.

"Certainly. I am Father Hugh. Hugh Compagno."

"I have heard a name something like that," said the young man.

"Very likely."

"Do you remain long in Palermo?"

"I cannot tell."

Again Francis gazed hard at the friar, and as the latter was about to turn from the room, the front door was thrown open, and a party of men entered. The young man knew them at once as some of the cardinal's emissaries.

"This is Francis de Mora," said one of them.

"Yes," returned the youth.

"Then come with us. Ah, whom have we here?"

"That is a poor friar whom I have sheltered through the night. He is a stranger in the city."

The men whispered apart for a moment, and then one of them turned to the Franciscan.

"When did you arrive in Palermo?" he asked.

"Yesterday morning."

"You came in a vessel?"

"Yes."

"Then the cardinal may wish to see you, too."

"I will follow you, my son," returned the old man.

De Mora was soon ready to set out, and, allowing the aged Franciscan to take his arm, he followed the officers from the house. He mistrusted the business which thus called him, and though he might bandy words with the duke, yet he knew that it would not do with the powerful prelate. The distance to the cardinal's palace was not great, and when the party reached the gates, a messenger was sent on in advance to announce the arrival.

"You tremble, my son," said the old friar, in a low tone.

"Do I?" returned Francis.

"Yes. Have you cause to fear the cardinal?"

"He may have cause of omity; and he is powerful."

"And perhaps unjust," suggested the Franciscan. "I think I have heard something of his character."

Before de Mora could reply the messenger returned, and the party moved on towards the piazza of the great building. In the hall they stopped till an usher came, and then Francis and the friar were conducted to a large vaulted room in the eastern wing of the palace.

The Cardinal Ludovico was there, and by his side stood the Duke of Palermo and two priests. The prelate was a man about fifty years of age, large and stout in his frame, and bearing a countenance fully stamped with sensuality and grossness. His head was crowned by the scarlet hat, and over his rochet he wore a mantle of purple velvet. He cast a quick glance at the young man as he entered, and by a motion of the hand he beckoned him forward. The Franciscan remained behind. As our hero approached the cardinal's seat, he noticed that behind the duke stood an old fisherman, and a quick tremor shook his frame as he noticed in him one whom he had met on the previous evening while he was on his way to the Marino.

"Francis de Mora," said the cardinal, "our lord, the duke, has missed his fair ward, the Donna Angela. Perhaps you know something of her whereabouts?"

Francis noticed the quick fire that played in the cardinal's eyes, and he noticed, too, the tone in which he spoke. He quickly judged that the prelate knew too much for denial, and feeling sure that Angela would now escape, he made up his mind to tell the truth in part.

"My lord cardinal," he said, "I cannot tell the exact whereabouts of the lady in question, for I had no hand at all in the business; but I think she has fled from the city."

"Ay—we well know that; but where has she gone, and how?"

"I cannot tell you whither, but the mode of conveyance was by water."

"You denied this to the duke last night. How was that?"

"Because I supposed the girl was fleeing from him for some just cause, and if such were the case, I meant not to betray her again to his power."

"You were thoughtful," said the cardinal, with a sneer.

"I loved the girl, my lord cardinal, and of course I would not have done that which could have condemned her to misery. The duke had no right to question me, but to you I must speak the truth."

"You had better."

"So I will."

"Then who was it that carried her away?"

"It was the captain of the vessel which lay in our harbor yesterday."

"Ay—but who was that captain?"

This Francis had promised not to tell.

"I cannot tell," he replied.

"Did you not see him?"

"I saw a man whom I supposed to be him, but he was deeply disguised."

The cardinal spoke a few words with the duke, and then he turned to the fisherman.

"Is that the friar whom you met yesterday morning?"

"Yes, my lord," returned the poor fisherman, trembling at every joint, for his mind was full of racks and hot pinners, and all the rest of the inquisitorial implements of torture. It seems the duke had met the fellow on the Marino, and had learned from him of the arrival of the vessel, the landing of the friar; and also this fisherman had met Angela on her way down to the water, of which circumstance he had also told.

"Come hither, father friar," said the cardinal.

The old man approached with a slow step, and when he reached the foot of the seat whereon the prelate reclined he raised his strange dark eyes to Ludovico's face.

"What would you with me, my lord cardinal?" he said, in a tone of calm composure.

The cardinal turned half forward and grasped the great arms of his chair for support.

"Who are you?" he gasped, while his bloated face turned pale.

"A poor and honest friar of Saint Francis—a stranger, too, in your city."

Gradually the cardinal's hands relaxed their hold upon the arms of his chair, and he sank slowly back in his seat. There had been some fearful, mighty struggle in his bosom, and it had unnerved him; and though he soon recovered from the strange shock, yet his look of severity was gone, and his voice trembled while he spoke.

"You arrived yesterday morning, did you not?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"I came from Salerno by water."

"Do you know who commanded the vessel?"

"Yes."

"Who was it?"

"He is called Hildebrand."

The cardinal again changed color, but his emotion was nothing compared with what had moved him before.

"Now, by Saint Peter, this buccaneer shall meet the reward of his temerity!" cried the cardinal, as he started up from his seat.

"It is he who has carried off our fair daughter. Speak, de Mora; is it not so?"

"If he was the commander of the vessel which laid in our harbor yesterday, then it must be so," returned Francis.

"Yes," continued the cardinal, "Hildebrand is the man. 'To you, my lord duke, I commit this thing. Haste, thee, and take the best ship in our harbor, but mind that you have one heavy enough to cope with the buccaneer, for I hear that he is hard to fight. If there is blame, it shall all fall upon me. Hold a moment,' continued Ludovico; and then turning to the old friar, he said: 'I suppose you knew not—' the cardinal's voice trembled and broke as he again met the beams of those black eyes. With all his might he struggled to shake off the emotion. 'Go, go,' he gasped. 'I want nothing with you further.'"

There was a smile upon the old Franciscan's face as he turned away, and Ludovico must have seen it, for his hands were clenched convulsively together, and the palor upon his cheeks grew more ashy.

"You, too, may go," he whispered, turning to de Mora. "And you," to the fisherman.

As the friar and Francis left the apartment, followed by the fisherman, the cardinal grasped a cord that hung near him, and the tinkle of a bell was heard in the distance. A young page, habited in a linen rochet, answered the summons.

"Has Benedic come?" asked the cardinal.

"This very minute, my lord."

"Then send him hither."

The page withdrew, and in a few moments afterwards the burly Carmelite entered. His eyes looked very red and inflamed, and with a servile bow he reported himself as being present.

"Benedic, is your head clear?"

"Yes, my lord cardinal."

"Then open your box of wits and make yourself useful. Francis de Mora has just left me. Go and get your eyes upon him, and see that he does not leave the city. Think you can do this?"

"Yes."

"Mind, now. I hold you responsible for de Mora's presence whenever he may be wanted. Hang upon his way, and look out that he does not escape you."

"I will answer for him at any time," said the Carmelite.

"Then so far it is well," replied Ludovico. "And now there is another duty for you, and you must call upon Sopho and Paroli to help you. There is an old friar—a Franciscan—in our city, who arrived here yesterday morning. He is old—very old—you cannot but know him when you see him. I have a wish to know his movements. Find him out, and hang upon his steps like a shadow. You must be ready to tell me at any time what he is doing. That is all. Now haste thee, and do my bidding."

Benedic bowed his head very low, and then he turned away.

"Now, my lord duke, do you think you can tell the course our fair daughter has taken?"

"Yes—I think she has gone towards Florence. Her mother's relations live there; and they are powerful, too."

"Then, by my soul, she must be cut off. Take the ship, take the ship, and hasten off. I know but little about marine matters, but yet I think there are ships in our fleet that can combat the buccaneer."

"I will be off at once," returned the duke; "but allow me one question. 'Who, and what, is that Franciscan?'"

The cardinal fixed his eyes upon Fontani's face, and the color fled from his cheeks.

"I—I—don't know," he answered, in a hesitating, trembling voice. "When I first saw him—when I first caught the gleaming of those great black eyes, I was seized with a strange fear; but it must have been groundless. Go, my lord duke, and make all haste on your mission, and of one thing I would have you be especially careful. If you succeed in capturing the buccaneer, you must be sure that Hildebrand is most securely confined. Do not allow him to speak with a single soul."

The duke wished to ask more concerning the Franciscan, but he saw that the cardinal would not answer, so he promised to be careful of the buccaneer should he capture him, and shortly afterwards he left the prelate's palace.

As soon as the cardinal was alone he started up from his seat and began to pace the floor. At length he stopped and gazed upon the rug that lay at the foot of his chair, and an observer could have seen that he was gradually rising above the fear that had possessed him.

"By Saint Peter!" he uttered, bringing his hands smartly together, "it was only a fancy of my mind. A close resemblance—that's all."

The cardinal tried to think just as he spoke, but a doubt lingered still in his mind.

CHAPTER V.

THE DECEIVED.

THE buccaneer vessel had left the Sicilian coast far astern before daylight, but yet the wind was not the most favorable, being from the eastward, and quite light at that. The coast should have been out of sight, but when the sun arose the high land was visible, looking like a cloud-bank in the distance.

The buccaneer's deck, though very unlike decks of the present day, was yet a commodious one. The bulwarks were high and thick, and the arrangement of the rigging very handy. The masts were much heavier than there was any need of, and consequently the standing rigging was less. She carried upon her deck six heavy guns, which worked upon rather awkward carriages; but for all this they were easily handled by the brig's crew.

Angela Fontani had come on deck to see the morning sun, and she looked more happy than might have been expected. The situation in which she now found herself was a novel one, and she seemed to enjoy it.

"Ah, how fares my lady this morning?" asked Hildebrand, as he came up to where she was standing.

"Well, signor—well," she replied. "I think I should almost like to live upon the sea, it seems so beautiful."

"That's from the novelty of the thing," returned Hildebrand, with a smile. "Were you doomed to live a life here, I think you would soon sicken, and pine for a better home. But I am glad you like it now, for I shall feel easier on your account."

"O, I'm sure I like it; only if Francis were with me now, I should be happier."

"Never mind—he will join you ere long."

"I hope so," returned Angela.

As she spoke she ran her eyes over the blue water. They rested upon the distant coast, and pointing her finger towards it she asked what it was.

"That is the land we have left," returned Hildebrand. "I wish we were farther from it."

"Why so?"

"Because we should then be farther from the cardinal. There are some good ships in Palermo, and he may send one after us."

"But they couldn't overtake us now, for we are far out of sight."

"Ay," said the buccaneer, as he smiled at the girl's simple thought, "but we have a long distance to sail, too. However, I don't apprehend any danger. My vessel is a good one, and I will trust her yet."

As Hildebrand thus spoke, he turned away to attend to the working of his vessel. Angela watched the movements of the crew for a short time longer, and then she went below. She had no thought of danger, for she had most implicit confidence in the man to whose care she had trusted herself, and she felt that she was going to those who loved her, and who would care for her. Then, too, she thought that de Mora would follow her, and thus she would have all of joy that she could desire.

The day passed away, and towards night the wind came out from the southward. This was favorable, and as the breeze freshened, Hildebrand felt his spirits rise. He was not a man

who often feared anything, but he felt confident that the flight of Angela Fontani would set the cardinal's wits at work, and that suspicion might fall upon his vessel, and in such a case he would of course be chased.

On the next morning a heavy sail was made out to the southward. Hildebrand was not on deck at the time, but he was immediately called. When he came on deck he cast his eyes astern, and his hands were clenched nervously together as he saw the ship.

"Maldo," he said, addressing his lieutenant, "that is one of those new ships of the king's. She has most assuredly come in pursuit of us."

"But how could they have known us?"

"Perhaps they do not. They think, however, that the maiden is here."

"Then I fear we shall be overhauled, for our vessel is not in the best sailing order. Ah, captain, you should have hauled up and repaired before you undertook this trip."

"But I had no time for that, Maldo. This was a business that needed attending to at once. I know my vessel is growing old and shattered, for she has seen much and hard service; but we are strong yet. If that ship overtakes us she will have yet another task to perform."

Maldo laid his hand significantly upon the hilt of his heavy sword as the captain spoke.

"Let them come," he said. "If they be Spaniards I shall like them the better; but I hope they are not our own people."

At this moment Angela came up from the cabin. She noticed the looks of the buccaneer, and she asked him the cause. Hildebrand pointed out to her the ship, and at the same time expressed his fears. It was some time before the girl could comprehend the danger that threatened her. The idea of being upon the wide sea had been to her a sort of assurance that capture was out of the question; but when she came to realize that there was such a thing as being overtaken by an enemy, even at sea, and that in all probability she was being chased now by those who wished to carry her back to Palermo, she changed color, and trembled with fear.

"Does that ship sail as fast as we do?" she asked.

"Ay—and faster," returned Hildebrand.

"And cannot you gain more speed?"

"No. Everything is set now that we have in the shape of sails."

"Then I shall be taken back," murmured the maiden.

"No, no—there is no need of that. I can pledge myself to save you yet."

"And how?"

"That ship may overtake us, but she cannot conquer us."

"O, what mean you?—that there will be fighting?"

"Either we may have to fight, or you may be taken back."

"No, no—there must be no blood spilt," exclaimed Donna Angela, with startling earnestness. "I would rather a thousand times go back to Palermo. I would rather go there and trust to the efforts of Francis de Mora, for perhaps he might contrive to do something in my behalf. No, no, good Hildebrand, there must be no fighting."

"Perhaps there may be no need of it," said the buccaneer. "For your sake I trust there may not."

"But there must not."

"She gains on us rapidly," said Maldo, who had been watching the ship.

"There is no doubting that," added Hildebrand, as he gazed after the distant sail.

Donna Angela had become lost in her own reflections, and with a peculiar shrug of the shoulders the buccaneer turned towards his crew. Everything available in the shape of sails was put upon the brig, but with all their efforts she could not be forced through the water swiftly enough to distance the pursuer. The buccaneer's vessel had been a fast sailer, but she was old now, and her bottom was foul. Her sails were short, too, for she had passed through heavy gales since any repairs had been made upon her.

At noon the ship had come so near that the men could be seen upon her decks, and Hildebrand knew that in an hour she would be alongside. He ordered the arms to be placed ready for use—the long spears and pikes to be unslung, and every man to secure his javelins and sword. Angela trembled as she saw these preparations.

"You will not fight, signor?" she said.

"We may have to defend ourselves," returned the buccaneer; "but we will not fight unless it is necessary."

The buccaneer's crew, nearly a hundred in number—all of them stalwart men from the mountains and vales of Sicily—were closely packed together upon the quarter deck of their vessel. The ship was nearly within hailing distance, and they were anxiously waiting to see what were to be the coming movements.

"There is my uncle," uttered Angela, as she caught sight of the old duke upon the ship's deck. "He sees me. See! He is waving his hand towards me."

In a few moments more the commander of the ship hailed the brig, and Hildebrand responded.

"Will you heave to?" asked the former.

"Ay," returned the buccaneer; "but mind you that my guns are loaded, and my matches lighted. My swords are all sharp, and strong arms wield them. You may out sail me, but you will know that you cannot conquer me."

Then Hildebrand turned to his men.

"Maldo, clue up our courses, and lay the main-topsail aback. Look to the guns, and see that they are ready for use. To your stations, my men, and stand ready for action."

The ship came up under the buccaneer's lee quarter, both of

the vessels having huffed for that purpose, and hove to. She was a much heavier craft than the brig, but she had only four guns, and not quite so many men; and in this latter respect the ship's commander had evidently made a mistake, not thinking that he should find such a crew to deal with.

"Now what is your wish?" asked Hildebrand.

"I will tell you in a moment," returned the captain of the ship; and then turning to the duke he conferred with that person for several minutes.

"Will you allow the Duke of Palermo to come safely on board your vessel?" he asked, as he turned again towards the brig.

"Yes," answered Hildebrand.

"And shall he safely return?"

"Yes."

While the ship's boat was being lowered, the buccaneer turned towards Angela.

"Lady," he said, "matters now shall be just as you say. You may return with your uncle if you choose; but if you choose to remain with me, I will protect you. They cannot have you nor harm you, if you will but say the word."

"Let me hear what the duke has to say, and then I can the better decide, signor."

Ere long the ship's boat came alongside, and the duke came over the gangway. He was hurrying towards the spot where stood his niece, when his eye rested upon the face of the buccaneer chieftain. He suddenly stopped, and his gaze seemed rivetted.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Hildebrand," returned the chief.

Michael Fontani moved nearer to the strange man, and gazed more earnestly into his face.

"Hildebrand," he murmured.

"Ay—that is my name. Do you note anything wonderful about me?"

"There is something familiar in your features," returned the duke.

"And if there is, this is no time to hunt over your budget of recollections. You may see me again, and then there will be time enough for that. You have come now to see Donna Angela."

Hildebrand seemed anxious to direct the attention of the duke from his own person; for, notwithstanding his apparent coolness, a close observer might have noticed that he was really uneasy beneath the keen glance that was fastened upon him. But he was quickly relieved, for Fontani obeyed the hint he had received, and turned towards his niece.

"Angela," he commenced, in a tone that he meant should have been pathetic, "what means this? Why have you left your kindred and your home, and in this strange manner thrown yourself upon a trackless waste?"

"You know, my uncle, why I left you," returned the fair girl, looking quite calmly into her interlocutor's face.

"I'm sure I cannot tell. I am all astonishment."

"Did you not arrange with the cardinal that I should wed with the young Marquis de Villani?"

For a single instant the duke's countenance fell, but the emotion could hardly have been noticed, even by a close observer. His features quickly assumed a smile, but it was a smile such as one deeply read in the manifestation of character would have detected as false.

"Angela," said he, "I was not aware that you had learned of the cardinal's proposition."

"I have learned of it, signor duke; and I also learned that you had seconded that proposition."

Again the cloud passed over Fontani's face, and again it was calm.

"I did agree to the cardinal's request," he resumed, "but of course I meant to have consulted you before the thing was settled. We are sorry that the match is distasteful to you, but since it is so, of course it shall be broken off. Come, Angela, return with me, and you shall choose your own course. O, you must not leave me thus. My dwelling is like a night-track without you."

"Do you not deceive me?" asked the maiden, looking her uncle steadily in the face.

"Deceive you in what?"

"In telling me that if I return I shall not wed with de Villani."

"I do not, Angela. If you will return you shall wed with whom you choose. There is no deception in this."

"I wish I knew."

"Do you doubt my word?"

"No, no—not that; but I doubt the cardinal."

"You need not doubt him, for he will be governed by me in this matter."

During this colloquy Hildebrand had stood with his arms folded across his breast, and a scornful look rested upon his dark features.

"Lady," he said, addressing Angela, "you had better not place too much confidence in what you hear about the humanity of the cardinal. Think well before you decide. You shall keep on with me if you wish."

"Ont with thee, false prophet," exclaimed the duke. "Boast not too surely of what thou wilt do."

"Ah, my lord duke," returned the buccaneer, while the smile upon his face grew more bitter, "I have no argument to bandy with you. I shall back up my words with sharp swords and quick powder. What I say, I mean."

The duke looked very angry after Hildebrand had thus spoken, but he saw that the buccaneer had the advantage, and so he wisely kept his indignation to himself. He turned towards Angela, as soon as he was calm, and drew her further away where none other might hear what he said.

"My child," said he, in a low tone, "if you love Francis de Mora, you will return with me."

"And what of Francis?" uttered the maiden, startled by the words.

"The cardinal thinks that he has been instrumental in getting you away from the city, and he will be held in durance till you return. Ludovico is sorry that he had not known how you would take this matter, and he is doubly sorry that through a misapprehension of his intentions you should have fled from your home. He would not for worlds have you go to Florence, and there tell that he had been the means of driving you from your native city. His soul shrinks from the thought, and until you are restored to your home again he will hold de Mora to answer. Come, you have nothing to fear, but all to gain."

Angela Fontani began to give way beneath her uncle's persuasions. She dreamed not that he was lying to her—she did not think that he could be guilty of such falsehood, and she believed him.

"Hildebrand," she said, advancing to the buccaneer, "I think I will return with my uncle."

"As you please, lady. I will not try to rule your mind."

Hildebrand then turned to the duke.

"Michael Fontani, I hope you have been speaking the truth; but be that as it may, you will rue it if you have deceived this girl. Ah, do not start so, for I speak the truth. You shall most deeply regret the day on which you deceived Donna Angela."

The duke trembled, but it was not all fear of the buccaneer that moved him. It was partly the consciousness of the baseness he was practising.

"Hildebrand," said Angela, laying her hand upon the stout man's arm, "I thank you for your kindness; but you must not think hard of me because you have had your trouble for nothing."

"No, no, lady, I do not blame you; and as for your thanks, I do not deserve them yet." His voice sank to a low whisper as he added, "Wait until I have done you a more signal service, for be sure that time will come."

Angela made no reply, for her uncle took her by the arm and drew her away. The small bundle of clothing which had been brought on board for her use was placed in the boat, and then she followed the duke over the side.

Fontani had gained his niece, but neither he nor the captain of the ship had the courage to attempt the capture of the buccaneer. They not only had an instinctive dread of the man, but they liked not the looks of his stout crew.

CHAPTER VI.

SOME DARK PLOTTING.

CARDINAL LUDOVICO was in one of the ante-rooms of his palace. He was walking up and down the apartment, and ever and anon he would stop and gaze upon the round form of Father Benedic, who sat in one corner.

"You say you have watched this Franciscan well," said the cardinal, as he stopped in his walk.

"Ay, my lord cardinal; I have hung upon his every step."

"And yet you cannot guess at his business here?"

"How can I when he seems to have none?"

"But he must be doing something."

"Surely. He visits the churches, and seems interested in the ceremonies; but his mind seems to have no fixed purpose. To be sure, I have thought I could detect evil in his eye, and he may be a wicked friar. You know there are evil men, even in the church."

"Do you think so, Benedic?"

"I fear so, my lord."

"And I have no doubt that you would like to see them punished."

The fat Carmelite placed his hand upon his bosom, and bowed his head very low—low enough to hide his face from the cardinal. "Wickedness should not go unpunished," he returned, in a tone of admirable sanctimoniousness.

"Of course not," said Ludovico; "but we have to do with the Franciscan now. Where does he spend most of his time?"

"He has stopped mostly at the convent of Saint Francis, the Capuchin convent towards Morreale."

"By Saint Peter, I must know more of this man," uttered the cardinal, as he started again across the room.

The monk watched the movements of the prelate with a searching eye. He saw that there was something of more than ordinary importance attached to the matter, and he was ready to die with curiosity.

"Who do you think he is?" ventured Benedic.

"Who?" repeated Ludovico, stopping short, and casting a glance of fire upon the Carmelite. "Perhaps it is Satan himself, or at least, one whom I would as lief see!"

The monk crossed himself and looked down upon the floor.

At that moment some one knocked at the door. The cardinal bade the applicant enter. It was the young page.

"The duke has returned, my lord."

"Ha! Bid him come to me, then. Take thyself out of the way now, Benedic; but do not go far, for I may want thee again."

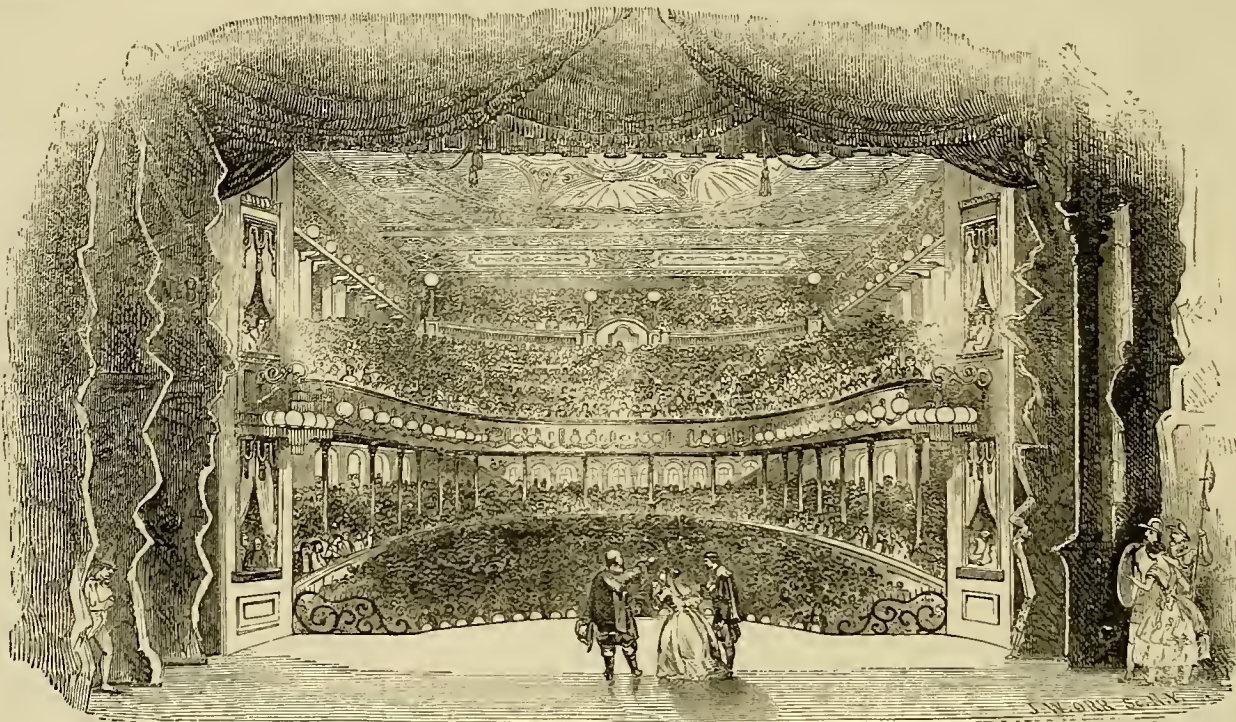
The monk followed the page from the apartment, and shortly afterwards the Duke of Palermo entered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It would truly be a fine thing if men suffered themselves to be guided by reason, that they should acquiesce in the true remonstrances addressed to them by the writings of the learned and the advice of friends. But the greater part are so disposed that the words which enter by one ear do incontinently go out of the other, and begin again by following the custom. The best teacher one can have is necessity.—*Francis la Nona.*

NIBLO'S.

Until the year 1823, the land upon which Niblo's Garden is now located, formed a part of the Bayard Farm, and was then used as a training-ground for race horses. The whole plot of ground was, at that time, purchased by Hon. S. Van Rensselaer for \$15,000! Scarcely half the price of a single city lot on the same place at this day. This ground alone, without any building whatever upon it, is now worth \$300,000—a pretty fair increase in value. Mr. Niblo was, in 1827, actively engaged in business in that part of New York, now considered very far down town, but was then the heart of the city. With a keen appreciation of what would please the public, and the clear foresight of a thorough man of business, he resolved to convert this almost barren spot into a blooming garden, and open it to the public. Large trees were transplanted from distant woods to the selected spot; choice flowers and plants mingled with the rarest exotics; fountains gushed, and threw their spray into the air; and all around, a beauteous garden bloomed. In the centre of this pleasant place a neat temple was erected and dedicated to music. The entertainments first given here consisted of instrumental concerts; to these were added a few vocalists, with a piano forte accompaniment, and a display of fireworks each evening. During this first season the old Bowery Theatre was burned down, and the managers, anxious to provide for a company that had just arrived from England under engagement to them, proposed to Mr. Niblo that he should erect them a theatre to perform in, until their own establishment could be rebuilt. Mr. Niblo took the matter in hand, and in fifteen days from the time the foundation was laid, a commanding and handsome theatre was actually completed—comprising a spacious stage, a parquette, and two circles of boxes, capable of holding twelve hundred persons. The house and garden were gaily lighted by thousands of colored illumination lamps, for gas was not to be had then. This theatre was called the "Sans Souci." One year later this building was converted into a fine concert saloon, and was opened with a grand musical festival, on Monday, May 13th, 1829. The affair went off brilliantly, and at once established Mr. Niblo's Saloon as the headquarters of the first families, and the leading place of amusement in New York—a reputation it has steadily maintained undiminished and unapproached to the present day. At this time the first Italian troupe used to perform at the Opera House in Leonard street, on the site of the first National Theatre, and after an unsuccessful season there, it was their custom to come up to Niblo's Garden, and in that popular resort restore their damaged fortunes. Mr. Davis, of New Orleans, also brought his French opera company to New York, and after unsuccessful experiments at the old Park and elsewhere, would bring his forces to Niblo's Garden, and always made money and friends. Mr. Niblo soon erected a larger and more perfect theatre, and continually added to the beauties of his garden. Here the wonderful Ravel Family drew thousands upon thousands for many summers in succession, and here the beauty, wealth, worth, and fashion of the city and the whole country met, year after year, until, in September, 1846, a destructive conflagration occurred, and in less than four hours, a heap of black and smoking ruins alone remained where the sun had gone down on a blooming garden, filled with a thousand gay and happy people. The ground lay waste and untenanted for two years, Mr. Niblo having retired to his beautiful country-seat on the East River, to enjoy peacefully the fortune acquired by thirty years' active life. But the public missed the garden, the press bewailed it, and old friends urged him to return. Moved by their wishes, and influenced, perhaps, by a desire to renew his long-established and familiar intimacy with the universal public, Mr. Niblo again returned to the old spot once more a desert, and resolved to erect such an establishment as should at once prove worthy the city of New York, and a memorial of his own untiring energy and ability as a caterer to his well-tried friends, the public. This celebrated establishment as it now stands, not only holds the first rank among all the places of amusement in New York, but is unequalled by any on the American continent. Indeed it is conceded by many Europeans who have visited all the gay capitals of France, England, Germany, Spain and Italy, that Niblo's Garden, when the whole establishment is taken into consideration, is unsurpassed even in Europe. Containing, as it does, under one roof, a spacious and magnificent opera house, a splendid concert hall, and a ball-room, with richly furnished reception parlors,



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE OPERA HOUSE, AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, NEW YORK.

drawing-rooms, dressing-rooms, and a supper saloon sufficiently capacious to accommodate upwards of a thousand guests. Independent of these, which are almost nightly thrown open to the public, the entrance halls and lobbies are sufficiently spacious to

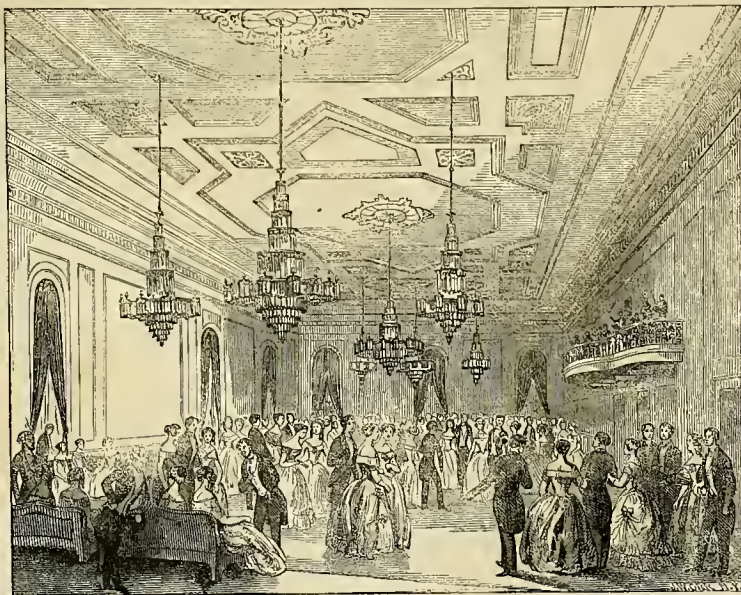
and on the left to a garden filled, during the summer, with rare and choice trees, plants and flowers; and, during the evening, when gaily illuminated and crowded with promenaders, this spot forms one of the great attractions of the place. The ceiling of the



VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE HALL AT NIBLO'S GARDEN.

afford accommodation for an entire audience at one time, and even these are decorated in a style of splendor equal to the interior of our most sumptuous dwellings. The principal entrance is through three arched door-ways near the centre of that magni-

ficent building, the Metropolitan Hotel. On passing the outer doors of large plate glass, the visitor finds himself in a handsome entrance-hall. The floor is of variegated marble—the roof, supported by Corinthian columns, is painted in fresco—and the side walls are panelled from floor to ceiling. Three pairs of splendid doors of richly stained and enamelled glass, set in black walnut frames, swing noiselessly open and admit the visitors to the vestibule, which is twenty-five feet wide and seventy-five feet long, illuminated by ten handsome three-light branches. The effect of this entrance chamber is really beautiful. Between the light and tasty marbled columns, rising on each side to the roof, are glazed doors leading on the right to the gentlemen's saloon and a spacious restaurant, and on the left to a garden filled, during the summer, with rare and choice trees, plants and flowers; and, during the evening, when gaily illuminated and crowded with promenaders, this spot forms one of the great attractions of the place. The ceiling of the vestibule, which is supported by richly carved trusses of white and gold, is elaborately ornamented in relief, and richly gilt—the blaze of light being brilliantly reflected back from every salient point. Ascending by four wide and easy steps, the spectator passes into the inner lobby, equally spacious as the last, and beautifully ornamented in fresco painting with gold moulding. On the left of this lobby are three large, glass, double doors, leading into the interior of the theatre or opera house—one of the most spacious and complete structures of the kind in America. Throughout the whole building, every seat in the parquette, dress-boxes, upper-circle and balconies is furnished with spiral steel springs and hair-stuffed cushions, and covered with rich blue damask. The stage is 76 by 64 feet beyond the proscenium, at which point it is 45 feet in width, being modelled after that of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, which is acknowledged to be the best in the world. The orchestra is movable, and can, by a simple arrangement, be adapted to a band of a hundred performers, or reduced to the most moderate compass. The scenery, machinery, costumes, and other accessories of scenic display in use at Niblo's, are of the most costly, complete and magnificent description. Opposite to the doors leading to this part of the house is a magnificent saloon for promenade and refreshment. During the intermissions between the performances, this splendid saloon is brilliantly lighted by twenty-one double chandeliers; every part of the walls and ceilings is painted in fresco and laid in gold panels, and when it is filled with the gaily-dressed audience, it presents a most pleasing coup d'œil, unsurpassed elsewhere. A spacious staircase, of admirable proportions, leads to the magnificent ball and concert saloon, to the richly-furnished ladies' parlors, drawing-rooms, etc., etc. Seven magnificent chandeliers spread a blaze of light throughout this splendid



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE BALL-ROOM AT NIBLO'S GARDEN.

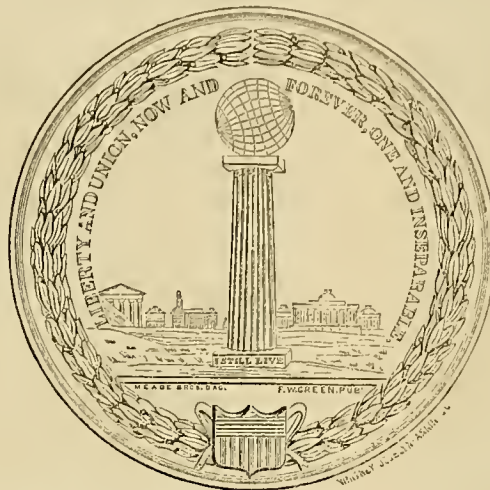
salon de la danse, which is one of the finest proportioned rooms in the city, and universally known as the most fashionable room in New York for balls or concerts. This portion of the establishment has a separate entrance from Broadway; visitors passing through the entrance hall to the reception parlors, thence to the splendidly furnished drawing-rooms, and concert hall, or ball-room—all of which are on the same floor, and entirely separated from all other parts of the building. It is not an uncommon occurrence here, during the gay, winter season, to find the entire building crowded in every part with the votaries of pleasure—the opera house tenanted by a brilliant audience, numbering between two and three thousand persons—the ball, or concert room, echoing to the gay hand and the merry feet of the dancers, or to the magnificent harmonies of the Philharmonic Society, or some other grand concert, listened to by an audience of twelve hundred people—while a thousand more are enjoying the creature comforts of this life in the supper saloon below. These vast assemblages beneath one roof are not, we repeat, uncommon in Mr. Niblo's establishment. Yet so admirable is the construction of the building, and so perfect the system of management adopted and carried out, that no confusion or interruption ever occurs, nor does the sound of one entertainment ever penetrate to that portion of the building devoted to another. On some great occasions the entire establishment, including the theatre with its immense stage and parquette, is floored over and added to the ball-room for the votaries of Terpsichore; the spacious and lofty vestibules, lobbies and passages for promenading, the ranges of boxes for repose and enjoyment of the gay scene, the saloons and supper rooms for refreshment, are all thrown open

together, and have furnished ample space and accommodations for as many as six thousand persons at one time! May it not, then, be fairly claimed for this establishment, that it is the most perfect in the world? Among the minor but all-important peculiarities of Niblo's Garden, may be especially noted the high respectability of the audiences that assemble there—the perfect order and decorum that reign throughout the entire building, and, “though last, not least,” the admirable cleanliness of the whole establishment, in which respect it is positively a pattern to all

places of public resort, every part of the building being kept as scrupulously clean as the dwelling of a well-conducted family, and as neat as a *belle's boudoir*. The triumphant success of Madame Soa-tag, during a series of thirty nights, firmly established Niblo's Garden as the opera house *par excellence*; the auditory being nightly filled by audiences numbering from two to three thousand persons, and presenting a *coup d'œil* of magnificence and beauty we have never seen surpassed.—This celebrated resort, though situated nearly in the heart of the business of the city, at the time it was laid out as a garden, was literally out of town; and our readers may smile when we tell them that Mr. Niblo was obliged to build two large and handsome omnibuses to bring the citizens to his then rural retreat. These were the very first omnibuses ever built in that city after the original French models—having platform springs and crank axles. They ran from the City Hotel to the Garden; were drawn by four spirited horses, handsomely caparisoned, driven by well-dressed Jehus—with a civil and sprightly lad attached to each to collect the fare and attend upon the ladies. But such has been the mighty rush of population into the metropolis of the country that distances once far remote from the thoroughfares of trade, are now but the centres of trafficking communities; and the “up town” of to-day, but a few years ago was among the untenanted suburbs. Whole neighborhoods along with their churches, have emigrated upward, leaving the older portions of the city entirely to the reign of mammon, and the pursuits of business, commerce, and places of public amusement.

FACSIMILE OF THE WEBSTER MEDAL.

Below we present to our readers a copy of either side of the Webster medal, lately completed at a cost of some \$1500. The work is the artistic effort of the same person who made the Clay medal, either of which specimens of art have never been excelled in this country for neatness, beauty, and perfection of likeness. The work has been for a considerable period in hand, and now that it is at last perfected, we hasten to lay a fac simile of the same before our readers. It is of the largest medallion size, and exhib-



FAC-SIMILE OF THE WEBSTER GOLD MEDAL.

its on one side a most admirable profile of the great statesman. On the reverse is a doric pillar sustaining a globe, the pillar resting on a base, with the inscription "I STILL LIVE." In the background are representations of Faneuil Hall, the United States Capitol, and other public buildings connected with the history of Mr. Webster's public labors. Within the milling is a broad and richly-sculptured circular wreath, inclosing the legend—"Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable." This beautiful medal has been struck in gold, silver and copper, and will be sought for by many, as a memento of the great statesman.

NEW YORK CITY FLOUR MILLS.

Ever ready to chronicle any improvement which may benefit mankind, we present our readers this week with an engraving of the above-named establishment. The urgent necessity for a steam flour mill in this vicinity, where consumers can obtain fresh ground flour and meal, has induced the proprietor, William M. Willett, Esq., to erect this splendid building. It is situated on the southeast corner of Broome and Lewis Streets, New York, in close proximity to the East River, and but a few steps from the great thoroughfare of Grand Street. The building is seventy-five feet front on Broome Street, fifty feet on Lewis Street, and is five stories high; it is built of Philadelphia brick. The architect, Edmund Waring, Esq., and the builders, Messrs. Moore and Bryant, have won for themselves much credit; while Mr. Aaron Osborn has displayed no less skill as a carpenter, in the elegance of workmanship in the interior. The machinery throughout the building has every requisite for a flour mill on the most improved principles, being put up under the direction of Mr. Andrew Morrow, the well known millwright. A steam engine of sixty horse power is required to work the machinery, and in all respects it is pronounced a model flour mill. Our country friends visiting New York would do well to pay a visit to these mills, and witness the latest improvements in the manufacture of that very necessary article—flour. The superintendent is Mr. Edward F. Green; the book-keeper and cashier, Mr. Benjamin A. Baker, whom our readers will recognize as being once the manager of the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, in conjunction with Mr. English. The miller is Mr. T. C. Connell, who is connected with numerous attaches well qualified to ensure the success of so splendid an undertaking. The necessity and advantage of these places for the manufacture of flour nearer home, are becoming more felt, at the north, and the frequent adulterations which have been made in this staple have turned the attention of people here to the manufacture of an article which shall be pure and wholesome, and may be obtained fresh for distance by the masses of the metropolis.



NEW YORK CITY FLOUR MILLS, SITUATED ON THE CORNER OF BROOME AND LEWIS STREETS.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

EPITHALAMUM.

BY E. SUMMERS DANA.

—Nor stranger seemed that hearts
So gentle, so employed, should close in love,
Than when two dewdrops on the petal shake
To the same sweet air and tinkle deeper down,
And slip at once all-fragrant into one.—*The Princess.*

How sweetly Limerick's golden bells
Ring out their evening chime;
Borne from Italia's classic dells
To Erin's mellow clime.
How softly from their mellow cells,
With redolence of tone,
The notes of these sweet vesper-bells
Seem blended into one.

How dearly, when two kindred hearts,
In love's oblivious dream,
Moor in a fragile shell, their bark,
Upon affection's stream,
The golden wings of fairies bent
Sweet chimed upon that shore,
Till all their loves, with music, meet
And mingle evermore.

Thus two young hearts of noble mould,
Have twined, about the hours
Of future bliss, bright hues of gold
That deck the fairest flowers.
Ah! may no griefs those hours beguile,
That swell their coming years;
Or, such their fate may breakening smiles
Seem sweeter for the tears.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A LESSON TO MATCH-MAKERS.

BY ALICE H. NEAL.

"And these are your drawings, Josephine,—dear me, how very clever you are."

"O, that portfolio,—these are mere trifles I painted in oils all last term,—there's my music, after all. I could not think where Minny had put it."

"Did Minny do all your packing?"

"Every bit; she's the most amiable creature you ever saw. Madame Lamsant wanted to change and give me Ellen Lyons for a room-mate, but I was n't going to hear that. She was so idle she could scarcely take care of herself, much more put the room in order. I never touched a thing. You've no idea how I've improved in music,—do you play?"

"Only a little music that I like, those waltzes mother used to play years ago, and some songs."

"But do n't you sing exercises, scales, and all that? I was in hopes you did, for I learned some charming duets with mademoiselle, and they'll be quite lost if you do n't. I depended on it, Julia."

"I'm very sorry," began Julia deprecatingly, as she saw a shade cross the young beauty's face; but Josephine had already forgotten it in humming a favorite air, with an astonishing display of "extras," as she turned over her music.

"This is so lovely—from Sonnambula—la la la la—ah ah ah ah ah ah—O, how difficult that accompaniment is. I meant to have you accompany me, it's so tiresome to have to keep up instrumental practice. I was so disappointed to see that stupid old piano in the parlor still. I've set my heart on a new one."

"But I would n't change for a great deal; I love that old piano, it has given me so many happy hours, and I'm sure it's very sweet-toned yet."

"Yes; but such thin legs! and there ought to be another octave and a half,—a great deal of my music is written so. Who comes here now? Do put up these muslins, there's a good girl, and just hang up these dresses—take care, that's my best bonnet—till to-morrow. I did all my shopping in New York, thank goodness. Who comes in, did you say? Mr. Mitchell, of course, stupid as ever; talks law cases to papa, and brings mother a box of prunes New Year's day. Old Mr. Williams, and that inquisitive young Locke. How stupid everybody will seem after Albany!"

"Mr. Lawrence is not stupid."

"What Mr. Lawrence?" inquired Miss Josephine, sharply, knocking down a pile of school books, lexicons and the like, in reaching for an apple.

"Father's partner."

"O dear, yes, I forgot. From Boston, is n't he? Why did n't you write me all about him?"

"You were coming home so soon,—but he'll be here to tea, and you can see for yourself."

"To-night! It's well you told me, I was going down in this old wrapper, for I'm tired to death. You need n't hang up that blue muslin,—here, these bows go so, just catch them on, won't you? How shall I wear my hair? Is he tall?"

As the looker-on could easily conclude, from the positions and dialogue of the Misses Wood, one was a beauty and a belle, the other, plain, quiet and unobtrusive. They were engaged at unpacking, in a large, pleasant chamber,—that is, Josephine dragged dresses, books, collars, portfolios and underclothes, from the various trunks and boxes, strewing them round the carpet in almost hopeless confusion, while Julia in vain tried to fulfil her constantly conflicting demands, and bring something like order out of the chaos. It was well enough for Julia to sleep with the children, but now that Josephine was coming home, "for good," from the Albany Female Seminary, one of the two best bed-rooms was

prepared for her, which Julia was allowed to share. Josephine was her mother's favorite,—her father's, too, for that matter,—while only the children clung to Julia, and they were often permitted to tyrannize, as children will. But the bright, cheerful Josephine had all the spirit and brilliancy denied to her elder sister, and here was the secret of her popularity. Like most belles, she was careless and selfish, though good-naturedly so, and her sister was one of the readiest of the whole household to submit to her whims and caprices.

Julia had been educated at home, with the indifferent aid of Factoryville schools, and was indebted to quiet perseverance and an extended range of reading for the cultivation she possessed. The children were troublesome in the days she should have been sent from home, but on the pet of the family no pains or expense had been spared. She had a good voice, and a taste for the more showy accomplishments. She was allowed music and drawing, and even dancing lessons, to her heart's content. Mr. Wood had been troubled with conscientious scruples about dancing before this. So with every talent for popularity, Josephine won it wherever she was. The servants flattered her, teachers praised her, school-mates looked up to her and copied and quoted her. No wonder she was a *little* spoiled, and that she took precedence of her plain, elder sister at home, as a matter of course.

Julia was not so exceedingly plain, nor so old, after all,—in reality only nineteen,—though so grave and quiet, and then her eyes, and teeth, and hair were good. But her hair did not curl, nor her teeth dazzle when she smiled, nor her eyes sparkle; but they had a deep, tender, quiet light and expression, all their own, when she looked at you long enough for you to notice it. She was staid, almost grave in her ways, with quite a motherly care over the children, and, every one agreed, "cut out for an old maid." We wonder how it chanced that neat drawers, orderly closets, careful habits, and a patient, much-enduring disposition, should come to be considered as certain signs of a disposition towards single-blessedness, when any one knows they are the qualities most needed in domestic life. And by the same rule of contraries, a gay, thoughtless, careless creature, bent on self-indulgence and the whim of the moment, is considered a fair candidate for matrimony.

As her toilet had commenced, Josephine could not be expected to attend to the affairs of unpacking any longer, and while she brushed, and rolled, and curled, and braided her dark, abundant hair, Julia, still on her knees by the trunks, grew weary and flushed with stooping or lifting, or contriving places for the numberless articles in this heterogeneous collection,—the belle condescending now and then to make a suggestion, very much in the tone of a command, and which was sure to give a great deal of trouble to no purpose. Her sister remembered that the next day was Saturday, with its own burdensome share of domestic duties, and she would not have a moment to finish the task; besides, it was to her a matter of physical impossibility to sleep in a room so littered. So the tea bell rang while she was pinning Josephine's collar, and searching at the same time among a pile of rumpled muslins for a certain pair of undersleeves. With her hair and dress in confusion, she was obliged to excuse herself, knowing at the same time there would be no one to wait on the younger children and keep them quiet. But Julia was accustomed to these little disappointments, dignified by modern story-writers as sacrifices, and gave a most sincere glance of admiration at the light and graceful figure, as her sister left the room, so airy, yet so elegant, in the simple blue lawn dress and lace edgings.

"How Mr. Lawrence will admire her," she thought, turning with something like a sigh of weariness to the pile of books she was transferring to shelves at the other end of the room. It was more than an hour before anything was arranged to her satisfaction, and then she was summoned to see the children to bed, so that the evening was half gone before, work-basket in hand, she entered the parlor. She had heard Josephine at the piano, and expected to find Mr. Lawrence beside her, but no, only the family circle, Mr. Wood, as usual, with his back to the centre-table, examining accounts at the old-fashioned "secretary," as he invariably pronounced it. Mrs. Wood sat by the globe lamp, stitching away in industrious silence; and Josephine with a not very amiable expression of countenance, made the poor old piano tremble with the heavy chords and octaves of a variation. She rose and came to the table as her sister entered, and commenced, rather sharply:

"I thought you told me there would be company to tea."

"There generally is on Friday night, Josephine."

"Well, you might have known certainly before you gave me the trouble of dressing, it's so provoking to take all the trouble for nothing."

Julia's linen collar and cambric undersleeves would have been just the same under any circumstances; she could not imagine the annoyance of looking one's very best, with nobody to see it.

"I'm sure your father was very much pleased to see how nice you looked," Mrs. Wood said, emphatically, as if "father's admiration" ought to be quite a sufficient reward for any pains.

"Father! why I do n't believe he knows whether I have on a calico or a flannel dress!" and the red lips curled a little more than they should have done, as she glanced towards the stiff, square figure of the manufacturer, whose eyes were fastened, silver-rimmed spectacles and all, on the ledger before him.

Julia was sorry for her sister; she knew from long and lonely experience that their evenings at home were by no means gay or social. Her father was always absorbed in a review of the business of the day, or reading the latest date newspaper; and as Mrs. Wood was one of those who "cannot work and talk too," they generally had a quiet sewing duet until half-past nine, when

prayers came as the close of the evening, and then to bed, to commence with the next morning the same unvaried, monotonous routine. How many families there are, in which the cheerful evening hours are thus made but a lengthening out of a day of toil and busy care. How much better for the health of mind and body, to "work while the day lasts," and devote this time to relaxation, reading, conversation, lighter employments that do not interfere with these, so that, not only home is made happy to its inmates, who have something to look forward to at the close of business hours, but becomes attractive to a pleasant circle of friends from without, who will add variety to the chat or the incident.

Josephine had no work; she borrowed her mother's scissors, and commenced snipping the darning cotton with which Julia was repairing a very large, family-looking basket of stockings, and yawned, and wished somebody would come in. A faint tinkle of the door-bell, a stamp of somebody's feet on the door-step, heard distinctly through the open window, seemed a response to the aspiration. Julia neither looked up nor down, but commenced running a very large "thin place," as comported as before, but her sister smoothed her curls, and shook out her dress, with kindling eyes fixed on the parlor door, which opened slowly to usher in—Mr. Mitchell.

"Of all people!" thought the mortified beauty. "The same tiresome, prosy, stupid old bachelor!" She was quite disgusted by the alacrity of her father's salutation, and prepared herself for the very same remark he had used on all her vacation visits, and which he evidently intended as a joke. It came accordingly,—*"Dear me, Miss Josephine, how you have grown! almost a young lady, I declare. Well, are you finished yet?"*

She wondered how Julia could listen so patiently to his ponderous civilities, delivered in the same measured manner, and half-smothered, droning voice, she could remember ever since her earliest recollection,—for Mr. Mitchell had been her father's friend and groomsmen, and had made it a point to visit the family once a week ever since. "Julia might talk to him for all she cared," and with sudden interest she became deeply absorbed in the fashion article of a two-months' old *Lady's Book*; not so entirely, however, that a second ring did not call an eager flush of expectation to her face.

It was a much lighter step, and a much more agreeable tone of voice, that sounded in the passage. Josephine was convinced, before the visitor entered, that Mr. Lawrence had come at last, though now she did not condescend to notice his entrance, until, her father said, with quite an unusual bustle of introduction for him:

"My second daughter, Josephine, Mr. Lawrence."

"My daughter Josephine" condescended to give a very rapid, but scrutinizing, glance, as she acknowledged the acquaintance; the result of which was that Mr. Lawrence was neither tall nor short, handsome nor plain, but rather stylish in comparison to the Factoryville beaux generally. He had whiskers, and wore gloves. His hand was certainly in contrast to the broad, uncovered knuckles Mr. Mitchell was exhibiting on the work-table. He did not say much to Julia, beyond inquiring for her health, and asking how she liked the last book he had loaned her. He seemed more particularly interested in the children, inquiring of Mrs. Wood if Johnny had recovered from his fall, and how Sam got home from the woods the night before, and whether Mary had summoned courage to have her tooth out yet. He was a great favorite with Mrs. Wood, that was plain, and as Mr. Mitchell continued devoted to Julia and the darning cotton, the belle gradually found herself putting forth all her powers of fascination for the benefit of the new comer. Mr. Lawrence spoke of the last *Art Journal*,—"Did he draw?"

"A little; he sketched from nature,—and Miss Wood?"

Her mother answered that question with a prompt "O, of course; Josephine, my dear, why don't you get your drawings and show them to Mr. Lawrence? he would like very much to see them."

Miss Wood was sure she could not think of troubling him with such childish affairs, and the end of it was that Mr. Lawrence devoted the whole evening to the fair artist, over the portfolio and pianoforte, for he was also very fond of music.

As for Josephine, her listlessness had all vanished. She smiled, she chatted, she sang, and played her very best, and talked herself to sleep after the visit was over, admiring Mr. Lawrence, and pronouncing Julia very stupid not to do so.

Poor Julia! How did the sleeping beauty know that? She did admire Mr. Lawrence more than any man she had ever met. She never knew how much until this evening, when he had scarcely spoken to her, and she had found time between Mr. Mitchell's studied remarks, to listen to his clever repartee, or watch his animated face, as he listened to Josephine's songs. She had expected him to admire her sister, and had thought what a relief it would be to the city bred young lady to find so agreeable a person almost domesticated with them. But he need not have been quite so much engrossed, she thought, as to forget to ask if she would like the second part of Hazlitt's *Table Talk*, which she did want very much. However, it was only natural, perhaps, she was so plain and quiet, Josephine so full of life and animation. She was so beautiful, too,—and gentlemen always cared for beauty above everything else,—yes, she was very beautiful, for Julia turned and looked at that fair face nestling in the pillow near her,—the lips so red and full, the cheek dimpling with some pleasant dream, and the dark lashes shading it so softly. No wonder every one admired and loved her; and with a feeling of almost motherly fondness, Julia bent over and kissed her fair young sister very softly, blessing her in her heart.

Mr. Lawrence sat in the family pew at church, and walked

home by the young ladies, very naturally, after service. Josephine looked more charming than ever in the simple, but elegant, white crape hat, with a few blue hurebelle near the face. And the floating, wavy flounces of her berage dress were so becoming to her figure. Julia felt almost cloudy in the Dunstable straw, with its plain satin ribbons, and the white dress, now in its second season. She saw the many admiring glances Josephine received, and gradually fell back, taking little Mary's hand, and leaving them to walk on alone. They certainly did look very well together, and Mrs. Wood thought so too; from that moment it became "a match" in her mind.

Everything favored the growing intimacy of the young people. For once the course of true love seemed to run as smooth as heart could wish. They practised together, and Mr. Lawrence looked over and corrected Josephine's drawings. Mr. Wood always made his young and influential partner welcome, and he as steadily resisted all the efforts of his senior to entice him into talking business after business hours. Perhaps this was one reason why Mrs. Wood liked him so well. There were various parties given during the fall and winter, in honor of Miss Josephine's return, and Mr. Lawrence was their escort, as a matter of course, Julia seeming more in the light of a chaperone, than needing one.

Of course all the Factoryville belles grew very jealous of the new comer. "She put on so many airs, as if nobody had ever been at boarding school before." "She dressed so much more than poor Julia," said another. "And is determined to monopolize Mr. Lawrence," added an amiable trio. But none of these things moved the young lady herself, she was testing the intoxicating draught of general admiration, and she had no time to bestow on distanced competitors.

Spring came on again, and the family gathered more in the sitting-room, leaving the parlor, by tacit consent, to the lovers, as they were generally supposed to be. Mr. Wood had talked it over with his wife, and concluded it would be an excellent arrangement, as far as business was concerned. "A son-in-law would feel so much more interest than a stranger." And Mrs. Wood thought she might as well give Julia a hint about leaving the parlor occasionally, or being engaged sometimes when a walk was proposed.

Poor Julia; she took it meekly, as she did all her mother's instructions. She confined herself more than ever to the family mending, while Josephine trifled with cambric ruffles and a gold thimble. It was quite right in her eyes that when but one of them could have a new shawl, Josephine should be that one, or when Mr. Lawrence invited the young ladies to ride, mother should wish her particularly to oversee the baking. She began to think she should like to have the wedding over soon, and that she would be an old maid, as every one predicted, after all. Indeed, she told Mr. Mitchell so, when, to her utter astonishment, he proposed to bestow on her the honor of his hand and name. Mr. Mitchell received it very calmly; said that perhaps it was the most sensible way of living, after all, and he hoped she would not be mentioning their little conversation. He need not have uttered the last piece of advice, but by the time she reached home alone, she had begun to wonder whether she had not dreamed the whole interview, so improbable did it appear.

Her mother stopped her on the stairs to say she was very late, —the dress-maker must have kept her a great while; they were through tea, and Mr. Lawrence had asked "father" if he could see him alone a few moments that evening. "So you see if it is n't just as I said," Mrs. Wood added triumphantly, "and I only wish Josy was at home; she's at your annt's and won't be here before night."

Julia was glad to hear it, all of it; she did not wish any tea, and she wanted to be alone in her room. She was glad she knew Mr. Lawrence was going to propose, she could think it all over.

Poor Julia, once again. She did not seem very happy, after all, as she nudged her bonnet, and sat down on a low sewing chair by the open window. She was not jealous of her sister's happiness, but she envied her the power of winning love and sympathy. Her own lot seemed so lonely and unvaried. The round of household duties, the constant and almost imperceptible tax upon her time, and strength, and energies, as the elder sister of a large household, the want of cheerful companionship, especially when Josephine should be in a home of her own. It was this that had made the visits of Mr. Lawrence so pleasant at first; he had given her an interest out of herself, described what she herself had felt in speaking of their favorite authors, which neither her father nor mother even knew by name. Before Josephine came he had almost seemed to like her. Only a month ago, he came and stood by her one evening, and asked her how it was he saw so little of her now, and he offered her his hand so kindly. Sometimes she was sure she had seen him look towards her from the piano, as if he was sorry she was so dull and lonely,—but then he was so kind to every one. How happy Josephine would be with such constant love and watch care. How could she speak so lightly of it? No longer ago than yesterday she said in that very room, with a toss of the head, "Mr. Lawrence need not think himself so very sure of her, after all,—he was not the only man in the world."

She heard him in the hall below, inquiring for her father, and started as she thought how soon she would be called upon to welcome him as a brother. She was "very nervous," she said to herself,—her walk had been too long. She must have been, for while she tried to think only how very beautiful the trees looked in the garden below, silvered by the moonlight, which seemed to call out the faint breath of the just opening lilacs, a mist of unbidden tears hid it from her view, and laying her head on the window seat, she sobbed like a tired child.

Her father's voice, calling "Julia, Julia," from the sitting room

door, recalled her to herself, after a miserable hour. She had been so absorbed that she had not even heard Mr. Lawrence go out; but of course he would bring Josephine home from her aunt's, and she must prepare to meet and congratulate them. It was very foolish in her to feel so,—she ought to be very thankful she was going to have Mr. Lawrence for—a brother. She descended the stairs slowly, nevertheless, that her eyes might have all the time she could gain, to recover their usual hue,—so slowly that her father came to the door again, as if to send up another impatient summons.

Mr. Wood made few prefaces. Perhaps it was just as well.

"I suppose you knew Mr. Lawrence came to see me to-night?" he began abruptly.

"Yes, sir."

"And not on business, either,—that is, not concerning the factory. I must confess I was surprised."

"I was not, sir," said Julia, looking up and trying to speak cheerfully.

"Not surprised? He assured me he had never mentioned the matter to you."

"He never has, sir, but it was very easy to see it."

"Bless my heart," broke in Mr. Wood, abruptly, "your mother and I always thought his attentions were directed to Josephine."

"Yes, sir, to Josephine."

"And wanting you all the while? Well, I must say I never courted your Aunt Jane, when I wanted to marry your mother."

"O, indeed you are mistaken,—it is Josephine; he never speaks to me."

"He says he can never get a chance, and that's why he came to ask me if we had any objection to his addressing you."

"O, no sir, indeed it was Josephine; I always left—"

"Indeed it was not, little skeptic!" and before the poor child could think of an escape, or what it all could mean, she was for the first time in her life alone with Mr. Lawrence,—Mr. Wood considerably leaving the argument to his hands. He seemed to have brought forth most convincing proof that he knew his own mind, for in an incredibly short space of time Julia had changed her opinion, and came to the conclusion that she would not like to have him for "a brother" at all.

"But you always walked with Josephine."

"Because you always left us."

"And you sang with her."

"You never would touch the piano after she came. You know I always liked your ballads better than opera songs that were never written for the parlor."

"But she is so pretty."

"And you are so good, and so unselfish, and so dear," he said, clasping the hand that he held more closely. "What shall I do or say to convince you that it is you, and not Josephine, I want for my wife."

It is due to the discomforted beauty to state that she bore the turn affairs had taken with wondrous equanimity, and exerted all her taste and skill in the arrangement of the tresseau. Nay, she even flirted violently at the wedding (which was the grandest affair, thanks to her, Factoryville had ever seen) with a cousin of Mr. Lawrence who had come down to be groomsman, though her rivals insisted "that was all put on to conceal her mortification, anybody could tell." Mr. Mitchell did not venture his usual stereotyped wedding joke about the happy pair, but retired into a corner with Mr. Wood, who was glad to refresh himself in so unusual an atmosphere, by a little sensible talk on the tariff.

After all, Josephine became Mrs. Lawrence, by marrying the Boston cousin, who, being passionately fond of gay society and the polka, was much more to her fancy than Julia's husband. It was hard to say which was happiest,—each in her own way,—Julia devoted to her husband and her household, where Mr. Mitchell after a time became a regular weekly visitant, or Josephine in her round of city engagements; but certainly neither one of them ever repented the choice their father's partner had made.

ADDISON.

There is no gall in his ink, and if it kills, it is after the manner of those perfumed poisons which are not less grateful than deadly. In its intellectual qualities, the wit of Addison and the wit of Swift were not totally unlike. Both were masters of sarcastic allegory, and both excelled in humorous gravity and homely fidelity. In the temper of their satire they were the two extremes—Addison gentle, Swift stern; Addison compassionate, Swift morose. The Dean would have torn to pieces a lamb like a wolf; but his friend would have endeavored to coax a wolf into a lamb. Swift cared less to correct than to condemn. His chief delight in a bone was the pleasure of snarling over it. His morbid body made a misanthropic mind, and the black bile of his mournful disease colored all his writings. Addison's happy disposition looked at dark grounds through a sunny medium. He is never cynical, never malevolent; his harshest language is admonition and sportive raillery. Swift's wit is sometimes a bludgeon, sometimes a razor; but Addison is content to tickle with a feather.—*British Quarterly.*

SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

An Italian bishop, who had struggled through many difficulties without repining, and been much opposed without manifesting impatience, being asked by a friend to communicate the secret of his being always so happy, replied: "It consists in a single thing, and that is, making a right use of my eyes." His friend, in surprise, begged him to explain his meaning. "Most willingly," replied the bishop. "In whatsoever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my great business is to get there. I then look down upon earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall soon fill in it. I then look abroad in the world, and see what multitudes are, in all respects, less happy than myself. And thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all my cares must end, and how little reason I ever had to murmur, or to be otherwise than thankful. And to live in this spirit is to be always happy."—*Water Cure Journal.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ONE WHO LOVED ABOVE HER.

BY ALICE CAREY.

The day was almost over:—on the hills
The parting light was lifting like a ghost;
And like a trembling lover eye's sweet star,
In the dim leafy reach of the thick woods,
Stood waiting for the coming drow of night.
But it was not the beauty of the time
That thrilled my heart with tempests of such bliss
As shake the bosom of a god, new-winged,
When first in his blue pathway up the skies,
He feels the embrace of immortality.

A moment's bliss, and then the world was changed—
Truth, like a planet striking through the dark,
Shone clear and cold, and I was what I am,
Listening along the wilderness of life
For the faint echoes of lost melody.
The moonlight gathered itself back from me,
And slanted its pale pinions to the dust;
The drowsy gnat, bedded in luscious blooms,
Startled, as at the death-throes of all peace,
Down through the darkness moaningly fled off.

God! hide from me the time; for then I knew
His shame to call a low-born maiden, bride!
I could, I think, have lifted my pale hands,
Though bandaged back with grave-clothes, in that hour,
To cover my hot forehead from his kins.
And yet, false love, I loved thee, listening close
From the dim hour when twilight's rosy hedge
Sprang from the fires of sunset, till deep night
Swept with her cloud of stars the face of heaven,
For the quick music of thy hurrying step.
And if, within some cold and sunless cave
Thou hadst lain lost and dying, prompted not,
My feet had struck that pathway, and I could,
With the neglected sunshine of my hair,
Thence clasped thee from the hungry jaws of death,
And on my heart, as on a wave of light,
Have lulled thee to the beauty of soft dreams.

Weak, womanish imaginings, be gone!
Let the poor-spirited children of despair
Hang on the sepulchre of buried hope
The fiery garlands of their love-lorn songs.
Though such gift, turned on its pearly hinges
Mercy's gate, I would not so debase me.
Shut out from heaven and all the blessed saints,
I, from the arch-fiend's wing as from a star,
Would gather yet some splendor to my brows,
And tread the darkness with a step of pride!

THE BIBLE IN EDUCATION.

If my opinion will be of any use, I give it most cheerfully in favor of making the Bible a text book in the school, the academy, the college, and the university. To say nothing of its literature, which, in my judgment, is unrivalled, it contains not only the purest system of morals, but the soundest maxims of political economy, and the most exact delineations of human nature, to be found on earth. There is more in it to make a man great as well as good, than there is in any other volume. Men cannot be well educated without the Bible. It ought, therefore, to hold the chief place in every situation of learning throughout Christendom; and I do not know of a higher service that could be rendered to this republic, than the bringing about this desirable result.—*Dr. Nett.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A SONG OF SPRING.*

BY PARR BENJAMIN.

Love and spring are born together,
Twins of nature, soft and fair;
Basking in the pleasant weather,
Sporting in the balmy air.

Music of the birds, returning
From the far-off southern bowers,
Fills the heart with tender yearning
For the bliss that once was ours.

When we sat and heard, enchanted,
Songs of fond romantic lore;
And the fields and groves seemed haunted
With those fairies, fanned of yore.

Happy youth! enjoy thy season,
For thou, too, art in thy spring;
Fancy is unchilled by reason,
Hopes are round thee blossoming.

Let thine eyes, enraptured, ponder
All that skies and waters bring;
All that nature joys to squander
In the yielding lap of spring.

Let thy heart, the transport feeling,
Gratefully with love overflow;
Like a stream that long congealing,
Melts now in the sunny glow.

CHORUS.

Love and spring are born together,
Twins of nature, soft and fair;
Basking in the pleasant weather,
Sporting in the balmy air.

* It has been said that rhymes recurring in sequence with like terminations cannot be pleasing to the ear. I have attempted to render them at least melodious, particularly in three consecutive stanzas—the fourth, fifth and sixth—of this slight poem.

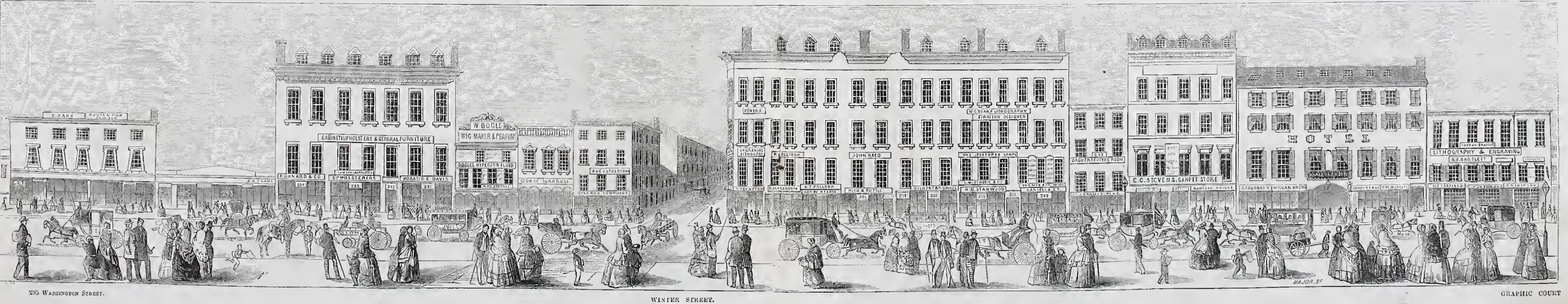
PRAYER.—If prayer were not enjoined for the perfection, it would be permitted to the weakness of our nature. We should be betrayed into it, if we thought it a sin, and pious ejaculations would escape our lips, though we were obliged to preface them with God forgive me for praying!



GRAND PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE WEST SIDE OF WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS., COMMENCING AT THE CORNER OF COURT STREET, AND EXTENDING TO No. 295, ABOVE WINTER STREET.



GRAND PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE WEST SIDE OF WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS., COMMENCING AT THE CORNER OF COURT STREET, AND EXTENDING TO No. 295, ABOVE WINTER STREET.



GRAND PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE WEST SIDE OF WASHINGTON STREET BOSTON MASS COMMENCING AT THE CORNER OF COURT STREET AND EXTENDING TO No. 295, ABOVE WINTER STREET.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SPRING.

BY MARY N. DEARBORN.

The glowing streamers tinge the eastern sky,
And light is floating on her sunny wing;
To color the fields with their scattering dye,
In the opening hours of spring.

Within those bright-robed clouds are stores of weight,
The glittering dew and the gathering rain;
Each forming, to bathe with their misty freight
The growth of the neighboring plain.

And there comes from the isles of the southern seas,
With the breath of the blossoming flowers,
A softening aid to the wandering breeze,
That telleth afar of its native bowers.

And the feathery songsters rehearse the tale,
By the freshening zephyrs brought and sung,
To every bud of the sheltering vale,
That 'neath its gentle influence sprang.

While high on the beams whose rich beauties are seen,
To float in the rays of a sunnier sphere;
Comes forth the bright spring, with his mantle of green,
To herald the dawn of his proud career.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE COSSACK.

A TALE OF EASTERN EUROPE.

BY FRANCIS A. DUBIVAGE.

CHAPTER I.

—I'd give
The Ukraine back again, to live
It o'er once more—and be a page,
The happy page, who was the lord
Of one soft heart and his own sword.

MAZEPPA.

COUNT WILLNITZ was striding to and fro in the old hall of his ancestral castle in the heart of Lithuania. Through the high and narrow gothic windows, the light fell dimly into the cold apartment, just glancing on the massive pillars, and bringing into faint relief the dusty banners and old trophies of arms that hung along the walls, for the wintry day was near its close. The count was a dark-browed, stern-featured man. His cold, gray eyes were sunken in their orbits, and deep lines were drawn about his mouth, as if some secret grief were gnawing at his vitals. And, indeed, good cause existed for his sorrow; for, but a few days previously, he had lost his wife. They had buried the countess at midnight, as was the custom of the family, in the old ancestral vault of the castle; vassal and serf had waved their torches over the black throat of the grave, and the wail of women had gone up through the rocky arches. Still, the count had been seen to shed no tear. An old warrior, schooled in the stern academy of military life, he had early learned to conquer his emotions; indeed, there were those who said that nature, in moulding his aristocratic form, had forgotten to provide it with a heart; and this legend found facile credence with the cowering serfs who owned his sway, and the ill-paid soldiers who followed his banner. The last male descendant of a long and noble line, he was ill able to maintain the splendor of his family name; for his dominions had been "curtailed of their fair proportion," and his finances were in a disordered state.

As, like Hardykanute in the old ballad,

"Stately strode he east the wa',
And stately strode he west,"

there entered a figure almost as grim and stern as himself. This was an old woman who now filled the office of housekeeper, having succeeded to full sway on the death of the countess, the young daughter of the count being unable or unwilling to assume any care in the household.

"Well, dame," said the count, pausing in his walk, and confronting the old woman. "How goes it with you? and how with Alvinia? Still sorrowing over her mother's death?"

"The tears of a maiden are like the dews in the morning, count," replied the old woman. "The first sunbeam dries them up."

"And what ray of joy can penetrate the dismal hole?" asked the count.

"Do you remember the golden bracelet you gave your lady daughter on her wedding-day?" inquired the old woman, fixing her keen gray eye on her master's face as she spoke.

"Ay, well," replied the count. "Golden gifts are not so easily obtained of late, that I should forget their bestowal. But what of the hauble?"

"I saw it in the hands of the page Alexis, when he thought himself unobserved."

"How?" cried the count, his cheek first reddening, and then becoming deadly pale with anger. "Is the blood of the gitan asserting its claim? Has he begun to pilfer? The dog shall hang from the highest battlement of the castle!"

"May it not have been a free gift, sir count?" suggested the bideous hag.

"A free gift! what mean you? A love token? Ha! dare you insinuate? and yet her blood is—"

"Hush! walls have sometimes ears," said the old woman, looking cautiously around. "The gipsy child you picked up in the forest is now almost a man; your daughter is a woman. The page is beautiful; they have been thrown much together. Alvinia is lonely, romantic—"

"Enough, enough!" said the count, stamping his foot. "I will watch him. If your suspicions be correct," he paused, and added between his clenched teeth, "I shall know how to punish the darling of the dog. Away!"

The old woman hobbled away, rubbing her skinny hands together, and chuckling at the prospect of having her hatred of the young countess and the page, both of whom had excited her malevolence, speedily gratified.

Count Willnitz was on the eve of a journey to Paris with his daughter; they were to start in a day or two. This circumstance brought on the adventure we shall speedily relate.

Between Alexis, the beautiful page, whom the late countess had fond and fancied among a wandering Bohemian horde, and the high-born daughter of the feudal house, an attachment had sprung up, nurtured by the isolation in which they lived, and the romantic character and youth of the parties. About to be separated from his mistress for a long time, the page had implored her to grant him an interview, and the lovers met in an apartment joining the suite of rooms appropriated to the countess, and where they were little likely to be intruded upon. In the innocence of their hearts, they had not dreamed that their looks and movements had been watched, and they gave themselves up to the happiness of unrestrained converse. But at the moment when the joy of Alexis seemed purest and brightest, the gathering thunder, cloud was overhanging him. At the moment when, sealing his pledge of eternal fidelity, and memory in absence, he tremblingly printed a first and holy kiss upon the blushing cheek of Alvinia, an iron hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, torn ruthlessly from the spot, he was dashed against the wall, while a terrible voice exclaimed;

"Dog, you shall reckon with me for this!"

Alvinia threw herself at her father's feet.

"Pardon—pardon for Alexis, father! I alone am to blame."

"Rise, rise!" thundered the count. "Art thou not sufficiently humiliated? Dare to breathe a word in his favor, and it shall go hard with thy minion. Punishment thou canst not avert; say but a word, and that punishment becomes death; for he is mine, soul and body, to have and to hold, to head or to hang; my vassal—my slave! What ho, there!"

As he stamped his foot, a throng of attendants poured into the room.

"Search me that fellow!" cried the count, pointing with his finger to Alexis.

A dozen officers' hands examined the person of Alexis; one of them, more eager than the rest, discovered a golden bracelet, and brought it to the count.

"Ha!" cried the count, as he gazed upon the trinket. "Truly do I recognize this bauble. Speak, dog! when got'st thou this?"

Alvinia was about to speak, and acknowledge that she had bestowed it, but before she could utter a syllable, the page exclaimed:

"I confess all—I stole it."

"Enough!" cried the count. "Daughter, retire to your apartment."

"Father!" cried the wretched girl, wringing her hands.

"Silence, countess!" cried the count, with terrific emphasis.

"Remember that I wield the power of life and death!"

Casting one look of mute agony at the undaunted page, the hapless lady retired from the room.

"Zahitzki," said the count, addressing the foremost of his attendants, "take me this thieving dog into the court-yard, and lay fifty stripes upon his back. Then bear him to the dungeon, in the eastern turret that overlooks the moat, there keep him till you learn my farther pleasure."

The page was brave as steel. His cheek did not blanch, nor did his heart quail, as he heard the dreadful sentence. His lips uttered no unmanly entreaty for forgiveness; but folding his arms, and drawing up his elegant figure to its full height, he fixed his eagle eye upon the count, with a glance full of bitter hatred and mortal defiance. And afterwards, when submitting to the ignominious punishment, with his flesh lacerated by the scourge, no groan escaped his lips, that might reach the listening ear of Alvinia. He bore it all with Spartan firmness.

Midnight had struck, when the young countess, shrouded in a cloak, and bearing a key which she had purchased by its weight in gold, ascended to the eastern turret, resolved to liberate the prisoner. The door swung heavily back on its rusted hinges, as she cautiously entered the dungeon. Drawing back the slide from a lantern she carried in her left hand, she threw its blaze before her, calling out at the same time: "Alexis!"

No voice responded.

"They have murdered him!" she murmured, as she rushed forward, and glanced wildly around her.

The cell was empty. She sprang to the grated window. The bars had been sawn through and wrenched apart, with the exception of one from which dangled a rope made of fragments of linen and blanket twisted and knotted together. Had Alexis escaped or perished in the attempt? The moat was deep and broad, but the page was a good swimmer and a good climber, and his heart was above all proof. There was little doubt in the mind of his mistress that fortune had favored him. Sinking on her knees, she gave utterance to a fervent thanksgiving to the Almighty power which had protected the hapless boy, and then retired to her couch to weep in secret. The next day the castle rang with the escape of Alexis. Messengers were sent out in pursuit of him in every direction, but a fall of snow in the latter part of the night prevented the possibility of tracking him, and even the dogs that the count put upon the scent were completely baffled. The next day the count and his daughter started on their journey.

CHAPTER II.

For time at last sets all things even—
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

BYRON.

YEARS had passed away. The storm of war had rolled over the country, and the white eagle of Poland had ceased to wave over an independent land. Count Willnitz and his daughter had returned to the old castle; the former stern and harsh as ever; the latter completely in the power of an inexorable master. She had received no tidings of Alexis, and had given him up as lost to her forever. Her father, straitened in his circumstances, and menaced with ruin, had secured relief and safety by pledging his daughter's hand to a wealthy nobleman, Count Radetsky, who was now in the castle, awaiting the fulfilment of the bargain.

"Go, my child," said the count, with more gentleness than he usually manifested in his manner. "You must prepare yourself for the altar."

"Father," said the young girl, earnestly, "does he know that I love him not?"

"I have told him all, Alvinia."

"And yet he is willing to wed me!" She raised her eyes to heaven, rose, and slowly retired to her room.

Louisa, the old woman presented in the first scene of our tale decked the unfortunate girl in her bridal robes, and went with her to the chapel, where her father and Radetsky awaited her. An old priest mumbled over the ceremony, and joined the hands of the bride and bridegroom. The witnesses were few—only the vassals of the court, and no attempt at festivity preceded or followed the dismal ceremony.

Alvinia retired to her chamber when it was over, promising to join her bridegroom at the table in a few moments.

The housekeeper accompanied her.

"I give you joy, Countess Radetsky," said the old woman.

"I sorely need it," was the bitter answer. "I have sacrificed myself to the duty I owe my sole surviving parent."

The old woman rubbed her hands and chuckled, as she noted the tone of anguish in which these words were uttered.

"I can now speak out," she said. "After long years of silence, the seal is removed from my lips. I can now repay your childish scorn, and bitter jests, by a bitterer jest than any you have yet dreamed of. Countess Radetsky—"

"Spare me that name," said the countess.

"Nay, sweet, it is one you will hear through life," said the hag, "and you had better accustom yourself early to its sound. Know, then, my sweet lady, that the count, my master, had no claims on your obedience."

"How?"

"He is a childless man. He found you an abandoned orphan. Struck with your beauty, he brought you to his lady, and, though they loved you not, they adopted you, with a view to making your charms useful to them when you should have grown up. The count has amply paid himself to day for all the expense and trouble you have put him to. He has sold you to an eager suitor for a good round price. Ha! ha!"

"And you knew this, and never told me!" cried the hapless girl.

"I was bound by an oath not to reveal the secret, till you were married. And I did not love you enough to perjure myself."

"Wretch—miserable wretch!" cried Alvinia. "Alas! to what a fate have I been doomed. Ah! why did they not let me rather perish than rear me to this doom! My heart is given to Alexis—my hand to Radetsky!"

"Go down, sweet, to your bridegroom," said the old woman, who was totally deaf to her complaints; "or he will seek you here."

Alvinia descended to the banquet hall, uncertain what course to pursue. Escape appeared impossible, and what little she knew of Radetsky convinced her that he was as pitiless and base as her reputed father. She sank into a seat, pale, inanimate and despairing.

At that moment, ere any one present could say a word, a man, white with terror, rushed into the hall, and stammered out:

"My lord count!"

"What is it, fellow, speak?"

"The Cossacks!" cried the man. And his information was confirmed by a loud hurrah, or rather yell, that rose without.

"Raise the drawbridge!" cried the count. "Curses on it," he added, "I had forgotten that drawbridge and portcullis; every means of defence were gone long ago."

"The Cossacks are in the court-yard!" cried a second servant, rushing in.

"A thousand curses on the dogs!" cried Radetsky, drawing his sword. "Count, look to your child, I will to the court-yard with your fellows, to do what we may."

By this time the court-yard of the castle was filled with uproar and turmoil. The dashing of swords was mingled with pistol-shots and groans, the shouts of triumph and the shrieks of despair. Alvinia, left alone by her father and Radetsky, trembled not at the prospect of approaching death; she felt only joy at her deliverance from the arms of a hated bridegroom. But when the crackling of flames was heard—when a lurid light streamed up against the window—when wreaths of smoke began to pour in from the corridors, the instinct of self-preservation awakened in her breast, and almost unconsciously she shrieked aloud for help.

Her appeal was answered unexpectedly. A tall, plumed figure dashed into the room; a vigorous arm was thrown around her waist, and she was lifted from her feet. Her unknown preserver, unimpeded by her light weight, passed into the corridor with a

fleet step. The grand staircase was already on fire, but drawing his furled cloak closely around her, the stranger dashed through the flames, and bore her out into the court-yard. Almost before she knew it, she was sitting behind him on a fiery steed. The rider gave the animal the spur, and he dashed through the gate, followed by a hundred wild Cossacks, shouting and yelling in the frenzy of their triumph.

Gratitude for an escape from a dreadful death was now banished from Alvina's mind by the fear of a worse fate at the hands of these wild men.

"You have saved my life," she said to her unknown companion, "do not make that life a curse. Take pity on an unfortunate and sorely persecuted girl. I have no ransom to pay you, but free me, and you will earn my daily prayers and blessings."

"Fear nothing," answered a deep and manly voice. "No harm is intended thee. No harm shall befall thee; I swear it on the word of a Cossack chieftain."

Alvina was tranquillized at once by the evident sincerity of the assurance.

"You are alone now in the world," pursued the stranger. "I strove to save your bridegroom, but he fell before I reached him."

"I loved him not," answered Alvina, coldly; "I mourn him not."

"You may hate me for the deed," said the stranger, "and I would fain escape that woe; but here, I avouch it in the face of Heaven: Count Willnitz fell by my hand. My sabre clove him to the teeth. Years had passed, but I could not forget that he once laid the bloody scourge upon my back!"

"Alexis!" cried Alvina, now recognizing her preserver.

"Yes, dear, but, unfortunate girl," cried the Cossack leader, turning and gazing on the young girl, "I feel that thou art lost to me for ever. I have slain thy father. Love for thee should have stayed my hand, but I had sworn an oath of vengeance, and I kept my vow."

"Alexis," whispered Alvina, "he was not my father. He was my bitterest enemy. Nor am I nobly born. Like you, I am an orphan."

"Say you so?" shouted the Cossack. "Then thou art mine—mine and forever—joy of my youth—blessing of my manhood!"

"Yes, thine—thine only."

"But bethink thee, sweetest," said the Cossack. "I lead a strange wild life."

"I will share it with thee," said Alvina, firmly.

"My companions are rude men."

"I shall see only thee."

"My home is the saddle, my palace the wide steppe."

"With thee, Alexis, I could be happy anywhere."

"Then be it so," said the Cossack, joyously. "What ho!" he shouted, at the top of his ringing, trumpet-like voice. "Comrades, behold your hetman's bride!"

From mouth to mouth the words of the Cossack chieftain were repeated, and oft as they were uttered, wild shouts of joy rose from the bearded warriors; for they had loved the gallant Alexis from the moment when, a way worn, famished and bleeding fugitive, he came among them. They galloped round and round the hetman and his fair companion in dizzying circles, like the whirling leaves of autumn, firing their pistols, brandishing their lances and sabres, and making the welkin ring with their terrific shouts. Alvina clung, terrified, to the waist of her lover, and he finally silenced the noisy demonstrations by a wave of his hand. Then, under his leadership, and in more regular order, the formidable band of horsemen pursued their march to these distant solitudes where happiness awaited their chieftain and his bride.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE POETRY OF EARTH—A SONNET.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.—KEATS.

"The poetry of earth is never dead:"

No, never dead to one that sees aright;

Knows not decay, nor touch of time, nor blight,

But ever round the spirit doth it shed

The blessing of its presence: it is spread

In every spot in characters of light,

For it is written by the Infinite;

Nor are its words the words of fear and dread:

'Tis full of beauty, gentile, though sublime,

And ever, on this life's mysterious road,

It calls the soul from thought of things of time,

With teachings manifold, to nature's God:

'Tis fresh and fair as is earth's joyful youth,

And still it lives, to teach love, gratitude and truth.

GAMING IN PARIS.

One of the best services done to morality, in France, by the Republican press, under the reign of Louis Philippe, was the successful crusade which it conducted against the gaming-houses of Paris. The nuisance was put down by law. Europe rejoiced at the triumph of reason and morality over the inertia of governments. Enlightened Frenchmen congratulated themselves on the withdrawal of so much seductive patronage from the executive power. The friends of persons visiting Paris no longer feared for the contagion of the fatal passion of play. But with new men come new ideas. Under the revived empire, the public gaming-houses, with all their vices, are, it is said, to be restored, and with a splendor unknown in previous times. If anything could add to the disgust of serious minds at this most wicked tampering with public morals, it is the pretence that these saloons will be a gain to the arts, and lend a new embellishment to the capital. The announcement was made in the *Revue de Beaux Arts*, the Count de Nieuwerkerke's journal; and the rooms will be as grand and terrible as gilt can make them, and guilt will leave them.—*Pen and Pencil*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

CANT PHRASES.

A PRACTICAL SKETCH.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

It is a fact that cannot be disputed, that cant phrases have become the order of the day. The English language literally groans beneath these expletives, which have grown out of the vulgar taste. They may be called moral excrecences, which should be excised by the hand of propriety. The mania for cant terms of expression has spread far and wide, and infected old and young, until there are but very few persons who can relate the most simple event, without interlarding the narration with phrases that must shock every truly refined mind.

This evil seems to be steadily on the increase, and one cannot walk the streets without hearing the most juvenile portion of the community employing terms but ill adapted to their childish lips. It is the duty of the press, and of parents, to endeavor to check this growing appetite for what is monstrous and unbecoming. Elegance of language, as well as elegance of manners, is necessary to entitle any person to the distinction of "lady," or "gentleman."

We admit that many persons of good sense, and of very good taste in many respects, have been betrayed into the habit; but that furnishes no excuse for the continuance, and does not go to prove that cant phrases are necessary or proper.

So far from assisting to express an idea, and facilitate the process of narration, or conversation, they actually have a contrary effect, and render the process more slow and difficult. They are like extra weight placed upon a horse intended for speed, which weighs down and wearies the animal. The human speech should be noble and dignified, and worthy to express the thoughts of immortal beings. Low ideas are always attached to cant phrases, which must inevitably exercise a degrading influence upon the mind. Low conceptions are as detrimental to improvement, as wet and heavy plumage to a bird that would take a lofty flight.

Those who would be really refined, fashionable and elegant, would do well to remember that in all works of fiction truly valuable, it is only the coarse and vulgar who make use of low and inelegant phrases. The really good, learned and polished, are made to employ chaste, simple and elevated language, in order that the contrast between the high and the low may be made strikingly apparent. It is intended by the author of such productions, that we should imitate the first, and shun the glaring defects of the second.

To illustrate the cant phraseology of the day, we will take the liberty to introduce our readers to the Stout family, which comprises four persons—Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Stout, Josephine and Napoleon Stout. Josephine is old enough to excite some attention among the beaux, and Napoleon has reached that period in his existence, when he thinks himself entitled to a "stand up" dickey of the most lofty pretensions, bear's grease and cigars; and when his heart beats fast at hearing the footsteps of some young miss, just emancipated from short clothes.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Stout had been reared in an atmosphere of cant phrases; and they had inhaled it until they were fully and hopelessly impregnated with the malaria. Their courtship, even, was conducted on cant principles; for, when Mr. Stout asked his bride elect if she would "hook on for life," she promptly answered that "she'd be blest if she didn't!" When Josephine made her advent to bless the connubial state of the couple, Mr. Timothy pronounced her a "trump," and Mrs. Timothy declared, with equal earnestness, that she "beat all creation." When Napoleon made his debut upon the stage of life, his male progenitor called him a "roarer," and his maternal parent averred that he was a "tearer." When both were old enough to play about the house, one was "up to snuff," the other was a "brick." In their juvenile disputes, Josephine branded Napoleon with the infamous epithet of "small potatoes;" the latter retorted smartly, and with equal severity, that she "didn't know beans." When Napoleon was obstinate and obstreperous, his mother warned him that he "would catch it;" to which he finally learned to reply, as his intellect expanded, with a significant gesture well understood by fast young men, "over the left, old woman;" which unparalleled precocity pleased his father to such a degree, that, in the exuberance of admiration, he was impelled to make the impressive remark that Napoleon "was hard to beat;" this encouraged the lad so much that he instantly assumed an attitude *à la Napoleon*, and mildly recommended the senior Stout to "go it, boots!"

We feel that we cannot better illustrate the subject before us, than by subjoining the following conversation which transpired a few days since in the Stout family.

"I declare to goodness! I really think Mr. Rustle is making up to our Josephine!" said Mrs. Stout, after the gentleman referred to had passed the previous evening at their house, staying to a later hour than usual.

"You'd better believe it," rejoined the young lady, playfully.

"You may bet high on that!" added Napoleon, who was in the act of lighting a real Havana.

"How do you like the 'cut of his jib,' Timothy?" resumed Mrs. Stout, turning to her husband.

"I don't greatly like his 'rig,' but Josephine thinks he's 'some,'" was the reply.

"Whether you like him or not, it's my opinion he'll make a 'tip-top' husband," continued the mother.

"Put her through," mother," said Josephine, blushing.

"Go in, lemons!" suggested Napoleon, smoking through his nose—a remark, by the way, so ambiguous that it certainly must have puzzled other parties to guess at his meaning; but in the present case, it seemed to be invested with perfect lucidity.

"Napoleon, I advise you to 'shut your hopper!'" elegantly retorted the young lady.

Mr. Stout proceeded to inquire if Mr. Rustle was a man of property; and was assured by his better half that he had a "pocket full of rocks." The husband and father then remarked to the effect that he had been more favorably impressed with Mr. Goodwin, a young farmer in the neighborhood, than with the gentleman under consideration; whereupon Miss Stout manifested a different opinion on the subject, emphatically declaring that he "could n't come in."

"He's over that way," said his brother, making a gesture over his shoulder, with his thumb.

We will not extend this conversation farther, for fear that we may weary the reader's patience by the repetition of phrases so common. Suffice it to say that such expressions were dragged into almost every conversation in the Stout family. Their cant vocabulary appeared to be so extensive, that it comprised all the folly and stupidity of the past and present; and, indeed, they seemed to entertain the idea, that to use such phrases skillfully and liberally, was an accomplishment. But this bliss of ignorance, or thoughtlessness, was finally interrupted by the visit of an old friend of Mrs. Stout, whom he had not seen for many years.

Mr. Thompson was a man of strong good sense, and had the rare faculty of expressing himself in an appropriate and elegant manner. A gentleman so accomplished could not remain long in the family without being shocked; and he was perfectly astounded at hearing, every hour, such an avalanche of coarse and unrefined forms of expression, which obviously originated among the lowest classes of people.

Taking the liberty of an old acquaintance, he ventured to remonstrate with Mr. and Mrs. Stout in regard to the impropriety of such language.

"You wrong both yourselves and your children," he remarked; "the latter are already imbued with ideas that associate them with the profligate and the vile, and which will forever prevent them from expressing themselves correctly."

"Mercy on me, if I don't believe the gentleman is right!" exclaimed Mrs. Stout, "but I never thought of that subject in that light."

"The habit has been of such long standing, that it will be a terrible 'muss' to get out of," observed Mr. Stout, thoughtfully, unconscious that he had employed a cant word, even when he meant to have spoken sincerely and to the point.

"But do your children use no such words?" asked Mrs. Stout, earnestly.

"Never," resumed Mr. Thompson. "Having been properly taught the English language, they do not feel the need of such phrases; they regard them with as much repugnance as I do."

"It beats the dickens!" added the lady, sentimentally. "How strong the force of habit is. Now, I could easily leave off such things, but it would be different with husband and the children. 'As true as I'm alive,' I don't think they ever could mend in that respect!"

"My eye! you're 'cutting it fat,' mother!" exclaimed Napoleon. "You've used two of 'em since you began to speak."

Mr. Thompson smiled, and said:

"Yes, yes, the force of habit is strong, Mrs. Stout."

"There's no getting round that," suggested the senior Stout.

"My conscience, Mr. Thompson!" cried Miss Josephine, "I hope you don't think I'm addicted to language that I cannot leave off 'just as easy as nothing.'"

"That's high!" vociferated Napoleon, exultingly. "The more you try the worse you make it! 'Jerusalem pancakes!' your highfalutin stuff, common among the snobs, aint worth a copper!"

"Bless me, Napoleon, how you do run on. I never heard the beat of you."

"I thank heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Thompson, emphatically, "that my children are not infected with this moral leprosy which disfigures human language, and detracts from the dignity of the human character. My friend, I hope you will make a strong and long-continued effort to repair the mischief which your example has wrought. Be never weary in this work of reform, and ever bear it constantly in mind, that your children never can appear to good advantage in elegant and refined society, until they can speak correctly; or, at least, in a manner not to offend ordinary good taste. There are circles to which the slaves to such habits cannot by any means gain admission; because their influence would be deemed pernicious. I trust you will not be offended at my plain dealing, for I speak from the most disinterested of motives. Let Josephine and Napoleon visit me at the city, and I will do all I can to eradicate ideas so degrading, and to instil others of so much more value, that they shall never regret the exchange."

In justice to the Stout family, we will say that they did make some faint efforts to profit by the suggestions of Mr. Thompson; but without any particular results. Mr. Stout resolutely declared, after a few trials, that he "could n't come it;" Mrs. Stout endorsed this opinion, by adding that it was a "hard case," and Miss Josephine rendered the idea still stronger, by rejoicing that it "was n't nothing else;" while the bold Napoleon concluded, finally, to "let her slide;" so that no perceptible change took place in the Stout family.

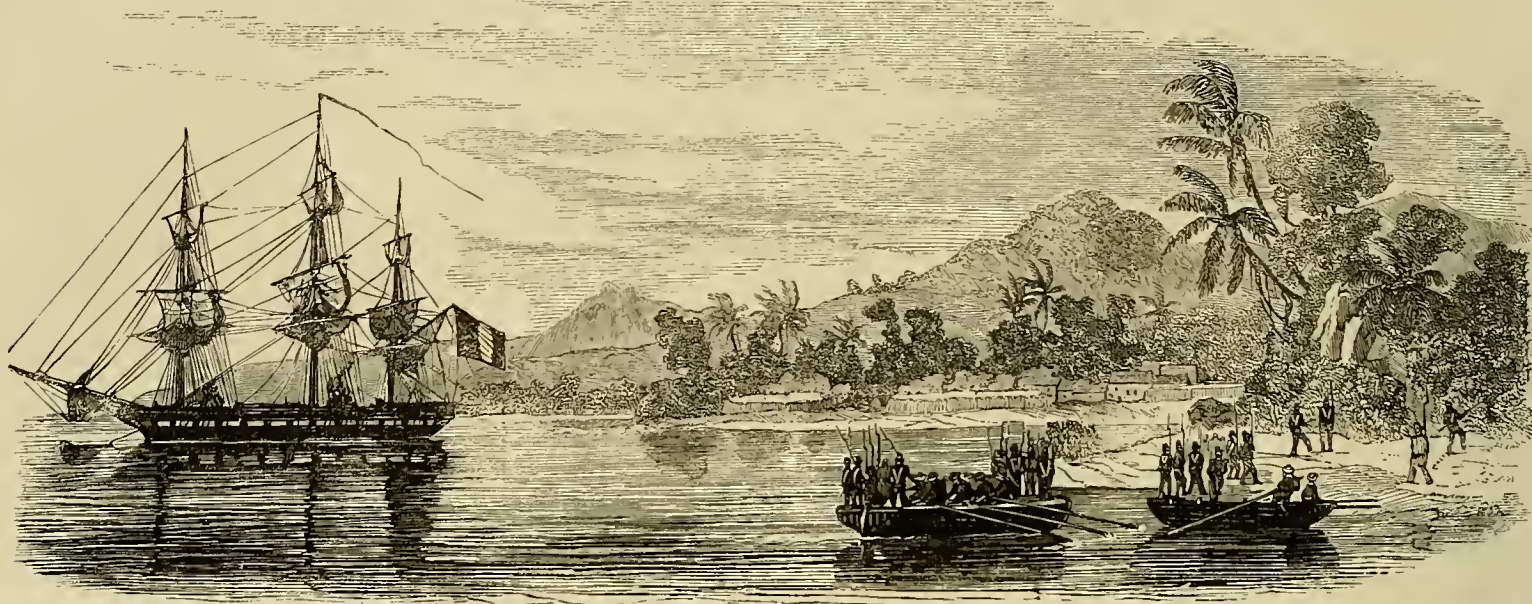
God has laid upon us many severe trials in this world; but he has created labor for us, and all is compensated. Thanks to labor, the bitterest tears are dried; a serious consoler, it always promises less than it bestows; a pleasure unparalleled, it is still the salt of other pleasures. Everything abandons you—gaiety, wit, love,—labor alone is always present, and the profound enjoyment it produces. Have I said enough? No; for to these privileges of labor, we must add a greater yet: that it is like the sun,—God has made it for the whole world.—*E. Legouve.*

THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.

The first engraving, depicted on this page, represents the harbor of Papenoo, Otaheite, one of the Society Islands, and the second gives a view of Papo-Houa, of the same island and group. This cluster of islands in the South Pacific Ocean, was discovered by Captain Cook, in 1769, and lie between latitude 16 and 18 degrees south, and longitude 149 and 152 degrees west. Some authorities limit the name to a group composed of the six small islands of Huahine, Raiatea, Tahaa (Otaheite), Borabora, Tubai (Toohooai), and Maura, giving the name of Georgian Islands to the group

the society were not prohibited from marrying, but, in case they had offspring, they were required to put them to death. In 1797, eighteen missionaries from England were settled upon this island. During fifteen years, they labored with very little success. In 1814, the number of those who, in Tahiti, had voluntarily renounced idolatry, and embraced Christianity, amounted to about fifty. Since that time, the efforts of the missionaries have been attended with great success, almost the whole of the inhabitants of this and the neighboring islands having renounced idolatry and embraced Christianity. A general reformation of manners has

Americans is just what is wanted to develop the full resources of these islands. American culture would increase ten-fold the productions of the soil. Lying so near to our new possessions on the Pacific coast, and the centre of the great ocean highway to the East, destined to be thrown open to our commerce by American diplomacy, the importance of this group, as a commercial and maritime depot, is almost incalculable. Our readers are aware that the people of the Sandwich Islands have already made overtures to this government for its protection. Public opinion, we think, would sanction the acquisition of these islands. This, how-



HARBOR OF PAPERNOO, OTAHEITE, SOCIETY ISLANDS.

comprising Tahiti (Otaheite) and Eimo, about fifty leagues to the southeast of the former. Tahiti, the largest island of the cluster, is about 100 miles in circumference, being upwards of 30 miles long, and 20 miles, where widest, broad. The population, estimated by Cook at 200,000, is said by Ellis not to exceed, at present, 10,000 souls, which is nearly half of that of the whole cluster. This great decrease of the population is probably in part owing to the practice of infanticide which formerly prevailed, and in part to the diseases introduced among the islanders by the licentiousness of their European visitors. The general reception of Christianity has been attended by the improvement of the moral and physical condition of the people, and the abolition of the cruel rites and debaucheries which were previously practised. The soil of these islands is generally fertile, yielding bread fruit, cocoa nuts, banana

followed; schools have been established, and the useful arts introduced. The seat of government and principal port of Otaheite is Papeta, which exhibits the same combination of European houses and native huts as the capital of the Sandwich Islands. The harbor is a capacious sheet of smooth water, of a circular shape, and so completely land-locked as rather to resemble a large dock-basin than a natural harbor. The commerce, consisting in the exportation of pearl-shells, sugar, cocoa nut oil, and arrow-root, in exchange for European manufactures, chiefly cloth and hardware, is carried on exclusively by foreigners, as the natives have no vessels larger than their double canoes. This port is also frequently visited by whalers coming here to refit or to obtain supplies. Otaheite is not and never can be so important a commercial station as Oahu, in the Sandwich Islands.

ever, is a matter of grave import, and will, doubtless, be decided by the wisdom which has ever characterized our national councils.

The whole of the Polynesian group may be considered as a series of submarine mountain ranges; for no portion of the earth's surface has more numerous inequalities, and nowhere, except in America, have the chains so marked a course from north to south. Indeed, all the archipelagos have, more or less, this direction, and it is not unfrequently happens that the small chains are individually terminated by an island of larger size than the others with which it is connected. Many of the larger islands, and particularly those which shoot up to a considerable elevation from the sea, consist of basalt, as well as other igneous formations; and in many of them are distinct traces of volcanic action, with a few active volcanoes. It is also well known that the Pacific is a great theatre



VIEW OF CAPO-HOUA, OTAHEITE, SOCIETY ISLANDS.

anas, plantains, yams, jambo, arum or taro, sugar-cane, etc. The animals are swine, dogs, poultry, rats, ducks, pigeons, parrots, and a few other birds. The inhabitants are described as tall and well made, affable and kind in disposition, and fond of music. The complexion of the islanders is olive, or reddish brown; the hair black, or dark brown, and rather coarse. The language of Tahiti was the first Polynesian language reduced to writing. This was done by the English missionaries; and there are now, besides translations of the Scriptures, numerous other works, printed in the native language, which very nearly resembles that of the Sandwich Islands. A singular institution prevailing in the Society Islands, previous to the prevalence of Christianity, was the *areoi* society, many of the regulations and practices of which were of the most licentious and shocking description. The members of

The various groups of islands, both in the North and South Pacific Oceans, are known under the general name of Polynesia. Of these, the Sandwich Islands, lying nearer our own coast, being in the North Pacific, are more an object of importance to us than those that lie more remote. The Sandwich Islands are particularly interesting to Americans, not only because they are one of the arteries of commerce, the field of missionary enterprise, and the residence of many of our countrymen, but politically, since it is not at all improbable that this group of islands may, before long, be annexed to the United States. The islanders appear to have given up all hope of maintaining an independent government, and since they must lean on the strong arm of some powerful civilized nation, their choice is that of the free government of the United States. The energy, intelligence and untiring activity of the

of volcanic action, and every island, yet examined in Polynesia, consists either of volcanic rocks or coral limestone, and in many instances of basalt and lava, having a girdle of coral. The formation of coral, which is very gradual, ceases as soon as it reaches the surface of the water; but it serves as a basis for a vegetable soil, which, in these regions, is soon covered with plants, coconut and other trees. By far the largest portion of Polynesia is between the tropics; but the small extent of the islands procures for them the temperature of the ocean, and a succession of light sea and land breezes. Hence the heat never becomes oppressive, even to Europeans. Hurricanes and earthquakes are of rare occurrence. The peculiar geographical features of these islands have been fully described by the researches of the missionaries there, and often given to the world with much minuteness of detail.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. RALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

PAUL BENJAMIN,
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FRANCIS A. DURVAGE,
AUSTIN C. BURDICK,
ALICE CAREY,
REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

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"Borrowing Trouble," a tale, by Mrs. M. E. ROBINSON.
"The Omnibus Trip," a sketch, by Rev. HENRY BACON.
"The Widow's Story," by Miss LUCY BRADSHAW.
"Signing the Pledge," verses, by PHOEBE CAREY.
"Early Violets," lines, by JESSIE MAY.
"Come to my Grave," verses, by LOREY LINWOOD.
"Lays of a Lover," a poem, by PAUL BENJAMIN.
"They bloom in Heaven," verses, by Mrs. SARAH E. DATES.
"Sonzas," by JOSEPH H. BUTLER.
"Burns," a poem, by GEORGE H. COOPER.
"The Early Dawn," verses, by MARY N. DEARDORN.

GRAND PANORAMIC VIEW.

On pages 312 and 313, we present an accurate and minute view of the west side of Washington Street, in this city, commencing at the corner of Court Street, and extending as far up as No. 295. Persons familiar with the street will find no trouble in pointing out any portion of this locality, or any building, store, or avenue, which may be found between the points designated. The reader will commence at the right hand of each section of the panorama, and follow the course of the street to the left, the same as though he was actually examining the building from life in the street. The streets, alleys and lanes, leading from this section, will be found specified beneath the points where they enter this great thoroughfare. Every sign, window, and chimney top, even, that can be seen by the passer-by, will be found faithfully delineated in this panoramic view. To our next number we shall give the east, or opposite side, of Washington Street, and the representation will be equally faithful and well executed.

NEW ORLEANS AGENCY.

Our readers in the extreme southwest, and especially in the city of New Orleans and vicinity, are informed that we have appointed a prompt, active and gentlemanly agent for our publications, in the person of Mr. S. S. Doty, whose store is situated at 236 Camp Street, New Orleans. The public may always find at his establishment all the back numbers of Gleason's Pictorial, from the very commencement, either in sheets or in bound volumes, as may be desired, and a regular and timely weekly supply of the Flag of our Union and Gleason's Pictorial, as well as all other of our publications. People in the city of New Orleans desiring to subscribe, can have the papers, either one or both, left at their houses or places of business, immediately on their arrival each week.

SPLINTERS.

.... Thackeray, Hawthorne, Senator Douglas, Foote, of Vermont, and ex-Secretary Corwin, have all lately sailed for England.
.... Jonathan Phillips has made the liberal donation of ten thousand dollars to the city of Boston, in aid of the public library.
.... Bayard Taylor, the young American traveller, when last heard from, was still at Bombay, in good health.
.... Some one says:—The entrance of a single woman of talent into a family, is sufficient to keep it clear of fools for generations.
.... Rev. James Lawrie, for fifty years a Presbyterian pastor in Washington, D. C., died there a few days since.
.... The citizens of Boston will be intellectually regaled with instrumental music on the Common, the coming summer evenings.
.... A plan, by E. P. Knowlton and Chas. Emerson, at Washington, for a light house at Minor's Ledge, has been accepted.
.... The empire of woman is an empire of softness, of address and complacency—her commands are caresses, her menaces, tears.
.... Mr. Willard, in the management of the Howard Athenæum, has evinced great perseverance and straight-forwardness.
.... That delicious fruit, the peach, will be very abundant this season all over the country, according to appearances.
.... Every one who has seen Louis Napoleon "the little," joins in pronouncing him to be exceedingly unprepossessing.
.... The dauphin has been among us; that is to say, the Rev. Eleazar Williams has paid our good city a brief visit, lately.
.... It is feared by the friends of Lamartine that the poet is now slowly wasting away, and that he cannot live long.
.... Lowell Mason, Esq., who has long been absent in Europe, engaged in his favorite pursuit of music, has returned home.
.... N. P. Willis is writing letters to the Home Journal, from his domestic retreat, *Idlewild*, on the banks of the Hudson.
.... Col. Fremont, the Californian millionaire, is said to possess the finest stud of horses in all Paris.
.... Wm. Fitzpatrick was found dead, and his body partly burnt, at Batavia, N. Y., in a shanty he had occupied for thirty years.

THE SEA AND THE SEASIDE.

"The sea! The sea! The open sea—
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!"

Thus sings wisely, and well, and musically withal, our pleasant favorite, Barry Cornwall; and, as the last trace of winter disappears, his lusty breath falling as young May comes gaily on the stage, with her fair, fresh flowers, and blossoming trees and odorous breath, as the sun mounts higher in the heavens, and menaces us with parching heats, we look forward, longingly, over no great space of time, to our old seaside resorts, and think, shall we gallop again over the sands of Newport? shall we plunge into the surges of Rye Beach? or shall we, seated on that bold promontory of Nahant, gaze once more, enchanted, upon the cool, deep Atlantic, whose far surges lash the shore of another hemisphere, and whose dark bosom hides mysteries that prompt the imagination to delightful musings?

A man need never be alone when he has the ocean for a companion; whether he be sporting with its billows, and laying his hand upon its fretful mane, borne upon a roller like an Arab on his steed; or seated with his feet touched by the tide, his forehead fanned by the cool breath that ever flows from its surface, watching the white sails that come and go, like phantoms in the far-off horizon; or the sea fowls that dip their wings, and rise and sink before him. Yet human society is not unpleasant even on the seashore; but then old Neptune must be in his happiest mood, sparkling with smiles, and bathed in sunshine. Even a picnic among the rocks, provided the sandwiches are unexceptionable, will pass, or a moonlight gallop with a bevy of fair equestrians.

But when the sunshine has faded, and in its place a turbulent army of clouds toss and tumble overhead,—when the sea is angry and "riled," and the waves shake their white caps threateningly, and dash against the rocks and reefs with wild and menacing uproar, and homeward bound barks sadly trim their sails, and seek an offing again, then, we say, one needs to be alone, or else with but one beloved and trusting one to share his inmost thoughts and feelings, to enjoy to its full extent the thrilling spectacle. After such a sight, he will never relish, our word for it, the carpet waves, and a rosin lightning, with which we are regaled in theatrical storms, though the manager assures us that "no exposure has been spared," and though we are perfectly well aware that the "principal billow" receives two shillings a night for his submarine performance!

Of a truth, the sea presents a thousand sublime spectacles, and we wonder not that Barry Cornwall so earnestly apostrophized it in immortal song. "Water," as the toper remarked, "has done a great deal for navigation;" and, it might be added, a great many things that the underwriters will never thank it for. We hope there were no insurance companies in the time of the Spanish Armada; if there were, the dividends must have been very slim for a great number of years thereafter. And after all, we long for the seaside, its cool and refreshing atmosphere, its healthful tonic, to strengthen our summer enervated spirits.

THE PICTORIAL BOUND.

No better opportunity can possibly offer itself to a few enterprising men than to sell the bound volumes of our illumined paper. As we stated in a previous number, those who have embarked in the business have made from ten to twelve dollars per day, and the work sells most rapidly. Its attractive beauty and intrinsic worth only require that it should be seen to ensure its sale. Let those people who complain that they have nothing to do, heed this unusual opportunity for realizing a handsome income. The weather is now fine, and travelling pleasant and healthful; why not try this propitious chance? To any inquiries by letter, or made personally, we shall be most happy to respond.

Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion.—This splendid illustrated hebdomad has now been in existence about two years and has been steadily growing in favor, as its ample list of subscribers now testifies. Every department of the Pictorial, both editorial and mechanical, is conducted with a spirit of liberality and enterprise that secures the services of the best writers, artists and mechanics in the country, who combine, in their turn, to render this sheet the most interesting and handsomest in the world. It is an honor to the country, and a source of pride and profit to all concerned. The first volume has been re-printed uniform with the two of last year, and the three are elegantly bound in cloth, with gold edges and back, and illumined sides, with a handsome title-page and complete index. To make it an object for all persons to supply themselves with the bound volumes complete, they are offered at the following reduced rates, viz.: one volume, \$3 00; two volumes, \$5 00; and three volumes, \$7 00.—Plymouth (Mass.) Rock.

"THE LOST HEIR: OR, THE DUKE AND THE LAZZARONE. A Tale of Naples and its Environs."—This entertaining story, from the versatile pen of our old favorite, SYLVANUS CONN, JR., just concluded in the Flag of our Union, is now published in book form, and is for sale at all the periodical depots throughout the Union. In this convenient form for circulation, either by mail or otherwise, many who have read this startling romance will possess themselves of a copy to send to their friends.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.—We do not often refer to any medicinal article, but its merits ever so well established,—this our army of readers are fully aware of,—but knowing the extraordinary virtue of the article referred to, by family use, we unhesitatingly and earnestly recommend it to all persons afflicted in any way with pulmonary trouble.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The press has at length succeeded in waking up the directors of this proposed exhibition, and the work now really looks as though it would be completed this summer. We shall have artists on hand to supply us with all that is worthy of depicting in the Pictorial, for our readers.

A MOTHER-IN-LAW.—Lady Montijo has left Paris for Spain. She was desirous of sharing her daughter's grandeur; but Louis Napoleon gave her plainly to understand that he had married Eugénie, but not the whole family.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Daniel F. Glidden, of Desper, N. H., to Miss Mary E. daughter of Capt. Nathaniel Goldsmith, of Salem.
By Rev. Mr. Bishop Eastburn, Francis H. Dewey, Esq., of Worcester, to Miss Sarah B., daughter of the late Hon. George A. Tufts of Dudley.
By Rev. Mr. Steeter, Mr. Lewis Lamar to Miss Mary Edwards.
By Rev. Mr. Southwick, Mr. William Griffiths to Miss Sarah Kane.
By Rev. Mr. Moon, Mr. Samuel A. Carey to Miss Ann M. Cook, of Brookline.
By Rev. Mr. Denison, Mr. John A. Smith to Miss Jane Brownell.
By Rev. Mr. Niles, Abner C. Kidder, Esq., to Miss Mary Ann Brown.
By Rev. Mr. Schwarz, Mr. Otto W. Holmeier to Miss Walburga Schmidler.
By Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. John L. Foster to Miss Nancy Ann Chapman.
At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Collyer, Mr. George S. Rollins, of Manchester, N. H., to Miss Corbett, Mr. John Colby to Miss Martha A. Manning.
At Newburyport by Rev. Mr. Keed, Mr. Henry P. Withers of Boston, to Miss Matrina A. Garland.
At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. How, Mr. George P. Whelden to Miss Lucretia C. Healey, both of Fairhaven.
At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Aspinwall, Mr. Alonzo Ramsdell to Mrs. Emeline M. H. by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. Cha's R. Frost to Miss Eliza R. Pettigill.
At New York, by Rev. Dr. Hewitt, Mr. H. C. Grinnell, of Jersey City, to Miss Lizzie, daughter of Mr. J. B. Hurler.
At Milwaukee, by Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. John W. Luscombe to Miss Elizabeth A. Bailey.

DEATHS

In this city, Mrs. Ruth Greenleaf, 84; Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. William Clark, 22; Mr. Robert T. Alden, 46; Mr. John Casey, a native of Ireland; Mrs. Catherine L., wife of Mr. Edward Prescott, 57; Mrs. Eliza, wife of Mr. Christopher Hart, Irish missionary, 48; Mr. Thomas Daniels, 25; Mrs. Catherine, wife of Mr. Wilewett, 75; Manlius S. Clarke, 23; Mrs. Benjamin G., wife of Mr. Benjamin Judkins, 64; Mr. Cyrus E. Matthews, 26.
At Roxbury, Mrs. Caroline, wife of Mr. Abigail Richardson, 34.
At Woburn, Miss M. Louisa, youngest daughter of Mr. William Fox, 19.
At Salem, Mr. Edward R. Russell, 73; Mrs. Clarissa C. Lawrence, 78.
At Marblehead, Mrs. Sally, widow of the late Timothy Wellman, of Salem.
At Lowell, Mr. William B., son of Thomas Ordway, Esq., 23.
At Cohasset, Miss Mary Ann Kiburn, 40.
At Plymouth, Capt. Joseph Bradford, 76; Miss Betsey C. Burgess, 51.
At Spencer, Maj. Isaac Lamb, 88.
At Newburyport, Mrs. Hannah Sawyer, 82; Mr. Tristram Coffin, 84.
At Wrentham, Mr. George Ide, 87; Mr. David Grant, 81.
At Easthampton, Dr. Solomon Chapman, 46.
At Holderness, N. H., Col. Jonathan Cummings, 60.
At Barnard, Vt., Mrs. Achub, widow of the late Mr. Roger French, 84.
At Portland, Me., Mr. Joseph Cheney, 83; Lydia Skinner, 84.
At New York, Russell Jarvis, Esq., a native of Boston, 63.
At Washington, Rev. James Lawrie, pastor of First Presbyterian Church.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE OCEAN'S SONG.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

Crystal fountain!—crystal fountain!
 Purling softly, sweet and low;
 Gliding from the hills and mountains,
 E'er thy silver streamlets flow;
 Then thou comest to dwell with me,
 In the bosom of the sea!

Sparkling dewdrop! from thy mansion,
 Where the sun assails thee not,
 Hasten to my blue expansion,
 Seek thee out some chosen spot;
 Hasten onward to the sea,
 Light and joy shall rest with thee!

Noble river!—noble river!
 Dost thou seek in vain for rest?
 Thou mayst dwell with me forever,
 Calmly glide into my breast;
 As the streamlet is to thee,
 So thou, river, art to me!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

CAIRO AS IT IS.

BY REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

CAIRO—a purely oriental city, entirely arabesque—is by far the easiest of observation, and the richest in materials of thought, of all the Asiatic communities. It is no more African than European—its inhabitants, customs, edifices, religion, are essentially Arabian; wherever the negro appears, it is in the contrasted condition of the slave alongside of his master—the stranger sojourning with the rightful owners of the soil. And so it appears to have ever been. On those tombs erected before the Hebrew patriarchs, the Ethiopian is carved as a strange and conquered race; the features of those formidable despots, who sit embalmed in rose granite at Karnak and Thebes, are never African, but uniformly Asiatic. At the first cataract of the Nile, you come upon another race, always, as they are now, servants; the best servants, the Turk thinks, which the world produces—kind, devoted, unambitious, faithful; as servants entrusted with sovereign power over the harem, confided in by the master more than his wife or children, and so an object of envy to the crushed peasant driven forth by government officers to water government land for anybody's profit rather than his own. These are Nubians—a black “dyed in the wool,” a perfect specimen of the unadulterated Ethiopian—the great staple of the slave market, as I myself saw at Cairo, Constantinople, Alexandria, etc. The fact was significant, that, among all the human cargoes floating by us on the Nile, or crowding the shops near the Grand Mosque of Soliman in Constantine's capital, not one “pale face,” not one even of copper color, met the eye. In all alike were seen the race which has been grinding in the house of bondage from a remote antiquity—the race which will surely rise at last in the extension of a quickening, world-renewing faith.

Cairo is no longer upon the river. With a waywardness like our own “Father of Waters,” the Nile plays strange tricks with its banks—undermining one town, but throwing another back into the desert—entring in upon Mansfouat, and leaving Cairo, “the Victorious,” two miles distant from its port. From the two thousand little boats tied up at Boulak, you pass upon a nimble little donkey over a wide, acacia-shaded and well watered avenue, through rich gardens, a tumult of pedestrians, donkey-drivers, loaded camels, creaking carts, and an occasional carriage or omnibus, into a labyrinth of crooked, narrow, mat-covered, nameless and dirty lanes, where the second story lattices nearly touch across the street, and no loud sound is heard, save the prayer-cry five times a day from some tall minaret, or the whip-snap of some lank Arab runner, warning travellers of the approaching carriage; where the scutinel comfortably asleep at his post, the shopman kneeling at prayer among his wares, the coffee-houses strung round by reclining groups, the strange occupations and stranger want of occupation, convince one that he has turned over a new leaf since he left home.

As at Rome, there is a twofold interest; the *modern* city, more ancient than most of the antiquity of Europe—the youngest community in Egypt, Alexandria, being twenty-two hundred years old, and eleven times as old as our oldest American settlement—and the *ancient* city, running far back of all known history, in the depths of mystery and myth, of legend and fable.

Among its modern curiosities, Cairo claims the oldest mosque in the world; it is no doubt the simplest and largest. It is an immense open court, with cloisters all around it, one of whose marble pillars is said to have been sent through the air from Mecca, by a stroke of the Prophet's whip; and two standing together are said to squeeze to death any bad man who would pass between them. There is nothing but a lofty reading-desk to distinguish it from any other enclosure; very few travellers visit it at all. It is chiefly resorted to on one festival day of each year, and professes to be twelve centuries old. So much for the mosque of Amron.

That of Sultan Hassan exhibits the peculiarities of this kind of structure—not only in its rich exhibitions of the Saracenic, in the pointed arch, the graceful minaret, the characteristic tombstone, the lofty dome and pleasant fountain, but, that here the poor man is ever welcome to pursue his trade in the outer court or to sleep, and childhood may enjoy its sports, the dove presume upon its privilege, and the dusty bathe their limbs while the pious pray.

It is a fact, that, while the needy have received alms for centuries in this house of prayer, its gates are ever open, and no man is prevented from staying while he pleases, or doing what he likes—sewing, knitting, resting or praying. The outer court contains what every mosque must have:

“The fountain fresh where'er they pray,
 Men wash the soil of earth away.”

The Sultan's tomb occupies part of the inner hall, with an ancient copy of the Koran spread open upon it; his chair is in another part. Against the side wall the reading-desk lifts itself up somewhat like the New England pulpit fifty years ago. A stone shield, three feet in diameter, upon the wall, indicates the size of the half penny loaf in the good Sultan's time; and upon the splendid bronze doors are to be detected traces of the gold which once made the whole interior as brilliant, as it is now sombre, forlorn and decaying. A school is attached to each large mosque, and very appropriately taught by a blind man: the chief business being to commit the Koran to memory by a species of monotonous chanting—the Turk paying more respect to his Scriptures than we to that glorious Book from which the best of his treasure is stolen. The minarets of Constantinople are finer, more numerous, and better built than those of Cairo; but, it is wonderful that a structure so airy and so appropriate to a Christian's aspirations has never been connected with our religion. The most beautiful mosque in the world is probably that of Mehmet Ali at the citadel. Its interior, an immense area, is all lined with watered alabaster—too soft for permanency, and wearing rather a mottled look, but the most exquisite building-material in the world. No Italian city has anything so delicately beautiful, so fairy-like, so truly an ode written in stone. Near the door is the old man's tomb, where prayers are still said for his soul; he certainly needed them. But the wonderful height of the dome, the richly-clustering columns, the peculiar lightness of the whole structure, as if it were just springing up with its burden of prayer into the clear heaven of Egypt, moved me more than the solemn gothic pile of Strasburg, or the museum-magnificence of St. Peter's.

I know not how it is with other travellers, but, while the Greek church always disgusted and sometimes shocked, and but few Protestants frequent the Italian temples with comfort, there was something infinitely refreshing in the simple vastness, the undecorated walls, the pure, cool air, the earnest and apparent spirituality of a service without organ, bell, candle or shrine. If we remember that Islamism arose as a protest against idolatry, that it entirely swept off from the Arabian esenteeon this foul blot, we see one purpose of Providence in its permission; one promise, too, of the “better time coming,” in its conversion to a spiritual Christianity. Different travellers will, of course, say their say regarding the reality of the religious sentiment among the people; but I took every occasion to see the people thoroughly from one end of Egypt to another, entering into all kinds of buildings, and making all the purchases for our little party, and for that purpose getting some little hold of their language; and the impression was very strong that no people surpassed them in the devotional part of religion. Alone, or in a crowd, in the melting sun, or the chilling rain, nothing can disturb or shorten a Mahomedan's prayer. For the time being, he is absorbed into the infinite; as far as his undeveloped nature permits, he has worshipped with his whole soul. And unnumbered occasions prompt us to say,

“O for a Christian faith with pagan zeal!”

Two kinds of dervishes, the howling and the whirling, are attached to the mosques as a kind of monks; avoiding matrimony, practising fasting and other austerities, and devoting themselves sometimes to a life of meditation, seclusion and prayer. The howling dervishes I happened to visit when they were in excellent tune. Their services follow the Friday morning worship of the mosque, commencing with many thousand repetitions of the name of Allah, each faster and louder than the one before, the body bowing with marvellous rapidity, caps, cloaks, turbans and bonnetes flying off as the excitement increases, and the posture changing from sitting in a circle around their chief to standing erect. By-and-by two venerable patriarchs begin to whirl together, as the music became wilder and the howling ceased, making seventy-seven circles; and one furious fellow—whose head fastened my attention by its singular gyratory motion—after dancing a little by himself, flew head foremost at the stone wall, and gave it three awful blows with his bare skull: when his brethren sprang upon him, and threw him upon the floor, where he lay apparently senseless, while we left them listening to a *memoriter* repetition of the Koran. It is very seldom that they have so fierce an exhibition. The fervor of the order has greatly chilled, and in many places their buildings look neglected, and sometimes are deserted or perverted to other purposes—a convincing evidence of the lethargy creeping over the heart of the most formidable enemy which Christianity has ever had to encounter. Once, this dirty fanatic was the vanguard of Mahomedanism.

This same citadel, whose outlook upon the Pyramids, the Nile, the city of two hundred thousand, the extended cemetery, the Libyan or Arabian Desert, no other part of earth has equalled, has one startling memory. The highest esplanade but one is the scene of the Mamelukes' murder. The crafty Mehmet Ali had entertained them sumptuously; then dismissed them with every expression of the good will which such hospitality has ever means in the East. As the last of these savage chieftains passed through the first gate, it closed suddenly, and the only other gate was seen to be secured, too; and before they could speak, the deadly shots began to strike down from the surrounding walls, and they who had often resisted their sovereign with success, and at liberty were able to defy his power, found themselves the victims of a cowardly massacre. But one boy escaped, and his preservation was

almost a miracle. The height down which he leaped his horse is eighty feet at present, though there may have been a pile of rubbish to greatly diminish the distance and break the shock; yet, to survive such an exploit and escape his bloodthirsty enemy is the most marvellous thing in modern history. The fact is unquestionable; but, upon the spot, one did not wonder that several of the doomed dashed their heads against the wall, instead of rushing upon this other death.

In this citadel is the Well of Joseph. A noble structure, worthy of this beautiful name, but of an unknown antiquity; a wide stairway winds down through the solid rock to the depth of two hundred and seventy-six feet, where an unfailing supply of water is furnished no doubt by the Nile, and drawn up by a succession of buffaloes, at different stages, turning an endless chain of earthen jars. Before gunpowder was in use, so wide, as well as deep, an excavation is certainly a triumph of art, checking our modern tendency to boast of mechanical achievement.

Almost under this towering fortress, with its well, mosque and palace, begin the “tombs of the caliphs,” or properly of the Mameluke kings—a sad contrast to the ever-enduring Pyramids on the other side of the river. For, though rich as an Oriental dream, everything about them is “dust unto dust.” Their domes are cracked, their walls aslant, their monumental stones broken; and a sensitive spirit might fancy them groaning over such merited abandonment. The Turk is peculiar in this; when a building is done, it is done with him, and he never troubles his head about any repairs. He is content to know that his grave may by-and-by gape open, and his moanment lie prostrate on the sand, and his gaily gilded recumbent be washed out forever. It would be against his character, and provoke bad omens, to introduce the Yankee process of renovation. So that, the cornice of the largest mosque in Cairo threatens to come down upon the believers' heads, the windows are nearly broken out, the matting a mass of decay; and yet it is presumed to be obedience to destiny to let the slow work of ruin run on. Is it not a religion announcing and atheotizing its own extinction?

Cairo is full of memories of Moses. The stone steps by which you ascend the bank of Roda from your boat to examine that thermometer of Egyptian plenty or famine, the Nilometer, bears his name with Mussulmae, Jew and Christian. And not improbable is it, that here his balrush-ark was arrested, and the daughter of the king smiled upon the rescued babe, who smiled to her again. This delicious island must have been occupied anciently, as now, with palace-grounds and gardens. The royal ladies must often have strolled by the water's edge to catch the refreshing breeze, watch the passing snail, and, perhaps, bathe hands and feet in the beautiful stream. Such is the custom of the Egyptian females now. And I cannot imagine a more probable tradition than that which assigns this spot on the upper part of the garden-isle to the rescue of the redeemer of a fearfully oppressed race. You meet Moses again the other side of Cairo. A solitary obelisk, half plastered over by the mason bee, is the sole relic of Heliopolis. Seen in its own place, this sculptured, needle-like pillar has a peculiar beauty. In the midst of a paved garden at Rome, or on the parade ground of Constantinople, the church spire of Egypt has no significance. And merely to have been able to move so tall a shaft from a spot where in the infancy of art it had been erected, after a journey of hundreds of miles, is certainly worthy of no special commemoration. But, where it characterized the most ancient worship of which there are any remains—standing, as at Luxor and Karnak, the spiritual beacon, guiding the devout to the gate of the sanctuary, and lifting high above the crowd the legendary history of the spot upon its sculptured faces—it has a beauty all its own. But, seen as at Heliopolis, where it is the sole remains of the holy past, it has a touching solemnity. With uplifted finger of stone, it stands sentinel over the city of priests, like that soldier who was found standing armed at his post, when Pompeii was disintegrated from the sleep of the grave. Here it was that Moses received, as a king's son, that priestly education which made him “learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians.” Here, too, Joseph obtained a wife from the almost royal family of the priesthood. Some have hoped that the deciphered hieroglyphics might give a deeper insight into the past history of our race. But, while a key to these veteran inscriptions has really been furnished by the Rosetta stone, and here and there one, like Champollion, can turn it in its rusty lock, the treasures displayed seem no more than the names of kings and conquerors, with long appendages of descent from some deity. After the years that Mr. Gliddon has given the subject, the extreme difficulty with which he read a part of the inscriptions on his mummy prove how little service can be expected from such a complicated alphabet. No doubt it is all for the best that Providence has buried in impenetrable night the idolatrous weaknesses of the past, its bloody prejudice, its infantine credulity, its licensed sensuality, its grovelling conception of Deity—and that we cannot bring them back to cloud the present, or darken the future—chill the heart of hope, or arrest the arm of endeavor.

GOOD AND BAD ARGUMENTS.

The next best thing to a very good joke, is a very bad joke; the next best thing to a very good argument, is a very bad one. Few trains of logic, however ingenious and fine, have given me so much pleasure—and yet a good argument is, among dainties, one of the daintiest—few, very few, have so much pure truth in them, as the exclamation, “How good it was of God to put Sunday at one end of the week; for if He had put it in the middle, He would have made a broken week of it!” The feeling here is so true and strong, as to overpower all perception of the rugged way along which it carries us. It gains its point; and that is all it cares for. It knows nothing of doubt or faint-heartedness, but goes to work much like sailors; everybody, who does not know them, swears they must fall; yet they are sure to succeed.—*Guesses at Truth.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The wrongs of the milliners, those true "white slaves" of England, are engaging the attention of the press, with a view to an amendment of their sad condition. No factory operatives ever merited legislative protection so much as the young persons employed by the London west-end milliners in the mysteries of dress-making, and who, in the height of "the seasons," get only three or four hours sleep at night, and often not so much. — Gravitation has, amid all her immensity, wrought no such lovely work as when she rounded a tear. — The Spanish government has proclaimed the freedom of a large number of the negro slaves in Cuba, known as *emancipados*; which were a class taken from Africa, but prevented by Great Britain from being consigned to perpetual slavery. — James Phillips, Esq., of Boston, lately deceased, was a direct descendant, in the sixth generation, from one of the pilgrims, Peregrine White, who was the first Anglo-Saxon born in America. — A meeting of the citizens of Wilmington, N. C., held on the 6th ult., resolved to raise by subscription the sum of \$60,000 for the purpose of commencing immediately the contemplated improvements at the mouth of the Cape Fear. — Chateaubriand remarks that one can never be the judge of another's grief. That which is a sorrow to one, to another is joy. Let us not dispute with any one concerning the reality of their sufferings; it is with sorrows as with countries: each man has his own. — The Baron Marochetti has completed a colossal equestrian statue of General Washington, which is about to be embarked for the Exhibition. — The peace address of the London merchants does not cause them to stand high in public favor. Men of the "John Bull" stamp say they were but mean Englishmen who would kneel with a petition of peace at the feet of Louis Bonaparte. — A man was arrested in Albany, N. Y., on the 15th ult., and sent to the penitentiary for six months, for representing himself to be deaf and dumb, and soliciting charity. He did his business by writing, but while he was talking in a grocery, was recognized by one to whom he had previously applied for alms. — Some mischievous wags, one night, pulled down a turner's sign, and put it over a lawyer's door; in the morning it read, "All sorts of turning and twisting done here." — If you wish to engage in any important enterprise, be sure and consult your wife. If she agrees with you, fly into her arms; if she don't, fly into a passion. — The practice of embalming human bodies is fast coming into use in New York, especially during the warm seasons. It is done by opening the large vein in the neck, and injecting about two quarts of a peculiar fluid into the system. Dr. Pilotte, by whom it is practised, has seen bodies preserved for twenty years in this manner. — Many of the participants of the late insurrection in Italy have been executed, and others imprisoned and cruelly treated; and the work of punishment and persecution is still continued. — A writer in one of the western papers thinks the accidents which are continually taking place on the Mississippi, are solely attributable to "slugs." In his opinion, no boiler will go "on a bust," till the engineer sets the example. — Some new ingots have recently made their appearance from the mint. They are stamped on one side with the weight and fineness, and the place of manufacture, and on the other there is a paper containing the value of the ingot in coin at the mint.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

We agree with the Home Journal that few, besides Lady Franklin, cherish a hope of Sir John's return to England. He has been absent nearly eight years—a period sufficient of itself to ensure the destruction of a majority of his crew, from the effects of the climate alone. The monks of St. Bernard—though sheltered from the cold, and as liberally provided for as men can be who pass their lives in such a region—are not required to endure the climate of the Alps for more than fifteen years, and many do not survive the prescribed period. Sir John Franklin has had to encounter more than cold. He has had to contend with the dangers of the sea, with ice, icebergs, snows, storms, probably with hunger and disease. He has had to traverse boundless wastes, and to linger out the darkness of seven Arctic winters. If his supply of food has not given out, and if the birds and beasts of the frigid zone are as available for food as some travellers assert, yet that precious part of his stores, indispensable to preserve health in so unnatural a climate—the acids to prevent scurvy, liquor, etc.—must have been exhausted long ago. Still there is a possibility—though little more than a possibility—that Sir John Franklin is at this moment alive, and looking with the heartsickness of hope deferred for the day of deliverance.

POPULAR AIRS.—The favorite airs played by the native bands in India are, "Lucy Long," "Carry me back," and the other negro melodies. So says Bayard Taylor, who heard them at a marriage festival a few days after reaching Bombay.

ENTERPRISING.—Jonas Chickering has recently purchased a large piece of ground near Boston, upon which he intends to erect a large piano-forte manufactory and a village of cottages for the two hundred men whom he employs.

A NUISANCE.—The "tapping" mania is filling the lunatic asylums with victims, and doing more mischief than any other nuisance that ever existed.

COSTLY FOOD.—Diamonds are sometimes found in the crops of chickens in the diamond districts of Brazil.

STATISTICAL.—It is estimated that the aggregate incomes of Great Britain amount to the sum of £8,000,000,000 per annum.

Wayside Gatherings.

Twenty-five conversions, since the beginning of the year, are reported by the Choctaw mission at Wheelock.

A new Socialist Hotel is one of the things talked of in New York. It is designed to accommodate one thousand persons.

Providence, R. I., has the most extensive jewelry manufactory in the Union.

Thackeray, the lecturer, has made the sum of \$12,000 by his lectures since he has been in this country. He has returned to Europe.

The double track of the Hudson River Railroad, from New York to Albany, will be completed and in use in the course of a few days.

The bed-chamber of Napoleon, at St. Helena, is now a stable, and the room in which he breathed his last is used for threshing and winnowing wheat.

Caravajal, the Mexican insurgent, and several of his associates, have been arrested by the American troops at Rio Grande city, and confined under a strong guard at Fort Brown.

"Mr. Oliver Cromwell has been appointed post-master at Elliott's Mills," says an exchange. Have we a *Cromwell* among us, too?

The Legislature of Delaware passed an act, at its last session, prohibiting any non-resident debtor from being arrested or held to bail in that State for any debt contracted beyond its limits.

There are twenty-nine copper mining companies in operation around Lake Superior. Twenty-one of them are divided into 224,000 shares, and cost \$1,000,000. They have produced 10,400 tons of copper.

The New York Journal of Commerce says, the boot and shoe trade in that city has nearly doubled within five years. The trade is chiefly managed by nineteen different houses, and the aggregate sales are nearly or quite six millions of dollars.

Mr. Andrew Jackson Allen, the father of the American stage, will be the first actor entitled to a pension from the American dramatic fund. On the 1st of August, he will be entitled to a life annuity, derivable from the fund, of \$520 the year.

The Clay monument project in St. Louis, Mo., is in quite a flourishing state. Some twenty or thirty lots have been tendered as donations for a site, and the president of the association subscribes \$5000 towards the monument, while another gentleman offers to subscribe \$350 annually for the next five years.

A writer in the Washington Republic learns from one of the navy yards that the Secretary of the Navy designs revising thoroughly the prices paid in all such government establishments; and to enable him to do so, he is collecting full data as to the value of labor in the trades in the vicinity of each yard.

Dr. Gibbs, of Stockbridge, Vt., was fined \$10 and costs, lately, for selling to a female a mixture of half a pint of alcohol with camphor gum. The counsel for the prosecution contended that this was a case of furnishing mixed liquors contrary to the Maine law of the State! The doctor paid up—\$17 55 in all.

The poet Montgomery, now in his eighty-first year, has made a collection of his hymns, many of which have been mutilated and altered by the compilers of manuals for public worship. He has left them now in the form in which he wishes them to appear and go down to posterity.

Foreign Items.

The English fleet was still at Malta, watching the movements against Constantinople.

M. Goldschmidt, Jenny Lind's husband, has been giving concerts at Berlin with success.

A trial of the new steamship Duke of Wellington, of 131 guns, had taken place; her speed was about ten knots.

M. Guizot has proposed Hon. Edward Everett for corresponding member of the French Academy of Moral and Political Science.

The London Crystal Palace Company have abandoned the idea of opening the edifice on Sundays. It is suggested that the London gipsies should also be closed on that day.

A movement has been set on foot at Liverpool, chiefly by the captains of American ships, in favor of the abolition on both sides of the Atlantic of the present practice of giving advance notes to seamen.

The Pope has presented the Emperor of Austria, through the Cardinal and Nuncio, a tooth taken from the blessed remains of the Apostle Peter by the hands of his "Holiness" himself. What a sacrilegious piece of dentistry!

Rev. Mr. Williams, a missionary in the employ of the American Board, in a letter of a late date says the opium trade flourishes in China, notwithstanding the troubles. About seventy thousand chests are coming this year.

In a letter recently received from Paris, it is mentioned that M. Belleville has made a new steam generator, for steamboats, locomotives and stationary engines. It is so constructed that it immediately produces steam from water, and cannot explode.

The Court Journal says the Madiais, imprisoned in Tuscany, were finally set at liberty through the intercession of the Emperor of the French, who was apprehensive of the effect which such a persecution was exercising on the minds of the people, not only in England, but through France itself.

The bodies of twenty men were recently found buried in Toulon, in a house occupied by an agent for finding substitutes for the army. The victims were military substitutes received by the consels de revision; and the man murdered them in order not to have to pay the price of their enrolment.

Late advices from Constantinople state that an English war steamer, three Russian despatch vessels, and a French frigate were lying in that harbor. The Turkish fleet was at anchor at the Golden Horn, apparently ready for a movement; another Turkish fleet was at anchor off Alexandretta.

In the stupid old tumble-down city of Dresden, the master of ceremonies prohibits any lady from appearing at court a second time in the same dress; and the poor nobility have to live on bread and cheese, that they may be enabled to pay their wives' dressmakers." This is to be at once conservative, and "given to change."

"In England," says the London Times, "spring work is very brisk, with better wages, and from the flight of the people, the scarcity of laborers, and the advance in the labor markets, neither her majesty's recruiting officer, nor the sergeant of the Honorable East India Company, can do business. No idlers, and therefore, no recruits."

Sands of Gold.

.... Wherever justice reigns there arios are useless.

.... A single bad habit will mar an otherwise faultless character, as an ink-drop soileth the pure white page.—*Hosca Ballou.*

.... Vain glory is a spur which tickles the heart it finally rends.

.... What I spent, I have lost; what I possessed, I have left to others; but what I have given, is still mine.—*An Epitaph.*

.... You, who are ashamed of your poverty, and blush for your calling, are a snob; as are you who boast of your pedigree, or are proud of your wealth.—*Thackeray.*

.... In a smiling region the man of money sees only the relations of hay, grain and wood; his admiration, radiant with calculation, reduces nature to figures, and adds up the scenery.

.... Fools have credited the story that wit may be found running in the streets. It is a mistake, else we should not see so many people who have walked all their lives without meeting it.

.... It is in sickness that we most feel the need of that sympathy which shows how much we are dependent one upon another for our comfort, and even necessities. Thus disease, opening our eyes to the realities of life, is an indirect blessing.—*Hosca Ballou.*

.... Be more prudent for your children than, perhaps, you have been for yourself. When they, too, are parents, they will imitate you, and each of you will have prepared happy generations, who will transmit, together with your memory, the worship of your wisdom.—*La Beaume.*

.... A weakness natural to superior and to little men, when they have committed a fault, is to wish to make it pass as a work of genius, a vast combination which the vulgar cannot comprehend. Pride says these things and folly credits them.—*Chateaubriand.*

.... Nothing but real love—(how rare it is; how rare a human heart in a million ever known it?)—nothing but real love can repay us for the loss of freedom—the cares and fears of poverty—the cold pity of the world that we both despise and respect.—*Eulwer.*

Joker's Budget.

There is a man out West whose beard is so strong that it takes a barber and a broker to shave him, and it is frequently not clean at that.

A traveller, writing home from the coast of Africa, says: "The people die very fast, and the sheep have very long tails." Sufficiently concise for any class of readers.

What is the difference between the trunk of a tree and the trunk of an elephant? One leaves in the spring, and the other leaves whenever the menagerie does.

What lady ever went out for an hour, and on returning did not find that some one whom she particularly wished to see, had called during her absence?

The Maine people certainly go ahead of everybody else, in their war against ardent spirits. They really "run the thing into the ground."

An inquisitive priest having asked a young female her name while in the confessional, she replied with as much wit as modesty, "Father, my name is not a sin."

Mrs. Swishelm, in her letters to young ladies, says that "every country girl knows how to color red with madder." This we believe to be an ethnological fact, as we have always noticed that with all girls the madder they get the redder they color.

"Molly," said a lady to her servant, "I think you'll never set the river on fire." "Indade, marm," innocently replied Molly, "I'd never be after doing anything so wicked—I'd be burning up all the little fishes!"

A man not a thousand miles from Lowell, once asked another who he liked the best to hear preach. "Why," said he, "I like to hear Mr. — preach best, because I do not like any preaching, and his comes nearest to nothing of any that I ever heard."

Sir Walter Scott, in lending a book one day to a friend, cautioned him to be punctual in returning it. "This is really necessary," said the poet in apology; "for though many of my friends are bad arithmeticians, I observe almost all of them are good book-keepers."

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F. GLEASON,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

JUDGE HALIBURTON.

This gentleman is one of the judges of Nova Scotia. He is, however, better known by the sobriquet of "Sam Slick," under which he published, some years since, a collection of "Notions," which immediately took high station, by right, as one of the few



PORTRAIT OF JUDGE HALIBURTON.

really original productions of the day. Sam's *entree* into the literary world appears to have been by the columns of a weekly Nova Scotian journal, in which he wrote a series of sketches illustrative of the peculiarities of homely Yankee character. There was no name attached to them, but they soon became so popular that the editor of the Nova Scotian newspaper applied to the author for permission to reprint them entire; and this being granted, he brought them out in one small, unpretending duodecimo volume, whose popularity soon spread over the United States, and by all classes of inhabitants was most cordially welcomed. At Boston, at New York, at Philadelphia, at Baltimore, in short, at all the leading cities and towns of the Union, this anonymous little volume was to be found on the drawing-room tables of the most influential and intelligent members of the social community; while even in the emigrant's solitary farm house, and the squatter's log hut, among the primeval forests of the "Far West," it was read with the deepest interest, cheering the spirits of the backwoodsman, when his day's toil was at an end, by the wholesome, vigorous, and lively pictures which it presented of every-day life; and a recent traveller records the surprise and pleasure he experienced at meeting with a "well-thumbed" copy of the duodecimo in question in a log hut among the woods of the Mississippi. This transatlantic popularity soon reached England; and an enterprising London publisher concluded with Mr. Haliburton the purchase of the copyright. Its success was almost instantaneous; and its primary cause may be found in its sound, sagacious, unexaggerated views of human nature—not of human nature as it is modified by artificial institutions, and subjected to the despotic caprices of fashion, but as it exists in a free and comparatively unsophisticated state, full of faith in its own impulses, and quick to sympathize with kindred humanity; industrious, self-relying, adventurous, untrammelled by the fetters of social etiquette; giving full vent to the emotions that rise within its breast; regardless of the distinctions of caste, but ready to find friends and brethren among all with whom it may come into contact. Such is the human nature delineated in "Sam Slick." Another reason for "Sam Slick's" popularity may be found in the humor with which the work is full to overflowing. Of its kind it is decidedly original; but, perhaps, we shall be able to come to a more exact estimate of its peculiar quality, if we just briefly glance at the three distinct sorts of national humor—English, Irish, and Scotch—of which much of our literature is composed. Like the English character, the English humor is frank, hearty, and unaffected. Generally speaking, it is by no means remarkable for quaintness or eccentricity, but maintains a certain decent method and adheres to nature, even when it verges on sheer extravagance, as we may see by reference to the farces of Foote, the odes of Wolcott, and the admirable legends of Fugoldshy, where it appears in its broadest, sunniest, and most grotesque aspect. The Irish

humor, on the contrary, sets all propriety at defiance, and is most characteristic when most extravagant. In all its phases it is tinged with the rich lights of fancy—is buoyant and mercurial to excess—owns no allegiance to the understanding, being prompted solely by the animal spirits—delights by reckless and unexpected sallies—but even in its wildest flights never loses sight of good-nature, which redeems its excesses, and is its essence and inspiration. The Scotch humor is sly, grave, caustic—the humor rather of the understanding than the fancy. It has little of *bonhomie* or cordiality about it—is eminently shrewd and practical in its character—is founded on observation, and a nice, intuitive perception of the weaknesses of human nature—and is seldom unminged with something of sarcasm. Those who wish to see it in its highest perfection may consult the "Sir Andrew Wylie" and "Entail" of Galt, and the episodic sketch of Lismahago in Smollett's "Humphry Clinker." Now, in describing the humor of "Sam Slick," we must borrow a phrase from architecture, and say that it is of a *composite* order, by which we mean that it combines the qualities of English and Scotch humor—the hearty, mellow spirit of the one, with the shrewd, caustic properties of the other—including, however, for the most part, to the latter. It derives little help from the fancy, but has its ground-work in the understanding. It does not convulse us with laughter, like the broad, racy drollery of Hook, or convey a succession of pleasing shocks to our mind, like the airy, fanciful extravagances of O'Keefe; but affects us by its quiet truth and force, and the piquant satire with which it is flavored. In a word, it is the sunny side of common sense.

Not only are Judge Haliburton's sketches universally popular in our own country, but, as noticed above, they are deservedly regarded with great favor abroad. In 1842, he went to England, as an *attache* to the American legation, and his observations on the aspects of British society were published during the following year, under the title "To Attache: or, Sam Slick in England." This work, like the other sketches from his pen, is remarkable for the combination of humor with sound, sagacious views of human nature, mingling with humorous sallies of wit at the peculiar aspects of English society and English character. There is nothing bitter or sarcastic in his most caustic pencillings, but rather an exuberance of mirth completely turns the edge of his closest critical dissections. His delineations of character and customs are no gross caricatures, but playful exhibitions of many of the phases which human nature sometimes assumes. His truthful drawings evince a shrewd apprehension of the various spings of human nature; and often throw broad gleams of sunshine over human society, which make us cheerfully tolerate what, under other aspects, might provoke only disdain and contempt. Judge Haliburton has since published an historical work, on the settlement of New England.



REPRESENTATION OF THE CHEMICAL WORKS, ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

ANTIQUITY OF THE POLKA.

It appears that this celebrated and favorite dance, which has created such a sensation in Europe and America for a few years past, is not of the recent origin that many of its most ardent admirers would lead us to believe. Without desiring to detract from its favor, we still must be faithful to history, and present below a representation of the very same dance as performed in the sixteenth century, more than three hundred years ago. These figures are copies of drawings which then existed, relating to the manners and customs of that period.



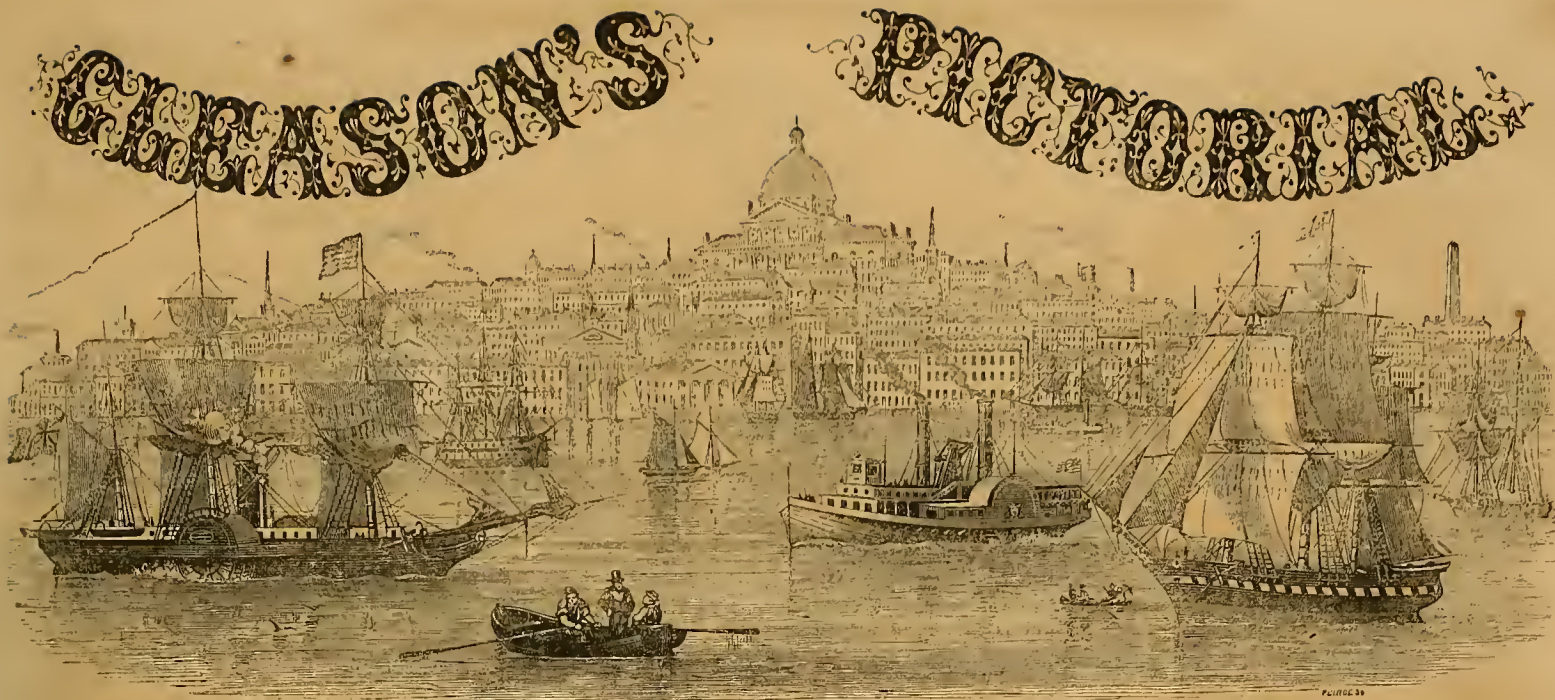
THE POLKA THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

ROXBURY CHEMICAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

The illustration given below represents the well-known gigantic chimney of the "Roxbury Chemical and Color Manufacturing Company's Works," near the "Highlands," and also very near the Providence Railroad. The various and extensive buildings of the works also come into view, and give a faithful picture of this very busy place. The principal object of interest in the picture is the chimney, which rises to the great height of two hundred and ten feet, from a base eighteen feet in diameter, twenty inches thick, to a diameter, at the top, of six feet. The cost was five thousand dollars. In the various buildings are made chemicals for manufacturing purposes, such as acids, alum, vitriol, etc., in great quantities. The operation of manufacturing affords much pleasure and gratification to those who visit and take an interest in scientific labors. The atmosphere of the buildings, so far from being deleterious to health, is considered by those engaged in the works as highly beneficial, no one having died of any long complaint who has worked there for a length of time, and the place is visited by some invalids for benefit in lung complaints, instead of taking a sea voyage, for the atmosphere in one of the buildings is similar to that at sea. A visit to the works will richly repay one for the trouble. The works are in charge of Professor A. A. Hayes, the distinguished chemist and State Assayer. The President of the corporation is William Underwood, Esq., treasurer, Henry Burdett, Esq. A comparison between this chimney and other works of note may not be uninteresting. The highest chimney in the world is that of St. Rollox Chemical Works, Glasgow, which is, from foundation, four hundred and fifty feet high, forty feet diameter at the base, eleven feet at the top. The pyramid of Cheops is four hundred and sixty feet, the steeple of St. Peter's, Rome, is four hundred and fifty-eight feet, that of St. Paul's, London, is three hundred and sixty-two feet, and that of Trinity Church, at New York, is three hundred feet.

CALCULATING MACHINE.

A Polish Jew named Staffel, a native of Warsaw, has invented a calculating machine that works sums in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, with astonishing rapidity and precision. It also performs the operation of extracting the square root, and the most complicated sums in fractions. The machine is about 18 inches by 9, and about 4 inches high. The external mechanism represents three rows of ciphers. The first and upper row, containing 13 figures, is immovable; the second and third, containing 7 figures each, are movable. The words addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, are engraved on a semicircular ring to the right, and underneath is a hand which points to whichever operation is to be performed. The figures being properly arranged, the simple turn of a handle is given, and the operation is performed at once as if by magic. The most singular power of the instrument is, that if a question be wrongfully stated—as, for instance, a greater number being placed for subtraction from a lesser, it detects the error, and the ringing of a small bell announces the discovery. He has also invented a machine for ascertaining, by weighing, the fineness of gold and silver. Both machines are, to say the least, extremely curious, and have been rewarded with a silver medal by the Russian Government. They were afterwards exhibited in England, where they were examined by the Directors of the Bank of England.—*Athenaeum*



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1853.

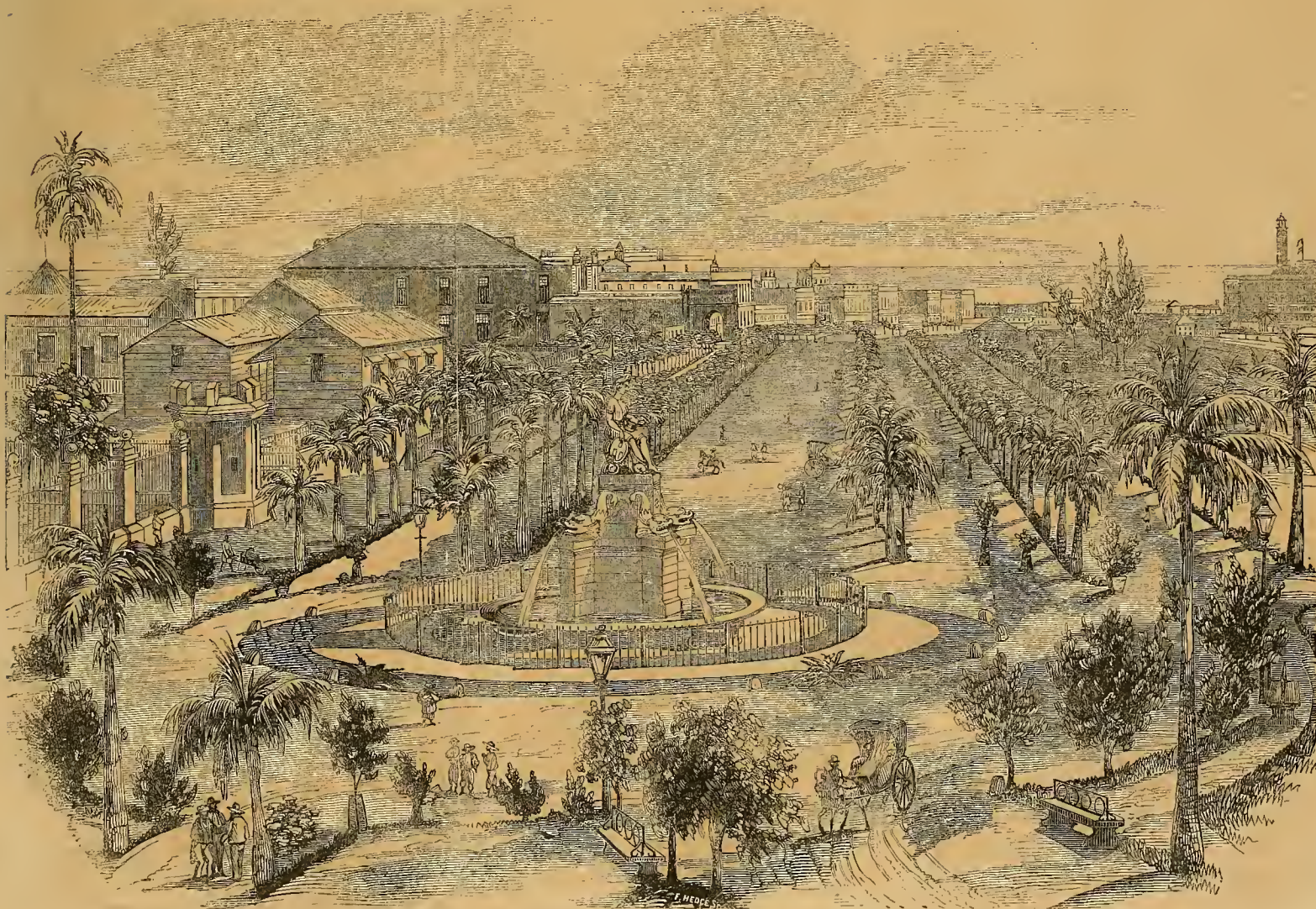
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IMPERAL DEL PASEO, HAVANA.

The characteristic picture, which we present below, is that of one of the delightful paseos, or gardens, for public driving, without the walls of the capital of Cuba. Abounding in fountains, statues, and the gloriously luxuriant herbage of the tropics, it forms a very paradise for Flora herself. This is the daily resort of the Habanese, who come hither—the ladies in their volantes, and the gentlemen mostly on foot—to greet each other, as English ladies and gentlemen resort to Hyde Park. Like everything else about this peculiar people and locality, the Paseo Imperial is entirely unlike any other promenade in the world. The city itself abounds in beautifully arranged squares, ornamented with the royal palm, king of the tropical forest, with here and there a few orange trees, surrounded by a luxuriant hedge of limes. The largest and most

beautiful of these squares is called the *Plaza des Armes*, fronting which is the governor's palace, and about which also are the massive stone barracks of the Spanish army. This square is surrounded by an iron railing, and is divided like the paseo, represented below, into beautiful walks, planted on either side with gaudy flowers, and shadowed by oranges and palms, while a grateful air of coolness is diffused around by the playing of a fountain into a large stone basin, surmounted by a marble statue of Ferdinand. This spot is the nightly resort of all who can find time to be there, and the governor's military band performs always from seven to nine o'clock. The Croles call it "the poor man's opera," it being free to all. The city of Havana is surrounded by a high wall and ditch, and its gates are always strictly guarded by soldiery. In order to reach the Imperial Paseo, or, indeed, any

other locality without the city walls, you must, therefore, pass the guard, and this is in no wise permitted without a passport, though you were to return within the next fifteen minutes. There is in the neighborhood of this paseo, a very extensive and finely conducted botanical garden, which, taken in connection with some of the really excellent institutions of the city, in the matter of art and general education, argue much for the increasing degree of refinement and civilization of the inhabitants. Besides the Royal University of Havana, a medical and law school, and chairs on all the natural sciences, it contains many other institutions of learning. Among these are a seminary for girls, a free school of sculpture and painting, a mercantile school, also free, with many private institutions for learning. Yet many planters' sons are sent to this country to perfect their education.



A VIEW OF THE IMPERIAL DEL PASEO, AT HAVANA, CUBA.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HILDEBRAND:

—OR—

THE BUCCANEER AND THE CARDINAL.

A SICILIAN STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

As the duke entered, the cardinal cast on him a searching glance, mingled with an expression of surprise, and quickly said: "How now, Fontani?"

"I have brought the Donna Angela back with me, my lord cardinal."

"And Hildebrand?"

"We had to let him go."

"How was that?"

"He was too strong for us."

"I wish—but never mind. Perhaps it is as well as it is. But the girl is safe?"

"Yes."

"Was she loth to come back?"

"I had to deceive her."

"Ah."

"Yes. I assured her that she should not wed with de Villani unless she chose."

The cardinal smiled.

"Then she loves Francis de Mora well," he said.

"Yes, my lord cardinal. Their love has been strong and mutual."

"Then de Mora must be taken care of, for the girl must marry the marquis. Of course you will second my efforts."

"Yes," returned the duke.

"You hesitate," said the cardinal, casting a quick glance into his companion's face.

"Because I was thinking of the method we should take. I have given you my word, and I shall not break it."

The words "you dare not" were formed upon the prelate's lips, but the duke heard them not. If he had heard them he would have known them to be true, for the cardinal ruled whom he pleased in Palermo.

"By the way," continued Fontani, "what of that Franciscan?"

"Nothing," said Ludovico, with a quick tremor.

"I think he is leagued in some way with the buccaneer," returned the duke. "You know he came here with Hildebrand, and I think he looks, too, like a bold, daring man."

"So he does," responded the cardinal, in a thoughtful tone.

"And more than that," added Fontani.

The cardinal was all attention in an instant.

"I heard Hildebrand assure Angela that he would protect her; and he also threatened me with danger in case I should deceive her. How is all this to be done, unless he has some secret agent in the city? I tell you, my lord cardinal, that the Franciscan is a dangerous man. There is collusion between him and the buccaneer—there is no mistake about that."

"Signor duke, do you mistrust, or have you the least idea, who that man is?"

Fontani was startled by the cardinal's suddenness of manner.

"No," he replied. "Have you?"

"No."

There was a silence of several moments, during which both the men seemed to be deeply engaged with their own thoughts. At length the cardinal resumed:

"I would give a week's fasting to know to a certainty the real character of that man; but he will be carefully watched, and all his movements will be reported to me, so we have some chance to guard against him if he happens to be evil disposed. And now, my lord duke, I would know more particularly concerning this matter about young de Mora. I think you told me that your brother, the former duke, has left his property in such a manner, that a portion of it must go to the young man whether he marries Angela or not."

"Yes," returned Fontani, "it is even so. My brother loved Francis de Mora even as though he had been his own child, and by the last attested act of his life he left an hundred thousand crowns to him."

"But de Mora has not yet come in possession."

"No. I hold the property yet, and am to hold it until my niece is married. Then, if she marries with de Mora, the whole will be at her disposal; but if anything occurs to prevent the marriage, de Mora will have the hundred thousand crowns of his own right."

"And how long may the time run before the estate must be administered?"

"It lacks a few days of being two months. At that time Donna Angela will be nineteen years of age, and her decision then will settle the matter. If she then decides to marry with de Mora, she carries the whole with her; but if she decides not to marry in that manner, then de Mora will at once receive his bequest of the hundred thousand."

The cardinal took several turns to and fro across the room. His brow was contracted, his lips firmly set, and his hands folded nervously together. At length he stopped in front of the duke.

"Fontani," he uttered, in a hoarse whisper, "did your brother make any provisions for the circumstance of Francis de Mora's death?"

The duke started and leaned forward. It seemed hard for him to comprehend what the cardinal meant.

"Do you not understand?" continued Ludovico, in the same suppressed tone. "How would that hundred thousand crowns be disposed of if Francis de Mora should die?"

"Of course it would then go to Angela," returned Fontani, regarding his companion with a look of anxiety.

The cardinal sank into a seat, and rested his head upon his hand, while the duke, in turn, commenced pacing the floor. The silence lasted for several minutes. Fontani stopped and gazed upon his companion at length.

"My lord cardinal," he said, "you will not wonder that I am curious upon one point."

"Ask what you please," returned Ludovico.

"Then why are you so anxious that my niece should wed with Nicholas de Villani?"

"Ah," replied the cardinal, with a slight trembling of the lips, "that, my lord duke, is to further a scheme of my own—a scheme which I cannot explain to you now. I trust, signor, that you are not wavering in your promise."

"O, no—no—not that."

"You know I have given you the dukedom, and the emoluments thereto attached, and now your faith with me must not be broken."

"It shall not. I will do as I have promised, for I hope that the young marquis may make a good husband."

"O, I am confident he will," quickly returned Ludovico. "He may be somewhat wild now, but marriage will calm him down to quite a proper man. At any rate, I will answer for his character."

"It will be hard news to break to the poor girl," murmured Fontani.

"Poh! her heart will bravely outgrow it. Go, now, signor duke, and study up the best method of breaking the subject to her. There is no need of doing it immediately—any time within the week will do. I believe we may trust each other."

"You may trust me," said Fontani, as he turned towards the door.

"And so may you trust me," added the cardinal, with a peculiar burning in his snake-like eyes.

As soon as the duke had gone, Ludovico again sent for the Carmelite. There was more freedom between the cardinal and the monk than there had been between the cardinal and the duke, for Benedict was a safe and willing tool, and his employer had no occasion to fear him.

The conference between these two men lasted for some time. It was carried on in whispers, and both seemed anxious and uneasy. When the Carmelite left the cardinal's presence, he had received three heavy pieces of gold. It was just such money as was paid by the chief priests and elders to Judas Iscariot.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ANXIETY.

FRANCIS DE MORA soon learned of the return of Angela, and of course he hastened at once to her. She told him of all that had transpired, but her account of the duke's promise did not satisfy the young man.

"I am afraid your uncle has deceived you," he said.

"No, no," returned the maiden, "I do not think he would do that."

"But you see he has, in one particular, at least. He told you that the cardinal would hold me inurance until you came back. Now that was false, for the cardinal has done no such thing."

"But for all that, Francis, he might have done it if I had not come as I did. Very likely he meant to await the return of my uncle, and then, if I did not accompany him, you would have been imprisoned."

"Such a thing is possible, I admit; but yet I am not easy about this matter. Your uncle has not all his own way about it. The cardinal is the man. Ah, Angela, I wish you had kept on to Florence."

"O, do not make me unhappy by such doubts," urged the fair girl, as she threw her arm around her lover's neck. "My uncle promised me that I should do as I wished, and I think he will keep his promise."

"I will not throw useless obstacles in the way of your joy," returned Francis; "nor will it be well for us to be lulled into false security. But I will say no more now. We will wait."

Angela gazed into the young man's face with a look in which hope and fear struggled for the ascendancy.

"You do not think the cardinal is so bad as that," she said.

"As what?"

"Why, as to crush me with the fate he planned for me."

"He is bad enough for anything," returned Francis, in a low tone, and casting his eyes instinctively about him; for it was dangerous in those times, as now, to speak ill of a powerful prelate.

"But he can have no good reason for wishing to wed with the Marquis de Villani."

"More, perhaps, than you think for."

"What mean you?"

Angela looked eagerly up as she spoke, and again the young man cast his eyes quickly about the room. He drew the maiden nearer to him, and whispered in her ear. She started suddenly, and turned pale.

"That cannot be," she uttered.

"—sh! Breathe it not aloud, or it might cost us both our lives; but before God I believe 'tis true."

Angela seemed thunderstruck. When she spoke again, her voice was tremulous, and fear had overcome hope in the shadowings of her countenance.

"Francis," she said, "if need be, we can leave Palermo together. Hildebrand told me that he would yet serve me if there was need, and I not only believe that he will keep his word; but I believe he has the power to do as he has promised. I almost love that man."

"He is a strange man, but yet he may be a good one. I know that he has a certain power over the cardinal, as we may judge from what he told us on the Marino; but he must beware now that the cardinal does not outwit him. Ludovico has many instruments of his will, and he knows how to use them. But this matter is too obscure for us now. We will wait until your uncle makes known his will, and then we shall have something definite to guide us in our actions. You shall not be sacrificed while I have life, for I know we can contrive some way to leave the city. I am sure you will cling to me."

"O, ever, ever!" murmured the fair girl, as she pillowed her head upon her lover's bosom. "My love for you can only be broken when my soul shall cease to exist. Come weal or woe, fair weather or foul, sunlight or darkness, I will not leave you."

"Heaven bless you, Angela," exclaimed Francis, as he strained her to his beating heart. "We will not be separated."

For several minutes the lovers remained thus, and then de Mora started up to take his leave. He had already stayed late, and the parting words were few. A kiss and an adieu—and then they separated.

It was nearly midnight when Francis left the dwelling of the duke. The moon was not yet up, and the narrow streets were very dark. Here and there, in small niches in the walls, burned candles in the shrines that were erected to St. Rosalia, but they gave only little jets of light, peering like ghosts' eyes through the gloom. When the young man came to the large square of the Ottanzolo, he passed across it, leaving the great fountain upon his right hand. He thought he heard voices by the fountain, and he stopped. All was still, however, save the splash of the water that came pouring out from the mouths of the marble lions, and, thinking that he must have been mistaken, he moved on. He had taken but a few more steps, however, when the same sound again caught his ear—a sound which he thought could not be the splash of the water, and again he stopped.

De Mora knew not that he had anything to fear; but he was moved by a sort of curiosity to ascertain what it was that had thus arrested his attention. As he again turned towards the fountain, he thought he saw a dark object moving on the opposite side of the great marble basin; but there were some things he did not see. He did not see two men who moved stealthily away from the fountain towards the very point of his own destination. In a moment after he had stopped, the second time the dark object glided away from the fountain and moved towards him. It was a quaint figure—one that, once seen, would not easily be forgotten. As it came nearer, Francis thought he recognized the dress of a Carmelite, and in a moment more he knew it was a monk whom he had often seen at the church of the Carmelite convent.

"I greet thee, my son," said the monk, as he came close up to where the young man stood.

"I accept and return it," answered Francis.

"Ah, Francis de Mora, by the voice," resumed the monk.

"Yes," said the youth, turning to keep on his way.

"Hold, a moment," said Benedict, for he it was; "I am going the same way with yourself. You will not object to company?"

"You can come along if you choose."

"I like a companion when I can get one," added the monk, as he exerted himself to keep up with the young man. "I faith, I like not these dark streets of a night, there's such a chance for secret enemies; and even we poor monks are not without our enemies."

"What were you doing at the fountain?" asked Francis.

"O, I only stopped to quench my thirst, that's all."

"But you looked as though you were trying to hide yourself."

"Ah, that was because I knew not who you might be."

"Very likely."

"True, upon my soul."

"O, I believe you, good monk. The Lord knows I wouldn't doubt the word of a Carmelite."

"You are sarcastic."

"Am I?"

"By my faith, you are."

"I trust you will not take offence."

"O, no. A poor mendicant like me takes not offence so easily."

"Ah, I was not aware of that."

"'Tis true."

"Don't you find it somewhat difficult to keep up with me?"

"Not in the least."

The monk did not exactly speak the truth, for he was puffing and blowing like an exhausted horse with the effects of his exertion. Francis had a desire to get rid of his companion, and to this end he quickened his pace, but it was of no avail, for the fat monk puffed the harder, and rolled along with a speed that became a perfect marvel in one of his physical proportions.

De Mora began to mistrust that the Carmelite meant more by his companionship than he had confessed, for the fellow would never have so exerted himself without some important object. The young man knew the character of the mendicants too well for that.

"How far are you going?" asked the young man, slackening his pace a little.

"As far as our church of Saint Dominic," returned the monk.

"But this is not your nearest way, my fat monk."

"O, it's near enough. I have plenty of time."

De Mora's suspicions were now fully aroused, and, in order to test the point, he set into a walk as rapid as possible.

"Hold thee! hold thee!" cried the fat monk, starting into a lumbering run.

"I am in a hurry, good father."

"But one moment, my son—only one moment."

"Then keep up with me," drily responded the young man, without slackening his pace.

The monk did keep up, for he ran as fast as his legs would carry him, and at length, out of all patience, de Mora stopped.

"Look ye, monk," he said, "what do you want of me? Why do you follow me thus? By heavens, there's more than the want of company in this."

"Wait till I get my breath, signor. I' faith how you walk. Upon my soul, you outdo a king's courier."

"Answer my question. What do you want of me?"

"Just your company."

"More than that; for by Saint Peter, I remember me now that you have followed me before. Three days ago I noticed you hanging upon my steps, and so it was the day before. I did not notice it then, but this calls it to my mind. Now what does it mean?"

"In truth, signor, if I hung upon your steps, as you say, it was purely accidental. You know my calling. I was seeking alms for the church of our lady, and fate may have thrown my track upon your heels; but it was from no choice of mine. But if you choose to stop here, I will keep on. This is your house, I think, next beyond that stall."

De Mora knew not what to say. He did not believe the monk, nor did he exactly know how to dispute him. When he moved on again the Carmelite was by his side, and thus he remained till the dwelling was reached. As Francis ascended the steps, he thought he heard the door of the hall shut. He knew he had left no one in the house, and he was somewhat startled at this. When he reached the head of the steps, he saw that the monk was following him.

"Back! back! or your monkish garb shall not save you!" he cried, as he turned towards the mendicant and drew his sword. "By Saint Peter, there's a plot here!"

The monk stopped, and de Mora pushed against the door, and it opened. He had left it locked! Still holding his sword in his hand, he moved on to the door of the drawing-room, where he always left a lamp burning, but before he opened it, he turned towards the street door again. He started as he saw that the Carmelite had followed him into the hall. For a moment he was undecided as to what he should do. He knew now that mischief was on foot, but before he spoke to the monk again he resolved that he would see who it was that had entered the house before him. He opened the door of his drawing-room and entered. He took but one step more, however, for the very blood seemed to freeze in his veins, and his feet were riveted to the spot. The sword fell from his grasp, and as it rang upon the marble floor his knees began to shake beneath him.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MYSTERIOUS MESSENGER.

THEY were two stout, powerful men whom Francis de Mora found in his apartment—men clothed in black from head to foot—hands gloved in black, and faces entirely concealed beneath the folds of the black cowls. The heavy cord that encircled their wrists was black, and only one spot of relief was there in the whole costume; upon the breast of each man was worked a blood red cross!

De Mora knew them at once to be officers of the Secret Tribunal of Palermo—that tribunal before which many a man had been carried, but from whose clutches none ever yet came forth alive. It was a Spanish institution, and was, in fact, an offshoot of the Holy Inquisition; but in Palermo it was wholly under the control of the cardinal, and its death was for all whom that powerful prelate chose to wish out of his way.

When once a man was consigned to this tribunal, not even the members of his own family dared to speak a word in his behalf, for their very arguments in the prisoner's favor might bring upon them the charge of abetting in the guilt. All looked upon the doors of that tribunal as upon the gates of the tomb; and was the husband once conducted through their portals, the wife could only procure masses for his soul—she thought not of him as longer living.

"Signor Francis de Mora," said one of the secret agents, in a voice that seemed like the tones of the grave, "do I address thee rightly?"

"He is the man," said Benedic, who had entered the room.

"We have a requisition for thee, my son, to appear before our holy tribunal," continued the agent.

"Wherefore?" gasped Francis.

"That shall appear at the proper time."

"But am I accused?"

"You shall learn anon."

The young man knew that further questioning would be useless. He knew that those men were sworn to answer nothing that might be asked of them touching their office, and with a heavy heart he bowed his head.

"Come," said the agent, as he approached and laid his hand upon de Mora's arm, "come with us."

"Mercy!" fell from the poor youth's lips.

"Mercy is of God. Look to him. Come."

The thought of resistance entered not into de Mora's mind, for the first shock had weakened him, and he suffered his arms to be bound behind him without a word. He actually needed the support of the agents to assist him from the room. When he reached the street, the fresh air somewhat revived him, and he walked

along with more ease, but his step was still trembling, and his brain reeled. He heard the lumbering step of the Carmelite behind him, and he felt the tight grip that was fastened upon either arm.

The party had entered the Ottangolo, and were approaching the great fountain, when some one was seen coming towards them from the opposite direction. In a few moments more the person had come near enough to reveal the dark garb of a Capuchin. He stopped as he came up with the party, and waved his hand towards the agents of the tribunal.

"Stop one moment," said he. "Have you one Francis de Mora there in custody?"

"Who are you that questions us?"

"I am from the cardinal. He told me I should probably meet the young man in your custody."

"Well, you have met us."

"Ay, and I have a word from Ludovico for do Mora's car."

"Then speak it."

"Not for you to hear. The cardinal bade me speak it to him alone."

"That is against our rule."

"Very well—then I will so report to the cardinal. He said his order would be sufficient; but if it is not, then he must visit the youth himself."

As the Capuchin ceased speaking, he turned to go.

"Hold, a moment," said one of the officers.

The Capuchin stopped, and the two agents conversed a minute together. Then the chief one turned to the monk and said:

"You may speak with him."

The Capuchin advanced and took Francis by the hand.

"Do not think to escape me," he said, "for my grip is powerful."

The agents relinquished their hold, and the monk led the young man a few steps off.

"By firm, now," he whispered, in a quick, nervous manner.

"Let not a look or motion betray you. I am Hildebrand! My boat is at the landing of Saint Rosolia. Seek the first opportunity to break away. Be wary, now, and quick. When you turn I will draw my knife across the cords that bind your arms. Ask me no questions, but trust me."

De Mora started to life beneath the hope thus held out, and he murmured a blessing.

"Then you will not answer," spoke the seeming Capuchin, aloud, at the same time giving Francis a significant squeeze of the hand.

"No," returned the young man, carrying out the deception.

"Then you must suffer the consequences of your stubbornness. You will not have another opportunity. Once more—will you answer?"

"No."

"Then go back. Take him along, signors."

The agents resumed their hold upon the young man, and the buccaneer turned to go.

"Look ye, brother," said Benedic, catching the Capuchin by the robe, "who are you?"

"One who knows you well. Mind the business which the cardinal has given you to do, and you will have enough to attend to."

The Carmelite followed on after the prisoner, and the cowed buccaneer hurried away towards the water.

Francis de Mora's nerves were all strung for the task he had before him. His mind gradually settled down to calm calculation, and he began to study upon the work he had to do. He had felt the presence of Hildebrand's knife upon the cords that bound his arms, and he knew that a slight effort would snap the bonds in twain.

At length the Ottangolo was passed, and as the party entered the narrow street beyond, the young man cast his eyes furtively about him. He knew there was no one moving in the square he had left, and now was the time for him to act.

"I feel faint," he murmured, as he let more of his weight rest upon the arms of his conductors.

"You'll stand a chance to feel fainter yet if you are not careful," returned one of the agents.

"Support me," uttered Francis, in weakening tones.

The agents were thoroughly deceived. They slackened their pace, and turned their attention to supporting the prisoner.

"Come, come—you must help yourself some."

"I will if I can."

As de Mora thus spoke, he brought a sudden strain upon his bonds, and he felt them snap. Then with one powerful effort, in which were concentrated all the forces of his strength, he broke from his captors and sprang backwards. With one blow of his fist he knocked the burly Carmelite over upon the pavement, and then he darted off towards the Ottangolo. With a loud cry the agents gave chase, but their long robes were in the way of their speed, and they saw their prisoner escaping them. Francis reached the great square, and, trusting to his legs, he determined to keep directly on across it. He fled with the speed of the wind, for the fear of the terrible doom he was escaping took all sense of exhaustion from him, and when he had gained the opposite side of the Ottangolo, he found, upon looking back, that his pursuers were just in sight near the distant fountain.

A murmur of thanks fell from his lips, for he knew that he was now safe, but yet he abated not his speed. He took the centre of the narrow street that led off towards the Marino, and he knew that the agents were pursuing him in that direction. At the distance of some twenty rods he struck into a narrow passage to the left hand, and this course he pursued until he reached the street that led directly to the landing of St. Rosolia. The moon was just rising as he gained the quay, and he found Hildebrand with two of his men, there in waiting for him.

"In, in—quick!" cried the buccaneer, as he reached out his hand towards the young man. "There is not a moment to lose."

Francis leaped lightly into the boat, and in a moment more she was shoved off, and the two men plied their oars most vigorously.

"This seems almost a miracle," uttered de Mora, as he had time to regain his breath and his senses.

"There's not much miracle about it," returned Hildebrand.

"But how happened you to find me? How did you know—how—how—"

"Don't try to ask too much at once," said the buccaneer, with a smile. "Wait until we get on board my vessel, and I will explain it all to you."

"Is your vessel near?"

"Only a few miles distant. Just around the western cape."

The buccaneer's boat kept close under the shadow of the western shore of the bay, and even had the agents kept on in the right direction after their prisoner, they would not have seen the little craft that bore him away. At the end of an hour the buccaneer brig was reached, and as soon as Francis had mounted the deck, and the boat had been hauled up, her anchor was raised, and all sail was made upon her. De Mora found himself borne away he knew not whither. He only knew that he had escaped a worse fate.

CHAPTER IX.

A SUSPICIOUS PERSONAGE.

THE brig stood to the westward, and after the captain had seen that everything was in order, he sought de Mora.

"Now," said he, "I can explain how I happened to find you as I did."

Francis was all attention in a moment, and Hildebrand continued:

"There's nothing very strange about the matter, for it was but the result of fixed plans, though the fact of my reaching you just as I did, I must confess, has a smack of fortune, at least. You know what I have before told you of the cardinal, and how I first learned of his plans with regard to Angela Fontani. Now when the duke came on board my vessel and told Angela that she should not wed with de Villani unless she chose, I knew that he spoke that which was false."

"But let me ask you a question," interrupted Francis.

"Go on."

"Then how did it happen that the duke got safely on board your brig? It has been a wonder to me how it was that a government vessel and yourself came so nigh together without fighting."

"O," returned Hildebrand, with a smile, "the reason is very simple. The ship was sent out, not only to bring back the girl, but also to capture me, and she stood boldly up with that intention; but when she came near enough to see my real strength, she gave over the idea of taking me, and settled down upon the other half of the mission. Of course I would not open a fight while Angela was to be in the danger, and of course I would not refuse the duke permission to come on board when the girl requested it. And now for the rest of my other story. I knew that the duke spoke falsely, for I knew that he was not only under the cardinal's power, but I knew that the cardinal would not so easily give over his plans. I heard the duke use your name, and I had the best reason to believe that Ludovico had his eyes upon you for evil, and I knew that if such was the case it would require some immediate effort to save you—for, you understand, I know the cardinal well."

"Better than I did," said Francis.

"Ay—I've known him long," continued Hildebrand. "Well, as soon as I had opportunity I put back for Palermo, and leaving my vessel where we found her, I donned my disguise and went to the city. I arrived just in time, for a few hours later might have cost you your life. I went directly to your house, and I found it locked, so I determined to hang around until you returned. Not long after this I saw two men approach your door. I got near enough to see that they were both agents of the terrible Tribunal of Palermo. Before I had much time for reflection I saw you and a Carmelite monk approach the door. I heard what you said to the monk while you were on the steps, and I was not long in making up my mind that Ludovico was about to spring the fatal trap upon you. I waited there until I heard you coming out, and then I hurried on to the Ottangolo. I soon studied up a plan of operations, and you know how they have operated. You may thank your stars that they succeeded."

"And thank you, too," said de Mora.

"Just as you please about that," returned Hildebrand.

"This seems more like a dream," resumed Francis, "than a subject of reality." And he pressed his hand upon his brow as he spoke.

"Perhaps it does; but it is one of those dreams which have a vast amount of truth in them," said the buccaneer. "But come, you need rest by this time."

"One question more," interrupted Francis.

"Which means half a dozen, at least," added Hildebrand.

"They shall be short ones, at all events. First, where am I going?"

"We are going to run around to the little island of Levanzo, where I am to take in provisions, and from there I shall probably run for Ustica."

"But what of Angela?"

"Then I shall come back for her, and when I have you both, I will carry you where you shall say."

"And do you think you can draw her from the grasp that is fixed upon her?"

"I can be more sure of it than you would be."

"So you can," returned Francis.

"Come," continued Hildebrand, "I see just where your thoughts are leading you to. You'd better seek your rest now. I will show you the way."

De Mora followed his conductor to the cabin, and soon afterwards he had thrown himself upon the couch which had been pointed out to him. It was a long time, however, before he slept, and when he did sleep his slumbers were far from being easy.

When Francis was thoroughly awakened, it was by the letting go of the anchor, and when he went on deck, he found that he had slept well into the forenoon. The sails were hanging in the huntlines, and the vessel was anchored in a deep cove, from which only a very narrow pass opened to the sea. The boats were already lowered, and as soon as they were manned, they put off for the shore.

"How long shall you remain here?" asked de Mora of the buccaneer.

"Not over three hours. As soon as we can get our provisions on board, I shall be off. Do you feel uneasy?"

"Not exactly that; but of course I am anxious."

"Well, well—I will do all for you I can."

"I believe you will, sir."

"Ha! what is that? Horsemen, upon my soul. See them? There—just on the brow of that hill."

Hildebrand pointed with his finger as he spoke, and Francis saw three men on horseback, riding over the hill away towards the opposite coast.

"Is that anything out of the way?" asked our hero.

"It may be, and may not be. We will wait till the boats come off, and see if any of the crew know what it means."

In half an hour the boats came back.

"Carlini," said Hildebrand, as one of his officers, thus named, came over the side, "did you see those horsemen that went over the hill half an hour ago?"

"Yes, captain."

"What were they?"

"Robbers, I think."

"How?"

"Robbers, signor; for I have a poor fellow in my boat whom they robbed and left half dead among the rocks."

"By my faith, this is coming too near the rub, when robbers infest a bunch of rock like our little island," said Hildebrand. "But bring the poor fellow up, Carlini."

The officer turned towards his boat, and at length, by dint of great exertions, the man was lifted over the side. He was a stout built fellow, with black hair and beard, and an eye of uncommon lustre. His dress was such as was usually worn by the Sicilian peasants, and it was much soiled and torn.

"Well, my man, what is all this about?" asked Hildebrand, as the fellow was set upon the beam of one of the gun-carriages.

"I have been robbed, signor captain," replied the man, in a doleful voice. "Three men set upon me, knocked me down among the rocks, and robbed me of three-and-twenty crowns which I had saved from a whole year's vintage."

"But how came they on the island?"

"They must have come over in a large boat from Favignano. I saw such a boat come over this morning."

"You don't seem to be bruised much."

"Ah, my back and side, signors," uttered the man, with a grunt, and a painful shrug of the shoulders.

"Yes, I suppose so," returned Hildebrand. "And now what am I to do with you?"

"Your men told me you would be likely to run near to Trapani, and I hoped you would have the heart to carry me there."

"Do you belong there?"

"Yes."

"Then what were you doing here?"

"I had come with three-and-twenty crowns to trade for some goats."

"Well," said Hildebrand, "I can't refuse you so small a favor. I may not set you down exactly at Trapani, but you shall be landed as near there as possible. Help him below, some of you."

The man expressed his thanks, and as soon as he had been conveyed below, all hands set to at unloading the boats. Once more they were sent on shore, and when the second load had been got on board, the boats were hoisted up, and again the brig was got under weigh. The wind was from the southward, and the buccaneer ran out from the cove without difficulty, and when once outside, her head was put to the northward and eastward.

The stranger had been carried into the cabin, and when Hildebrand and Francis went below, he was seated on a lounge that stood against the bulkhead. There was a door in this partition that opened to the store-rooms of the vessel, said door being only fastened on the cabin side by a bolt.

"Who unbolted that door?" asked Hildebrand.

"I did," returned the new comer.

"What did you want in there?"

"Only to see what sort of a place you had," calmly and unhesitatingly replied the man. "I was never in a large vessel before, and I had the curiosity to see how it looked. I hope there's nothing wrong in it, sir."

The man was so honest that Hildebrand could not mistrust him, and the thing was passed over.

"I wish you would help me into one of these beds, signor," groaned the poor fellow, "for my limbs ache, and I am very faint."

The buccaneer and Francis lifted him into a berth, and shortly afterwards they went on deck.

It was now past noon, and the weather was delightful. Our hero could have forgotten all his misfortunes in the scene that

now surrounded him, if Angela Fontani had only been out of danger. Away to the westward was spread the great sea, supporting upon its farthest point the base of heaven's blue vault, while right ahead loomed up the mountains of Sicily. To a seaman the scene might have been tame enough, but to Francis de Mora it was all new, and he enjoyed it accordingly.

Nearly two hours did the young man stand upon the quarter-deck and gaze about upon the boundless panorama, when his eye caught the glitter of white walls upon the edge of the distant landscape. He pointed it out to Hildebrand, and asked what it was.

"That is Trapani," returned the captain. "We shall come to near there and land our chance passenger."

At this moment one of the men came up from forward and hurried up to where the captain stood. There was a deal of wonderment upon his face, and he was almost breathless in his haste.

"Ah! captain!" he gasped.

"Well—out with it. What's the matter?"

"That man, signor—that man you took on board this forenoon—the man we thought was lame."

"And what of him?" eagerly asked Hildebrand.

"Why, signor, he's in the store-room. I found him moving some bread-boxes about."

"In the store-room! Moving bread-boxes! He! the lame man!" uttered the buccaneer.

"Yes; and when I started him, he ran back to the cabin, through the bulkhead-door, as nimbly as anybody."

"By the saints, there's mischief brewing here," exclaimed Hildebrand, as he clenched his fist and turned towards the cabin.

"De Mora, follow me, and you, Carlini. If he be an enemy, he had better beware."

With quick, nervous steps, Hildebrand started for the cabin, and de Mora and Carlini followed closely after him.

CHAPTER X.

PREMONITIONS.

Ludovico, Cardinal of Palermo, was in his private audience chamber. It was early morning, but yet the prelate's toilet was completed. He took quick strides up and down the apartment, and though there was a sort of triumphant expression upon his features, yet an observer could have seen that he was far from being easy upon all subjects that occupied his mind. At length the door of his chamber was slowly opened, and one of the secret agents of the tribunal entered.

"Ah," uttered the cardinal, as he saw the black form, "now the work is fairly commenced. How liked the young man his arrest?"

"He slipped the leash, my lord."

"Did you miss him?"

"We got him, and he escaped."

"Escaped!" repeated the cardinal, starting as though he had been shot.

"Ay—he fairly slipped from our grasp. The messenger you sent—"

"Messenger I sent?" interrupted Ludovico. "What messenger?"

"The Capuchin."

"I sent you Capuchin."

The agent opened his eyes in astonishment, and as soon as he could control his speech he related to the cardinal the circumstances of the appearance of the Capuchin, and the subsequent escape of Francis de Mora. Ludovico heard him through in silence.

"You say he ran towards the water," said the cardinal, with his teeth shut very tightly together as he spoke.

"Yes," returned the agent. "We followed him towards the Marino, but he must have turned off."

"There's some of Hildebrand's work in this," fell from Ludovico's lips. "Didn't you see any boat making off, or any vessel under sail?"

"I fancied that I saw a boat moving off under the western shore of the bay, but I could not be certain."

"It is Hildebrand's work, I am sure," continued the cardinal. His brow contracted as he spoke, his head sank forward till his chin rested upon his bosom, and his arms were folded across his breast.

In this way he remained for full five minutes, and during that time his soul must have been the seat of wild and conflicting emotions. But when he raised his head again his face was calm, but its calmness was like the bosom of the frozen lake; and as he spoke, his voice seemed like the rending of some stout fabric.

"You may go," he said to his agent of the tribunal; "but no word of this must escape you. If de Mora be really gone, then I have not much to complain of. The case is not so bad as it might have been. I may want you again ere long."

Ludovico waved his hand, and the agent left him.

Half an hour later, and Michael Fontani was in the cardinal's presence, and he soon heard of all that had occurred respecting Francis de Mora. They both agreed that it must have been Hildebrand who had helped the young man off.

"Now, my lord duke," said Ludovico, "you must look to your niece. This marriage must be consummated immediately."

"As you please," returned Fontani.

"Have you spoken with the girl yet upon the subject?"

"I barely hinted at it this morning."

"Ah—and how stood she?"

"Very calm."

"But not all willing?"

"No. I think she will take it hard, and he difficult to manage."

"O, there need be no trouble about that, my lord duke. Let

her take it as hard as she may, she cannot escape us. I understand her feelings well. She hopes to gain the hand of de Mora; but when she is assured that such a thing is impossible, I think she will be less restive in our hands."

"I hope so," said the duke.

"O, I know she will. Now do you break the thing to her at once, and after that I will see her. We have time for no more trifling. De Mora is gone, and if he comes back, it will only be to—go again."

"But how long, my lord cardinal, before you would have this marriage take place?"

"As soon as possible. Within a few days, at least."

"So soon as that?"

"Yes—for the sooner the better. You will not object."

"O, no."

"Then make all haste and perform your part of the business. Make Donna Angela understand this very day that she must wed as you have said. Just make her know this, and the rest will be easy enough."

The duke promised obedience, and shortly afterwards he withdrew.

Half an hour later than this the cardinal had another visitor. It was a young man, very gaily and elaborately dressed, and one who, whatever might have been his claims to good looks, was very defaced by dissipation and debauchery. He was tall, and remarkably well built, and his general air and carriage was independent and haughty, though in the presence of the cardinal he was somewhat restive and cringing.

"Well, Signor Nicholas de Villani," said the cardinal, with a spice of bitterness in his tone, "how have you conducted yourself for the last week?"

"Right honestly, my lord," replied the young marquis.

"Ah—no falsehood, now. You were in a brawl only the night before last."

"That was purely accidental, my lord cardinal, I assure you. It was no seeking of mine."

"Well, I suppose I may as well believe you," returned Ludovico, bending his fingers. "But now you must begin a little different life. You will be married very shortly."

"Ah," uttered de Villani, elevating his eyebrows. "How soon?"

"Perhaps in less than a week."

"By the lady of grace, my lord, but you are pushing matters."

An angry flush passed over the cardinal's face at the young man's freedom of manner.

"Be careful how you handle your tongue, signor marquis, or you may find yourself in a school you will not like. You will be married as soon as possible, and I wish that you should be making preparations."

"O, as for that matter, my lord, I am all ready now. The lady is young and handsome, and I am to have an hundred thousand crowns with her hand. By Saint Peter, I should not want long to prepare for such a fate."

The cardinal smiled.

"Upon my soul, I speak the truth," continued de Villani. "I will marry just when you say."

"And will you promise to conduct properly until after you are married?"

"Most so readily."

"Then wait upon the duke, and get an interview with the lady as soon as possible. Pontani will prepare the way for you. Be loving and courteous, now, towards her, and make her like you if possible. You had better see her to-morrow."

"I will, my lord, and I will conduct myself most properly in her presence. She must like me."

"I trust she will."

"And suppose she does not?"

"You will marry her at any rate."

"And have the hundred thousand," added de Villani, as he turned away.

One other visitor the cardinal had that forenoon. It was the Carmelite monk, Benedic.

"So you lost your game, after all," said Ludovico, after he had received the monk's obeisance.

"Yes, my lord; but it was no fault of mine. I did my part."

"I know that, Benedic, and you shall have the reward."

The Carmelite's eyes sparkled, and his round red face was immediately lighted up.

"A horse wouldn't have caught the prisoner, my lord, after he once got started. My soul, how he did run."

"Never mind, so long as he runs far enough not to come back again."

"And even if he does come back—" intimated the monk.

"I'd better stay away," added the cardinal. "But now, Benedic, I sent for you on another business. Where is the Franciscan?"

"He is still in the city, my lord."

"And what is he doing?"

"Nothing, that I can discover, only loitering about."

"Don't he seem bent on any business at all?"

"Not that I can discover, my lord."

"Have you found any one that knows him?"

"No—or, at least, none who will tell me that they know him. He is already very intimate at the Capuchin convent, and he seems to have many friends."

Ludovico started across the room, and for several moments he continued a quick, uneasy walk. Twice he stopped and looked the monk in the face, and then started on again.

"Benedic," he said, at length, in a hushed voice, while he trembled at every joint, "that man is old enough to die!"

"He is an old man," returned the monk, speaking in a slow, deliberate manner, as though he would learn more of the cardinal's mind ere he spoke fully.

"He might die easily," resumed Ludovico, in a whisper.

"He might be sent to the tribunal," suggested Benedic.

"Not now, not now. He must not be sent there."

The Carmelite waited for a long time, but the cardinal was silent. Ludovico had thoughts then which he even feared to trust with the monk. Benedic, bad as he was, hoped that the prelate would not ask him to dip his hands in blood. He was willing to plot, and to deceive, and to help conspire, so long as good inducements were held out, but he could not take human life with his own hands. He had reason to believe, however, that such was the deed the cardinal had in his mind, and he trembled lest the request should come. But he was destined to be agreeably disappointed, for Ludovico, whatever may have been his ulterior wishes, said nothing more in the train of thought he had broached.

He only bade the Carmelite watch the Franciscan carefully, and ascertain, if possible, who and what he was.

Ere long Benedic withdrew, and the Cardinal of Palermo was left alone with his own thoughts and reflections. His brow grew dark, and his lips trembled, for those thoughts and reflections were no very agreeable companions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SPRING.

THE SEASONS.

We present upon the page before the reader four statues designed to represent the four seasons of the year—Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. To the observant eye, these statues will be exceedingly suggestive; the real poetry of the designer's conception being abundantly apparent in the delicate outline and the graceful finish. Such illustrations as these, though less striking, as to size and general effect, yet present to the eye of the student themes for pleasure and study. Perhaps the youngest school boy who reads the Pictorial could give us the actual or obvious bounds of time which are said to constitute that period of the year known as Spring, but it will not be inappropriate here for us to lay down the regular period in more minute form. Speaking, then, after the style of the almanac makers, Spring begins when the sun, in its ascent, crosses the equator, and ends when it reaches its highest position at mid-day. In New England, Spring, then, begins rightfully about March 22d, and ends June 21st; in the southern hemisphere, the astronomical Spring begins September 23d, and ends

December 21st, thus occurring at the period which we should designate as Autumn. Summer, of course, commences when Spring leaves off, and is comprised in the months of June, July, August and September. South of the equator, the summer corresponds, in time, to our winter. The astronomical summer commences in the northern hemisphere when the sun has reached its greatest northern elevation, therefore commencing, as above stated, June 21st, and ending about September 23, when the sun crosses the equator the second time in the year. Autumn, commencing when Summer ends, progresses with the sun in its apparent descent to the southern hemisphere, and is said to end when that luminary touches the equator. According to the usual mode of calculation, therefore, Autumn begins at that period—September 23d—when, for the second time in the year, the days and nights are equal in length, and ends about December 21st, at the time of the shortest days. Winter, "stern ruler of the year," commencing with the shortest day, ends with the vernal equinox, March 21st. In our hemisphere, the winter is but eighty-nine days, while in the southern hemisphere it is ninety-three, our winter occurring during the earth's perihelion, and the winter of the southern hemisphere during its aphelion, when its motion in its orbit is slower. The coldness of the winter, therefore, is owing to the shortness of the days, or time during which the sun is above the horizon, and the oblique direction in which his rays fall upon our globe at that season. In the torrid zone, there is no winter, in our sense of the word; but a rainy season, without ice, snow, or frost, takes its place. Thus much of the character of the four regular seasons of the year we have deemed appropriate and interesting in this connection. As it regards the illustrations which we present to our readers, touching these divi-

sions of time, their application and appropriateness are at once obvious to the simplest capacity. There is something very suggestive in the periodical recurrence of the seasons in their stated order. The reflective mind looks out upon nature in Spring, and beholding the earth bursting from its long sleep, and again putting forth its varied verdure of beauty and grace, sees the assurance of the declaration that summer and winter, seed time and harvest shall not fail. The birds instinctively hail the dawning of spring—the gay morning of renewed life. Their melodious carollings welcome its approach. It is a season animating and cheering, calling forth new powers and exertions, as well as new delights. It revives plans of labor and gives impulse to new enterprise. It is a new stage in the journey of life, awaking dormant powers, and hastening onward the career of social improvement. The revival of nature stimulates the wise and provident to prompt and vigorous exertions, and every hour is improved to useful purpose, by the farmer, to prepare the earth for the summer that succeeds, when the various fruits of the earth, shall be, in their succession, laid by the generous hand of nature on the table of man. Then summer comes in, as the prelude of autumn, when the rolling harvest is gathered into the garner-house, for the sustenance of earth's busy tribes of man and beast. Autumn stands as the representative of a ripe old age, befitting emblem of a life of threescore and ten. An autumn evening is a fruitful theme of reflection, blending the decline of day with that of the year; the period of beauty and decay. Such a season is often the parent of thoughts of a serious and pathetic cast; naturally commingling ideas of the sunset of physical with that of moral being, as the deepitude of the dying year furnishes a picture emblematical of the closing years of human life. And



SUMMER.



THE COMING FOOTSTEP.

DESIGNED BY T. F. MARSHALL, ESQ.

I can't think why he stays so long!
My fluttering heart is filled with fear;
The nightingale begins her song,
And yet her song I hardly hear;
The village clock is striking eight;
I can't think why he stays so late!

Lower and lower! 'tis almost gone!
I'll shut my eyes, and will not see
My dearest hope in life go down!
But hush! O heavens! it must be he!
It is! it is! he climbs the hill:
Now let the sun sink as it will!

The sun has reached the western hill,
And if he come before it set,
Then heaven and light are with us still;
It sinks, it sinks! he comes not yet!
But what puts doubt within my head?
I wish this thing I had not said!

A CAGED BIRD.

Some one near to the place of our domicile is possessed of a couple of beautiful mocking-birds. Some one else nourishes a parrot, and we ourselves lay claim to a brace of canaries. Our canaries are remarkably taciturn—as little inclined to vocalize as Diogenes in his tub. They will hop around their cage, pecking at the seeds dropped on the floor, or perch themselves on its bars and look quizzically at each other, with one eye closed, for hours at a time, and say nothing at all. Even the cheering influence of the sun seems to have lost its proper effect on their benighted minds and only makes them more stupid. It is not so, however, with their feathered neighbors, and we are religiously thankful it is not so. The especial mocking-bird of which we speak, hangs from a

balcony adjoining ours, and the first thing we hear in the morning, and the last thing at night is the exultation of his song. He will be warbling some exquisite air which we are becoming sleepy in our efforts to write out musically, when suddenly the warbling is stopped, and we are re-awakened by a fantasia from the parrot, mingled with cries like a cat, and a dozen other incomprehensible noises. All day yesterday he was composing—endeavoring to adapt the capacities of his orchestra to the various sounds of a brass band that he heard in the distance. He did the trumpet very well, but could not come the drum. That stuck him. About dark he gave up the trial, and went off into a thousand varieties upon a piano which was being played across the street. That bird is a joy and gladness to us.—N. O. Picayune.



AUTUMN.



WINTER.

now comes Winter, the stern and closing season of the year. The earth is buried in a drapery of snow; the streams and rivulets are locked in icy fetters; and over the scene so lately redolent of fertility, plenty and beauty, lays the pall of the Winter-King. But winter is a season of great vigor and energy usually in our northern clime. It is generally the time of activity and joyful life—the season of hilarity and amusement. Winter, compared to spring, summer, or autumn, inevitably deprives us of many sources and occasions of enjoyment; and yet it affords opportunities for the improvement and happiness, which compensates for its physical privations. More time is devoted to gain knowledge and to give wholesome nutriment to the intellect. Winter evenings are usually employed in reading, or in attending literary societies. And what is more important, parents and children are oftener associated together. The domestic circle, where good feelings prevail, and parents are careful to set a good example and give proper admonitions, is the best school to make worthy citizens of the state and amiable members of society generally.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]
TO THE RETURN OF SPRING.

BY JESSE MAY.

Thou comest again! and thy sweet voice, Spring,
Is echoing, reed-like, through old, dim woods;
While the birds to meet thee, with joyous wing,
Are in haste to fill their sweet solitudes.

And each spray blushes when thy footsteps pass
Through the leafing coppes and wildwood glades;
And a laughing morrow runs through the grass
When the south wind kisses its jewelled blades.

And the moor-tain stream, on its winding way,
At the touch of thy lips awakes from sleep;
With a sudden flash in the sunlight ray,
Leaps with a song into the forest deep.

And the flowers that glow with mute poetry,
By thy smiles and tears from dust are set free:
The violet looks up with blue, thoughtful eye,
To greet her pale sister—the anemone.

To the mead thou dost lure the honey bee,
To gather the sweets of the cowslip dim;
While the young fawn ranges the wildwoods free,
And drinks with the moss at the fountain's brim.

A note of sweetness hath thy antique song,
By fount by forest, and by river's line;
Breathing the names of the flowery throng,
That broiders the turf with colors divine.

But what bringest thou for the human heart?
Pale memory's dove, with sad, brooding wings!
Thy songs and perfumes with wizard-like art,
The shadows restore of long buried things!

Thou hauntest the soul in the wind's low tone,
With tender yearnings from the heart's deep cell,
Asking for voices that from earth are flown,
For faces now seen but in memory's well.

Thou wakest the heart with a mighty spell,
That thrills every chord with strange sympathy;
For the whispering leaves and flower-cups tell
Of eternal spring that no change comes nigh.

Thou dost fitly image the freed soul's birth,
In flowers that from dust and darkness arise;
When it plumes itself o'er the mists of earth,
From the cold bed where mortality lies.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE OMNIBUS FIP.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

THE omnibus was full—so full that blessings were pronounced on all thin people, and the thin people mourned that they were wedges. The omnibus was full, but the driver seemed bound not to know it, and so he drew up his horses at the raising of a tiny parasol. "All full!" was the gruff cry of certain gentlemen in a hurry for their dinners; but one voice, exceedingly musical, varied the exclamations by declaring there was room for ladies. "Come in! come in!" That was my friend Bertford.

The lady had evidently not heard the pro and con of the question of fulness, and the little parasol, like the prow of a fairy ship, pointed the way through the door, and she was seated—*how*, it passed the comprehension of certain persons to decide. The thin gentlemen collapsed the more; and, on either side of them, the hugo waves of silk and satin became more billowy.

The lady had run three steps, and that effort, with the exertion required to get up the awkward entrance to the coach, caused her to pant not a little; while her face was flushed, and her eyes sparkled, and she bent her head like a bird exhausted with singing.

Had the accommodating gentleman caught a glimpse of her before she entered? and was *that* the explanation of his courtesy? Evidently *not*, for he started with a look of surprise, when his eyes fell on her face, and he was somewhat confused. He soon saw that she had not noticed him, and he stroked his chin with the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, in that way that seems to say, "I feel pretty well, but am a little puzzled."

The new passenger had finished her panting, and seemed much interested in the scenery of "down street," for she looked steadily through the open space in the door. But hers was a face which it was no sin to look upon. It was all sweetness. A beautiful repose was on every feature, and the graces of expression nestled in the dimples of her cheek, and in the rosy nooks of her eyes. Those eyes were serenely blue, and the light hair, with a golden tinge, crinkled over her temples, and danced in small curls where the jewels glittered just enough to suggest the presence of tiny ears.

It was thought that at least two gentlemen went further than they intended, for they were still in the omnibus when the lady lifted herself to pull the strap when the coach was beyond their dinners. The horses stopped, and so did the coach, and the lady took from between the ivory gates of speech the silver fip, and handed it to the courteous gentleman, to whom, though she knew it not, she was indebted for her seat. The hand that took the silver did not reach it up to the driver, and it was quite reasonable to suppose that another fip was given for the fare. The lady saw something that made her lift the eyes that had drooped when she thanked the gentleman for taking "the trouble" of handing the fare to the driver; and there was a slight cough, as though something had suddenly sprung into her throat, or her heart had jumped up into her mouth.

However this might be, the lady left the coach without any seeming hesitation, and the gentleman did not remain more than when a square or two was passed.

Francis Bertford—for such was that gentleman's name—was not successful in catching sight of that lady again; but he was confident that, as he turned the corner of a certain street, the blue silk dress, with the narrow lace intermingled, that just flashed on his sight as it entered a door, was a part of the bright feathers of a long lost bird. The door was closed, and very ominously appeared to him the bold Roman letters of the name he saw there—BROWN.

Bertford found it convenient to pass by that "Brown" door quite frequently; and one evening, just at dusk, he saw the blue silk again, but a gentleman preceded the lovely form which it adorned. Fortunately, he was so completely on the look out that he retreated round the corner before a glance could be thrown up the street where he was. Suddenly he appeared in a veranda, standing as composed as though no object of special attraction was in that long and beautiful avenue. But it can hardly be thought that either the avenue, or the multitude in it, had a share of his attention, for his eye followed the blue silk in all its crossings, till it entered the gates of the square, and vanished amid the trees.

The veranda was deserted, and Bertford was rapidly approaching the gates of the square on the opposite side to where the blue silk entered. Did he hope to meet her face to face? It would seem so, for he did. And when he did meet her, he was walking with an air of remarkable unconcern, and he even ventured to whirl over in his hand his light switch cane, as though he were humming a tune. Their eyes met; a full, clear, steady gaze was exchanged; for happily, or otherwise, the attending gentleman, on whose arm the lady leaned, was noticing some object to the right, while Bertford passed on the left.

A look was exchanged, and only a look, but what a commerce of souls is carried on by looks! The eye is a strange ship on the sea of circumstance. It is freighted with the richest fruits of thought and feeling. Not from Araby the Blest can come such perfumes and spices for life's dearest entertainments, as from the human eye, and one glance can give lightning enough to make a dark world bright.

Bertford passed on; but he gained, he thought, two things: first, it was her; second, that house was her abiding place. And now for a third discovery, namely, *who* is the gentleman that is her escort? He could not imagine an answer; but he was sure he was a married man, because he was looking vacantly away, and was not devoted to his charge. She had, indeed, taken his arm, but she did not lean upon it. Not once during the time, which, doubtless, seemed to him far longer than it really was, during which he looked upon them, up through the avenue, did she bend to him, to hear anything spoken in a peculiarly low voice, and he was satisfied that he should think of him no more.

He looked up to the gas lights as he passed along, and a close observer might have supposed him some play-actor rehearsing his part on his way to the theatre, for, half aloud, he apostrophized the lamps, and praised their beauty and their brightness, specially that one whose friendly glare shone full upon his face and hers as they passed. They were his stars, but as to their being "the poetry of heaven," that must be transferred to the radiant loveliness of one face.

Bertford now began to cool a little. The fever was over, and he regained the faculties of a rational man, and began to count over the certainties he possessed. First, then, it was her; that settled the supposition that she was dead. She recognized him, and she was, he thought, pleased with the recognition. They were both in the same city; but how long would she remain? and who and what was Brown?

The directory settled the last question: "Artist! that's it!" said Bertford, with hushed exultation, as the plan for the future flashed instantly on his mind.

The morrow had come. Bertford was at the door where the silver plate still shone Brown, and the servant answered the bell.

"This is Mr. Brown's hour for visitors—is it not?"

"It is," was the reply that sent Bertford in, guided by the servant, to the artist's room.

A glance round the wall showed him a fine array of portraits; some fresh from the easel, and others, choice specimens from various hands.

He was fortunate, he thought, in finding no one present but the artist, and with him he entered into conversation, showing his fine taste and exquisite appreciation of art. But behind that aspect of ease and self-possession, there was not a little of unrest; for how could he make inquiry, as he desired, without exciting suspicion? He resolved on having his portrait painted, and this favored the artist's skill in the right manner, so that Mr. Brown became more free with him, and turned to his sight several unfinished pictures. One of these was especially interesting. Bertford told Mr. Brown he thought the style of that picture superior.

"And yet," replied the artist, "that is the most hurried of all."

"Why *hurried* any?" said Bertford, as though he meant but a check on the artist's haste—the haste which, to him, was a profanation to art.

"I am forced to it, as a ship is now detained to take it to the West Indies."

"And is the lovely original to go?" asked Bertford, uttering what he meant only as a thought; but instantly added: "I should think she would be missed greatly in the circles here."

"Only the portrait goes. It is simply for an uncle with whom she resided when quite young; but she is not, as you suppose, a resident of this city. Her home is in New Haven."

Bertford turned to another picture in another part of the room,

and to his surprise he now recognized the face of the gentleman who was escorting the lady of New Haven; for the portrait destined for the West Indies was the picture of the lady with whom he had exchanged a look of recognition.

"Is that a portrait of Dr. Ormsman?"

"No, sir," answered Mr. Brown; "it is the portrait of Mr. Jones, the agent of Mr. Perkins, who takes the other picture to the West Indies."

Just then "Mr. Jones" entered the room, and the artist, by a look, told the relation of the new comer to the portrait they were examining, and Bertford answered, "Capital, capital!" as he looked to the gentleman, and then back again to the portrait.

Mr. Jones was pleased, and thought if a stranger recognized the likeness, his friends could not but be pleased with it.

"From the West Indies, I believe," said Bertford to Mr. Jones, at a venture.

"Yes, sir, and in a hurry to get back again," replied Mr. Jones.

This led to some pleasant conversation on the climate and crops, the people and the peculiarities of life in the islands, till Bertford found all he wanted to find—not about the West Indies, but about the portrait of "the lady from New Haven." Remarks which were exchanged by Mr. Jones and the artist gave him hints enough to enable him to conclude, that two days more would intervene before the lady would leave the city; and, what was better, he learned that her hotel was at the "United States," as her name came out in a direction to send there for some article of neck dress, so that Bertford read, "Miss Emily Cushman, United States."

Pleading pressing engagements for the rest of the day, Bertford induced the artist to take then the first sitting, which he did.

Bertford's face and head was a fine model for a painter, and the first sitting ended in leaving on the canvass a speaking outline.

Two hours afterwards, Miss Cushman's hour had arrived, and she was entering the room with commendable punctuality. She had not been long there before she noticed the new outline, and would have been relieved if she could have uttered a little scream or cry, but as she could not, her handkerchief fluttered, and was modestly used to check the rising cough.

"You've taken a little cold, Miss Cushman," said Mr. Brown.

"Very slight," was the reply; and then she carelessly, apparently, remarked: "You have had a new sitter since yesterday," glancing at the fresh outline.

"Yes, a Mr. Bertford, of New York," said the artist.

"Quite a compliment to you—this preference of a Philadelphia to a New York artist by a New Yorker," said Miss Cushman, smilingly.

"I thought so," said Mr. Brown; and then the conversation became quite animated concerning the relative merits of different artists, the rivalries of cities, and the variety of tastes.

During this conversation, the thoughts of Emily ran one way, while her lips talked another. That Bertford had discovered what she was in the city, she could not doubt, because she noticed that when the artist had lifted her portrait from the floor to the easel, the painting was exposed, and the sitter *must* have seen it.

"But what could he have thought? Did he make any inquiries about it? Did he say anything of it?" Such were the reflections of Emily; and how easily could these questions be answered by the artist, could she but ask him. But while he was very busy in some detail of the work before him, she drew from her bosom a small locket, and opened its gold cover, and glanced from the outlined portrait to something within the locket, and smiled as she hastily, but very quietly, put it back to its hiding-place.

The carriage was at the door, and Miss Cushman left. But she carried thoughts with her that she did not bring, and she was uneasy. Uneasy! so had she been for three long years. The struggle had been sometimes strong and fierce within her breast; and there had been hours when she had well nigh resolved to cast the thoughts that haunted her away forever, but this was followed by a night of tears, and bewildering dreams.

How terrible is the gaiety of a fashionable hotel to a heart ill at ease! How hollow seems the laughter, how senseless the mirth, how vain the ceremonies of gallantry and pride! Among many in whom she was interested, and to some of whom she was allied, Emily's soul was sad. But she had too much energy to permit it to be known; and at the piano, and in the gossiping and chatting groups, there was none more lively or sportive than she. Yet this cost the heart terrible throbbings and piercings, and the music on the lip had no echo in the secret places of the soul. She was just finishing a song in the ladies' private parlor, when an intimate friend entered, to introduce a gentleman to his lady, a new bride, and Emily saw Bertford again.

"Singing exhausts you," said a lady at Emily's right hand, as Bertford passed by on her left.

"Somewhat," was the reply, as, while her heart fluttered, she busily engaged in conversation. Yet her eye wandered to where Bertford was sitting. When he passed out, there was an exchange of looks, but that was no more than was common, when a fine gentleman passed an accomplished lady.

At dinner they met again, and Bertford's place was directly opposite Emily's, by the side of the new bride, to whom both the husband and Bertford were very attentive. A slight accident at the table drew from Bertford a playful remark, to be taken by any one, and the response by Emily, just as general, was as pleasant as witty, covering the accident with a good humor that made the persons in that vicinity at the table feel much more at ease.

The next day, Emily went, for the last time, to the artist's, and as she sat down in the painter's room, she saw the portrait of Bertford still on the easel, a sitting having just been finished.

"I met the original of that picture at dinner at the hotel yesterday," said Miss Cushman to Mr. Brown.

"That's just the same remark which the original of that picture said of your portrait this morning," replied the artist.

"Ah, did he?" was the response. "What did he think of it?" she added.

"He thought it very successful, and spoke particularly of the eyes."

"Gentlemen are very critical about ladies' eyes," she laughingly replied, yet exceedingly eager to know what Bertford said about hers in the portrait.

"His criticism was favorable," said the artist, as though he was afraid the remark he had made might have been unpleasant to her.

"Favorable! because, I suppose, the color suited him," she replied.

"He didn't speak of the color, but of the expression. He said the expression reminded him of a cousin he once had, and he showed me her miniature—the tiniest thing I ever saw—set in a gold casing, in the back of his watch."

"What did you think of it?" said Miss Cushman, as though she only meant to keep up a conversation that relieved the tediousness of her position.

"It was very beautiful—an exceedingly fine painting, and the eyes did certainly resemble yours."

"Then I hope that cousin of his was young," she added, smilingly.

"O yes," the artist quickly responded; "at least ten years younger than I should think you are, and you cannot be twenty-five."

"Thank you," laughingly responded Emily; "but if I were his cousin, I don't think I should feel flattered by having my miniature in a watch. That's a queer notion."

"So it is, but it is certainly a very timely arrangement," said Mr. Brown, as he chuckled over his pun.

That hour Emily left the artist's room with some little regret that she was to return no more. The task had just begun to be pleasant, and the progress of the portrait towards completion had seemed, the two past days, altogether too rapid.

But before that portrait was to be consigned to the tender mercies of "Mr. Jones," and the ship, which was to bear it far away, her friends at the hotel must see it. They arrived late, the next day, at the room of the artist, and had hardly entered when Bertford also came in. He was introduced, and the grace of Emily was never more apparent than when she received the reserved but exquisite bow of Bertford. She received many compliments from her friends, and gaily replied to them, when suddenly one of the ladies remarked:

"Mr. Bertford is a stranger, and let us hear what he thinks."

"It's an open question among artists," he said, "whether friends or strangers are the best judges of a likeness."

"The artist has to satisfy the friends," said Mr. Brown.

"True," said Bertford, "and the stranger's criticism amounts to little."

"I'm afraid yours will, if you evade the lady's question in this way," remarked his friend, who was thinking very strongly that his bride would make a handsomer picture than even Miss Cushman.

"I think it excellent," replied Bertford, "and I told Mr. Brown so two days ago, after seeing the original at dinner."

"And she returned the compliment yesterday, when she happened to see your portrait on the easel," said the artist.

Bertford acknowledged the remark, as he glanced towards Emily, and gracefully bowed.

Of course, a general review must be had of the qualities of this last named portrait, but Emily was remarkably silent, drumming, as though in a fit of abstraction, with the ivory tip of her dainty parasol on her teeth. She was gazing on the picture of a peasant girl, where a remarkable achievement had been wrought in the foliage of some trees through which the waters of a brook were seen flashing.

"A fine effect," remarked Bertford, as he drew near and took for granted that she was observing the peculiar art in the picture.

"Yes," she replied; "but great labor must have been expended there."

"True, but the artist shows no part of study but the grace," added Bertford.

There was something peculiar in the tone with which this last expression was uttered that impressed her. It seemed to say that he knew she studied concealment of feeling, and utterly unconscious of her movement, losing her studied self-possession for an instant, Emily looked fully into Bertford's face, and, as instantly, he took his watch out, as though to notice the time, and sprung a spring, turning to her the sight of her own picture, given in the blooming time of life's sweetest hopes.

The deed was done. An impulse had torn them away from the isolation of years; and a forefinger pointed to her heart, was Emily's method of telling that she still wore the miniature of Bertford.

All this was the work of a moment, and when the group left, Emily and Bertford parted as though they had been but the chance companions of a few moments.

It was now an easy thing for Bertford to sit down in his room at his hotel, and write the language of his heart—to mourn that so trivial a thing as a difference of taste, concerning a certain author, should have led to a discussion which ended in the mutual threat, "See how I'll speak first!"

Known to each other from the years of youthful life, which were spent in a pleasant rural town, where they had met when their paths crossed as they took their way to the academies they attended; united by the best sympathies, early friendship had taken a tender name, and three years of plighted faith passed in the

neighborhood of Boston, ere the five years of isolation had taken place. How they had suffered, they mutually confessed; and what a hollow happiness that is which rings out laughter while the spirit is pining for something far removed, was owned; and ere the week was closed, Bertford had become familiar in the circle of Emily's friends. An emergency in business prevented the friend, with whom she was to return home, from leaving at the time she desired, and Bertford took charge of her safety homeward.

Never were the lovely elms of New Haven dressed in such a luxuriance of foliage as when Bertford rode through them with Emily to her home. Both had left Boston and its neighborhood, and knew nothing of each other. Each had heard that the other was dead, but believed it not; and now, as the coach stops at a fine mansion, where the tall trees give a beautiful shade, they think of their first meeting in the omnibus, when he was the first to speak, "Come in, come in," which she now returns most heartily, as they enter the house.

On the marble mantel in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bertford, there is a piece of exquisite glass work, but nobody has known why the silver *tip* is encased in the crystal foot. All who read this story must certainly know.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THEY BLOOM IN HEAVEN.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAWES.

Three tender buds, all nursed with care,
Were blooming in the summer air;
When lo! the fairest, sweetest gem
Was plucked from off its tiny stem,
And borne by angel hands on high,
To bloom more sweet in yonder sky!

Two lonely buds, so soon bereft,
Were all their parents now had left;
They grew in beauty, side by side,
Their father's hope, their mother's pride,
And seemed unfolding, day by day,
New charms to cheer their earthly way.

When lo! another angel hand
Reached forth from out the seraph band,
And plucked the bud so sweet and fair,
That earliest claimed her mother's care;
And bore aloft that earthly flower,
To bloom again in heaven's bower!

One little bud—a dearer prize,
Alone remains to cheer their eyes;
The others, far in yonder clime,
Will feel no more the ills of time,
But now beneath their Saviour's beam,
They bloom beside the crystal stream!

Then, weeping parents! dry those tears!
Mourn never more, but calm thy fears;
Far sweeter ties bind thee above,
Then ever claimed thy earthly love;
Two angels clad in garments bright,
Watch thee now from realms of light!

GOLDEN RULES OF LIFE.

All the air and the exercise in the universe, and the most liberal table, but poorly suffice to maintain human stamina, if we neglect other co-operatives, namely, obedience to the laws of abstinence, and those of ordinary gratification. We rise with a headache, and set about puzzling ourselves to know the cause. We then recollect that we had a hard day's lag, or that we feasted overbounteously, or that we staid up very late; at all events, we incline to find out the fault, and then we call ourselves fools for falling into it. Now, this is an occurrence happening almost every day; and these are the points which run away with the best portion of our life before we find out which is for good or evil. Let any single individual review his past life; how instantaneously the blush will cover his cheek when he thinks of the egregious errors he has unknowingly committed—say unknowingly, because it never occurred to him that they were errors until the effects followed that betrayed the cause. All our sickness and ailments and a brief life depend upon ourselves. There are thousands who practise errors day after day, and whose pervading thought is, that everything which is agreeable and pleasing cannot be hurtful. The slothful man loves his bed; the toper his drink, because it throws him into an exhilarative and exquisite mood; the gourmand makes his stomach his God; and the sensualist thinks his delights imperishable. So we go on, and at last we stumble and break down. We then begin to reflect, and the truth stares us in the face, how much we are to blame.—*Home Journal.*

INSIDIOUSNESS.

One can forgive a person who tells him a lie, if it be told with a hesitating intonation, a downcast look, a trembling voice, a reluctant delivery, a quick retreat; and one must forgive him who has an open brow, a natural air, a smile on his face, a good word on his tongue, and a bad purpose in his heart; for how can we, who are all sinners, expect forgiveness of Him, if we will not forgive each other? Yet it is a hard struggle to forgive those who betray with a kiss, and who are ready to do the same thing again, not only to you but to your neighbor. For the good of society, for the peace of the community, by the obligations of the social compact, and by the duty you owe to your Maker, ought you not to reprobate the crime as you pity the criminal, and to pray for his sake that he may be delivered from that most subtle, most dangerous, most hesitating sin—because the most handy to be used, the most convenient to be shifted, and the most difficult to be detected—the sin of hypocrisy, practised under the name of friendship, and comprehending much that is wicked, and everything that is mean. Prying, and meddling, and listening; artful conversation and false reports of confidential matters, drawn out by the inquisitive impertinence of the tale-bearer himself; double-facedness, downright lying and utter puppyism, obtruded without apology for purposes too cunning to be within hail of anything like honesty, will qualify a man to be what might be called *insidious*. We are happy to say that we have no such friends, but we have friends who have.—*Connecticut Mirror.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TWO MORE LAYS OF A LOVER.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I.

To ———

If, after one short day of happiness
Passed in thy presence, and communion sweet
With the pure forms of nature, I retreat
Thee to imagine more than I express
Of deep emotion and fond tenderness,
Deem not that I am bold or incoherent,
Or that I worship or revere thee less
Than thou to whom thou ever hast been dear.
No! by the witness of this silent tear,
By these sad thoughts, these dreams of only thee,
This memory of thy voice that thrills mine ear,
This constant coming of thy looks to me—
I feel that in a moment I have given
To earth's fair child the love I owe to Heaven!

II.

ON RECEIVING A GIFT OF FLOWERS.

Here are the flowers she gave me—these sweet flowers,
That with her lovely hands I saw her twine
In graceful shape, confessing they were mine—
Here, the companions of my lonely hours;
Cheering, enlivening and refining, they
Lend consolation and bright hopes—alas!
Too soon, perchance to vanish from the glass,
Touched by fond fancy's most delusive ray.
Dear flowers! I thank you for your solace pure
And mild society, although your bloom
Will scarcely till to-morrow's sun endure—
Types of my fate, and emblems of my doom—
Yet still your fragrance breathes, your blushes tell
Of one too briefly known, and loved too well!

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The original St. Paul's Cathedral, greatly damaged by the great fire of 1666, was demolished. The present structure was commenced in 1675, and completed in 1710, under the superintendence of the celebrated architect, Sir Christopher Wren, who furnished the design and laid the corner stone—there having also been but one master mason from the first to the last of this space of thirty-five years, and the same Bishop of London who saw the building commenced, saw it finished. The extreme length of the edifice, which is in the usual form of a Latin cross, is 500 feet, and the breadth of the transept 250 feet. It is surmounted by a proportionate dome, lantern and cross, the extreme height of the latter, from the pavement outside, being 360 feet. I have no skill in the description of architecture, and mention these general measurements so that persons curious in such matters may imagine the hugeness and majesty of this great protestant cathedral. Let no one infer that it is ever filled with worshippers. On a few occasions in the course of the year, it is crowded by desire to witness a grand spectacle—as for example, on the first Thursday in June, when the charity children of the parochial schools, 10,000 in number, are here congregated to listen to the annual sermon. Excepting on such occasions, the choir (or head of the cross, which is separated from the nave by a screen of exquisite workmanship) is the only portion of the cathedral in use. Exclusive of the north and south aisles, it does not occupy more than one-tenth of the floor space—yet even that tenth constitutes a spacious church. I should judge that the officiating parties have an easy time of it, if there be an equitable division of the duties, for I find that they consist of one dean, four canons residentiary, twenty-six prebendaries, twelve minor canons, and six vicars choral. Besides the choir, this great cathedral is little more than a show-house. I wish to speak with respect of the motives which prompted its erection, and of the liberality which expended nearly four millions of dollars on this symmetrical mass of stone, in an age when money was worth much more than it is now; yet the grandeur and solemnity of the place could not repress the inquisitive *cui bono*? I looked upon the immense area of marble pavement, the huge columns, the stupendous dome—we visited the whispering gallery, and other curious upper portions of the building—and the cold stone on every hand, only echoed my query as to the utility of this chiselled and carved quarry. It is little more than a great show-house, nominally dedicated to a religious use.—*Rev. A. C. Thomas.*

APOLOGUE.

One day the guardian genius of all who possess strong sensibility, thus addressed Jupiter: "Father divine! bestow on thy poor human creatures a language more expressive than any they now possess, for they have only words signifying how they suffer, how they enjoy, and how they love." "Have I not given them tears?" replied the deity—"tears of pleasure, of pain, and the softer ones that flow from the tender passion?" The genius answered,—"O, god of men! tears do not sufficiently speak the overflows of the heart; give, I thee supplicate, to man a language that can more powerfully paint the languishing and impassioned wishes of a susceptible soul—the recollections, so delightful, of infancy—the soft dreams of youth, and the hopes of another life, which mature age indulges while contemplating the last rays of the sun as they sink in the ocean;—give them, father of all! a new language of the heart." At this moment the celestial harmonies of the spheres announced to Jupiter the approach of the Muse of Song. To her the god immediately made a sign, and thus uttered his behests: "Descend to earth, O Muse, and teach mankind thy language." And the Muse of Song descended to earth, taught us her accents, and from that time the heart of man has been able to speak.—*Jean Paul.*

THE LANGUAGE OF JOY AND SORROW.

We seem to be much better acquainted with the miseries than we are with the happiness of life. This is shadowed forth by the fact that at least in the English language the words to express what is good and pleasurable, are fewer by a great deal than those for the bad and painful. We have colors to paint every shade of wickedness, and strokes for every stage of woe; let the crime be the blackest, we can give it a name; let the end be the bitterest, we can tell of the very less. But to tell of the varying lights of pleasure, and all the winning ways of goodness, we are at a loss; and the most we can say of the greatest goodness is, that there is an unknown, an indescribable charm about it; the most that we can say of the highest bliss, that it is unutterable.—*Dallas's Poetics.*



STATE STREET. OLD STATE HOUSE. STATE STREET. WATER STREET

GRAND PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE EAST SIDE OF WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS., COMMENCING AT THE CORNER OF STATE STREET, AND EXTENDING TO No. 206.



WATER STREET. SPRING LANE. OLD SOUTH CHURCH. MILK STREET.

GRAND PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE EAST SIDE OF WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS., COMMENCING AT THE CORNER OF STATE STREET, AND EXTENDING TO No. 206.



FRANKLIN STREET. 205 WASHINGTON STREET.

GRAND PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE EAST SIDE OF WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS., COMMENCING AT THE CORNER OF STATE STREET, AND EXTENDING TO No. 206.

[Translated from the Latin for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ORATIO AD DOMINUM.

BY THOMAS H. CHURCH, M. D.

Save me, Lord! thou Judge Eternal!
From those dark domains infernal;
Where is weeping, where is wailing,
Where all prayers are unavailing!
Where each soul doth self-inherit
Proofs of its own damned merit;
Tortures raging—ever crying,
From the worm that is undying;
Where no hope can come to sever
Life from death, in hell forever!

Me to Zion take in pity!
David's Zion—tranquil city!
Built by God of light—its portal
Cross of Christ, the wood immortal;
Key that locks, the tongue of Peter,
Turned, the songs of God's not sweeter;
Walled, heaven-high, each scaleless story
Guarded by the King of Glory!

In this city, light eternal
Reigns forever—peace eternal;
Ours flow in such completeness,
Heaven is filled with songs of sweetness.

Here, the soul knows no corruption,
Fratry zone, nor interruption;
None too little, none dilated,
All in Christ are consummated.

Heavenly city! glorious city!
Built upon the Rock of Pity!
City in whose Gates are gathered
All I long for—all I fathered!
Now I greet thee—these I sigh for!
Whose possession I would die for!

With what warm congratulations
Meet in thee the joyful Nations!
How delighted stand they gazing
At the walls with glory blazing;
Hyacinth with Chalcidony—
Heaven's own wealth their patrimony!

In this city's streets, for greeting,
Clouds of blessed souls are meeting;
Singing songs such as the pious
Moses sang for rept. Elias.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MARRYING WELL.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"AND so, dear," said Mrs. Waring to her beautiful niece, Fanny Lovering, "you are about becoming a bride." The aunt spoke tenderly, and with a manner that instantly broke down all barriers of reserve.

"And a happy bride, I trust," returned the blushing girl, as she laid her hand in that of her aunt, and leaned upon her confidently.

"Pray Heaven, it may be so, Fanny," Mrs. Waring's manner was slightly serious. "Marriage is a very important step; and, in taking it, the smallest error may become the fruitful source of unhappiness."

"I shall make no error, Aunt Mary," cried the lovely girl. "Edward Allen is one of the best of young men; and he loves me as purely and tenderly as any maiden could wish to be loved. O, I want you to see him so much!"

"I will have that pleasure soon, no doubt."

"Yes, very soon. He is here almost every evening."

"Your father, I understand, thinks very highly of him."

"O, yes. He is quite a pet of father's," replied Fanny.

"He's in business, then, I suppose."

"Yes. He keeps a fancy dry goods store, and is doing exceedingly well—so he says."

Mrs. Waring sat silent for some time, lost in a train of reflection suddenly started in her mind.

"You look serious, aunt. What are you thinking about?" said Fanny, a slight shadow flitting over her countenance.

Mrs. Waring smiled, as she answered:

"People at my age are easily led into serious thoughts. Indeed, I can never contemplate the marriage of a young girl like yourself, without the intrusion of such thoughts into my mind. I have seen many bright skies bending smilingly over young hearts, on the morning of their married life, that long ere noon were draped in clouds."

"Don't talk so, dear aunt!" said the fair young girl. "I know that life, to all, comes in shadow as well as sunshine. But, while the sky is bright, why dim its brightness by thoughts of the time when it will be overcast. Is that true philosophy, Aunt Mary?"

"If such forethought will prevent the cloud, or provide a shelter ere the storm breaks, it may be called true philosophy. But, forgive me, dear, for thus throwing a shadow, where no shadow ought to rest. I will believe your choice a wise one, and that a happy future awaits you."

"You cannot help believing this, when you see Edward. He will be here to-night; then you will be able to estimate him truly."

As Fanny had said, the young man called in after tea, when Mrs. Waring was introduced. Allen responded to the introduction somewhat coldly. In fact, he was too much interested in Fanny herself, to think much, or care much for the stranger, even though named as a relative. But, though he noticed but casually, and passed only a few words with Mrs. Waring, that lady was

observing him closely, and noting every phase of character that was presented for observation; and, ere he left her presence, had read him far deeper than he imagined.

"And now, Aunt Mary, tell me what you think of Edward," said Fanny Lovering, as soon as the young man had departed, and she was alone with Mrs. Waring.

"I must see him two or three times more, ere I can make up my mind in regard to him," said Mrs. Waring, with something evasive in her manner. "First impressions are not always to be relied upon," she added, smiling.

"Ah! I understand you,"—Fanny spoke with a sudden gaiety of manner—"you only wish to tease me a little. Now, confess at once, dear Aunt Mary, that you are charmed with Edward."

"I am not much given to quick prepossessions," answered Mrs. Waring. "It may be a defect in my character; but so it is. Mr. Allen, no doubt, is a most excellent young man. You are sure that you love him, Fanny?"

"O, Aunt Mary! How can you ask such a question? Are we not soon to be married?"

"True. And this being so, you certainly should love him. Now, can you tell me why you love him?"

"Why, aunt!"

"My question seems, no doubt, a strange one, Fanny. Yet, strange as it may appear to you, it is far from being lightly made. Calm your mind into reflection, and ask yourself, firmly and seriously, why you love Edward Allen. True love ever has an appreciating regard for moral excellence—and knowledge must precede appreciation. What do you know of the moral wisdom of this young man, into whose hands you are about placing the destinies of your being for time—it may be for eternity? Again let me put the question—why do you love Edward Allen?"

Fanny looked bewildered. No searching interrogations like these had been addressed to her, even by her parents; and their effect was to throw her whole mind into painful confusion.

"I love him for his excellent qualities, and because he loves me," she at length said, yet with a kind of uncertain manner, as if the reply did not spring from a clear mental perception.

"What do you mean by excellent qualities?" farther inquired Mrs. Waring.

Tears came into Fanny's sweet blue eyes, as she answered:

"A young girl like me, dear Aunt Mary, cannot penetrate very deeply into a man's character. We have neither the opportunity, nor the experience upon which, coldly, to base an accurate judgment. The heart is our guide. In my own case, its instincts, I am sure, have not betrayed me into a false estimate of my lover. I know him to be good and noble; and I am sure his tender regard for the maiden he has asked to become his bride, will ever lead him to seek her happiness, as she will seek his. Do not doubt him, aunt."

Yet, Mrs. Waring could not help doubting him. The young man had not impressed her favorably. No word had fallen from his lips during the evening unmarked by her—nor had a single act escaped observation. In vain had she looked, in his declarations of sentiments, for high moral purposes—for something elevated and manly in tone. To their place, she found only exceeding worldliness, or the flippant commonplace.

"No basis there, I fear, on which to build," said Mrs. Waring, thoughtfully, after parting with her niece for the night. "Dear, loving, confiding child! The heart of a maiden is not always her best guide. Like the conscience, it needs to be instructed; must be furnished with tests of quality."

On the day following, Mrs. Waring went out alone. Without seeming to have any purpose in her mind, she had asked the number of Mr. Allen's store, whither she went with the design of making a few purchases. As she had hoped it would be, the young man did not recognize her as the aunt of his betrothed. Among the articles she wished to obtain was a silk dress. Several pieces of goods were shown to her, one of which suited exactly, both color and quality.

"What is the price of this?" she asked.

The answer was not prompt. First, the ticket-mark was consulted; then came a thoughtful pause; and then the young storekeeper said:

"I cannot afford to sell you this piece of goods for less than a dollar thirteen."

"A dollar thirty, did you say?" asked Mrs. Waring, examining the silk more closely.

"Ye—yes, ma'am," quickly replied Allen. "A dollar thirty. And it's a bargain at that, I do assure you."

Mrs. Waring raised her eyes and looked steadily, for a moment or two, into the young man's face.

"A dollar and thirty cents," she repeated.

"Yes, ma'am. A dollar thirty," was the now assured answer.

"How many yards shall I measure off for you?"

"I want about twelve yards."

"There isn't a cheaper piece of goods in market," said the young man, as he put his scissors into the silk—"not a cheaper piece, I do assure you. I had a large stock of these silks at the opening of the season, and sold two thirds of them at a dollar and a half. But, as they are nearly closed out, I am selling the remainder at a trifle above cost. Can I show you anything else, ma'am?"

"Not to-day, I believe," replied Mrs. Waring, as she took out her purse. "How much does it come to?"

"Twelve yards at one dollar and thirty cents—just fifteen dollars and sixty cents," said Allen.

Mrs. Waring counted out the money, and, as she handed it to the young man, fixed her eyes again searchingly upon him.

"Shall I send it home for you?" he asked.

"No—I will take it myself," said Mrs. Waring, coldly.

"What have you been hying, aunt?" inquired Fanny, when Mrs. Waring returned home with her purchase.

"A silk dress. And I want to know what you think of my bargain?"

The silk was opened, and Fanny and her mother examined and admired it.

"What did you pay for it, sister?" asked Mrs. Lovering, the mother of Fanny.

"A dollar and thirty cents," was answered.

"Not a dollar thirty?" Marked surprise was indicated.

"Yes. Don't you think it cheap?"

"Cheap!" said Fanny. "It isn't worth over a dollar, at the outside. Mr. Allen has been selling the same goods at ninety and ninety-five."

"You must certainly be in error," replied Mrs. Waring.

"Not at all," was the positive assertion. "Where did you get the silk?"

A somewhat indefinite answer was given; to which Fanny returned:

"I only wish we had known your intention. Mother would have gone with you to Edward's store. It is too bad that you should have been so cheated. The person who sold you the silk is no better than a downright swindler."

"If it is as you say," replied Mrs. Waring, calmly, "he is not an honest man. He saw that I was a stranger, ignorant of current prices; and he took advantage of the fact to do me a wrong. I am more grieved for his sake than my own. To me, the loss is only a few dollars; to him—alas! by what rule can we make the estimate?"

Much more was said, not needful here to repeat. In the evening, Edward Allen called to see Fanny, who spoke of the purchase made by Mrs. Waring. Her aunt was present. The silk was produced in evidence of the fact that she had been most shamefully wronged by some storekeeper.

"For what can you sell goods of a similar quality?" was the direct question of Fanny.

The moment Allen saw the piece of silk, he recognized it as the same he had sold in the morning. Turning quickly, and with a flushing countenance, to that part of the room where Mrs. Waring sat, partly in the shadow, he became at once conscious of the fact, that she was the purchaser. The eyes of Fanny followed those of the lover, and then came back to his face. She saw the o'er-mantling blush; the sudden loss of self-possession, the quailing of his glance beneath the fixed look of Mrs. Waring. At once the whole truth flashed upon her mind, and, starting up, she said, in a blended voice of grief and indignation:

"Surely, surely, Edward, you are not the man!"

Before Allen could reply, Mrs. Waring said, firmly:

"Yes, it is too true. He is the man!"

At this, Fanny grew deadly pale, staggered towards her mother, and sunk, sobbing wildly upon her bosom.

Too much excited and confused for coherent explanation, and too clearly conscious of his mean dishonesty towards a stranger, Allen attempted no vindication nor excuse, lest matters should assume even a worse aspect. A moment or two he stood irresolute, and then retired from the house. As he did so, Mr. Lovering entered the room where this little scene had just transpired, and was quite startled at the aspect of affairs.

"What's this? What has happened? Fanny, child, what in the name of wonder is the matter? Where's Edward?"

Mr. Lovering spoke hurriedly. As soon as practicable, the whole affair was related.

"And is that all?" exclaimed Mr. Lovering, in surprise.

"Pooh! pooh! I'm really astonished! I thought that some dreadful thing had happened."

"Don't you regard this as a very serious matter?" inquired Mrs. Waring.

"Serious? No! It's a thing of everyday occurrence. If you are not a judge of the goods you attempt to purchase, you must expect to pay for your ignorance. Shopkeepers have to make up their ratio of profits in the aggregate sales of the day. Sometimes they have to sell a sharp customer at cost, rather than lose the sale; and this must be made up on some one like you."

"Not a serious matter," replied Fanny's aunt, "to discover that the betrothed of your daughter is a dishonest man?"

"Nonsense! nonsense! you don't know what you are talking about," said Mr. Lovering, fretfully. "He's shrewd and sharp, as every business man who expects to succeed must be. As to his trade operations, Fanny has nothing to do with them. He'll make her a kind husband, and provide for her handsomely. What more can she ask?"

"A great deal more," replied Mrs. Waring, firmly.

"What more, pray?"

"A husband, in whose high moral virtues, and unselfish regard for the right, she can unerringly confide. One who will never, in his eager desire to secure for himself some personal end or gratification, forget what is due to the tender, confiding wife who has placed all that is dear to her in his guardianship. Brother, depend upon it, the man who deliberately wrongs another to gain an advantage to himself, will never, in marriage, make a truly virtuous woman happy. This I speak thoughtfully and solemnly; and I pray you take it to heart, ere conviction of what I assert comes upon you too late. But, I may have said too much. Forgive my plain speaking. From the fullness of the heart is this utterance."

And so saying, Mrs. Waring passed from the room, and left the parents of Fanny alone with their weeping child. Few words were spoken by either Mr. or Mrs. Lovering. Something in the last remarks of Mrs. Waring had startled their minds into new convictions. As for the daughter, she soon retired to her own

apartment, and did not join the family again until the next morning. Then, her sad eyes and colorless face too plainly evidenced a night of sleeplessness and suffering.

By a kind of tacit consent on the part of each member of the family, no allusion, whatever, was made to the occurrences of the day previous. Evening came, but not as usual came Edward Allen. The next day, and the next went by, without his accustomed appearance. For a whole week his visits were omitted.

Grievous was the change which, in that time, had become visible in Fanny Lovering. The very light of her life seemed to go out suddenly; and, for a while, she had groped about in thick darkness. A few feeble rays were again becoming visible; but from a quarter of the heavens where she had not expected light. Wisely, gently and unobtrusively had Mrs. Waring, during this period of gloom and distress, cast high truths into the mind of her suffering niece—and from these, as stars in the firmament of thought, came the rays by which she was able to see a path opening before her. When, at the end of the tenth day of uncertainty, came a note from Allen, in these brief words: "If it is Miss Lovering's wish to be free from her engagement, a word will annul the contract"—she replied, within ten minutes, "Let the contract be annulled; you are free."

Two weeks later, and Mr. Lovering brought home the intelligence that Allen was to be married in a few days to a certain Miss Jerrold, daughter of a man reputed wealthy.

"To Miss Jerrold! It cannot be!" said Mrs. Lovering, in surprise.

"I will not believe it, father," Fanny spoke with quivering lips and a choking voice.

"Who is Miss Jerrold?" asked Mrs. Waring.

"A coarse, vulgar-minded girl, of whom many light things have been said," replied Mrs. Lovering, indignantly. "But, her father is rich, and she is an only child."

"He never loved you, dear," said Mrs. Waring to Fanny about a week later, as the yet suffering girl laid her tearful face on her bosom. The news had just come that Miss Jerrold was the bride of Allen. The frame of the girl thrilled for a moment or two; then all was calm, and she replied:

"Not as I wished to be loved. O, aunt! what an escape I have made! I look down the fearful gulf on the very brink of which my feet were arrested, and shudder to the heart core. If he could take her, he never could have appreciated me. Something more than maiden purity and virtue attracted him. Ah! how could my instincts be so at fault!"

"Dear child," said Mrs. Waring, earnestly, "there can be no true love, as I have before said to you, without an appreciation of quality. A fine person, agreeable manners, social position—in a word, all external advantages and attractions are nothing, unless virtue be in the heart. It is a man's virtues that a woman must love, if she loves truly. If she assume the possession of moral wisdom, without undoubting evidence, she is false to herself. To marry under such circumstances, is to take a fearful risk. Alas! how many have repented through a long life of wretchedness. Can a true woman love a man who lacks principle—who will sacrifice honor for a few paltry dollars—who will debase himself for gain?—whose gross sensuality suffocates all high, spiritual love? No! no! It is impossible! And she who unites herself with such a man, must either shrink, grovelling, down to his mean level, or be inconceivably wretched."

Two years later, and results amply justified the timely interposition of Mrs. Waring, and demonstrated the truth of her positions. Her beautiful, true-hearted niece has become the bride of a man possessing all the external advantages sought to be obtained by Mr. and Mrs. Lovering in the proposed marriage with Mr. Allen; and what is more and better, of one whose love of truth and goodness is genuine, and whose appreciation of his wife rests on a perception of her womanly virtues. As years pass, and their knowledge of each other becomes more intimate, their union will become closer and closer, until affection and thought become so blended, that they will act in all their mutual life-relations as one.

Alas! how different it is already with Edward Allen and the woman he led to the altar, where each made false vows the one to the other. There were no qualities to be loved; and to each, person and principles soon grew repellant. Through sharp practices in business, Allen is rapidly adding to the fortune already acquired by trade and marriage; but, apart from the love of accumulation, which keeps his mind active and excited during business hours, he has no pleasure in life. He does not love the woman who presides in his elegant home, and she affects nothing in regard to him. They only tolerate each other for appearance sake. Sometimes, Fanny Lovering, now Mrs. —, meets them in public; but never without an almost audibly breathed "Thank God, that I am not in her place!" as her eyes rest upon the countenance of Allen, in which evil and selfish purposes have already stamped their unmistakable meanings.

THE HUMAN HAND.

It is a marvellous thing to see the power of the hands to signify our intentions; not only do they demonstrate, but speak, our thoughts, as is seen in mutes, who by them make known all their wants. With the hands they summon and repel, rejoice or grieve; they indicate silence and noise, peace and war, prayer and meane, and acuity and fear, explanation and cumeration. The hands reason, dispute and approve, and finally shape themselves to all the dictates of our intelligence. Let them always be employed in a proper manner; let no strange movement be remarked in them; let them be agile, adroit, apt to do everything without awkwardness, hardness, or softness!—*Palmieri (an Italian writer of the Fifteenth Century).*

A RECIPE.—The way to make yourself loved is to love.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

BY PHILIP CARRY.

Nay, come not to me with your pledges, be fore
You have pledged yourself never to drink any more;
For I care not what else you may think or may do,
You must turn from the wine-cup, or I will from you!

You can't love me as well and as truly," you say,
If you can, I can't "honor, respect and obey;"
I might think all your words and your wishes a joke,
If in sober earnest not always you spoke.

If my eyes are not brighter to you than the foam
Of the wine-cup, I never can gladden your home;
And the lip that to me its devotion would prove,
Must only be sweet with the dew of love.

And you smile, do you, Harry? you'll come to repent,
For I tell you it isn't like me to relent;
I never will like you, I'll never forgive,
And I never will have you so long as I live!

You may do almost anything else that you please,
You may even get angry, may scold, or may tease;
You may smoke till you're lost in the clouds, if you want,
You may chew, if you choose, and I'll never say don't.

You may go out and spend pleasant evenings from home,
And I'll never look sullen nor cross when you come;
Only, always remember I'm waiting,—and then
I'd rather you'd be back as early as ten.

And you won't sign the pledge, Harry! what shall I do?
For I think you love me and I know I love you;
You are right, but dear Mary you urge me in vain,
For I signed it last night, and shant do it again!"

CHARITY.

In one of the traditional sermons, transmitted by the Prophet Mahomet to his disciples, is the following apologue on the subject of Charity:—"When God created the earth, it shook and trembled until He put mountains upon it to make it firm. Then the angels asked, 'O God, is there anything of thy creation stronger than these mountains?' And God replied, 'Iron is stronger than the mountains, for it breaks them.' 'And is there anything stronger than iron?' 'Yes, fire is stronger than iron, for it melts it.' Is there anything of thy creation stronger than fire?' 'Yes, water quenches fire.' 'O Lord, is there anything of thy creation stronger than water?' 'Yes, wind, for it overcomes water, and puts it in motion.' 'O, our Fountain! Is there anything of Thy creation stronger than wind?' 'Yes, a good man giving alms; if he give with his right hand and conceal with his left, he overcometh all things.' Mahomet's definition of charity embraced the wide circle of kindness. 'Every good act,' he would say, 'is charity.' 'Your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation to your fellow-man to virtuous deeds, is equal to *alms-giving*; your putting a wanderer in the right road is charity; your assisting the blind is charity; your removing stones and thorns, and other obstructions from the road, is charity; your giving water to the thirsty is charity.' 'A man's true wealth,' says the Prophet, 'is the good he does in this world to his fellow-men. When he dies, the people will say, 'What property has he left behind him?' But the angels who examine him in the grave will ask, 'What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?' 'O Prophet,' said one of his disciples, 'my mother, Omen-Sad, is dead; what is the best alms I can send for the good of her soul?' 'Water!' replied Mahomet, bethinking himself of the panting heats of the desert. 'Dig a well for her, and give water to the thirsty.' The man dug a well in his mother's name, and said, 'This well is for my mother, that its rewards may reach her soul.'—*Iring's Mahomet.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

COME TO MY GRAVE.

BY LIZZ LINDWOOD.

Come to my grave when the vesper bell
Shall echo the dying day's farewell;
Come when young summer's richest bloom
Shall shed its lustre o'er my tomb;
Come when the gentle-eyed flowers
Shall tearfully peep from their starry bowers,
And ere the soft breeze catch their sighs of perfume,
O come, dearest, come to my lonely tomb.

Come when the pale moon's trembling rays
Shall blend their light with the glow-worm's blaze;
When the quiet stars of heaven's blue dome
Shall earnestly bend from their shining home;
When the zephyr shall dance through the flowery dell,
And its murmur be borne on the breeze's swell;
When the low, sighing winds the bright blossoms wave,
O, then, at that hour, love, come to my grave.

And come, love, when summer shall pass away,
With its holy night and its glorious day;
When autumn shall quickly a frost wreath twine
To gem the sprays of the rustling pine;
When bright birds mourn o'er the death of the flowers,
And speed on light wings to lovelier bowers;
When the low, whistling winds my requiem shall be,
Then come to my grave, love, and there think of me.

GET INTO A GROOVE.

Get, if you can, into one or other of the main grooves of human affairs. It is all the difference of going by railway, and walking a ploughed field, whether you adopt common courses, or set up one for yourself. You will see, if your times are anything like ours, most inferior persons highly placed in the army, in the church, in office, at the bar. They have somehow got upon the line, and have moved on well with very little original motive power of their own. Do not let this make you talk as if merit were utterly neglected in these or any professions; only that getting well into the groove will frequently do instead of any great excellence.—*Companions of my Solitude.*

A SINGULAR BIRD.

There is in the garden at Regent's Park, London, a plain-looking, sombre bird, a native of New Holland, called the brush-turkey, whose habits of rearing its brood are among the most remarkable in the history of animal instincts. The bird is a thorough chemist, and constructs for itself a patent incubator, on chemical principles, by which it hatches its eggs in a scientific manner, without the tedious sitting to which other birds submit. This bird at present occupies part of the great aviary on the south side of the gardens, on the right after entering the gate from the road. It is not a very striking bird in its appearance. The upper surface of the adult male, its wings and tail, is of a blackish-brown at the base, going into silver-gray at the ends. The skin of the head and neck is of a deep pink, verging on red, and thinly sprinkled with short, dingy hair. The wattle is of a bright yellow, shading off into red. In size it is nearly that of a turkey. In general habits this bird is nothing remarkable: it is in the reproduction of the species that its anomalous proceedings are manifested. It is a believer in fermentation and co-operation, for when the breeding season arrives, a number of the birds enter in a partnership, and collect a huge heap of vegetable matter, which is allowed to ferment till it forms a hot-bed. Several weeks are patiently employed in forming this heap, but when once formed, it does duty for several years, new matter being added at the top as that beneath rots away. In collecting, the birds use only the foot; the bill is not used at all. The surface of the ground surrounding the hot-bed is thus cleared of every leaf and blade of grass, every scrap of vegetation being added to assist in the fermentation. When this pyramidal mound of green stuff has had sufficient time to heat, and when it is just at the proper temperature for hatching, the large eggs are inserted, not side by side, but planted at regular intervals from each other, and stuck into the fasty, smoking heap perfectly upright, the large end downward, and at an arm's length below the surface. They are then covered up and left till hatched. Whether the chickens have to fight their way through the warm, "artificial mother," or whether, as Mr. Gould was informed, the females remain in the neighborhood, is a question not yet settled; there is no doubt, however, that in either case Nature has provided for the safety of the young, and that all its instincts are adapted to the circumstances of its birth.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE EARLY DAWN.

BY MARY N. DEARBORN.

Ye gorgeous tints of morning light!
O lend me one ray to me,
And guide my spirit on its flight
Till it shall range with thee!

Till it shall grasp the brilliant hues,
By wings of morning worn;
And fleeting through ethereal blues,
Attain its heavenly born.

I fain would mark, as "Guido" might,
The "courses of the sun";
And swiftly, in his borrowed light,
Their rounds of "glory run."

What wondrous scenes arrest the eye!
What beauties there unfold!
While angels wave their banners high,
Inwrought with shining gold!

O bear me to your radiant shore,
And let me gaze thereon;
Where floods of living splendor pour
Around the early dawn!

THE OLDEN TIME.

The following statistics of the good old winters are curious:—"In 401, the Black Sea was entirely frozen over. In 768, not only the Black Sea, but the Straits of the Dardanelles, were frozen over; the snow in some places rose fifty feet high. In 822, the great rivers of Europe—the Danube, the Elbe, etc.—were so hard frozen as to bear heavy wagoons for a month. In 860, the Adriatic was frozen. In 991, everything was frozen; the crops totally failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1067, the most of the travellers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1133, the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea; the wine casks were burst, and even the trees split by the action of the frost, with immense noise. In 1236, the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1316, the crops wholly failed in Germany; wheat, which some years before sold in England at six shillings the quarter, rose to two pounds; in 1339, the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued, that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. The successive winters of 1432-'3-'4 were uncommonly severe. It once snowed forty days without interruption. In 1463, the wine distributed to the soldiers in Flanders was cut with hatchets. In 1684, the winter was excessively cold. Most of the hollies were killed. Coaches drove along the Thames, the ice of which was eleven inches thick. In 1709, occurred the cold winter. The frost penetrated three yards into the ground. In 1716, booths were erected and fairs held on the Thames. In 1744 and 1745, the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, was covered in less than fifteen minutes, with ice an eighth of an inch thick. In 1809, and again, in 1812, the winters were remarkably cold. In 1814, there was a fair on the frozen Thames."—*Olive Branch.*

MY LADY VISCOUNTESS.

My Lady Viscountess's face was daubed with white and red up to the eyes, to which the paint gave an unearthly glare: she had a tower of lace on her head, under which was a bush of black curls—harrowed curls—so that no wonder little Harry Esmond was scared when he was first presented to her—the kind priest acting as master of the ceremonies at that solemn introduction—and he stared at her with eyes almost as great as her own, as he had stared at the player-woman who acted the wicked tragedy queen, when the players came down to Ealing Fair. She sat in a great chair by the fire-corner; in her lap was a spaniel dog that harked furiously; on a little table by her was her ladyship's snuff-box and her sugar-plum box. She wore a dress of black velvet, and a petticoat of flame-colored brocade. She had as many rings on her fingers as the old woman of Banbury Cross; and pretty, small feet, which she was fond of showing, with great gold clocks to her stockings, and white panofles with red heels; and an odor of musk was shook out of her garments whenever she moved or quitted the room, leaning on her tortoise-shell stick, little Fury barking at her heels.—*Thackeray's Esmond.*



A REPRESENTATION OF KAFFIR CHIEFS ARRAYED IN THEIR NATIVE WAR COSTUME.

KAFFIR CHIEFS.

The Kaffirs are a race with some affinity to the negro; they are brown-colored, the darkest among them coming from the northeast. They have their own language, which missionaries have been able to acquire, and use in spreading a knowledge of Christianity among them. That they do not practise its rules, cannot be made a peculiar reproach to them; few Christian nations, in their dealings with savages, have ever set the example. At best the only use they have made of their bibles and testaments was for loading their muskets against the English; if they knew the history of the last European war, they might reply that men far better taught desecrated holy things quite as unscrupulously. They cultivate a few sorts of grain, but diet chiefly on flesh, milk, roots and fruits—very good things all, when well cooked, and enough of them; the poor of civilized lands have very often seen a worse bill of fare. Pigs, geese, hares and fish, it is said, they refuse to eat—whether by some strange diffusion of the Moslem prohibitions is not known, but there seems a trace of them. Their great and favorite occupation is breeding cattle; they "glory in their goad, and their talk is of bullocks." The employment is held in a sort of honor among them; and in one of the tribes—the Tambukis, we believe—the place in the village where the herds are collected, is at once their parliament, court of law, public dining place, slaughter-house, parade and burial-ground of the royal family! Things, we may imagine, are rather primitive with such a combination of appliances. They hunt extensively, and are not particular as to what the game is; the gazelle and antelope serve when lions, buffaloes, elephants, and such minor prey are scarce; and, sometimes, the lions in return hunt them. Of their religion but little is known; the differences of error and ignorance are countless; they have priests, magicians and sorceresses; the magicians are sometimes murdered if they fail; the sorceresses are always believed—a deference to the fair sex that does the race infinite credit. They know the use of money, build kraals and villages of mud, and wood huts, and are expert in the use of the assagai or dart, which, in their hands, is a very formidable weapon; but the extent to which they have obtained fire arms and ammunition by the suicidal avarice of the white traders, makes them still more dangerous. Their chiefs are hereditary, and exercise despotic power. Collect such a people in large numbers on a badly defended frontier, armed, with farms and cattle all around them, and the havoc and destruction they can commit can readily be fancied. Their skill in cattle stealing and love of the pursuit is unsurpassable; the "reivers" of Scotland, the Donald Ben Leans and Rob Roy of English annals, are scarcely worthy to be named in the same breath with them. The ease with which they convey large herds of cattle from place

to place, and the way they manage them, are said to partake of the marvellous. They have repeatedly spread consternation through the colony by their inroads; boundary treaties made with them have been always broken; it may be questioned if they understand such obligations. To check the progress of these disasters, the whole colony is under arms, and the force that can be brought together numbers 18,000 men. The main difficulty is not to check the advance of the Kaffirs, but to prevent their harassing and perpetual attacks. Our engraving gives a representation of three of these Kaffir chiefs, who figured quite conspicuously in the recent war with the British in Kaffir land. They are depicted in their war costume. One of them is represented as in the act of throwing the *assagai*, an instrument in wielding which they are perfectly at home. The leopard skin caress, and the plumes of the Kullir crane, as worn around the head, are the distinguishing marks of a chief, none of less rank being permitted to wear them. The Kaffirs are adroit thieves, and the quantities of ammunition and masks they have obtained in trading, has been no small occasion for vigilance and alarm to the settlers. They are an athletic and fine-looking race of men.

HUNTING THE OTTER.

The engraving below represents the method of hunting this animal in Scotland, where it is a favorite diversion, more peculiar to that locality than elsewhere. It is an animal found nearly all over the world, and some few facts in its natural history may be interesting in this connection. The common otter inhabits all parts of Europe, dwelling on the banks of rivers, in barrows, forming the entrance of its hole under water, and working upwards, making a small orifice for the admission of air in the midst of some thick bush. It is about two feet in length to the insertion of the tail, which is sixteen inches long. It is brown above and whitish around the lips, on the cheeks and beneath. The otter can be domesticated, though, from its ferocious disposition, this is a task of much difficulty. When properly trained, they become very useful, one of these animals being able to supply a large family with fish. When the otter, in its wild state, has taken a fish, it carries it on shore, and devours the head and upper parts, rejecting the remainder. It is destructive, killing more than it can eat. It fights very obstinately when hunted, often inflicting severe wounds on the dogs. The American otter inhabits the whole American continent, but is rare on the Atlantic coast of the United States; in Canada, however, they are very numerous, 17,300 skins having been sent to England in one year, by the Hudson's Bay Company. Its habits are the same as that of the European species. The American otter is about five feet in length, including the tail, which is eighteen inches. The color of the whole body, except the chin and throat, which are a dusky white, is a glossy brown. The fur is much esteemed, and is very dense and fine. The common mode of taking them is by sinking a steel trap near the mouth of their burrow. The sea otter is much larger than the two last, being about the size of a large mastiff, weighing from seventy to eighty pounds. Its color, when in full season, is perfectly black; at other times of a dark brown. The fur is very fine, and sells at very high prices in China, to which the skins are usually taken. It is exclusively found between the 49th and 60th degrees north latitude, on the north-western coasts of North America, and the shores of Kamtschatka and the adjoining islands. It is always seen on the coast or in the immediate vicinity of salt water. It feeds on almost all kinds of fish and crustacean animals. It moves very swiftly, and swims with extreme celerity, either on its back, sides, or sometimes as if upright in the water. It is caught by placing a net among the sea-weed, or by chasing it in boats. The flesh of the young is said to be very tender, resembling lamb in flavor. The female is very attentive to her offspring, playing and fondling with it in all ways, and never relinquishing it as long as she can defend it or shield it from danger.



METHOD OF OTTER HUNTING.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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"Gratitude or it is never too late," a story, by HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.
"The Widow's Story," a sketch, by MISS LUCY DRAWSIAN.
"A Visit to the Battle-Field of Marathon," by REV. F. W. HOLLAND.
"The Two Homes, or Sunshine and Shadow," a tale, by MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.
"The Spirit Messenger," a poem, by PARK BENJAMIN.
"Trenody on the Death of Mrs. Milard Fillmore," by CORNELIA J. ORME.
"Stanzas," by LEUT. E. CURTIS HIXE.
"Parting and Meeting," verses, by ALICE CAREY.
"Hope," lines, by JOSEPH H. BUTLER.
"To a Tuft of Early Violets," verses, by JESSY MAY.

THE BOUND VOLUMES.

Being desirous that one and all should enjoy the benefit of possessing our elegantly bound volumes of the Pictorial, we will supply the getters-up of clubs, which we have been furnishing with our paper, on such terms as will enable them to make a handsome profit on the sale, and also to supply themselves with the work, bound, at a mere trifling cost. Or we should be happy to communicate with any of our subscribers who would like to purchase the volumes complete to sell again, even if they do not design to make a business of selling the books. Our bindery has found it difficult to satisfy the demand for the volumes, and if our readers knew how profitable a business it is to sell this work, they would embark in it in large numbers at once. The books can be forwarded by express to any part of the United States, with promptness and safety.

GRAND PANORAMIC VIEW.

On pages 328 and 329, we give three more sections of panoramic views of Washington Street, being the opposite to those of last week's paper, or the east side of the street, commencing at the north side of the street and running to No. 206 Washington Street, just below Sumner Street. In these views, every person conversant with this great thoroughfare will recognize a most minute resemblance between the picture and the original. This set completes, for the present, our panoramic views, but ere long, we may again illustrate our paper with a like subject.

RISLEY'S RIVER THAMES.—This superb panorama, now on exhibition at the Melodion, Boston, richly merits the high encomiums of praise lavished upon it by the press, presenting, as it does, a series of most faithful and artistic views of English scenes and scenery. It should be visited by all.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION is really a gem of literature; an ornament for the table, and wholesome refreshment for the mind. The contents are of the purest morality, and highest order of talent; its engravings are beautiful and chaste. — *Crawford Courier, Wisconsin.*

SPLINTERS.

... The Earl of Ellesmere, with his lady and two sons, proposes to visit this country sometime during the coming summer.

... A vast number of Americans are turning their steps towards Europe, and every steamer takes out numerous tourists.

... It is said that a block of Egyptian granite, for the Washington Monument, from Alexandria, is coming by a French steamer.

... Asparagus and white hats are once more abundant in our good city, and the "white kids" have spoken for linen pants.

... A daily paper has been started at Melbourne, Australia. This betokens the steady progress of the race.

... Rev. Thomas K. Arnold, editor of many school books and editions of classical authors, died recently of bronchitis.

... It is proposed to erect a magnificent concert room at Liverpool, which will be capable of accommodating 15,000 persons.

... Though justice is a duty, and generosity a virtue, yet the world regards the first as a favor, and the latter as a folly.

... Some "fast man" translated *E Pluribus Unum* the other day, as "manifest destiny." Progressive age this.

... The editor of the Augusta Age is a gentleman after our own heart. As they say in the East, may his tribe increase!

... Mrs. Stowe is still pocketing penny subscriptions from the poor classes in England, and some of the charitable institutions!

... The press is justly indignant at the niggardly management of the Sontag opera troupe while they performed in Boston.

... It is an undoubted fact, that a man's fortune depends more upon his wife than it does upon his income.

... An advertiser in one of the papers, says he has a cottage to let, containing eight rooms and an acre of land. Well, we never!

... Education is not forgotten in New Orleans. They have there forty public schools, and some seventeen thousand pupils.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

Not many years since, a man could acquire quite a reputation by crossing the Atlantic, spending a few months in Great Britain and on the continent, and then coming back again; but if he ventured to extend his peregrinations to St. Petersburg or to Constantinople, he was sure to become a lion of the first water. His travels afforded him dining and tea-table capital enough to live upon until he turned gray, or got married. No literary conversation (when conversations were in fashion) was complete without him. He was the man who had "been abroad;" he had "seen the elephant;" therefore, he was competent to deliver Fourth of July orations; to command a militia regiment, or, perhaps, to represent his native town in the "Legislature." Alas for these cheaply-earned reputations! It does not set a man up very high to travel now-a-days: everybody travels; you miss young Gassymere from the club-table, the race-ground, or the riding-school. Perhaps some fellows "wonder what's become of Gassy?" and then the subject is dropped.

Men must be great, in the present plethora of population, to leave such a void when they step out of society for a day, or even forever, that it cannot be easily filled up. Well, a few weeks pass on—pass like so many days, as weeks will do when men are busy—and then Gassymere turns up some pleasant afternoon. He may have a little more hair on his face, and a little more, or a little less, brim to his hat. You ask him if he has been sick for the day or two (so it seems to you) since you saw him last; and he tells you that he has been to Paris; he just "ran over" to get his hair cut, and two or three pairs of French boots. You are not thunderstruck; you don't look upon him as a lion; you merely ask him about the new emperor, or the last opera, or the last emuete, shake hands, and pass on your way. What used to be an event, is now merely an incident; Gassymere has been to Paris instead of Saratoga, that's all!

But to people who do not travel merely for the sake of saying that they have been abroad, or merely to get their hair cut, or buy French gloves or boots, the present facilities of seeing the Old World are, indeed, advantages to be improved. Space has been the great obstacle to the fraternization of people; annihilate space and you at once annihilate international hostility. It is out of the question to think of going to war with your immediate neighbors; no one will gainsay the assertion that it is far better to visit England and France in a first-class steamer, than to go over in a line-of-battle ship with inimical intent to slay, burn, and plunder. When this travelling business was a rare thing, and people were lionized who had been abroad, men were more apt to bring back all sorts of foreign notions and fashions, and these were pretty sure to "take," because they were rare, and dear, and far-fetched. Now no importation attracts attention simply because it is foreign; the wheat is carefully winnowed from the chaff, and only those foreign ideas are received and propagated which are worthy of being transplanted and cultivated.

The more we Americans can know of the Old World the better; for our grand distinguishing features, our free political institutions, show all the better for being fairly contrasted with the European system of government. Still, there are many things that might be happily introduced here from abroad; such as the manly exercises of the British; the universal politeness of the French, and their economy of living; the careful cultivation which distinguishes European husbandry, and which becomes the more important here as land grows dearer; the culture of music and the arts from Germany and Italy. A perfectly self-satisfied nation, like a self-conceited man, can never hope for a full and healthy development of innate power. Travel is a sovereign remedy for self-conceit and arrogance.

AN ELABORATE WORK.—A complete, minute and exact map of France is about to be terminated, after thirty five years' incessant labor, and at an expense of nearly \$2,000,000. It has been executed by the officers of the staff and the engineers. It is the grandest work of the kind ever undertaken in any country of the world.

A GOOD MOVE.—We see by the reports of the police court of the city of Louisville that Judge Joyce instructed the police to arrest all boys perambulating the streets at a late hour at night, unless they can show good cause for being out. His honor said that if parents could not keep their children at home, he would take care of them.

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT.—This exceedingly readable and piquant daily is an immense favorite in Boston and vicinity, and grows more so every day. Mr. Haskell, the present responsible editor, is a vigorous, practical, and graceful writer; and it gives us pleasure to know that the Transcript thrives so finely.

ARABIAN COURTSHIP.—An Arabian having brought a blush on a maiden's cheek, by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her: "My looks have planted roses in your cheeks; why forbid me to gather them?—the law permits him who sows to reap the harvest."

A LIBERAL MAN.—A gentleman in Cincinnati has given the seamstresses of Cincinnati and Covington \$1000 to assist them in maintaining their demand for their recently established bill of prices. This is true liberality.

FUNNY OLD FELLOW.—A humorous old gentleman, having handed a few coppers to an itinerant music-grinder, has entered the disbursement in his petty expense book as "organic change!"

POETICAL.—The beautiful, though common name, Mary, is Hebrew, and means a drop of salt water—a tear.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Worcester, Rev. John P. Perry to Miss Caroline, daughter of Rev. Henry Thacher Esq. of Yarmouth.
By Rev. Dr. Beecher, Mr. L. C. Conley, of Malden, to Miss Sarah A. Goodwin of Newburyport.
By Rev. Mr. Stow, Mr. Erasmus F. Bradford to Miss Abby E. Adams, formerly of Portsmouth, N. H.
By Rev. Mr. Kirk, Mr. Paul Vibul to Miss Catharine Fogg.
By Rev. Mr. Gray, Mr. James A. Needham to Miss Frances J. Clark.
By Rev. Dr. Steele, Mr. Rufus D. E. Candage to Miss Elizabeth A. Conry.
By Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. Henry A. Wainwright to Miss Julia C. Garcia.
At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. John R. Shackleton to Mrs. Mary Ann Bedford.
By Rev. Franklin Wood to Miss Anna E. Adams.
At Lowell, by Rev. Dr. Child, Mr. John A. Mitchell to Miss Abby J. Lamson.
At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. William F. Symonds to Miss Ellen F. Field, late of Boston.
At Nantucket, by Rev. Mr. Fildes, Mr. Caleb P. Lyons, of Rochester, N. Y., to Miss Harriet C. Gorham.
At Providence, R. I., Mr. George Baker of Brighton Mass. to Miss Caroline E. Blanchard, of Bedford, Mass.
At New York, Mr. Richard H. Johnson to Miss Sarah G., daughter of the late Rev. William Chalmers.
At Savannah, Ga. William P. Cornish Esq. of Augusta, to Miss Elizabeth B., daughter of Rev. Stephen Elliott, Bishop of Georgia.

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In this city, Mrs. Nancy Jones, 67. Joseph H. Hayward, Esq., 64. Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Daniel Burrows, 65. Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman, daughter of Capt. Jonathan Perry, 63. Mrs. Hannah H. wife of Mr. Hartwell Kendall, 32. Mr. Samuel, son of Mr. Eliza W. Glover, 30. Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. Hiram Smith, 61. Mr. Henry Whipple, 24. Mrs. Olive W., wife of Mr. Silas L. Hedge, 24. Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman, 68. Hon. Robert G. Shaw, 77.
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At Lowell, Mrs. Henry J. Baxter, 50. Lucy G., wife of Mr. Orio Stevens, 27.
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At Plymouth, Mrs. Rhoda C. Wood, 67. Mrs. Lucy B. Finney, 28. Mr. John Swift, 84. Mrs. Hannah widow of the late Mr. Ansel Robins, 82.
At Worcester, Mrs. Sarah H., wife of Mr. R. G. White, 30.
At Portsmouth, N. H., Daniel Vaughn, Esq., 48.
At Rindge, N. H., Josiah W. Esq. of the firm of S. B. Sherwin & Co., 39.
At Portland, Me., Joseph M. Gerrish, Esq., 50.
At Thomaston, Me., Ozekiah P. Combs, Esq., Register of Deeds, 40.
At Litchfield, Ct., Mrs. Cynthia wife of Hon. Samuel Church, 65.
At New York, Sarah Cecilia Gill, wife of Mr. Alexis Eustaphie, Russian Consul General.
At Troy, N. Y., Mr. Joseph W. Azor, formerly of South Weymouth, Ma., 61.
At Macon, Ill., Rev. W. F. Ferguson, D. D., Pres. of McDonough College.
At Chester, Ill., Rev. Alexander Brown, 55.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

BURNS.

BY GEORGE H. COOMBS.

Cold is the heart, and dull the brain,
From blissful feeling far asunder,
That o'er the ploughman poet's strain,
Has hung not in delighted wonder!
Albeit the tender songs he sung
But told a peasant's artless story,
The master lyre by Robin strung,
Breathed forth a strain of deathless glory.

No change of art's uncertain dress,
No hood of future years o'erflowing,
Cao chill that inborn earnestness,
That deep, vehement, heartfelt glowing;
The winds that moan, the streams that roll,
The spring whose advent faithless never—
The great, the universal soul
Of nature answers him forever!

Brave lights have risen, beamed and blest,
Whose fame maternal Scotia prizeth;
But loftier than the loftiest
Her matchless ploughman bard ariseth;
A peasant's joys, a peasant's woes,
The humble hopes that brighten o'er him,
The cares that allience never knows,
He sang as once o'er sung before him.

Around the heart a spell he wore,
Inspiring by his deep emotion;
His own unutterable love
Swelled up ward like the heaving ocean.
O, glorious Burns! a light there shed,
Such as to earth is seldom given,
When from the peasant's humble shed
Thy kingly soul went up to heaven!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

BORROWING TROUBLE.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

MANY people make the present unhappy by fears respecting time to come. To-day is never enjoyed, because to-morrow is always dreaded. The blessings and privileges which they are really in possession of, are not appreciated, lest, in some sudden and unexpected manner, they should be deprived of them. The most joyous, the most social, the most pleasing of interviews, may be saddened and chilled by the melancholy and prophetic anticipations of approaching evil of one who is perpetually "borrowing trouble." The clear and unclouded horizon of to-day, is darkened by gloomy forebodings of an overcast sky on the morrow. True happiness, to such, is something hoped for, but never obtained; sought after, but never found. Insurmountable obstacles are seen at every turn, and lions are ever standing in the way, whose roarings are always expected, but rarely heard. Dark forms, with darker designs, seem to crouch in out-of-the-way places, and every movement is made with that trembling distrust and apprehension which denotes the presence of the demon, fear. The broad, open page of the present is disregarded for the sealed book of the future, and positive knowledge exchanged for dim uncertainty.

An organization like this is an unfortunate one for the possessor, and for those among whom his or her lot may be cast; for the influences of such a disposition cannot but be disadvantageous.

A case in point recurs to my mind. Near my father's residence lived a Mrs. Nott, who, as the neighbors unanimously affirmed, was one of the "worrying kind." She was blessed with a kind husband, promising children, and a goodly portion of worldly substance. But these did not suffice to make her happy; she had heard that riches sometimes take to themselves wings, and how should she know but their turn might come next; or that her children might be exposed to contagious or malignant diseases, which would consign them to early graves, or mar their beauty for life? Such things had happened, and might happen again.

Her husband might commit an error in business matters, and reduce them all to penury; for she had decided long ago, that he did not possess half her judgment and discernment.

Mrs. Nott was the last to retire, at night, and always made it a practice to examine every door and window in the house, to see if they were properly secured against robbers, and burglarious attempts in general; not a trifling matter, by any means, when it is considered that the house was a large one, and the windows numerous. But Mrs. Nott never faltered in the line of her duty, for the safety of herself and family depended upon her watchfulness; or at least she thought so. The lady also took the precaution of looking into the several closets, and beneath the different beds in the establishment, to make sure that no malicious persons were concealed. Her silver was invariably collected nightly, secured in a small trunk, and placed by her bedside, that no servant might be exposed to the temptation of theft; and I verily believe that Mrs. Nott would have laid awake all night, had it remained for once in its accustomed place. One morning I made a neighborly call at her residence, just after she had recovered from a fever.

"I am happy to see you so well again," I remarked.

"There's no telling how long it may last," she replied, her face perceptibly lengthening as she spoke.

"But do you not feel as well, or better, than before you were sick?"

"Well, I can't say but I do; but you know that appearances are sometimes deceptive. But between you and me," she added,

seriously, "I coughed severely once yesterday, and twice to-day; I shouldn't wonder at all if I were soon the victim of a quick consumption."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Nott!" I exclaimed, striving to suppress the smile which I knew would give offence.

"That's just what my husband says, but he'll see his mistake sometime!" ejaculated the lady, coughing slightly to give emphasis to her words.

"But you don't have the appearance of a person in a decline; I'm sure I can't perceive any such indications."

"Have n't I a beetie, Miss Chase; tell me that!"

"Your cheeks are red, certainly; but that may be the result of"—frying cakes, I should have added, if prudence had not restrained me; for on entering, I had caught a glimpse of Mrs. Nott in the kitchen, assisting the cook in some such service as I have named. The lady, however, saved me the trouble of finishing my sentence, by immediately remarking:

"That she had heard of a young lady, who was not considered dangerously ill, who walked about her room, and received company as usual, but who died on the same night; and she should not be surprised if her own case should prove a parallel one."

The subject began to weary me, and I changed it by asking "if she meant to attend lectures during the coming winter."

"I would like to, but that gratification is denied me. People must sacrifice something for their children," she replied, with the air of a martyr.

"Why, Mrs. Nott?" I exclaimed, in surprise; "your children are every one old enough to take care of themselves, and Sarah, I am sure, is as steady and sedate as yourself; she would be glad to take your place."

"Sarah is a good child, but she lacks experience; and I should not take a minute's comfort if I left them. They might be taken sick, and nobody here to look after them; or their clothes might catch fire; or they might get frightened; or somebody might break into the house; at any rate, you may be sure that something would happen in my absence. And then there's another thing; buildings have got to falling down lately; and I wouldn't put myself among a crowd of people in a lecture room, for any money."

At this juncture, I fear I smiled rather incredulously.

"You may laugh, but it is true; for no longer ago than last Sunday, the gallery in our church creaked so dreadfully, that I really didn't feel safe; so I got up and went out, notwithstanding the minister was in the middle of his sermon. I motioned to husband and the children to follow, but they were too foolhardy to mind me, and sat there just as cool and composed, as though there was no danger. Some people are so easy and careless, Miss Chase."

And thus it was about everything; and I was informed, on good authority, that since the gallery had given forth such threatening sounds—which nobody else heard—she could not be persuaded to occupy the family pew in front of the altar, but sat quite near the door, so that she could instantly rush out at the first intimation of a crash.

When she went to ride, the horse must be allowed to walk, so that in case he became restive or frightened, more control could be had over him; or should the harness give way in any part, the result might be less shocking.

One day, seeing her hand bandaged, and thinking she might have wounded it, I made inquiries accordingly; but was not a little amused upon hearing her gravely reply, "that she had pricked it the day previous, and fearing lest lockjaw or mortification should ensue, had applied a remedy in time—acting on the old adage that 'prevention is better than cure.'"

She had a perfect horror of railroad cars, and never patronized them except when absolutely necessary; on those occasions, taking a solemn leave of her family, and predicting an awful catastrophe before her return. At one time, I had seated myself in the cars a few moments before the hour of starting, and being engaged in reading, did not perceive the entrance of Mrs. Nott, who took possession of a vacant seat just before me, looking very anxious and unhappy. Knowing her peculiar state of mind, and thinking a knowledge of my presence might make her more easy, I touched her gently on the arm.

"O, Clara, is that you?" she exclaimed. "I know that some dreadful thing is going to happen, for just see how the cars rock. I really believe we're off the track!"

"I imagine we shouldn't be going at this rate, if that were the case," I replied, calmly drawing off my glove.

"Then we are going fast?" she asked, grasping more tightly her carpet-bag, and taking a firmer hold of the arm rest.

"All of fifty miles an hour, ma'am," said a young man, mischievously, taking advantage of her fears. I could not resist laughing, for there was a long train, and we were creeping along, at that moment, at a very slow rate.

"O, Clara, how can you, when, perhaps, the next moment we may be—conductor! conductor!" she cried, at the top of her voice, as that personage walked hastily by; but, hearing himself called, returned.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Nott, with much concern.

"Do tell us, sir, is there much danger? The boiler isn't going to burst, is it?—the cars haven't got off the track, have they?—we haven't run over anybody, have we?"

"Nothing of the kind, I assure you, madam; everything is all right," was the urbane reply of the official, as he turned away.

"You heard what he said, Mrs. Nott, and now you can remain perfectly easy," said I, not quite relishing the attention which we were attracting.

"O dear, I wish I hadn't started! I didn't want to, but husband said he would speak to the conductor to take care of me;

great care I should think it was, for I haven't set eyes on him but once!" added the lady, somewhat indignantly.

"I suppose he has something else to do," I remarked; "but you are not enjoying this fine scenery, as I am, Mrs. Nott."

"Enjoying the scenery!" repeated the lady; "I should as soon think of enjoying myself riding after a wild animal! But, what was that?" she added, growing pale.

"Nothing but the steam whistle. Do pray be quiet, Mrs. Nott, for we are creating much amusement for the passengers," I replied, in a low tone.

But neither my protestations, nor the assurances of the conductor, whom she hailed every time he passed by, were sufficient to make Mrs. Nott content. She made him promise faithfully that the cars should be stopped long enough for her to make a safe exit; and when said promise was performed, I was not sorry to find myself alone.

"So much for borrowing trouble," I thought. "Mrs. Nott is naturally a good-hearted, amiable woman, but her constant anxiety and solicitude render others, as well as herself, unhappy. Her children are not fond of her society, for their bright and happy spirits are chilled by repeated allusions to coming misfortune; the boys are called in from some inviting game, lest they should be knocked down by runaway horses; and the girls are kept within doors, for fear of catching colds, which might possibly end in croup or consumption."

Mrs. Nott is still living, and though no serious accident has befallen herself or family, she yet fears that such will be the case; cautioning, worrying, and prophesying as much as ever. She takes no comfort herself, and like the dog in the manger, prevents others from doing so.

The case we have recorded is not a solitary one; for there are many, who, by anticipating trouble, suffer all the pain and anxiety of the events, which, ten chances to one, are never destined to transpire.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STANZAS.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

Hail! hail to the rocks, in proud grandeur reposing,
Where rolls the swift current of Avon's dark tide;
And hail to the wood-walks, their beauties disclosing,
That gracefully wind up the cliff's hoary side:
And welcome yon bleak-heath, uncovered with green,
Where springs not a primrose, and waves not a tree;
For loveliest are the wood-walks, and sacred the scene
Where the friend of my bosom has wandered with me.
They have witnessed the converse that taught and that charmed me,
And o'er me love virtue for her lovely sake;
They have witnessed the glances where sunshine has warmed me,
And made every fibre of gladness partake;
They have witnessed the kiss that her fond lips impressed,
They have witnessed the smiles that on me she threw;
And O they have seen, as a bird to its nest,
To the bosom of her arms how I joyously flew!
Unscathed be the verdure in beauty reposing,
Around your dark brows frowning over the tide;
Unfading the green woods their banners disclosing,
That gracefully wind up the cliff's lofty side!

LADIES' HAIR.

I wish some one would write a good treatise—how well the writers of some articles in the Quarterly would do it!—on hair dressing. How often do we see a really good face made quite ugly by a total inattention to lines. Sometimes the hair is pushed into the cheeks, and squared at the forehead, so as to give a most extraordinary pinched shape to the face. Let the oval, where it exists, be always preserved; where it does not, let the hair be so humored that the deficiency shall not be perceived. Nothing is more common than to see a face, which is somewhat too large below, made to look grossly large and coarse, by contracting the hair on the forehead and cheeks, and there bringing it to an abrupt check; whereas such a face should enlarge the forehead and the cheek, and let the hair fall partially over, so as to shade and soften off the lower exuberance. A good treatise, with examples in outline of the defects, would be of some value upon a lady's toilet who would wish to preserve her great privilege—the supremacy of beauty. Some press the hair down close to the face, which is to lose the very characteristic of hair—ease and freedom. Let her locks, says Anacreon, lie as they like; the Greek gives them life and a will. Some ladies wear the hair like blinkers; you always suspect they will shy if you approach them.—*Blackwood.*

SHAKESPEARE AND THE JUGGLER.

When I was a boy, I went once to a theatre. The tragedy of Hamlet was performed—a play full of the noblest thoughts, the subtlest morality that exists upon the stage. The audience listened with attention, with admiration, with applause. But now an Italian juggler appeared upon the stage—a man of extraordinary personal strength and sleight of hand. He performed a variety of juggling tricks, and distorted his body into a thousand surprising and unnatural postures. The audience were transported beyond themselves; if they had felt delight in Hamlet, they glowed with rapture at the juggler. They had listened with attention to the lofty thought, but they were snatched from themselves by the marvel of the strange posture. Enough, said I; where is the glory of ruling men's minds and commanding their admiration, when a greater enthusiasm is excited by mere bodily display, than was kindled by the wonderful emanations of a genius a little less than divine.—*Blackwood.*

A GALLOP IN THE RAIN.

And what a ride it was when I fairly got out of London; and the afternoon brightening of the foggy atmosphere showed the smooth, empty high-road before me! The dashing through the rain that still fell; the feel of the long, powerful, regular stride of the horse under me, the thrill of that glorious, muscular sympathy which establishes itself between the man and the steed; the whirling past carts and wagons, saluted by the frantic barking of dogs inside them; the flying by roadside ale-houses, with the cheering of boys and half-drunken men sounding for an instant behind me, then lost in the distance—this was indeed to occupy, to hurry on, to annihilate the tardy hours of solitude on my strange wedding-day, exactly as my heart desired!—*Colt's Basil.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

In Achil, Ireland, a vein of rich copper ore has been discovered. The ore is valued at £30 per ton. — A locomotive has been recently placed on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, which weighs about thirty tons. It is designed for pushing the trains over the high grade, at Cumberland Mountain. — The whole of Western Africa abounds in coffee. In Kralva and Kaffra two hundred pounds can be purchased for about a dollar. A single tree in Monrovia yielded four and a half bushels in the hull at one time, which made thirty-one pounds when shelled and dried. The celebrated Mocha coffee comes from the southern parts of Africa. — A Universalist society is about to be formed in Washington city. — The iron dealers of Cincinnati have suffered so seriously from the depredations of the lazzaroni who hang around their places and steal the iron, that they have, out of sheer necessity, held a public meeting, and adopted measures to raise funds regularly for the payment of a police of their own, to protect their property. — Large discoveries of copper were recently made in Alleghany county, Md., on the lands owned by ex-Governor Thomas and Peter Heins. — In Texas, California, Oregon, Minnesota, Iowa and Arkansas, there are thirty-one Episcopal clergymen. There is a diocesan school in Texas, and a parish school in Minnesota. — The wife of a distinguished wealthy Armenian in Constantinople has paid \$600 for translating the Pilgrim's Progress into her native tongue. — Rev. A. C. Thomas has delivered a course of eighteen lectures in Leicester Square, London; and, under his auspices, a Universalist society is about to be organized. — The first theatre in Philadelphia was opened on the 15th of April, 1754—ninety-nine years ago. — Daniel Frazer, supposed to be the last of the heroic company who fought for liberty in the battle of Concord, died lately in Pomfret, Vt. He was also in the battle of Bunker Hill. He was born in Wellfleet, Mass., and removed to Vermont in the year 1802. — The oldest house in Buffalo, New York, has recently been pulled down, to make room for more modern improvements. The people of that city are lamenting the destruction of the venerable relic, as it is to them, though the date of its erection is as late as 1810. — Mr. John Adlington, a revolutionary pensioner, died recently at Nantucket, aged eighty-nine years. — Nutmegs grow spontaneously in the mountains of California, longer and more tapering in shape than the nutmegs of commerce, and superior in their pungent flavor. — A wonderful cave has been discovered in Perry county, Tenn., which is said to equal, to some extent, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

A RICH EAST INDIAN.

From one of Bayard Taylor's Bombay letters, we extract an interesting item:—Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy—the leading merchant from Bombay—was the son of a poor man, and commenced his career in life as a buyer and seller of empty bottles. By prudence, economy and intelligence, he rose from one success to another, till at present his fortune is estimated at three crores of rupees—\$15,000,000. He has given away in charities of various kinds upwards of \$2,000,000, and scarcely a day passes without recording some further evidence of his generosity. Among other works which owe their existence to him—and for which he was knighted by Queen Victoria, being the first native who ever received that distinction—are the hospital which bears his name, the causeway from Bombay Island to Salsette—called Lady Jamsetjee's Causeway—and the aqueduct for supplying the city of Poonah with water. He is now verging upon his eightieth year, and very infirm. His eldest son, Cursetjee, inherits his enterprise and holdness, and possesses a large fortune of his own making.

SCULPTURE.

Mr. Gibson, an English sculptor, now residing in Rome, has completed his exquisite statue of Venus, and aroused the speculation, admiration and criticism of connoisseurs, by giving a slight flesh tint to the figure, blue eyes, yellow hair, and a delicately-colored border to the drapery. There is much difference of opinion as to the judiciousness of this proceeding, which, however, is strictly in accordance with the practice of the most renowned sculptors of antiquity; but the voice of the majority of visitors to the studio appears to be favorable to the tint, as it certainly contrasts strongly with the coldness of the surrounding marbles.

A MUSICAL PEOPLE.—In whatever country Germans congregate in sufficient number, their first consideration seems to be to found a Liedertafel, or singing-club. We hear that in Surabaya, in India, a party of Germans have established a club, and gratified the European residents with some excellent German concerted and vocal music.

FINE PICKING.—A pigeon-roost is mentioned by the Fort Smith (Ark.) Herald, as existing in that region. It commences about twenty-eight miles from Fort Smith, and extends for upwards of twenty miles on either side of the Poeturn. The number of birds is beyond computation.

PROFESSORSHIP OF AGRICULTURE.—A professorship for the benefit of those who mean to become farmers, is about to be established at the Literary Institution at Fairfax, Vt. There will be an effort made to endow this professorship with the sum of twenty thousand dollars.

TO BE HUNG.—Thomas Neary and Patrick Fitzgerald, convicted of having murdered their wives, in New York, have been sentenced to be hung on the 17th of Jan.

Wayside Gatherings.

The cod and halibut fishery has been pursued quite successfully, this season, on Nantucket Shoals.

Timber, standing in the woods, has been destroyed by fire, in Monmouth county, N. J., to the value of \$4000.

The town of Delham has been indicted on account of some defect in certain roads.

The tunnel on the line of the Dayton and Cincinnati Railway will be 10,000 feet in length, the largest work of the kind in the United States.

The following countries now use postage stamps for the prepayment of letters, viz., the United States, England, France, Rome and Wurtemberg.

Emperor Soultouque, of Hayti, has sent articles for the World's Fair at New York; among them a single piece of mahogany, weighing nearly three tons.

The steamer Page, running between Sacramento and San Francisco, exploded her boiler on the Sacramento River, killing four persons, and seriously injuring a number of others.

A subscription of about \$2000 has been made by the citizens of Truro, for the purpose of clearing and straightening the channel of Paines Harbor, which has become much obstructed of late.

The War Department has resolved upon abandoning Fort Atkinson, on the upper Arkansas, and transferring the troops now stationed there to the new fort on Walnut Creek.

On the 13th ult., 176 chickens of the Cochon China, Shanghai, and other rare foreign breeds, sold at auction, in New Orleans, for \$1571 55. Two Hong Kong geese sold for \$20, and two white Bremen geese for \$12.

A French traveller remarks: "It is said that there are several thousand colonels in the United States, and that if you address some one by this title in public, twenty persons will rise to answer."

On the subject of "Bloomerism," the Bible says: "A woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment; for all that do so are an abomination to the Lord."

The Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad Company is preparing to proceed at once with the erection of a bridge over the Susquehanna River. A survey is in progress, for the purpose of ascertaining the best point for the location.

In Pittsburg, a jury, after being kept together for ten days, returned a verdict of manslaughter against the prisoner, a woman. It is stated that eleven of the jury were for acquittal, but the twelfth, by his obstinacy in refusing to agree with them, finally secured a verdict of manslaughter.

The Quebec Water Company have tried gutta percha pipes, with complete success. They bore a pressure of one hundred and five pounds to the square inch, and, the Chronicle says, could apparently have sustained double that pressure. The brass coupling twice gave way, but not the pipes.

The powder mills of Messrs. Swett & Davis, in Camden, Me., exploded on the 2d inst., destroying the cylinder and coming mills with about 200 kegs of powder. No lives were lost. The damage is estimated at \$2500. The concussion was so great as to shake buildings, break glass, and open doors in Camden, about one mile distant.

Foreign Items.

The emigration from Ireland this spring is prodigious beyond precedent.

The Glasgow stone-masons are beginning to wear moustaches, as recommended by Dr. Allison.

Ballad singers are singing the gospel to the people of Genoa, and are earnestly listened to.

By official statements recently published, it appears that 6836 persons died of cholera in Prussia last year.

Lectures, not on religious subjects, with a charge of admission, are now delivered in London, on Sunday mornings.

The aversion of the French peasantry to entering the army is such, that substitutes can scarcely be obtained at any price.

A lady, who lately advertised in the London Times for a house-keeper, received, in the course of four posts, upwards of two thousand replies!

Portugal is about the size of Maine, and has a hundred inhabitants to each square mile. Massachusetts, the most densely peopled of the States, has eighty-four inhabitants to the square mile.

Agnes Fife, in the parish of Echt, near Aberdeen, died on the 20th ult., at the great age of 112 years. It is said that she never left her native parish.

The French government maintains forty thousand four hundred and twenty-eight priests, at an annual expense of about nine millions of dollars.

A new volume—the ninth—of the great edition of the works of Galileo, published by order of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, has just made its appearance at Florence.

Roasting meat by gas has been successfully tried in several large establishments in England. It is reported to be a very economical, convenient, and excellent mode of cooking.

The new regulation about liveries in France is, that no one can assume those of the Emperor—green, red and gold—or wear them even, when they belong to a family, without being liable to imprisonment for two years.

The Sultan of Borneo died on the 8th of January, and is succeeded by Pangeran Mounien, who had long acted as Prime Minister. The legitimate heir is thus put aside; but Mounien is very popular with all parties.

Some idea may be formed of the high price of coals at foreign coaling stations, from the fact that the captain of the Great Britain steamer, who put in at Vigo for coals, on his way from Australia, paid 59s. (\$15) a ton, for 400 tons.

The tables in the dining-room of the Westminster school, in London, are made of oak from the Spanish Armada. They are in good preservation, though full of little holes burnt into them by the boys, who, in this way, leave a record of their residence at the school.

In Paris, visiting cards have grown to be the medium of a declaration of political principles. Those who love the present system have their cards of sea-green glass, upon which their name is embossed in white letters. The partisans of Henri Cinq have theirs of white unglazed board, with the likeness of the Count de Chambord, or the order of the Holy Ghost stamped in the corner. With the Orleansists, the card is still whiter.

Sands of Gold.

.... Pericles was wont to say, that Time was the wisest counsellor.

.... No politics has ever been discovered to draw out a man's virtues so fully as the soil that covers his grave.

.... Money in your purse will credit you—wisdom in your head adorn you—but both in your necessity will serve you.

.... Covetous men need money least, yet most affect it, and prodigals, who need it most, do least regard it.

.... Custom will have the same effect, with respect to death, as to other frightful things; it will take off its terror.

.... A pleasant wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests.

.... Scott says that the most disagreeable of all things is "a vain, cold, empty, beautiful woman, who has neither mind nor heart, but only features like a doll."

.... No amount of preaching, exhortation, sympathy, benevolence, will render the condition of our working-women what it should be, so long as the kitchen and the needle are substantially their only resources.—*Harriet Greeley.*

.... He that values himself upon conscience, not opinion, never heeds reproaches. When I am ill spoken of, I take it thus; if I have not deserved it, I am never the worse; if I have, I will mend.

.... Next to the man who is continually asking you the exact price of everything you have, there is no greater bore, perhaps, than the man who is incessantly telling you the price (down to the very glass of wine he is drinking) of everything he has got.—*London Punch.*

.... When Coleridge was in love, he was compelled to leave his inamorata, and was consequently wretched. As he left the scene of his amour, however, he by degrees got reconciled, and philosophically came to this conclusion—"Love is a local anguish—I am fifty miles distant, and am not half so miserable."

Joker's Budget.

A coroner's jury recently returned a verdict on the body of a poor fellow—"Death by hanging—around the tavern."

Why is a man who spoils his children, like another who builds castles in the air? Because he indulges infancy too much.

Bad coffee can be converted into the best Mocha by drinking it in company with the girl you love. "It gives a different flavor," it is said.

A lady at Watertown, N. Y., recently refused to let her daughter dance with a young Cambridge man, because she understood he was a bachelor of arts.

A wag, on seeing an old gobbler trying to swallow a cotton string, facetiously remarked, "That was the last attempt to introduce cotton into Turkey."

A writer on etiquette observes, that "when you are seated next a lady, you should be only polite during the first course; you may be gallant in the second; but you must not be tender till the dessert."

A learned young lady, the other evening, astonished a company by asking for the loan of a diminutive argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations. She wanted a tumbler.

An editor, summing up the virtues of a soap boiler lately deceased, concluded his eulogy with the usual phrase of "peace to his ashes!" The remark gave great offence to the family, one of whom threatened the editor with personal violence.

The Baltimore Clipper says—"A correspondent asks why marriages and death notices should be paid for." For the very best of reasons; one is an advertisement of co-partnership, and the other is a notice of dissolution. Business is business.

As George III. was walking the quarter-deck of one of his men-of-war, with his hat on, a sailor asked his messmate "Who that fellow was, who didn't douse his peak to the admiral?" "Why, it's the king." "Well, king or no king," retorted the other, "he is an unmannerly dog." "Lord, where should he learn manners," replied Jack, "he never was out of sight of land in his life."

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F. GLEASON,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

MRS. HOWITT.

The portrait given herewith of the celebrated English authoress, Mary Howitt, is said by those who have seen her to be very perfect. Her works are in everybody's hands in England or America; and their perfectly truthful spirit finds a way at once to the heart, and succeeds in engaging our interest, and in making us in love with human nature in situations and under circumstances rarely penetrated so successfully by the light of imagination, and consequently the character, incident and dialogue have made her tales as popular as they are instructive. As a writer for the young, Mary Howitt has been long eminently successful, and it is no mean subject of congratulation to us to know that she is decidedly not of the class of individuals who have taken to writing children's books simply because they found themselves incapable of writing any other, and who yet consider their *childish* books, which require no mind at all, to be of the same importance as *children's* books, which exercise powers of mind of no common class. To distinguish the difference between the two classes, we do not need to go farther than to the juvenile readers themselves. With them books written by those possessed of a great share of natural talent are invariably found to be most popular; and as no evidence of this truth we may remark that we have frequently been struck when in the nursery at seeing the well-thumbed tales and poems of Mary Howitt, and the delight with which its occupants dwelt upon and committed to memory the stores provided for their entertainment, even when they reached to the length of *Madam Fortescue* and her Cat, that captivating tale of domestic treachery and sorrow. Mary Howitt has always been distinguished for her happy imitation of the ancient ballad composition; and their simplicity, earnestness, fancy and womanly tenderness have given them a permanent place in the poetry of England. "It is," as she remarks in the preface to her ballads and other poems, "perhaps, needless to say, that I have been all my life a passionate admirer of ballad poetry. Brought up as a child in a picturesque, old-fashioned part of England, remote from books and from the world, and under circumstances of almost conventual seclusion, the echoes of this old traditional literature found their way to my ear and my heart. Few books, except those of a religious and somewhat mystical character, reached me; but an old domestic, with every requisite for a German *Märchen* Frao, who had a memory stored with ballads, old songs, and legends, inflamed my youthful imagination by her wild chants and recitations, and caused it to take very early flights into the regions of romance. When I married, under circumstances the most favorable for a young poetical spirit, the



PORTRAIT OF MRS. HOWITT.

world of literature was at once opened before me; and, to mark the still prevailing character of my taste, I may say the first book I read when I had my free choice in a large library, was 'Percy's Relics of Ancient Poetry,' of which I had heard, but till then had never seen. The first fifteen years of my life were devoted to

poetry. My husband and I published two joint volumes of poems within the first few years of our marriage, and then, giving freer vent to my own peculiar fancies, I again took to writing ballads, which were published in various periodicals of the day; and the favorable reception they met with gave me the utmost encouragement. The happiest period of my life, however, was, when gladdened by the praise of the public, and encouraged by my husband, on whose taste and judgment I had the greatest dependence, I resolved to put forth my whole strength into one effort, which should afford me free scope for working out character, and for dramatic effect, at which I had always aimed, even in the simplest ballad. My hopes were high, and I thought to achieve a name among the poets of my country. I accordingly wrote 'Seven Temptations,' a poem faulty in many respects, and different to what I would now do, but with which at that time I spared no pains. The first review I read of this work was so unfavorable, that I was cut to the heart. It, however, had its share of praise, and made me many dear and valuable friends."

COLLINS HOUSE, DANVERS.

The Collins House, situated in North Danvers, Massachusetts, is a highly ornamental and elegant mansion, exhibiting the style of architecture prevailing at the time of the Revolutionary war, and was built by the Hon. Robert Hooper, of Marblehead, a wealthy royalist, and familiarly known, in his times, by the name of King Hooper. Being strongly attached to the royal cause, he invited Gen. Thos. Gage to spend the summer with him at Danvers, and make his elegant and spacious mansion his residence. Gov. Gage, accepting the invitation of his friend, took up his residence at the Collins House, June 5th, 1774, which afterwards became his headquarters, and was a place of much resort, and no little revelry, by the ladies and gentlemen, in favor of the king, and the royal governor. On the 21st of July, 1774, two companies of the 64th Regiment arrived in town from Castle William, in Boston harbor, and encamped near the mansion. Gov. Gage, when residing in Danvers, is said to have been very courteous in his intercourse with the inhabitants, and always expressed a belief that he should be able to adjust all the difficulties then existing in the colonies. To the patriotic people of Danvers, the presence of the royal troops, encamped among them, was a great annoyance, and, by their insolence and constant habit of pilfering. And such was their hostility to the troops, that they were kept in constant alarm, being frequently under arms all night. At length on the 5th of September, the companies, under cover of darkness, left the town, and marched to Boston.



VIEW OF THE COLLINS HOUSE, NORTH DANVERS, MASS.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1853.

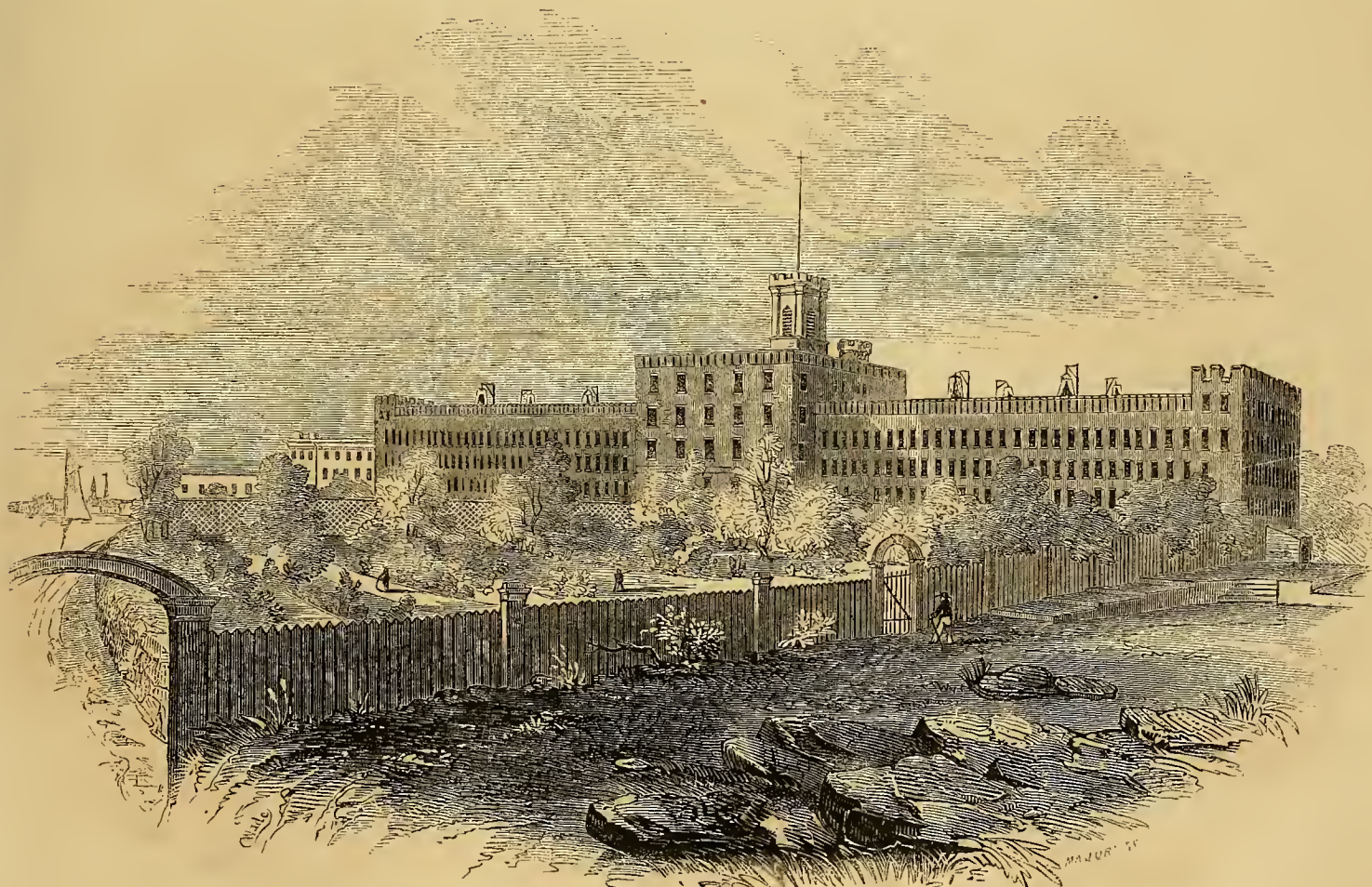
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PENITENTIARY, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

The view which we give of this well-known structure represents the buildings and locality as seen looking southwest. The building in the distance is the hospital, and the city of New York is seen also in the extreme distance. There is a fine garden on the slope, which is seen circling towards the river, and on the borders of the river a fine road extends the entire length of the island. Everything in and about the neighborhood speaks of neatness, and a high state of discipline and cultivation. The Penitentiary is situated opposite the foot of Fifty-fifth Street, on Blackwell's Island, at midway between the eastern and western shores; it is of blue building stone, quarried from the rock of the island. In the front and rear walls of the middle part of the structure, the stone is squared and laid in courses, and some of it quite well hewn; the walls of the building, with this exception, are of rubble masonry. The middle building measures sixty-five by seventy feet, and the wings each fifty by two hundred feet, the entire length being four hundred and sixty-five feet. The middle building is four stories high; a hall in the first and second stories, eight feet

wide, extends from front to rear, and is crossed at right angles by another hall, dividing these stories each into four parts; some of the rooms in these stories are twenty-five by twenty-seven feet. These two stories are occupied by the keeper as his residence. The third story is one open room, sixty by sixty-six feet, furnished with seats, etc., and used as a chapel; a dwarf partition through the middle serves to separate the males and females. The fourth story is also one open room, and is used at present as the hospital for the male convicts. The middle building is fifty-five feet high to the top of the battlements, and the top of the cupola is at an elevation of seventy-seven feet. The two wing buildings contain the convict cells; the males are confined in the northern wing, and the females in the southern. The cells are constructed in a compact manner, forming an isolated structure, twenty by one hundred and sixty-five feet, located centrally within the area of the wing building; the surrounding court or hall separating it from the exterior walls, being thirteen feet wide and twenty-nine feet high; the cells are placed back to back, four tiers high, the doors opening on iron galleries, which extend along the

entire front of the cell structure, and communicate with stone stairs at the end nearest the middle building. There are thirty-two cells in each row in the northern wing, and thirty in the southern, making two hundred and fifty-six and two hundred and forty—in all four hundred and ninety-six cells. The cells in the northern wing measure three and a half by seven feet, and six feet nine inches high. The institution is a credit to the State of New York, and the country generally, conducted as it is in the most thorough and perfect manner, and being officered in the most admirable way, by men who thoroughly understand their business, and who take a pride in its proper discharge. It has long become an exploded idea that brutality and the utmost severity were alone the proper means of reclaiming the criminal; something else besides the lash is requisite for reformation. Gentle but decided and judicious clemency has been adopted in this and many other like institutions throughout the country, and with the most salutary success. No matter how vile the criminal may be, there remains still upon his soul the half-effaced image of God, and we cannot treat him like a brute, who, in the eye of Heaven, is our brother.



VIEW OF THE PENITENTIARY, AT BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HILDEBRAND:

—OR—

THE BUCCANEER AND THE CARDINAL.

A SICILIAN STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XI.

THE UNCLE'S MISSION.

It was with some misgivings that Michael, Duke of Palermo, approached the apartment where he knew he should find his niece. His was a heart not naturally bad, nor had he any wish to do wrong of his own accord. He had commenced the dangerous path. Dangerous, we call it, because it was one that endangered the life of the soul's true happiness, in that it brought woe to others. Dangerous, because its terminus was lost in darkness; for the moment a man turns aside from the path of truth, he no longer can count with certainty upon the way of the future. When truth is thrown away, there is no longer any good in the morrow upon which the will can fix itself. He had commenced this path, not with the thought that evil would come of it, but in hopes of gain. For the sake of being Duke of Palermo, he had sold his self-government to the cardinal, and now he was paying the penalty.

As the duke moved thoughtfully towards the girl's chamber, he wished that the need of his present task had never come. He would almost have given up his dukedom to be relieved from the work; but he was one of those men who could not be easily swerved from a purpose, and he had unfortunately resolved to do the will of the cardinal. He loved his niece as well as such a man can love; but that was no obstacle now, for he had crushed that love beneath the purpose he had in view.

Fontani entered Angela's room, and found her at work upon a piece of embroidery. She laid aside the light frame and needles as her uncle approached, and arose to hand him a seat. She saw that he looked troubled, and that his face wore a look of sternness which was not wont to rest there. It required but little to excite her fears, and this was sufficient. She trembled as she resumed her seat, and her cheek paled as she noticed her uncle's embarrassment.

"Angela," he said, "I am sorry to have come upon the business which has brought me here, but I trust that you will have the good sense to view the matter in its true light. You must be aware, my dear niece, that in this world we are often obliged to give way to circumstances beyond our control. We are none of us the children of our own begetting, nor can we escape the decrees of that fate which hangs over us. Disappointment is the lot of all, and he, or she, is the most worthy who meets it with the most fortitude."

"True," returned Angela; "and I hope I may bear with fortitude all disappointments which cannot be avoided—disappointments which seem to be the will of God. But what is the subject now?"

"You know I told you, when I brought you away from the buccaneer's vessel, that you should marry as you pleased."

"Of course you did, and I believed you. I felt sure that my uncle would not deceive me."

"I would not deceive you willingly, Angela," returned the duke, while his eyes drooped with the falsehood he was telling; "but I am sorry to tell you now that what I said then cannot be. The cardinal is determined upon your marriage with young de Villani."

"And have you consented?" asked the fair girl, as she fixed her eyes upon her companion.

"How could I avoid it?"

"Have you consented?"

"I was obliged to."

"That I shall be the wife of Nicholas de Villani?"

"Yes."

"But perhaps the cardinal will give over the design if you urge him."

The duke was startled by the strange manner in which Angela spoke. Her words were low and distinct, and they seemed to come forth without thought or feeling. Yet she must have had feeling, for her face was as pale and rigid as cold marble.

"You should know the cardinal better than that," said Fontani. "What he says is law here, and from his decision there is no appeal."

"Are there none, then, above the cardinal?"

"Not in Palermo."

"But elsewhere there are."

"Very true; but to reach them you would have to leave the city, and from Ludovico's watchful eye it is difficult to escape."

"But you might help me in this. With your assistance I might reach some other place where the cardinal's power could not reach me. You urged me back to the danger—"

"Ah," interrupted the duke, "but I did not then know of the danger."

"Very well," continued Angela, in the same strange tone, "the danger has come, and now you will not help me out of it?"

"How am I to do that?"

"By helping me away from the city."

"It cannot be done."

"Then speak plainly, my lord duke. You mean that I must marry with the marquis."

"Why, the thing cannot be avoided."

"Yet I would have it more tangibly from your lips. Have you pledged yourself to this end? That is, have you given your word to the cardinal that this marriage should take place?"

"Yes, Angela, I have."

Angela's eyes were turned downwards, but there were no tears. There was a slight rising of the bosom, a perceptible tremor of the nether lip, and a more rigid cast of the features, but that was all. The duke gazed upon her for a long while in silence, but he could make nothing of her thoughts.

"Angela," he said, at length, as he moved his seat nearer to her, and took her hand, "I am sorry this thing is so; but it cannot be helped. I hope you will hear it with fortitude. Perhaps you may be perfectly resigned, for the cardinal will see to it that de Villani behaves himself faithfully towards you."

"O, I am resigned to the will of God," calmly returned the maiden. "If this is a fate that cannot be escaped, surely I shall not make myself more miserable than need be."

"By my soul, Angela, I am glad to find you so reasonable about the matter, for I had feared that you would be altogether different."

"No, signor; I shall do nothing unreasonable."

"But I had feared that your attachment for Francis de Mora would blind you to reason."

"O, no, my uncle."

Angela worked hard, as she said this, to keep her feelings back.

"By the way, did you know that de Mora had left the city?" asked the duke.

"Left the city?" repeated Angela, with a start.

"Yes."

"Whither has he gone?" she asked, more calmly.

"No one knows."

"Perhaps he fled from danger."

"He may have thought there was danger, but I know of none he had to apprehend," said the duke.

"But yet he may have known it. However, perhaps it is better that he has gone. He would not wish to see me married to a rival, and now he will be spared the pain. I am glad he is not here."

"So am I," responded Fontani, with considerable animation, "and I am glad you feel so properly on the subject."

"And now," asked Angela, "how long before the cardinal means that this marriage shall be consummated?"

"In about a week. That will give you ample time for preparation."

"Yes—that is time enough," returned the maiden, as she took up her embroidery.

The duke had got through with his task in a manner that far exceeded his most sanguine hope, and when he arose to depart, he laid his hand upon the maiden's head, and thanked her for the manner in which she had received his communication. As soon as he was gone, Angela threw down her work, and started to her feet. The whole expression of her face was changed as if by magic. The drooping eyes gleamed with a quick fire, the delicately pencilled nostrils were distended, the lips half opened, and the blue veins were more plainly marked. The hands were firmly clenched above her swelling bosom, and one of the small feet was put resolutely forward.

"O!" she uttered, as she clasped her hands more tightly together, "how little does that man know me. But I know him in his every thought. Marry with Nicholas de Villani? O, what blasphemy! Thank God, I have yet a heart to feel, and a soul to attest its rights. I know their plotting—I know how much the duke owes to the cardinal—I know how strong the prelate is, and how abject is my uncle. If Francis has gone, he is safe, and I, too, will go."

Angela did really know every point in her uncle's character, and now that she had made him confess that he could not oppose the cardinal, she knew that his purpose was against her; and, knowing this, she also knew that no entreaties would move him. She felt sure that her uncle had entered into the compact, and that now he would be like a man of iron to deal with. She knew not what had been done against her lover, but she hoped that he had gone with Hildebrand, and she also hoped that the buccaneer would come for her. She believed, from what he had said, that he would watch over her.

But Angela Fontani based not all her hopes upon others. She possessed a virtuous power in her own will, and with more than a mere passing hope she arose in her own strength of soul, and bid defiance to the machinations that were working against her.

CHAPTER XII.

A SECRET ENEMY—A STRANGE FAREWELL.

LET us return now to the deck of the buccaneer. The crew had been strangely startled by the report of the man who had come up from below, and they all crouched about the after companionway after their commander had gone down.

When Hildebrand entered the cabin, he found the passenger seated upon the lounge, where he was rocking to and fro, and grooming as though in great pain.

"Hark ye, my fine fellow," exclaimed the buccaneer, as he sprang forward and laid his hand upon the man's shoulder, "what have you been up to now? Speak. Out with it."

"O, I don't know," groaned the fellow, with a horrible contortion of features. "O, I'm racked with pain!"

"But what were you up to in the store-room?"

"O, lift me upon a bed. My head swains. Where am I? Where have I been? Who are you?"

The fellow gazed around with a wild, vacant stare as he spoke, and his fingers were woven tightly into his long black hair.

"He's crazy," said Francis, looking with pity upon the writhing features of the peasant.

"It may be," answered Hildebrand, but with an accent and look of doubt.

"O! O!" groaned the strange man. "Help me!"

"Hark!" fell from the lips of Carlini, as he started, and placed one hand to his ear.

"What is it?" asked Hildebrand.

"Don't you hear it, captain?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Stop your noise!" Carlini shouted, springing forward and pressing his hand upon the peasant's mouth. "Now do you hear it?"

"Yes, plainly," returned Hildebrand. "By Saint Paul, 'tis the rushing of water!"

As he spoke, he sprang towards the bulkhead, and tore open the door, and a fearful cry broke from his lips as he looked at the scene thus opened to his view.

The floor of the store room, which was two feet lower than the cabin floor, was flooded with water, and upon the starboard side, just between two large boxes, which were now almost afloat, could be seen the place where the water was rushing up. For the time the peasant was forgotten. Hildebrand called out for his men to come down, and every available means were used to stop the fearful leak, but without effect. Boxes were placed against it, but the force of the incoming torrent immediately forced them off. The leak was now more than two feet under water, and it was certainly more than a foot in diameter.

"Here's the mischief," cried one of the men, as he picked up a short handled axe from a floating box.

Hildebrand took it and examined it. It was a woodman's axe, and of such a shape that it might easily be concealed beneath a person's garments. There was no longer any doubt about the matter, for the buccaneer well knew who must have done the deed.

"Oa deck! on deck, all hands!" cried the commander. "We can save ourselves, but we cannot save the brig!"

As he spoke, he sprang from the water towards the cabin; but when he looked around for the peasant, that individual was gone.

"Where is he?" Hildebrand shouted, as he reached the deck.

"That's he," returned the man at the wheel, pointing off over the larboard quarter.

Hildebrand looked and saw the fellow about a cable's length off, paddling away upon the long lounge which had been in the cabin.

"Couldn't you stop him?"

"No, signor," returned the helmsman. "He came up from the cabin, and threw the long seat overboard, and then followed it so quickly that no one could have stopped him."

"Let's fire into him," cried Carlini, who had just come up.

"No, no," said Hildebrand, "we have no time to devote to him now. Down with the helm, and round in on the lee braces. We must turn our head in shore. Stand by the stern boat davits, Maldo. Steady—so. Belay the braces. Now clear away, and run up the purchases for the other boats. We must have them out as soon as possible."

These various orders the commander had given at intervals, and in quick, hurried tones, and the men as quickly hastened to obey. The peasant who had been the cause of all this was fast floating away to leeward, and was evidently endeavoring to make Serratine Cape. The brig was not more than two miles from the land, and was making towards a sandy beach about a league to the southward of Trapani. The water was rising fast, and the vessel was already sunk nearly to the channels.

"Will you man the boats?" asked Maldo, after the two pinaces had been got alongside.

"Not yet," said Hildebrand. "The beach is clear of rocks here, and if we run the brig ashore we may save some of our cargo. There is not much, to be sure, that will be valuable after this soaking, but yet there will be some things worth saving. I think we can reach the shore."

"Perhaps we can," responded Maldo. "But we shall want our boats, even then."

"Of course; and let every man secure his arms, too."

"Hildebrand," said de Mora, who had thus far been a silent spectator of the scene, "what does all this mean?"

"Don't you see?"

"Yes—I see that there is mischief afloat; but who is the author?"

The buccaneer pointed to where the peasant could still be seen like a small speck upon the water.

"But there must be some one besides him," said de Mora.

"Surely there must, but I can tell no more of that than you can. This may be a plan of the cardinal's, but upon my soul, I doubt it. There is a heavy reward offered for my head, and this is most likely the plan of some adventurers to get it. They thought to entice me into Trapani."

"Then may they not send out soldiers to take us whenever we may land?"

"Perhaps so."

"Then would it not be better to take to the boats and pull back to the island we have left?"

"And what should we do there?" said Hildebrand, with a smile. "No, no—if we are watched by soldiers, we shall be as safe in one place as another. But I think we can reach the mountains."

At this moment the man who had been stationed in the chains with the lead, reported five fathoms of water. The halyards were immediately let go by the run, fore and aft, and the sails clewed up, and in five minutes more the brig struck.

Since the boats had been alongside, everything of value that could be got at had been put into them, and as soon as the brig struck, the men grasped the rails and awaited their commander's orders.

"Now get into the boats carefully," cried Hildebrand, after he had given the orders for lowering the stern-boat. "Let each man secure his weapons. Over, now."

In ten minutes all hands were in the boats, the painters were cast off, and then they made for the beach. Many an anxious, longing look was cast back upon the ill-fated brig, as the men rowed silently towards the shore, and more than one eye was moist as it rested upon the swaying fabric that so long had been a home to the crew.

The boat in which were Hildebrand, de Mora, and the two principal officers was the first to reach the beach, and as the former leaped out upon the sand, he folded his arms across his breast, and looked off upon his vessel.

"Never mind," he said, while the look of sadness that had been gathering upon his features gradually passed away, "you have served me well, my faithful bark, and I would as lief you would rest there as anywhere. Your timbers will soon be rent in twain, and then the Spaniard need no longer fear you. You are old, now, and your labors are done. Yet I would have kept thee a little while longer—till the maiden was safe, at least."

"You mean Donna Angela," said de Mora, who had caught the commander's words.

"Yes, Francis; but we may save her yet. There are many fastnesses among the mountains."

"But she would leave the island."

"There is no need of that. In a short time she may return to Palermo."

"Return?" uttered Francis. "Return to Palermo?"

"Ay. There is retribution in store for the cardinal," said Hildebrand. "Ludovico cannot always triumph."

"But how is this to come?"

"It will come, and for the present let that suffice you. If we can only get Angela away for a short time, she will be safe."

By this time the whole crew were landed, and after the various articles had been taken from the boats, the men gathered about their chieftain.

"Stave the boats!" ordered Hildebrand. "Leave them not so that others can use them."

This command was quickly obeyed, and ere long the boats were total wrecks.

"Ha! there goes the brig!" cried one of the men.

All eyes were quickly turned in that direction, and it was seen that the vessel had indeed gone over. Her stern had been driven around, and she now lay upon her beam ends, with the sea breaking mournfully over her.

"I am glad of that," said Hildebrand. "She will never give footing to man again. Now, my brave men, let us make the best of our way out of this. I have no doubt that there are soldiers upon the coast somewhere, ready to take us. I am sure now that those three horsemen whom we saw riding over the hills upon our little island, were leagued with the man who scuttled our vessel. They probably had a boat ready to convey them across to the opposite coast, and if they have given the warning, the enemy may be down upon us. Follow me, and I will lead the way to a place where it shall be difficult for them to trouble us."

As Hildebrand spoke, he turned to the southward and started on, his men following in regular order. They carried, by turns, the articles they had brought with them, some carrying bags of money, some provisions, and some other articles of value that had been taken from the proud Spaniard.

At the end of half a mile the captain turned to the left, around the base of a small, steep hill, and having passed beyond this, they entered a defile that led towards the mountains. The way was rough and rugged, but the men kept bravely on, and just at nightfall they reached the spot where Hildebrand had determined to stop for the night. It was a deep notch between three mountains, and there was only one entrance to it—an entrance, too, which a dozen men might have held against an army.

"Here is our bivouac for the night," said the leader. "Now such of you as are fatigued may sleep. I shall keep watch for a while."

After Hildebrand had spoken, he withdrew to where grew a small cluster of mulberry trees, and here he sat himself down upon a stone, and for over an hour he remained there by himself. When he arose, it was dark, and he sought out Maldo and Carlini. With them he remained long in conversation. Their words were low and earnest, and ever and anon there came tones as if of entreaty.

"I will seek rest now," said Hildebrand, as he arose from his seat. "The men will be up before I am awake, and I wish you to tell them all I have said. Tell them, too, that my mind is made up. This will break the way, and save me much explanation. You will do this."

"Yes," answered both the officers.

"Then good night."

Maldo and Carlini went away, and Hildebrand laid himself down upon the moss, and gathered his mantle about him to keep off the dew while he slept.

Towards morning the men were all astir, and as Maldo and Carlini delivered to them the message of their commander, they were filled with various emotions. They gathered together in small knots, and whispered with each other, while their countenances betokened that they felt far from happy.

Before the sun rose, Hildebrand started from his rest, and having bathed himself in the basin of a small spring that gushed forth near at hand, he joined his men. Silently he partook of the plain

fare that was prepared for the morning's meal, and after this was done, his brave followers began to gather about him.

"Listen to me, my men," he said, as he stepped upon a large stone. "Maldo and Carlini have, ere this, told you of my purpose."

"Yes," cried an old, weather-beaten gunner; "they told us that you were about to leave us; but we hope it is not so to be."

"It must be so," returned Hildebrand. "I am getting old now, and I would retire from the startling scenes that have so long surrounded me. When first I entered upon this life, I hoped to see my country free from the foreign yoke, and God knows I have done all that lay in my power to that end. But such is not to be the case. You know that a price has been set upon our heads, and for that reason alone have we held out so long against the Spaniard; but now I hope to obtain an honorable amnesty for all my crew. The King of Spain is sick and tired of our doings, and he fears that we may yet excite an effective rebellion among the hardy men of Sicily. In view of this, he will be glad to buy us off by an honorable pardon, and as circumstances now stand, I have made up my mind to accept it."

"We have been proscribed over the land as buccaneers—our tyrants have branded us thus; but God knows, we have only stood out in the maintenance of rights which belonged to us. For long years—ay, for ages—our country has been the mere football of foreign kings, and are we to be blamed that we hoped to gain freedom for ourselves and children? No! no! When I am called to lay my head upon the pillow of death, I can look back upon the life I have spent in enmity with the Spaniard, and feel that God will pardon me for all I have done. I have not done it for myself, but for my country."

"Now, my men, we must separate for the present, but we shall meet again. We shall meet when I have a pardon for each and every one of you. I had not intended that this separation should have occurred so soon; but the unexpected loss of our vessel has served to hasten matters. There are wrongs to be redressed in Palermo, and when that is done, I will either meet you in the mountains, or send for you to come to the city. God bless you all."

Big tears now rolled down the chieftain's cheeks, and for a while his utterance was choked. The men wept, too, as stout hearts can always weep, and with low, broken murmurs they gathered more closely around their beloved commander.

"And must you go?" they said.

"Yes," was Hildebrand's reply; "and I must set forth quickly, too, for I would reach Palermo to-night. You had better keep on towards the mountains of Corleone, for there you will find friends in abundance. But remember, you shall hear from me ere long, and there you shall settle for the remainder of life as you choose."

The old chieftain stepped down from the stone, and passing around among the men, he took each one by the hand. He blessed them all, and then he turned to his officers.

"Maldo," he said, "you will lead the men safely to Corleone, and there let them rest."

"Yes, my captain."

"It is well. And now, for the present, *adieu!*"

Hildebrand turned away and wiped the tears from his eyes, and then he sought Francis de Mora.

"Come," he said, as he took the young man by the hand, "you and I are to be companions yet."

There was a farewell wave of the hand, another murmured blessing, and then Hildebrand and his charge moved quickly away from the camp.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DUNGEON OF THE TRIBUNAL.

THE way which Hildebrand took, after he had left the defile that led to the place of the night's bivouac, was through a pass between two hills, and in about an hour he struck upon a beaten track that led towards Alcamo. Thus far the two companions had travelled almost in silence.

"Do you mean to go directly to Palermo?" asked Francis, after they had struck the path.

"Yes."

"But will it be safe?"

"We shall not enter the city to-night. At the convent of the Capuchins you can remain in safety, and when I go among the people it will be in deep disguise. If there is danger, we shall meet it this side of Palermo."

"Then you think there may be danger?"

"Of course I do; but yet I hope to escape it. I think there are men out after me."

"And yet you are sure that if we can reach the convent we shall be safe," said de Mora, in an earnest, anxious tone.

"Yes—there can be no danger more."

"I should like to know wherein that safety lies."

"You have my word for it, and now all that you can do is to trust me."

"O, I am not afraid to trust you," quickly returned Francis.

"But you will not wonder that I have apprehensions."

"No—it is natural enough. I, too, have apprehensions, but they are for danger, as I have told you."

For some distance farther they walked on in silence, and at length de Mora asked:

"Have your present crew been with you long?"

"Most of them have been with me for over twenty years."

"So long as that?" uttered Francis, in surprise.

"Ay. They, like me, were proscribed because we lifted the standard of liberty in the mountains."

"I have heard of that. My father was of the number. There were some put to death then."

"So there were," returned Hildebrand, with a shudder. "The Spaniard hung forty of those who spoke for freedom. Then most of the others bowed their necks to the yoke; but an hundred of us fled to the seashore. We had money enough to build a vessel, and having equipped her, we set forth against Spain upon the sea. My life since then has been a checkered one. I have had many narrow escapes from Philip's ships, but thus far I have braved the tyrant. Now, in my old age, if he will cry me quits, I will henceforth let him alone. I might have done this long ago—I might have done it when I found that my countrymen would not rise for freedom; but then I could not, for I was like a hunted beast. My life, and that of every man with me, would have been taken. Now, however, I may make an honorable treaty of amnesty and peace."

The sun was now half way to its meridian, and having reached a small spring, the two men sat down to rest themselves. They were in a deep valley, which seemed shut in on all hands by high hills, and the sides of which were mostly grown with wild fig and olive. They had been sitting by the spring some ten minutes, when they were both started by the sound of a horn near at hand. The echo was so quick and distinct that they could not guess at the direction from which the sound came, but they sprang to their feet and quickly gazed around.

"There's danger here!" uttered Francis, as he instinctively rested his hand upon his sword-hilt.

"Perhaps so," returned Hildebrand, drawing his own sword from its sheath.

In a few moments more the horn was again heard; but this time the echo was cracked and broken.

"What an echo," said de Mora.

"There were two horns there," returned Hildebrand. "Ay," he quickly added, "and three! By Saint Paul, they are all about us!"

"Then let us bestir ourselves. If they are enemies we may hide."

"Perhaps they see us now. Hark! There is the sound of horses' feet. They are nigh at hand, too."

"There is one of them!" cried Francis, pointing in the same direction in which their course lay.

The horseman thus pointed out was some twenty rods distant, and the moment he saw the two travellers, he pulled up his rein, and blew a shrill blast upon his horn. The peal was answered by many others in different directions.

"There is no flight, surely," said de Mora, as he drew his sword.

"No—nor will there be use in fighting," added Hildebrand, as he saw his companion's movement. "If there be a score of them, as I suspect, and they be after us, then we shall make a sorry hand at defence. It will be safer to surrender."

"And be taken to Palermo!" uttered the young man, with a cold shudder.

"Yes."

"And be given into the hands of the cardinal?"

"Yes."

"Then it will be a sure step to the tribunal; and who ever came forth from there with life?"

Before Hildebrand could answer, half a dozen horsemen had broken through the surrounding thicket. They were government soldiers, and among them was an officer. Shortly there were more of them came up, and among them the buccaneer felt sure that he recognized the three whom he had seen upon the island of Levanzo.

"What ho, there! who are you?" cried the officer, as he rode up to the spring.

"Travellers," returned Hildebrand.

"Ay, and heavy ones, I ween. Ha! Signor de Mora, you here?"

Francis recognized the officer as one whom he had often seen in Palermo, though he knew not his name.

"I am after a man called Hildebrand," continued the soldier.

"That's him," shouted a man who had just come up.

It was the peasant who had scuttled the brig.

"Ay—I am Hildebrand," returned the buccaneer, seeing that denial would be useless. "Now what do you want with me?"

"You must go to Palermo with me," said the officer.

"Then I suppose I had better submit at once, for you count up too strong for resistance."

"You will be wise, certainly, not to put us to the need of force."

"But you have nothing to do with me," said de Mora.

"O, yes, signor. I received a courier this morning, direct from the city, and you are wanted."

"By whom?"

"The cardinal."

"And did the cardinal send for me, too?" asked Hildebrand.

"I think not," answered the officer. "You have to thank some good monks for your share of our attention; though I think you are meant for Ludovico's hands in the end."

Hildebrand's hands trembled in his eagerness to get hold of the peasant, but that worthy individual kept well out of his way, and it was best for all concerned that he did. Both the prisoners gave up their swords, and without resistance they allowed their arms to be pinioned behind them.

This, to the buccaneer, was a hard thing, and he felt the hot blood rush to his face as the bonds were placed upon him; but there was no help for it. Francis de Mora showed the most emotion under the operation, for his soul was filled with deadly fear. He thought not of the disgrace of being bound, but his mind leaped forward to the dread tribunal before which he was sure he should be brought.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BIARRITS AND VICINITY.

On this and the next page, we give a series of engravings, giving first, the costume of the women of Bayonne; second, a general view of Biarritz, Atalaye and the entrance of the fishers' park, together with the coast of Spain, and a representation of the old port of Biarritz. Biarritz, in the district of Labour, and but a tride over four miles from Bayonne—the picturesque costume of whose women forms the subject of our first engraving—is a maritime town, to which its baths give an importance, though its population is only two thousand. It is thrown on the banks of overhanging rocks, about one hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea. The very deep sinuosity described by the coast at this point summons the waves and tides which mount very high in this rocky gulf, and dash against the reefs with thundering noise. But then this tumultuous strife has the advantage of producing and keeping up a light breeze which refreshes this treeless and barren coast. In the course of time this furious and continual war has formed numerous excavations, of which the largest, forming a half-circle of thirty-six or forty paces diameter, with a height of eighteen or twenty, has received the traditional name of the Chamber of Love. It is the sad story of the shepherd, Oura, and the shepherdess, Edera, who were driven by the rising tide into this cavern, which gave it its poetic name. The sea, heaving the rocks, has formed other cavities, called the Baths of Love. A true Temple of Venus is this fine country of Labour. The Baths of Love, like the Chamber of Love, are dangerous to those who dare confront the fury of this terrible gulf of Gascony, and we are told of numerous young and beautiful bathers who have been carried off by the reflux in spite of the devotion of the holdest swimmers. People will frequent it, notwithstanding these sad legends; but it is prudent to avoid the Baths of Love, and to keep to the safe and commodious beach of the old port—see engraving—a little creek furnished with boats and all bathing materials, and means of saving too venturesome, or too feeble swimmers. Here, everybody bathes promiscuously; and it is amusing, on certain days of the week, to witness the arrival of numerous caravans of Bayonnese, who come to participate in the pleasures of the bathing season *en caacolets*—that is to say, on mulets carrying double saddles, on each side of which is placed a chair or a stool to accommodate the traveller and the driver; as to the weight, it is balanced by adding ballast to the lightest side. Here are the carriages of Bayonne, where they are found stationed at the corners of the principal street or square; and it is proper to say, that the drivers are commonly young and pretty Basque girls, which adds not a little to the original charm of these easy vehicles. For a number of years the beach of Biarritz has been in possession of a well-deserved reputation. The bathing establishment is not fixed there, but the bay of the old port is preferred. There, the beach is softer, the water less agitated, and high, natural walls protect this point against the east and north winds. The air is always warm, and in tearing yourself from the embraces of the sea, you have nothing to fear from those sudden transitions from hot to cold, which often more than neutralize the effect of the bath, and require laborious reaction. A well-organized party of men are employed to follow the bathers, and to aid them on the first alarm, so that no disaster is possible. Under the eye of excellent swimming-masters, who watch over the security of all,

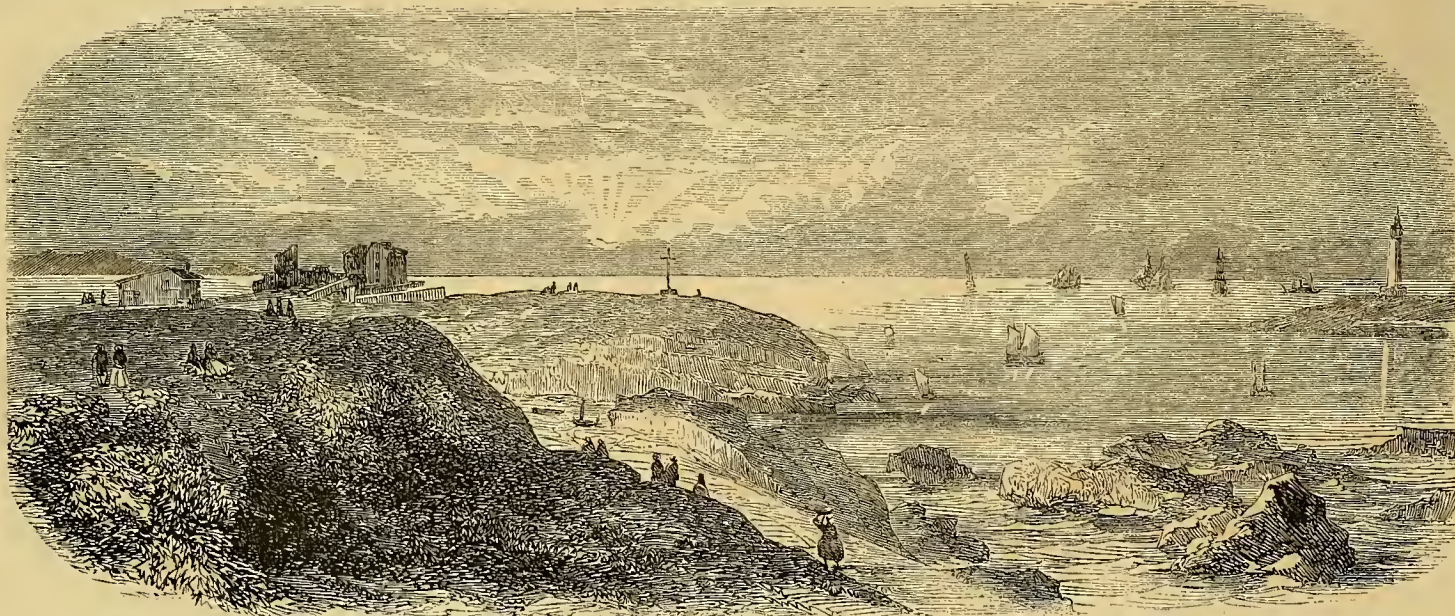


COSTUME OF THE WOMEN OF BAYONNE.

even a child might yield to the caresses and rocking of the waves. In the flanks of the rocks at the old port, spacious and commodious roads have been cut, which command views of the town, the sea, the beach, and the Doric colonnade of the vast establishment of hot-baths, situated opposite and a short distance from the principal bathing-place. On following the path to the right, you arrive by an insensible slope to Atalaye—the cape, finely depicted in our engraving—whence the eye embraces the whole of an immense panorama. On one side, the revolving light which crowns the point of Saint Martin of Biarritz, the mouth of the Adour, the flotillas of fishing-boats, all tall masted vessels, going seaward, and the coast of Marencin, which seems to blend the horizon with the sea; on the other side, and to the left, the downs of Bidart, the pretty village of Gaethary, whose white houses are arranged in amphitheatrical form, Soreia and its battlemented tower, Fontarabia and the whole coast of Spain; at its base the waves dashing on the rocks and falling back in cascades, and before you the vast Atlantic. On the side opposite to Atalaye extends a superb beach covered with fine and soft sand—the resort of accomplished swimmers. Here they sometimes engage in rash strife with the tempestuous waves; but the directors of the baths have redoubled their cares and precautions on this special point, to obviate all danger. Shallops, each manned by full crews, are continually cruising from point to point, all ready to pick up imprudent bathers who trust too much to their own strength, or get astray in the rollers. On the other side of Moulin are many basins, where persons not expert in the art of swimming can

flotillas of boats and barks, larger and smaller, returning from, or going upon, their adventurous fishing voyages. The picturesque huddle of the a rival and departure presents artists and amateurs with an inexhaustible source of observation; since, after all the studies, sketches, drawings and paintings of this kind, it is not yet exhausted. The evening, commenced on the beach, ends at the hull or concert. On this coast there is any amount of legendary lore. The people here deal in legends, as they do in relics of the *grand armée* at Waterloo. There are some touching all the cavities, all the points, and all the reefs of the shore. Altogether, it is a spot that the traveller who finds himself near should not fail to take time to visit and examine, if only to acquaint himself with some of the quaint stories he is sure to hear from the legend-loving race who people the spot. But let him be warned not to receive them with too much credulity, as they too often border upon the impossible to challenge more than a good laugh over the simplicity of the narrators, who have delivered themselves of them so often as to have become firmly convinced of the truth of these stories, oftentimes of their own fabrication. As a healthful resort for the invalid, beyond a doubt, the locality possesses peculiar and desirable attractions. It is a sort of Saratoga; only to make the similitude, this delightful inland American watering-place should be transplanted to Lynn Beach or Newport. But the annual visitors to this European summer resort hear much the same relation to continental society, as does the society of Saratoga to the northern and southern States of this Union. This series cannot fail to possess great interest to our readers.

bathe without any danger. Biarritz, during the fine season, is of course a cosmopolitan congress of celebrities of all sorts, standing out, in the manner of portraits, from a background of numerous nobodies. There is no watering-place which cannot boast, on an average year, of more than four dozen lions. Eminent social characters are more subject than plebeians to "all the ills that flesh is heir to." *Ferit sublimis fulmen.* But what imparts a peculiar character to Biarritz is the fusion of French and Spanish nationalities, with a few amiable young ladies embroidered on the mass. Without speaking of characters from the neighboring departments and Parisians, a rare species, you find there the Bearnaise, with his brilliant and keen eye, his expressive and intelligent face, the Basque of Quiruzcoa, prompt and easy, a true descendant of those brilliant Cantabrians, who long sustained a deadly combat against the Roman eagles; Cataloulain, Navarrese, and a host of other beauties, blonde or brunette, with blue or black eyes, milk-white or swarthy hue, among whom the humble *grisette*, the Bayonnese, holds an honorable rank, and justifies the reputation of her race, among whom ugliness is a phenomenon, and grace and elegance are found in every street. Our first engraving gives an idea of the beauty and grace of those fascinating girls. Conversation rooms occupy the first story of a hotel recently built on the principal square. Here you find newspapers, pamphlets, publications of all kinds, romances, musical instruments, etc. Although the coast of Biarritz is very barren, as its geological formation explains, it does not appear that the west wind is an insurmountable obstacle to cultivation. Experiment has shown the contrary. One of the greatest contemplative recreations of life at Biarritz is, in addition to the sight of the ocean—a spectacle eternally changing, in spite of its apparent monotony—that of the



BIARRITS, ATALAYE, AND THE ENTRANCE OF THE FISHER'S PARK.

A CHINESE DINNER PARTY.

When a Chinese invites to a ceremonious dinner, a large, red paper is sent several days before the time. On this is written the invitation, in the politest terms of the language. On the day before the feast, another invitation is sent to the guests, on rose-colored paper, to remind them of it, and to ascertain whether they are coming. Again on the next day, a short time before the hour appointed, the invitation is repeated to inform them that the feast is prepared and awaits them. When the guests are assembled, the first thing presented is warm almond milk in large cups. Every table is served with exactly the same food, and the same number of dishes, at one and the same moment. Only four or

the centre for a cup, about the size of a breakfast cup. The dinner now commences, and all the wine cups are filled with *seu heng-tsun*—a weak, adulterated liquor, distilled from millet seed, and is always drunk hot—and the master of the feast rises, as well as all the guests; he holds the wine cup in both hands, saluting them with it, after which they all drink together, and sit down again. A cup with hot food is now served in the centre of every table. After the first course has been finished, the upper table is removed, and the table remaining is spread with spoons, wine-cups, chop-sticks, vinegar, soy, and sweet sauce, with some plates of sliced radishes, pears, oranges, and various other fruits and vegetables, placed before each person; and all the large fruits are

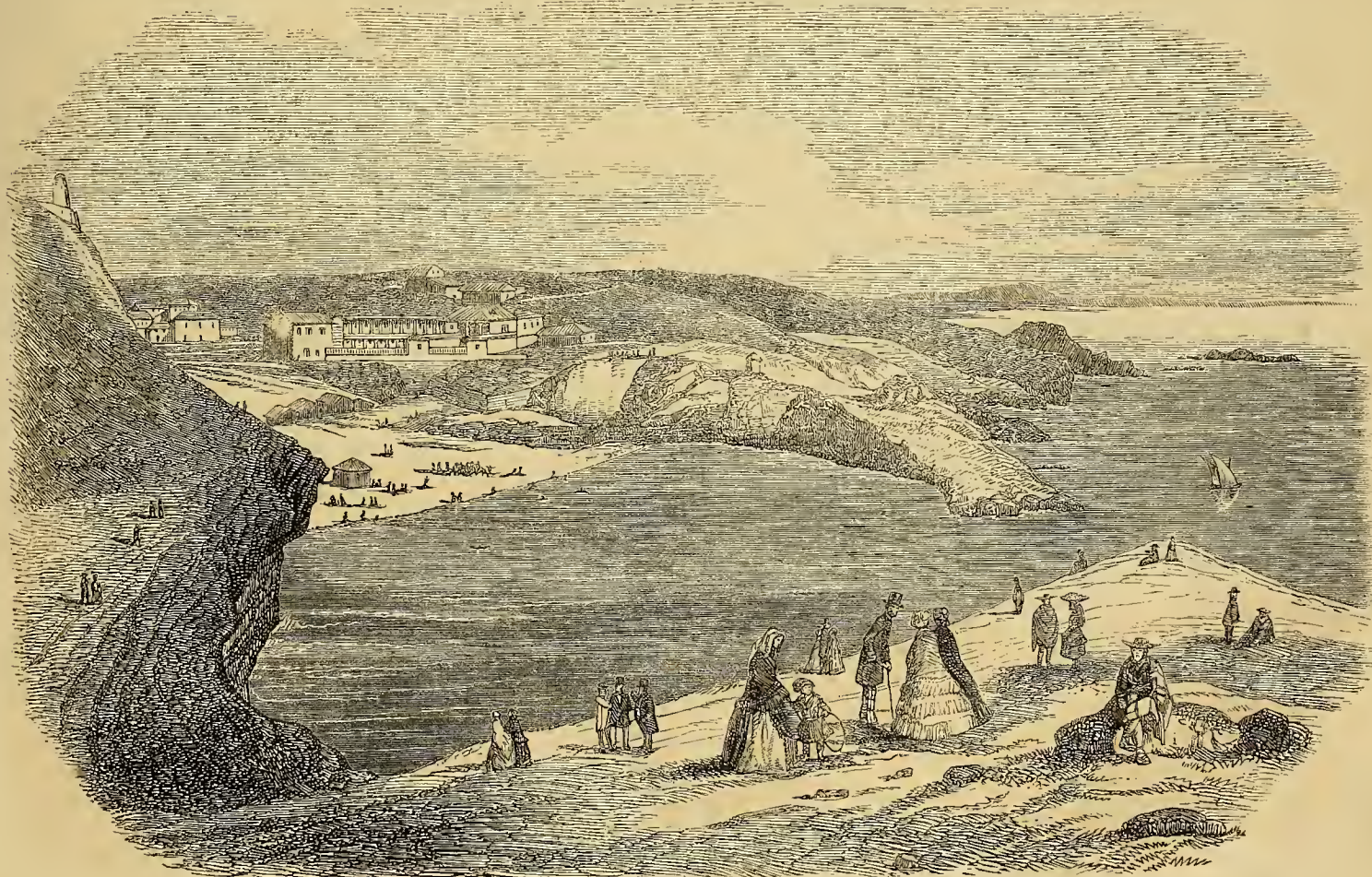


GENERAL VIEW OF BIARRITS AND THE COAST OF SPAIN.

five persons sit at each table. In very fashionable houses not more than two or three. The tables are mostly made of polished ebony, or Surat black wood, and double; for, as they use no table-cloths, the upper table is removed, with all that is on it, at the end of the first course, to give place to the second. For the end of the first course, the tables are laid out with chop-sticks, wine-cups, china ware, or enamelled spoons or stands, and two little plates, with fruits, nuts, etc. Several small, cold dishes, such as dry salted fish, shred fine, and made into salad, with mushrooms, etc., are spread over the board, only leaving room in

sliced, as well as the vegetables. While the second course is preparing, those who are tired of sitting, rise and walk about the room. The second table being prepared, the guests are all seated again, when bird's-nest soup—the most expensive and the greatest delicacy a Chinese can offer—is served up, with pigeon's or plover's eggs floating upon it, to each person. When entertaining any of the high constituted authorities, the master puts the first dish of the second course on each table himself, as it is brought in by the servants. After all, tea is served up in covered cups, as before described—on the leaves, and without milk or

sugar; and thus closes the entertainment. On the day following the feast, the host sends a large, red paper to each of the guests, apologizing for the badness of the dinner; and they answer him on the same sort of paper, expressing in the most exalted and extravagant terms the pleasure and unbounded satisfaction his feast has afforded them. The pigtailed nation in everything are unlike any other people, though doubtless under all this show of politeness is hidden an equal amount of duplicity and dissimulation as can elsewhere be found. The Chinese customs evince much that is hollow-hearted in their social relations.—*Tour in China.*



THE OLD PORT OF BIARRITS.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HOPE.

BY JOSEPH B. EULIE.

Sweet day-star of the heart! thou light divine!
Immortal Hope! he thou forever mine!
Shine out refulgent on my sinking heart,
Nor ever may one risen flower depart!
Though pale they are and fragile, let them bloom,
Abiding ever amid sun and gloom;
Unbar the spirit's light, and bid it roll
A tide of sunshine round the darkened soul!

The shipwrecked sailor, clinging to the mast,
Looks to thy star, and parts with thee the last;
The weary pilgrim, on the desert wild,
In danger's hour has looked to thee and smiled!
Thy glorious presence cheers the dying bed,
When human aid and every friend has fled;
On stormy seas—in battle's bloodstain hour,
Bright hope o'er human hearts extends its power!

Should life's frail bark amid the storm be lost,
And hapless thou on sorrow's waves be tost,
Hope on—while a floating plank abides,
Hide thou thereon in triumph o'er the tides.
The storm may pass—the darkness turn to day,
And gentle gales may waft thee on thy way;
Some guardian angel ever lives above,
For faithful souls—the messenger of love!

Trust not in self alone, but look on high,
To man's almighty Friend—the Deity!
When every aid and earthly friend are past,
Lord of all good! let hope forsake us last!
On death's black clouds O may her bow of light
Shine out, and smiling, bless our closing sight;
Herald of peace! may it to us be given,
To cheer the faithful spirit on to heaven!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

GRATITUDE:

—OR,—

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE.

BY HENRY W. HENDERT.

It was as sweet and beautiful a summer's night as ever shone out of the blue and cloudless skies which overhang the fair regions of the western continent. The vast, stainless vault, without one speck or fleecy of wandering vapor to tell of its connection with anything of earth or earthy, seemed one immeasurable vault of lapis lazuli, so dark was the lustre of its cerulean blue; while myriads upon myriads of bright stars, and brighter planets, gemmed the expanse, incomparable to any other than their own deathless splendor. Full-orbed and round, the powerful moon careered among them; and who could doubt, as he gazed on her wizard circle, that she might well possess the sway which chains the mighty ocean, and shakes the majesty of man's immortal reason!

One of those nights it was, on which it needs but a little to persuade the imaginative mind, as the eye gazes upward through the unfathomable air to those great lights which may be other worlds, or suns dispensing life to other systems, or thrones meet for the angels and archangels of the Lord, that the dull mortal ears can catch the echo—faint, but celestial—of that everlasting hymn which the stars sing rejoicing in their courses, and glorifying the Creator.

But there was in reality no sound abroad but those sweet voices of the summer, which fill the ear of man with hopes so calm, and promises so cheering—the faint and breathless rustle of the fresh green leaves in the dewy air—the low plash of the distant river—the notes of the nocturnal insects revelling in the coolness of the time, and chirping gleefully—staunch tipplers as they are—over their pure dew goblets.

It was already growing late, and the gay crowds were turning homeward, which had been sauntering for hours in the enjoyment of the blithe summer air and the pleasant breeze from the water, along the farther banks of the fair Schuylkill, forgetful in their own not all unselfish happiness, that in that very hour, in the near city, there were weak mortals pining in silent grief beside the couches of their perishing babes, and husbands—strong, resolute and fearless men—hanging in utter desolation over what, but an hour since, was the light of their eyes, the treasure of their souls, the one hoarded hope of their lifetime—what from henceforth is nothing but a lost memory, a never-ending anguish!

Yes; they were turning homeward—fathers, with happy children by their sides; and matrons leaning on the arms of those who had grown old year by year with them, that neither had perceived the gathering wrinkles, nor the snows whitening the once dark hair; and maidens hanging upon those to whom their troth was that day plighted; and old men, frail, bowed and tremulous, yet calm and cheerful, with troops of attentive friends, children, and children's children around them. Hopeful and contented, all looking forward to the dear home circle, to the gay evening meal, to the fond welcome of the low, glad laugh and sparkling eye, with which, the poorest but is richer than a prince's dwelling; without which, home is but a barren waste, a solitude, a desolation!

Yes, they were turning homeward—the river road had already become nearly silent, and almost deserted. For a while longer, a few scattered groups of men might have been seen hurrying along, walking fast, talking aloud and eagerly, as if afraid of being belated; and still, after all these had disappeared, and none others followed them, a few individuals went rapidly along towards the

bridge. And then, all on that side the placid stream was night and nature; while, on the other, lamps were lighted, and illuminated windows glistened, and merry sounds came floating over the stream, laughter, and strains of music, and now and then a song, the outpouring of some heart too happy to be silent.

For there are many such in this world—ay! many, many such! There is much happiness, if men but knew when they possessed it, and could but rest content with that they have, nor lose both that and peace by striving onward still to that they know not of. Yes, there is much, much happiness—alas! that they who are the blest enjoyers of it, should forget so often what they do enjoy; should forget so often that there is much woe, much agony, much despair likewise!—that there be many broken spirits, of the poor, whom but a little aid, a small sprinkling from their fountains of abundance might relieve, and perhaps raise from infamy and crime, to good report and virtue—that there be many broken hearts, of those apparently above the wants of life, to whom a little sympathy, a few kind words, perchance even a single smile, were as a springing well in the desert: full of renewed life and consolatory promise.

Indeed, there is much woe; and whether of the two, happiness or sorrow, predominates in the mortal scale, He alone knoweth, who keeps so accurately the account, that not one sparrow falls from heaven without his holy will, by whom the very hairs of your head are all numbered—and who hath declared that to those who mourn he will make rich compensation, and that those who have done good unto one of the least of these his brethren, have done it unto him, likewise.

On that fine summer's night, there sat a girl beside the river's bank, on a little space of green turf that intervened between the sandy road and the abrupt descent to the water's edge, partially screened from sight by a clump of evergreen junipers. She sat there when the first groups strolled forth to take their evening walk, after the heat and burthen of the day were done; and she sat there still, when the last straggler had returned to his own quiet hearth to eat, drink, and be merry, and to lie down, it is too likely, without returning thanks to the Giver of those means and that merriment.

She was a girl, a very young girl, not seemingly above sixteen or seventeen years of age, perhaps of the lower classes, for she was plainly and poorly, but very neatly, clad, and perfectly clean and tidy in her garments, which displayed not one stain or rent, though many dams and patches. An old straw bonnet, with a ribbon of faded blue—a remnant, perhaps, of better days, for it was of a fine material, and a shape that had once been fashionable—lay on the greensward by her side, and wear it, a weather-bleached shawl that had, in bygone days, been rich and costly. Her head was uncovered, except by a profusion of soft, Auburn hair, hanging loose over her neck, and even hiding much of her face, in long, natural ringlets, such as a duchess might have coveted. And, as she leaned her brow disconsolately on one thin, white hand, its elbow propped on the listless knee, with all her graceful form, relaxed, as it were, by sorrow, and drooping like a faded flower, it is scarce possible to conceive a picture more full of simple pathos, more indicative of soul-depressing sorrow, more suggestive to the feeling heart of sad and pitiful imaginings.

Yet, as she sat there from dewy close of eve till now, when the night was waxing towards its noon, though hundreds had passed by her—young, artless maids and joyous children—and contemplative, ay, and self-styled religious men—yet few had noticed, and none pitied her. Soon after the sun set, a knot of wild and thoughtless youths, who had been drinking at some of the pot-houses lower down the river, attracted by the elegance of her form, and perhaps yet more by her unprotected situation, had strolled down from the road and formed a circle round about her, and harassed her with rude questions and impertinent surmises, and some of them had even addressed terms to her such as he must be base-minded and brutal, who would utter to female ears. But it is probable, that they did so from that vague love of tormenting, which appears to be inherent to the worst parts of our nature, which prompts the child to persecute the insect, the youth to pursue whatever flies from him, the man to hunt down his fellow-man, whether in mart or field, or forum. For, when they found that they could get no fun out of her, as they termed it—that she only looked at them with a calm, set eye, and shook her head without speaking, not daring, in consequence of the passing crowd, to offer any outrage, they passed on, and left her alone with her sorrow.

Several grave-eyed, austere-looking, elderly men, members of church congregations, looked at her attentively as they walked by, talking of markets, and the rise or fall of stocks, and frowned and shook their heads, and one of them whispered a surmise, "that she was probably no better than she should be"—as if, alas! aught mortal were so—as if he, the speaker, were anything but a mass of sordid money-loving and uncharitable hypocrisy!—and then another answered, that "the almshouse or the penitentiary was the only place for such cattle!"—and then, like the priest and the Levite, they passed by on the other side!

It was now nearly eleven o'clock, when the sound of horses' hoofs was heard coming down the road, and in a minute or two a young lady, dressed in a dark-colored riding habit, and wearing a man's beaver hat, came into sight, cantering joyously along upon a beautiful thorough-bred horse, accompanied by a gentleman a few years older than herself, and followed at a respectful distance by a well-dressed and well-mounted servant.

The full light of the moon shone into her face, as she rode down the narrow track directly facing its beams, and displayed all her charms as distinctly as clear daylight could have done; and she was indeed very beautiful. Taller than the common height of women, her figure, although slight and singularly graceful, was

fully rounded, and gave promise of voluptuous symmetry, when she should have reached the years of mature womanhood. Her face, which bore all the characteristics of extreme youth, was exquisitely fair, and regularly Grecian in its outlines, with large, soft, blue eyes filled with a sort of melancholy languor; her skin was as white as alabaster, with but the faintest blush of carnation on her cheeks; her lips, however, were fresh and rosy, and there was the dimple of an arch smile not infrequently playing about them, although the most general expression of her features was that of artless, confiding innocence, and perfect purity of soul. Her hair, of the lightest shade of bright and sunny brown, fell down, quite out of curl, in a profusion of rich, silky masses over her neck and the collar of her habit, and was contrasted exquisitely by the dark folds of the lace veil which drooped from her riding hat.

Aroused by the clatter of the passing hoofs from her sad meditations, the girl, who sat by the river's bank, started up suddenly, and as she turned her head quickly round to see who was coming, her face, too, fronted the moonlight. That was a beautiful face, too; but as unlike as possible to that which met its gaze—it was the face of one naturally a bright, rosy-cheeked brunette, though now sorrow, and suffering, and perhaps privation, had banished every vestige of bloom from the features, and every semblance of merriment from the pale lips. The large, dark, hazel eyes were full of a wild expression, timid and soft, yet shy as the glance of a young doe fresh from her native thickets, and there was a sad, painful meaning in the whole countenance—a vacancy, which yet was not altogether vacancy, for it conveyed the idea of many sorrowful and agonizing thoughts at work within, shaking the reason and bewildering the soul. The nut brown hair, which had been braided neatly over her low, fair brow, was all dishevelled, wet with dew, and tangled by the careless vehemence with which she had pushed it back, when it fell down over her eyes.

Such was the aspect of the girl as she encountered suddenly the eye of the young, happy lady, nursed in the lap of luxury and soft indulgence, and now high in the hope and promise of a delightful future to be spent fearlessly and without the touch of earthly sorrow in the companionship of him who now stood beside her, and to whom her young heart was plighted.

The girl spoke not, nor made any sign to show that she saw the passers-by, but stood and gazed on them with that wild, wandering glance which I have noticed, and which spoke, perhaps, of a mind far away from this world and its fleeting joys, or enduring sorrows.

There was, however, something in her whole attitude and air so meek, so touching, so despairing, that the young horsewoman drew in her bridle, and said in a low, silvery voice to the gentleman at her side:

"O, William, see—here is this poor girl yet, whom we saw as we were riding out. I am so sorry I did not speak to her then—but I will now. I will ask what ails her; it may be we can assist her."

"No, Fanny, no; on no account! You must not think of such a thing. She is a low, vile creature, and will probably insult you if you address her."

"I think not, William," said the gentle being, looking at her attentively, "she looks very miserable, but not bold. Besides, if she were rude, it will do us no harm; and it would hurt me very much, if anything should befall her of evil, which I could have averted and did not. I will speak to her."

"No, you must not, indeed. I say you shall not, Frances!" and he hid his hand on her rein as he spoke.

"Shall not! I do not understand you, Mr. Delamere. That is a word that you have no right to use to me, yet, at all events. So now, be so kind as to remove your hand from my bridle; for seriously, I assure you that I will speak to her. Upon my word, sir, I believe you know her, and are afraid that she should divulge some secret. Let me go, I say; let me go—or I shall call Thomas."

"I will not put you, madam," said the young man, exceedingly annoyed by her manner, "to such straits as to call a servant to relieve you from the importunities of your accepted lover. Headstrong girl, that you are, do as you will; but be sure that you will repent it."

"I think not," answered Fanny Aston. "I do not think that I ever shall repent an act of common charity!" And with the word, turning her horse's head, she rode up to the side of the girl, and bending down from her saddle, she addressed her in sweet, musical, low tones.

"Tell me," she said, "what ails you, my poor girl, that you look so wild and sad, and that you sit here so late with the dew falling. Why do you not go home to your friends?"

The girl looked up into her face, as if bewildered by the voice of kindness, and it was a moment before she answered: "I have no home, lady, and no friends."

"How can that be—how can that be, if you are virtuous and honest?—and with that mild, gentle face of yours, I am sure that you must be both. How can that be, I say, in this country where every one that will work may have a home and plenty of all things?"

"I have no country, either, lady. I am a stranger—a poor English girl. Mother died years ago, and lies in a green churchyard of Merry Kent, and father brought me here—but, alas! he has lived but an evil life, and from bad has gone on to worse, till a week since he was sentenced to the state prison; and the lady I worked for till that time, would not employ a convict's child, and I can get no shelter, and my last shilling was spent yesterday, and they have turned me out of doors, and I have no resource but sin or death—and O, but the last is long, long coming—and, with God's help, the first I will never know."

"That you shall not—that you shall not—" cried the young

lady, hursting into tears of gentle sympathy—"that you shall never do, if your sad tale is true. At least, here is money that will procure you a bed and food to-night, and here is my card. Come to me early—as early as you can—to-morrow, and if you can show me then that what you tell me is true, I will take care of you. Now that you have money you can sleep, I suppose, where you did last night."

"Yes, yes, dear lady; yes, and—and—" but the revulsion of joy and gratitude was too much for her, and she burst into a flood of violent and convulsive tears.

"There, there," said the lady, stooping down again from her horse, and patting her cheeks kindly, "never mind thanking me—the tears will do you no good—but dry them up, and do not forget to come to me to-morrow."

And with a gay, gentle laugh, intended to re-assure the weeping girl, she shook her embroidered rein, and, giving her horse his head, cantered on lightly homeward.

"Well, nicely you are imposed upon," said the young man; "the artful minx has fairly done you, with her story."

"I fancy not," she replied, gravely. "I have little doubt that to-morrow will prove that what she told me is quite true."

"Ha! ha! you ladies are vastly soft—softer even than I fancied," said the youth, sneeringly.

"Softer hearted, it may be, we are," said the girl, half-reproachfully. "And let me tell you, William Delamere, it is no reproach to a man to be soft-hearted, either—nor any proof of weakness, or cowardice, or unmanliness, but quite the reverse. O, hardness—hardness is horrible to me, whether it be of heart or head, of reason or of feeling—I cannot endure your hard people. And even if I have been imposed upon, what then?"

"Well, you have done no good, that's all, and encountered—"

"Yes, but I have—yes, but I have done some good. I have given myself, at least, a moment of sincere and not unworthy pleasure. And whether that girl be good or bad, she is clearly miserable, and I have, if nothing more, relieved that misery for a moment."

"Yes, by giving her the means of drowning it at the next grocery in rum."

"I hope not; but if it were so, even that is, I suppose, some temporary solace; and, though I would not knowingly minister to such a gratification, yet if she make the worst use of it in all the world, it will not be half so terrible a reflection to me, as that, by my refusal of a trifle from my superabundance, she had been driven either to sin or suicide."

"Well, Fanny, well—that is all very pretty; but we should never agree if we were to talk all night about it. So we had better say no more, but canter home; for it is getting late, and Mrs. Aston and your father will be uneasy, and perhaps fancy that you have met some accident."

"I am sorry—I am very sorry that we cannot agree—more sorry, Mr. Delamere, than words of mine can express."

"Mr. Delamere! mister!" repeated the young man, bitterly; "and it has come to this, has it—and all for a trull like that."

But his angry words were partially lost in the clatter of the hoofs on the road; at least, Fanny Aston made no reply at all, nor did any more words pass between the lovers, until they reached her home, when she sprang hastily down from her horse, and without giving him her hand, wished him good night, perhaps a little coldly, ran up the steps, as the door opened, and went in without waiting for an answer.

Early the following morning, the young girl came to the house of her gentle patroness; and it required but a few moments to investigate and prove the truth of her sad tale. The milliner, for whom she had worked during two years, vouched strongly for her character and her temper, and expressed her regret at having been compelled to part with her, not, as she said, owing to any feelings on her own part, but to the reluctance of her girls to keep company with the daughter of a convict. Further inquiries were made at the house of the poor people where she had lodged, and they, bringing strong vouchers from the parish priest of their own respectability, asserted that she was the best, kindest and most honest girl they had ever known, and that it was her utter poverty alone, which had compelled them to exclude her from their miserable home.

From that day forth, poor Hannah Irvine knew no more sorrows; from that day forth, she was installed as lady's maid and seamstress to sweet Fanny Aston, and smiles now came back to her dimpled cheeks, and the wild, vacant gleam died away from her lustrous eyes.

Before the year had passed, her father died in the prison, penitent and happy, and looking forward to a better life in a happier world, where there are no temptations any more, nor sorrows. A few natural tears fell from Hannah's eyes, but they were soon dried up, for she could not but perceive that it was a merciful and gracious Providence, which had removed the old man, with his heart softened and amended, from a scene which must ever have been full of pain and mortification.

Another year was in its prime, when a new change took place in Hannah's destinies. One lovely summer's day brought an old friend—more than an old friend—a true and sincere and unforgotten lover, who had waited but the end of his parents' life to sell out at home, and follow her to another hemisphere, without whom he had found out that England was to him no longer Merry England.

Fanny was grieved at parting from the maiden whom she loved, but her gentle and unselfish spirit led her to forward, by all means in her power, the wishes of the girl she had preserved from misery, and perhaps from ruin; and, in a few months, Hannah and her husband left the vicinity of the city, for a rich farm on the banks of the Susquehanna. And though for a long time Fanny saw them no more, she often heard of the welfare of her humble

friends, and received tokens of their unchanged affection. Thus far, at least, she had no cause for repentance.

In the meantime, though she had been much affected and much disappointed, also, by the unfeeling manner of her lover, and by his too apparent worldliness, displayed at many times, and in various manners, yet Fanny Aston had forgiven him; and, hoping ever that she should soften down his hardness, and render him by degrees more charitable and kindly judging of his neighbors, had continued her engagement, loving him ever—unworthy as he was of such affection—with that deep, exquisite, all-trusting, boundless love, to which no earthly feeling can be compared, and which exists only in the souls of young and artless women.

Three years had flown since the time when they two had ridden out so joyously beside the green banks of the summer Schuylkill—three years and upward, for it was now November, and as dark and disconsolate an evening, as that other had been bright and glorious.

A heavy mist hung over the city and the country, shaken occasionally by the sluggish breath of a damp, chilling wind from the eastward; occasionally a few heavy drops of rain would come pattering down to the dank earth, and constantly the sere leaves were floating down, turning round and round in the stagnant atmosphere, like mortal aspirations, uncertain whether to sink or soar.

It was about ten o'clock at night, and the streets were now all silent and deserted, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, so wretched and cheerless was the time. But, through the cold mist and pattering rain, there might have been seen the figure of a delicate and elegant looking girl, tastefully dressed, and in a garb not suited to the hour or the weather, hurrying towards the wire bridge, that spans the Schuylkill, at a pace singularly variable—now quick and restless, now slow and tottering and uneven.

It was no difficult thing to perceive that she was in a state of fearful mental perturbation, or bodily anguish, so acute as to disorder all the functions of the mind.

The lamps cast a dull and hazy light over the airy fabric of the bridge, but sufficed not to reach the turbid and shullen waters, which might be heard plashing heavily against the shores, through the dense vapors which filled the void above the river's level.

The sleepy watchman's eye fell carelessly upon the figure of the lady as she passed—for she was evidently of the upper classes—but he was too selfish and too indolent to look long after her, almost to wonder what she could be doing in that strange place, and at that most untimely hour.

She walked on slowly, and reached the bridge, and stood there for a long time leaning over the abyss, holding one of the wire ropes, and evidently absorbed in the deepest and most painful meditation. At last she raised herself up on the slight, fairy-looking net-work, which serves for a balustrade to the bridge, and still holding with each hand by one of the iron cables, was balancing herself over the waters just in the act to spring.

It was at this moment that a light, double wagon, with a couple of bright lamps burning over the fore wheels, drawn by a pair of fine, active horses, the brass plates of their handsome harness glittering merrily in the lamplight, came whirling up to the spot near which she stood.

In the strange and awful state of her feelings she had not heard it approach, and her first knowledge of the fact that her rash deed was about to have spectators, was derived from the sudden stoppage of the vehicle. She turned her head quickly round, so that her face, for a second's space, met the glare of the lamps, and was recognized by those within, as a shrill, female shriek and the sounds of her own name told her in an instant. But it availed not to stop her—fearful, perhaps, of interruption—perhaps bewildered and unconscious what she did, she let go her hold and sprang wildly out in the gloom.

"My God! my God! it is Fanny Aston! Jump over, Henry! jump over quick, man—you that can swim like an otter—and save her. I will drive over to the other side and get help—O, save her!" cried a sweet, female voice in tones of mortal anguish.

"I warrant me," replied a bluff voice; and an athletic, wiry-looking figure sprang out of the wagon, cast off a heavy overcoat, and, without hesitating or looking round him, bounded over the low parapet.

So quickly did the whole thing pass, that the splash of the falling girl was scarcely heard, before the heavier plunge of the strong man into the water rose on the night air.

The wagon was driven rapidly forward, but ere it had reached the gate house, a loud shout of "All's well!" from the water bore pleasant tidings to the ears of the wife and mother, who had sent out the husband of her heart to risk his life in that deed of gratitude and charity.

In less than a minute after she reached the farther shore, the strong and adventurous swimmer scaled the bank, bearing in his arms the frail, fainting form of wretched Fanny Aston.

Quick, quick he wrapped her in his coat, lifted her into the carriage, drove furiously away through a few short streets, stopped at the door of a small but gaily lighted and cheerful looking house, and, without saying one word, bore his sweet burden up the stairs, and into a neat bed-chamber, where kindly aid, and more than a sister's love, soon brought her back to consciousness and life. And when her eyes were again opened, it was to catch the eager and affectionate glance of that Hannah, whom she had once preserved from grievous peril, and who had now required that old debt by saving her even from everlasting death.

But what had brought about this sad and wondrous change? Reader, in a commercial world there may be many changes sad, but there be none wondrous. The wealth of Fanny Aston's father had melted away like snow before the sun, and he had been awakened from his dream of splendor and success, to find himself a

bankrupt and a beggar. Then was it very ill for him that he had lost his wife the preceding winter; for in distress and sorrow, what stay is there, what comfort to a man, what sure support against despair, like one word from the lips of her, whose price is valued above rubies!

But to him that voice spake not; in his prosperity he had not known God, and in his adversity he had no hope. His mind was earthly—his idols all of earth; and, they once lost, the mind itself gave way, and the late princely merchant lay in the squalid cell of a pauper lunatic.

Then, O, false heart of man! then, William Delamere not only sprang not forward to clasp his sweet bride to his heart, and wipe away her tears, and make amends for a father's loss by a husband's holy love, but—villain! villain! he dared insult her pure ears with treason—he dared offer to the girl, whom in her affluence he had wished to wed, the option of gilded sin—splendid dishonor.

Then, with her means of life all scattered to the four winds of heaven, her natural friends all gone, her trust in human nature broken and destroyed, her senses reeled, her religion failed her, her faith was too weak to hear up against that strongest of temptations—the temptation to end the heart-ache, and the natural ill the flesh is heir to. She was scarce rescued from perdition. But it is never all too late; and it may be that in that awful moment her deed of charity performed so near to that same spot was accounted gain to her—for had it not been for that one deed, body and soul, as we must believe, she had that night perished.

Those humble friends never forsook her; their house was her home, likewise. In their calm, happy home in the fresh country, the last days of her life passed happily and calmly; and when she died—which she did in a few short months, by a natural and gradual decay, sinking under no known disease, unless it be that which is called vulgarly a broken heart—she died in peace with all men, and in the hope, the reasonable hope, of everlasting bliss in heaven. And by the green banks of the Susquehanna, under a weeping willow, there stands a small and humble pillar with this brief inscription: "FANNY.—Never too late for Gratitude."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

BY JESSY MAT.

Welcome! sweet heralds of spring!

The gift of bounty rare,
Which April, in her caprice gives,
To dress the hillocks fair!

What though she dares, with shrilly voice,
Amid the hills to rave;
To check aspiring buds that fain
Would burst their wintry grave!

Yet here, a "very queen," all smiles,
The mossy turf she treads,
And softly whispers, "Lowly ones,
Lift up your trembling heads!"

With golden hearts that breathe of love,
And robes of Tyrian dye,
Ye, for the banquet-wreath of spring,
Have entered joyously.

In busy marts there is no place
To make your fragrant nest;
For there the pulse of stirring life
Knows neither peace nor rest.

Where rise the massive domes of stone,
And towers the lordly fane,
Nature's bright beauties ever seek
The sunny light in vain.

But here ye're room to lift your heads,
Mid lawns and sunny vales,
And have your tiny cradles rocked
By April's fitful gales.

Fair dwellers round my own dear home!
Emblems of tender thought!
Ye bind me with a mystic chain
Of hope and love, deep wrought!

Thanks for your blessed tales of home,
And for the truths ye teach;
I'll love ye still, where'er I roam,
While memory holds her seat!

HUMANITY.

If the boys were acquainted with the wonderful structure of insects, and of other animals low in the scale, they would never be found sticking pins into flies, or tormenting cats; nor, when men, would they treat those noble domestic animals, the horse and ox, with cruelty. The girl who has learned to derive enjoyment from observing the operations, and watching the metamorphoses of insects, who knows their history, and is conversant with their structure, habits, and curious economy, will mark those circumstances in animals higher in the scale; and ascending to her own species, will learn also the elevation of her own nature. As she grows up to womanhood, she will feel more intensely the delicacy and dignity of the feminine character, and resist with more force the temptations which always beset innocence, amiability, and inexperience, both from without and from within.—*New England Farmer.*

MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would seem almost as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may these patient angels hover around us, watching for the spell which is so soon forgotten.—*Dickens.*

THE PASSIONS OF ANIMALS.

Spry and others state that the snake-catchers in the East Indies have the art of enticing snakes from their concealment, by a kind of song or humming sound; and Neale affirms, that he tamed rattlesnakes by music, and, however dangerous they might be, he completely subdued them; which is confirmed by Chateaubriand, who saw the anger of one of these reptiles completely subdued by the tones of a flute. Lenz, on the other hand, describes these as mere fables, as in no instance could he ever succeed in making any impression on a snake by music, but he cites the instance of a goose which followed a harp player whenever he performed. Bechstein says that mice are attracted by music, and Bettina noticed the same in running up the gamut. An elephant in Paris, within hearing of a concert, expressed, by its gestures, its pleasure at some pieces, whilst others did not affect it. Some dogs are singularly excited by music, and accompany it with a distressing kind of howl.

It is known to sportsmen that the deer and roe listen to music; and, according to Obsonville, monkeys are attracted by it, and exhibit very marked delight. Fish can hear very distinctly; carp distinguish the sound of a bell, and the voice of their keeper, when called to be fed, which the author witnessed at a pond that contained some carp of an enormous size, in the garden at Peterhoff, near St. Petersburg; a similar event is also mentioned with regard to the truck-fish, in the island of Mauritius. Guiana lizards are said to be enticed into traps by whistling to them. Birds are endowed with a very susceptible power of hearing; provided most wisely as a means of preservation, with regard to their peculiar habits. Obstructed as their sight must often be, by the intervention of long grass, they would otherwise become an easy prey; but the sound of a foot-step, or the snapping of a twig, excites their immediate alarm, and they ensure safety in flight. Some birds not only recognize the voice of their master, but distinguish its intonation, whether as coaxing them, or as calling them to feed. But however keen the faculty in general, song-birds must yet possess a much greater development; for they not only show an ear for melody, by raising and falling in their notes, but they will even pick up an air from a flageolet or an organ.

The mocking-bird of America is undoubtedly the most extra-

ordinary proof of this faculty; for it will imitate as well the song and cries of other birds, as the sounds of different animals. Of all birds, the owl has probably the most exquisite sense of hearing. The mere examination of the outward part of the organ is sufficient to prove that fact with certainty. Dependent on it for its means of subsistence, as enabling it to perceive its prey in the shades of evening, when its sight, however piercing, can only enable it to seize the object, whose slightest motion announces its presence, it sails along on its noiseless, silken wing, exciting no alarm in other things, though it receives it from them. The portion of the ear of the mole assigned for the cognizance of sounds in the air, is less perfect than those which, deeper seated, receive the impression of any sound or vibration proceeding from the earth. The beaver has the power, when diving, to fold its ear backward on its head; and the water-shrew, for the same purpose, has three distinct flaps, which close the orifice, in the same manner that many diving and burrowing animals are furnished with flaps to the nose, by which they close the entrance to all injuries

bodies. The hippopotamus, which remains for lengthened periods beneath the surface of the water, is also provided with a valve-like apparatus. Hares and rabbits, which squat close on the ground, and which might be more readily discovered were any projecting point of their bodies visible, fold their ears flat backwards. In all, this sense is remarkably keen, and with horses it is only exceeded by that of the smell; they hear sounds and are restless long before the rider can perceive an animal or a human being in the distance. The carrier horses in Switzerland hear the fall of an avalanche, and warn their master of the danger, by their terror, and by refusing to advance, and even by turning in an opposite direction. The acute sensibility of this organ is somewhat obstructed by the bushy hairs which grow in the outer sheath, and thus horse-dealers cut them out from horses they have for sale, in order that sounds, striking on the nerves with greater force, may, by exciting the animals, give them a more lively appearance.

PARKINSON'S RESTAURANT.

In the accompanying engravings we give our numerous readers some most excellent views of the confectionary establishment of the celebrated Parkinson of Philadelphia. It is located on Chestnut street, above Tenth, and but a short distance above the Girard House. We could hardly do our hundred thousand readers a more acceptable service than to advise any of them, should pleasure or business direct them towards this beautiful city, by all means to call at Mr. Parkinson's fine establishment. It is one of the best and most extensive *cafes* in the United States, and travellers inform us that in no European city can this establishment in all its appointments be excelled. The building was lately the mansion of a very wealthy private family; Mr. Parkinson has completely remodelled its interior, besides adding to the eat wing a spacious and beautifully decorated store for the sale of ices, confectionaries, fruits, etc. In the main building there are a number

of apartments, all magnificently furnished, but the grand saloon for ladies is the chief feature of the first floor. Its walls are richly frescoed by those eminent artists, Haberstrook & Kaiser, and furnished with sumptuous velvet carpets, rich, costly curtains, gorgeous mirrors, chandeliers, velvet sofas and chairs, marble and rosewood tables, and everything in perfect good taste and harmony. The garden attached, of which Mr. Devereaux has also given us a good picture, is filled with rare exotics, noble trees, shrubbery and flowers. A beautiful and classic fountain forms the centre, from which a *jet d'eau* is seen sparkling in the sunlight. In the rear of this part is a large building, fitted up expressly for gentlemen, as a reading and smoking room. Here may be found on file some of the best literature of the day—all of the London illustrated journals, the Critic, Leader, and Punch, together with our own periodicals of note, embracing Gleason's Pictorial, Graham's Magazine, etc. Mr. J. W. Parkinson is entitled to the honor of having under his charge a restaurant which cannot be excelled in any country, and well worthy of that fair and beautiful city, Philadelphia. The garden, as represented in the next page, is delightfully inviting to the weary and famished; and our Philadelphia friends need never want for a cool and refreshing resort in the hot summer evenings,



PARKINSON'S RESTAURANT, CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Mr. Hartley, in the Isle of Egina, narrates that, passing by a flock of sheep, he asked the shepherd if he gave names to his sheep, and if they obeyed him when he called them by their names? He bade him call one; he did so, and it instantly left his pasturage and his companions, and ran to him with signs of pleasure and prompt obedience. Mr. Wilderspin says he frequently witnessed in Cumberland and other mountainous districts an illustration of the parable that the sheep knows the good shepherd's voice. When the sun is about to set, the shepherd's boy advances along the foot of a chain of mountains, and giving a peculiar call or whistle, the flocks which were scattered like spots of snow over stupendous heights, begin to move simultaneously, and collecting, as they pour down the steep descent, approach him in order, without leaving one solitary straggler. This power of memory is the source of obedience, discipline, and intelligence in animals, and enables man to direct the energies he has controlled. The lesson once taught, the training and submission once enforced, are never forgotten, and even produce new combinations of intelligence.

so long as this convenient and most agreeable *cafe* is open to receive them. The nearest approach to this excellent restaurant that we have chanced to meet with, is that of the famous Demonica's, in Havana, where nearly the same taste has been displayed. This is the nightly resort of the lounging young planters in and about the city, where they can smoke their regalias, and sip their *aguardiente*, or flavored ices, with the utmost abandon—at the same time listening to the fine music of the governor's military band, which always plays throughout the evening in the grand plaza, hard by. We need hardly refer to the excellence with which our artists, designer, and engravers have executed these pictures; as to the artistic beauty all can judge; but as to the exactness of resemblance, to the spot and objects represented, our good readers in the City of Brotherly Love will judge for themselves. We have many more fine pictures in hand of Philadelphia and its immediate vicinity, which will be given to the patrons of the Pictorial in due time, as well as all other localities and subjects of general interest throughout the entire Union.

THE VARNISH TREE.

Few who are in the habit of either using or seeing the beautiful black Japan varnish which is so much admired for the elegant gloss it imparts, know whence it is obtained, or are familiar with the manner in which it is procured, and the unpleasant exposure attending the operation. It is the product of a tree which grows in both China and Japan. It is cultivated in plantations, and is so much improved by the treatment it receives, that a cultivated tree yields three times as much varnish as a wild one. The Chinese call the tree "Tsi Shoo;" it has some resemblance to the ash, with leaves shaped like those of the laurel, of a green color and downy feeling. There is scarcely anything more curious about the tree than the common manner of propagating, which is neither by seed nor suckers. Early in the spring a small branch or twig is selected, about a foot and a half or two feet in length, and a ring of bark cut from it all round about half an inch in breadth. The wound is immediately coated up with soft clay, and a ball of the same clay formed around five or six inches in diameter. This is then covered up with matting to prevent it from falling to pieces, and a vessel of water hung over with very minute holes in the under part, sufficient to permit the water to drop slowly upon the ball, and keep it constantly moist. In the course of six months, with this treatment, the wounded edges of the bark shoot forth into the fibre-like roots, which form the more readily as the tree is still supported by the sap from the parent stock. When the twig has taken sufficient root in the mass of the clay, to support an independent existence, it is cut from the tree a little below the clay, placed immediately in the earth, and at once becomes a self sustaining tree. When these are seven or eight years old, they are capable of supplying the varnish, which is gathered in the following manner: about the middle of summer, the laborers proceed to the plantations of the varnish tree, each furnished with a crooked knife and a large number of hollow shells, somewhat larger than oyster shells. With their knives they make numerous incisions in the bark of the trees, about two inches in length, and under each incision they force in the edge of the shell, which easily penetrates the soft bark, and remains in the tree. This operation is performed in the evening, as the varnish flows only in the night. The next morning they re visit the trees, and find each shell either wholly or partially filled with varnish, which they scrape out carefully with their knives, depositing it in a vessel which they carry with them, and throw the shells into a basket at the foot of the tree. In the

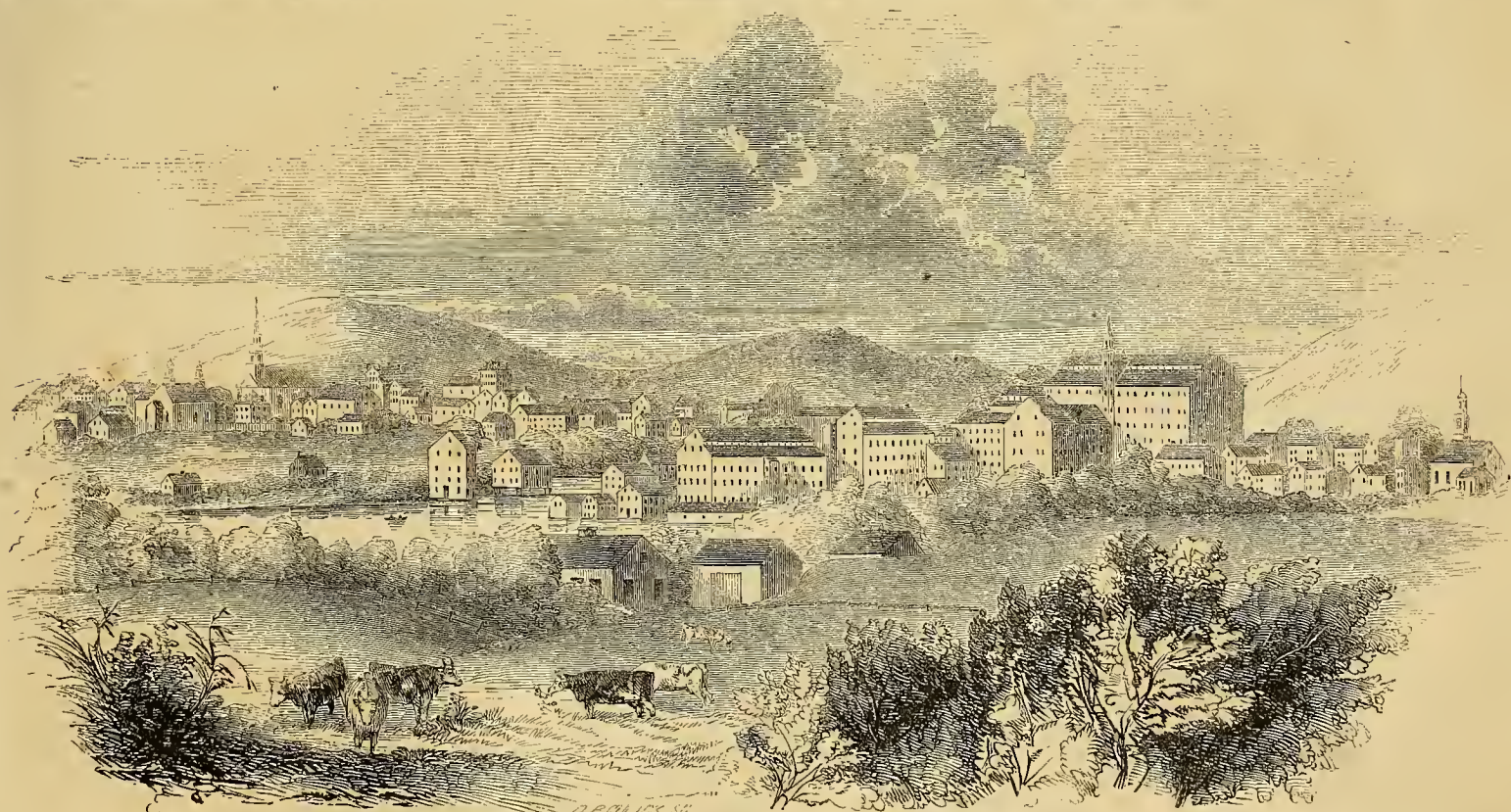
evening the shells are replaced, and the varnish again collected in the morning. This process is continued throughout the summer, or until the varnish ceases to flow. It is computed that fifty trees, which can be attended by a single workman, will yield a pound of varnish every night. When the gathering is over, the varnish is strained through a thin cloth, loosely placed over an earthen vessel, and the little impurity that remains is used in physic. The natural color of the varnish is white, and it looks like cream, but it blackens on exposure to the air. A curious property in the varnish sometimes affects the workmen, causing painful eruptions over the whole body. As a preventive, they rub themselves thoroughly with oil and a decoction of herbs and bark, and keep the system free by medicine. They wrap their heads in linen veils when at work, leaving only the eyes open, and wear long gloves reaching above the elbows.—*Boston Journal*.



GARDEN VIEW OF PARKINSON'S CAFE.

AMESBURY—SALISBURY.

We are indebted for the design of the following picture to D. W. Noyson.—Amesbury was formerly a parish in the town of Salisbury, under the name of Salisbury New Town. It took its name from a town in Wiltshire, England; and in the first records of the town it is written Amesbury. The town was incorporated in 1668; it is six miles in length, and three in breadth, and is divided into three sections: West Parish or Jamaica, the Ferry, and Mills. The Ferry lies at the south-east extremity of the town, at the junction of the Powow River with the Merrimac. Its name is derived from the ancient ferry which was established between this part of the town and Newbury. The river alters its course at this point from a northeast to a southwest direction. This was formerly the seat of considerable trade, and many large ships were owned in this place. Ship-building was also carried on extensively on the banks of the river, and some are still yearly launched. Shad and salmon are caught at this place, but are growing scarce now. The mills are situated at the north-eastern border of the town, around the lower falls of the Powow, forming a continuous settlement with the north-western town of Salisbury, on the opposite side of the Powow. The width of the river is about two rods, and is crossed by a number of bridges. There are five dams at the Mills, within a space of fifty rods; the aggregate fall of water is about seventy-five feet. The stream is rapid, especially in freshet times, when its descent over the falls presents a very beautiful scene. The stream is seldom exhausted; when so, Kimball's Pond is dammed up and converted into a reservoir. The canal which forms a communication between the pond and river is nearly an eighth of a mile in length. It has been built more than a century. A part of it forms a tunnel under a high hill, and is quite a curiosity. Water power in this place was applied to machinery at an early date. Jacob Perkins's machine for cutting and heading nails, which was invented about 1796, was first used in these towns. The town of Amesbury is hilly, and much of the natural scenery is of a picturesque character. The Amesbury Flannel Manufacturing Company, incorporated in 1822, with a capital of \$200,000, have two large factories in operation, one for the manufacture of flannels, and the other for satinetts. Salisbury is the oldest town in Massachusetts, on the north bank of the Merrimac, it being incorporated in 1640. It is a flourishing town. It has one cotton mill, and two woollen mills. About 700 hands are employed in the mills in both towns.



VIEW OF THE TOWNS OF AMESBURY AND SALISBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

A beautiful superstition prevails among the Seneca tribe of Indians. When an Indian suddenly dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then leading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over the grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost.—*Gleason's Pictorial.*

Fly off, O beautiful bird,
To the home of the mourned and dear;
And whisper each tender word,
And tell of each heart-wrung tear.
And sing her a song so sweet,
The sweetest that memory sings;
And never rest on your feet,
Nor pause on your mounting wings—

But onward and upward speed,
Through the regions dim and grand,
Till the far-off stars shall lead
Your course to the spirit-land.
There, bowered in pleasant groves,
Where the souls of the blessed dwell,
The phantom presence roves,
Of the maiden we love so well.

You will know her by her eyes,
That are dark as the forest fawn's;
By their glance of glad surprise,
And their light like the morning dawn's.
You will know her by the grace
Of her motions, wild and free;
By her eloquent, child-like face,
And her form like the swaying tree.

Then bide to her gentle breast,
And closely nestle there;
Ah, happy! to be cared
By an angel so pure and fair.
She will take every fond embrace,
Each kiss we have warmly given,
And sigh for her dear native place,
Though she blooms mid the roses of heaven!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE TWO HOMES:

—OR—

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGLASS.

A MORE striking contrast could scarcely exist than between the homes of William and Henry Camden. United by the tie of brotherhood, in many respects of similar dispositions and feelings, both blessed with worldly prosperity, with affectionate wives and dutiful children, one could scarcely account for the difference which we have mentioned; for, from like causes, we generally expect like results.

But the more observing of those around them, particularly the old settlers of the pleasant village who remembered the brothers when they were lads, knew that there was one point of character in which they were very dissimilar, and this they maintained gave a coloring to every event of their lives. William was of a bright, cheerful temperament, always disposed to make the best of everything, and never discouraged, even when fortune seemed to frown; while Henry, on the contrary, seemed constantly anticipating evil, and embittered his days of prosperity by looking forward to some possible evil shrouded in futurity.

"We used to call them Sunshine and Shadow," remarked old Deacon Gray, as a neighbor made some remark upon the two brothers who had just passed the spot where they stood.

"And the name is certainly applicable to them now," returned the other. "I never saw a more sunshiny home than that of William Camden. His wife is just like himself, always cheerful and contented. His children are the most good-natured little things in the world; everything within and around the house has an air of comfort and happiness which it is perfectly delightful to witness. It always seems to me that the birds sing more sweetly and the flowers bloom brighter there than on any other spot in the village. But Henry's home is shadow indeed. He is a fine man, too, and his wife is a nice woman; but somehow they have such a melancholy turn. I cannot understand it for my part. I hate to see folks borrow trouble."

"It is not Christian like to do so," remarked the deacon, gravely. "We are told in Holy Writ that 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;' and it becometh not poor, short-sighted mortals like ourselves to take thought for the morrow, for we know not what a day may bring forth. Let us look to our present duties, and enjoy our present blessings, trusting the future to an ever-wise Providence."

Leaving the deacon and his friend to their sage reflections, we will at once introduce our readers into the homes of the two brothers. And first, let us take a peep into the pleasant little room where Mrs. William Camden was at that very time awaiting her husband's return. He was somewhat later than usual, and the little ones around her were clamorous for dear father, and indignant that Alice, the nursery maid, should have made her appearance with the usual summons to bed.

"What, go to bed without kissing father! No indeed. Kind mamma would let them sit up a little longer, would she not?" and one coaxing little cherub climbed upon her knee and enforced the request with a kiss, while another clung around her, and looked pleadingly in her face.

"A few minutes longer, Alice," was the reply. "Mr. Camden

will soon be here, I think, and if not, darlings, mamma will kiss you twice, and tell you a pretty story to comfort you."

The little group were gay and glad again, and ere many minutes had elapsed, a joyful shout from those stationed at the window told that the husband and father was in sight. In a few moments he was amongst them, enjoying and returning their caresses, and in no way disturbed by the clamor of their happy little voices; while the mother stood by gazing with delight upon the innocent happiness of her loved ones.

And soon all was hushed. The fond good-night had been said; each little head was upon its pillow, and the parents were left to the quiet enjoyment of the evening meal.

Ever alive to the slightest variation in her husband's feelings, Mrs. Camden had perceived a cloud upon his brow even while he mingled joyfully with his children. But with a woman's peculiar tact, she took no present notice of it, but cheered him with pleasing anecdotes on the passing events of the day, evidences of the improvement of the elder children, and funny little sayings and doings of the younger ones—trifling details, but amusing and interesting to the father's heart.

It was not until the meal was ended, the sleeping little ones visited, and they were once more seated in the quiet room where they usually passed their evenings in reading and conversation, that the wife alluded to the weight which she still saw was upon her husband's mind.

Mr. Camden replied at once with perfect frankness.

"Our business affairs look rather dark at present, dear Ellen; but, I trust, the cloud will soon pass away. We have, however, considerable reason for apprehending a heavy loss, owing to the failure of a house with which our firm is intimately connected. It will put us to much present inconvenience, and some retrenchment will be necessary in all our expenses; but I think all will ultimately go well again."

"I have no doubt of it," was the cheerful though sympathizing reply; "and there are many ways in which we can live more economically, if it should be desirable for a time. A little more exertion on my part would enable us to dispense with at least one servant; our proposed summer excursion can be given up; it is always expensive, and on many accounts superfluous, for we have an abundance of fresh country air in our own pleasant home. Indeed, I have no doubt that we can retrench to a very considerable amount, without experiencing the least inconvenience."

"If all women were like you, my sweet wife," replied the husband, affectionately, "we poor men should not so often be driven to distraction by trouble in our business affairs. A cheerful home is the greatest blessing a man can possess. Poor Henry has returned to his family this evening, completely bowed down with fear of approaching calamity. He can see no bright side to the affair. He is confident that ruin is inevitable. My most powerful arguments fail to convince him that a heavy loss, occasioning temporary inconvenience, is all we have to apprehend. His tender-hearted wife will sympathize with him most truly, but no cheering word will escape her lips; she, too, will take the same gloomy view of affairs. The poor children will go to rest with sad hearts and minds filled with undefinable fears of approaching evil."

Mrs. Camden sighed as she replied:

"I will step over and see Clara in the morning, and endeavor to induce her to look at things in a more cheerful light."

"That will pass even your power, I fear; but come, Ellen, let us resume the book which we commenced last evening. My mind is wearied by close attention to business through the day, and it will be a relief to read a few pages from our favorite author."

An hour or two passed pleasantly away, and then, refreshed and invigorated, the husband and wife sought repose. Their minds dwelt not upon the cloud which, for a time, might obscure their sky. In their evening devotions, they thought but of the many blessings which surrounded them, and prayed for willing hearts to impart these blessings to those who were suffering and needy. Trouble passed lightly over them, for within their own hearts they carried what the poet appropriately calls the stoutest of all armors. The keenest and surest weapon is a bold and cheerful spirit.

Leaving this sunshiny abode, we must beg the reader to return with us to the twilight hour, and accompany Henry Camden to his home. Here, too, the little ones were impatiently awaiting their father's return.

"Something must have happened to father," remarked Mary, the eldest of the children, with a wise shake of the head.

The child but echoed the anxious expression of the mother's countenance, as she gazed uneasily from the window.

"He never stays so late," she murmured. "There must have been some accident on their return from the city," and visions of fractured skulls and broken bones passed rapidly before her.

The children appealed to her for leave to remain up beyond their usual hour, but they were unheeded. Her whole soul was absorbed in the thought of approaching misfortune.

Judging from the appearance of her mistress, that the little ones would be better off out of the way, the nursery maid endeavored to enforce her demands, when fortunately the father entered.

The children sprang to his arms. He stooped to embrace them, saying, sadly:

"Good-night, my darlings; go with Betty. Father does not feel like talking with you to-night."

They obeyed quietly, but an expression of sorrow was visible in their innocent faces.

"Poor father is sick," whispered the youngest darling, as she pressed her lips to his cheek. "Lizzy will take care of him to-morrow."

The mother scarcely waited until the door was closed ere she

approached her husband, and with a tender pressure of the hand, exclaimed:

"My heart told me that something had befallen us, dear Henry; but I feared a personal accident to yourself. Tell me at once what is the matter."

"Our business affairs are in a most critical and alarming condition, Clara. I fear that utter ruin is impending."

Tears fell fast from Mrs. Camden's eyes.

"It will be hard to bear poverty," she murmured. "I think not of myself, dear Henry, but I grieve for you, my poor husband, who have toiled for years to place us in possession of comforts, of which we must now be deprived, and our children, how sadly they will feel the change!"

"It is indeed hard," exclaimed the husband, as he hurriedly paced the apartment, as if bodily motion would relieve the troubled state of his mind; "but there is no remedy, and we must endeavor to submit. William would persuade me that the case is not so desperate as I imagine; but it is useless to deceive myself with hopes which can never be realized. Better to look our troubles full in the face at once."

"Far better," rejoined his wife. "William always talks to us about looking on the bright side; but for my part I think it better to be prepared for the worst."

They seated themselves at the table, but the husband partook of the food which was placed before him, without relish, and Clara felt a choking sensation in her throat which prevented her from swallowing one mouthful.

The evening passed in mournful silence, and at an early hour, with sad hearts, they sought repose.

Morning found the brothers again at their post—the one invigorated and strengthened for whatever might befall; the other still more depressed and anxious.

At home the contrast was even more striking. With her usual motherly kindness and cheerful activity, Ellen Camden had prepared her elder children for school, provided suitable amusements for the little ones, superintended her domestic establishment, and then hastened to prepare herself for a friendly call upon her sister-in-law, anxious, if possible, to alleviate her fears, and prevent her from sinking into the state of dependency which she had witnessed on other occasions. Amid all her various employments, her mind was constantly with her husband, not with anxiety and foreboding, but with a more than common tenderness, and an earnest desire to impart peace and consolation should affairs take a worse turn than he had apprehended.

A short and pleasant walk brought her to the house of Henry Camden. She could not but think of her own pretty cottage, with its green blinds, its neat fences, the pleasant shrubbery, and the clustering roses and honeysuckles filling the air with their fragrance, as she approached the gloomy-looking mansion, where all embellishment seemed to be scorned, unless we except a weeping willow, or the deep green of the ivy which clustered around the front portico.

Four sweet children were playing in the yard, and they joyfully flew to welcome "Aunt Ellen," as she approached.

"How comes it that you are not at school, dear Mary?" she asked, as she affectionately returned their greeting.

A shade passed over the child's countenance, as she replied:

"Mother did not get us ready as usual. I asked her once if it was not school time, but she said that it made little difference now, for we should not be able to go to school long. Something is the matter of poor mother; she has cried all the morning, and father was very sad, too. I am glad you have come, Aunt Ellen."

"This is worse than I anticipated," thought Mrs. Camden. "I fear Clara has some affliction of which I am ignorant," and with ready sympathy, she entered without ceremony.

"Mrs. Camden is in her own room, ma'am," said the attendant. "I presume you can see her, although she bade me tell any one that called that she was not well, and did not feel able to see company."

"I will go up to her room," was the reply; and the gentle tap at the door was answered by a request to walk in.

"Good morning, Clara. I am grieved to hear that you are not well this morning," was the salutation of the visitor, to which greeting a pressure of the hand and a shower of tears were the only response. "You alarm me, Clara. Has anything occurred of which I am uninformed? Your husband, is he well?"

"Alas, my poor husband! It is for him that I grieve most deeply," sobbed Clara. "Surely, Ellen, William has told you of our mutual misfortunes."

"He has told me that there is danger of a heavy loss in their business, which will, for a while, embarrass them, and render economy on our part necessary; but I do assure you, my dear sister, there is no cause for this extreme anxiety and alarm. If your husband is desponding, there is more need that you should be calm and cheerful. The cares and perplexities of the day are annoying, and the business man frequently returns with a clouded brow. How important it is that his wife should then meet him with bright smiles and soothing words."

"Surely we should sympathize with their griefs," was the almost indignant reply. "Would you have me smile when Henry is sad? My heart must be cold indeed."

"True sympathy, Clara, does not require that we take upon ourselves the whole state of the one with whom we sympathize. We may, indeed, enter deeply into his feelings, but if we would be mediums of consolation, we must endeavor to keep our own minds in a quiet, cheerful state, and, if possible, present a brighter side of the picture to him whom we are endeavoring to console."

"But here there can be no brighter side, Ellen. The prospect is, that we are penniless."

"O, no, no, Clara! not so bad as that; but even if we were,

we should be thankful that our husbands are still comparatively young men, with good health and undiminished energies, and that we ourselves are well adapted to any exigency in which we may be placed, being possessed of various talents and accomplishments, which would not only enable us to be useful to our children, but might add materially to our diminished incomes. I have an excellent opinion of your abilities, and no very mean one of my own, you see. So cheer up, my dear sister, and above all remember that our afflictions, as well as our blessings, are from a Father's hand, and are designed for the same great end. The loss of worldly riches dims not our hopes of eternal happiness, and while these hopes remain, is not the future bright before us?"

The better feelings and deeper principles of Clara responded to this appeal, and for a time she made some effort to rise above the grief which she had allowed to overwhelm her. Ellen remained with her for an hour, and then left her, with the satisfaction of knowing that she was far more cheerful than when she entered.

With her husband's return, however, the dark shadow returned also. There was no vigorous effort to raise him from the slough of despond into which he had fallen. A slight attempt at a smiling welcome was instantly checked by the despairing expression of his countenance.

A week passed before matters were decided, and then Henry Camden was forced to acknowledge the superiority of his brother's judgment. There was indeed a heavy loss, and some retrenchment was necessary, but they were still in possession of every comfort.

This removal of their worst fears did not, however, produce the relief which might have been expected. Every economical arrangement was viewed as a calamity, and trifling acts of self-denial, which, to the more cheerful Ellen, seemed scarcely worth noting, were to Clara subjects of mournful regret and constant annoyance.

But our design is merely to present to our readers a few striking instances of the contrast between the homes of Sunshine and Shadow.

Three years had passed, and the cloud which had obscured their worldly prospects had disappeared, and the brothers were even more prosperous than formerly. It was the birthday of the eldest daughter of William Camden, a lovely girl of twelve years, and a happy party was assembled in their pleasant parlors to celebrate the joyful day.

"Is it not delightful to look at the children?" said the fond mother, as, wearied with her exertions for the entertainment of her young guests, she seated herself by the side of her sister-in-law, who had been invited to accompany her own little ones on the occasion. "There is so much innocence in their joy, that it seems to bring us nearer to our heavenly home when we join them in their sports. I know no better cure for the heart-ache than to mingle with a group of merry children."

"But do no fears for the future ever disturb your mind while contemplating their joy?" asked Mrs. Henry Camden, as she stooped to kiss one of the joyful little ones who, at that moment, ran up to them for a caress. "For my own part, it often makes me sad to witness the wild merriment of thoughtless youth. How little they know through what dark paths their future lot may be cast. In riper years they may look back upon their happy childhood as a beautiful dream, which sometimes forces itself upon their minds in painful contrast with the stern realities of life."

"True," was the reply; "but who would instill a dread of the future in their young hearts? Confiding in the love of their Heavenly Father, we would teach them to receive, day by day, their daily bread, rejoicing in the sunshine, and regarding the storms with humble gratitude as messengers of their Father's love, purifying their souls from earthly dross. Surely we may rejoice with them, my sister, unchecked by the fear of evils shrouded in futurity."

Their conversation was interrupted by the approach of little Ellen Camden, Clara's youngest daughter, a lovely child of four years, leading her little cousin, a bright, manly little fellow, nearly a year younger.

"Look, mamma," exclaimed Ellen, "cousin Henry and I have come to sit by you and Aunt Ellen. We are tired now, and want to rest, and I have some nice sugar-plums in my pocket, and Henry shall have half."

They seated themselves at their mothers' feet, and laughed and chatted with innocent glee, as they divided the candy, and watched the sports of the elder children.

The two mothers bent over them with delight, but even then, a half-defined fear checked Clara's joy, and she whispered to her sister:

"There is one grief that we have never yet known, dear Ellen. Could we bear a separation from these precious ones?"

"Should our Father call them to himself, we will endeavor cheerfully to yield him his own," she replied; but a tear glistened in her eye as she pressed her boy to her heart, and bestowed an almost equally affectionate embrace upon the little Ellen.

One short week had elapsed since the birthday party, and the voice of mourning was heard in the home of Henry Camden. The loved one, the pet and darling of the whole house, sweet little Ellen, lay upon the bed of death.

Every means had been tried to abate the raging fever which scorched her life-blood, but it was in vain; no mortal power could save her. In her delirium, she called wildly upon her parents for comfort and aid, but alas! they responded not to the appeal. Overwhelmed with anguish, even their bodily senses seemed almost paralyzed with grief, and they appeared incapable of thought or action.

It was then that the more exalted faith and submission of the

scarcely less afflicted aunt shone brightly in the chamber of death. It was her kind voice which soothed the little sufferer, her hand which quieted the restlessness of delirium, upon her bosom the last sigh was breathed. The little one had gone home.

Gladly would Ellen have spoken words of consolation to the bereaved parents. Gladly would she have led them to turn from the mournful contemplation of their own loss, and think of that joyous little spirit freed from the fetters of earth, and now to be admitted to the heavenly mansion of light and love. But she felt that it would be vain. Clara could but shake her head, and reply in a voice broken by sobs:

"You know not the feelings of a mother's heart when the cherished one is taken from her. May God spare you the affliction!"

Alas! even while she spoke, the hour had arrived. A hasty summons from the home of William Camden called the mother to the side of her little Henry, who was violently attacked with symptoms of the same disorder which had ended the life of his cousin.

A fear of this had crossed Ellen's mind, for she well remembered how lovingly the two darlings had sat together at their feet, and even then the fearful disease must have filled the veins of the little girl.

With a sad heart she took the sweet boy in her arms, and gazed upon his altered countenance; but an earnest prayer for strength was not unanswered. Even amid the dark clouds which now encompassed her, she could see light beyond, and her heart was filled with a heavenly peace which earthly afflictions could not take away.

The father also, although deeply tried, bowed his soul in submission to the will of his Creator; and while watching unwearily by the side of his boy, suffered not himself to endeavor to draw him back to earth, while the angel band were quietly withdrawing him to heaven. All human means were tried, and when these failed, the cherished little spirit was yielded without a murmur.

How different now were those two homes! In each there was a void. The bright faces and happy voices of the dear ones were missed by all. But in the one the darkness of the shadow of death still reigned, and every object was enshrouded in its gloom; while in the other, the heavenly sunshine had already beamed forth. Affliction had increased the affection of those who remained, and as they drew still nearer to each other, they felt that a new tie bound them to their heavenly home, and that the happy spirit of him who had gone before, called upon them to sorrow no more, but to look upward and rejoice with him in the light of heaven.

Our simple sketch is ended. May the lesson which we have endeavored to convey sink deeply into our hearts, and encourage us, amid the vicissitudes of life, to maintain a calm and cheerful spirit; never dwelling on the dark side which earth may sometimes present to our view, but looking up to the Source of constant and unflinching light. Then shall the sunshine of the soul illumine the external objects which surround us, and the dark shadows which too often obscure the happiness of our homes will disappear, like the mist of a summer's morning, giving place to peace, contentment and joy.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THRENODY

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MILLARD FILLMORE.

BY CORNELIA J. ORME.

Ye have mourned in the forest stillness,
O'er the oak and the proud elm's fall,
And spread o'er the pine in its glory,
The clouds as an earthly pall;
With the tramp of a nation's footsteps,
And the roll of the muffled drum,
The great, and the wise, and the mighty,
To their long, last slumber come.
But now for the flower faded,
Riseeth dirges soft and low,
And the heart a sad requiem music
Keepeth time to the tear-drop's flow!
Ay! a flower, in prime of blossom,
Winning homage as a queen;
Yet meek in her bloom as the violet
That hides 'neath its leafy screen;
Soft may she rest with the buds she loved best,
Weaving above her their beautiful vest!

A favored one! the world bestowed
On thee full many a token;
And eager friendship twined thy heart,
Whose strings were yet unbroken.
A husband's fame, more precious far,
(What glory could be dearer?)
Reflected on thy sunny path
A ray than diamonds fairer!
But midst of joys unwithering still,
And honors borne so meekly,
He came—before whose hallowed breath
E'en love's strong arms grow weakly.
Yet should we mourn that thou hast won
A meed earth ne'er hath given?
Transferred from lofty halls below,
To loftier halls in heaven!

* Clay, Calhoun and Webster.

With a true wife, a husband's faults should be sacred. A woman forgets what is due to herself when she consecrates to that refuge of weakness—a female confidante. A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable in her estimation than his life. If this be not the case, she pollutes her marriage vow.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

PARTING AND MEETING.

BY ALICE CARREY.

Like music in a reed, the light
Was shut up in the dim, wild night;
And 'twixt the black boughs fell the snowing,
The black March laughs together blowing,
Till hill and valley all were white.

The windows of the old house glowed
With the dry oak-boughs, burning brightly,
As in the old house burned they nightly;
So little cared they that it snowed,
The two my rhyme is of. If tears
Or shadows filled the eyes else lit
With sunshine it were best untried,
And all about sweet hopes and fears
Were best unaid, too. Tares will grow
In spite of the most careful sowing;
We find them in the time of mowing,
Instead of flowers, we all do know.

So it were better that I write
No whit about the lady's sighing;
'T were better said she had been trying
To make it pretty for the night.
Ruds, white and scarlet in her hair,
And that the ribbon she should wear
Had sadly vexed her—not a hue,
Purple nor carmine that would do.

Or that the cowslips of the May,
Her little hand had freely given;
Nay, more, the sweetest star of heaven,
To guide a rose the more that day
For her and cheek—so foolish runs
In all of us the blood of youth.
Ere wintry frosts or summer suns
Bleach fancy's fabrics, and the truth
Of sober senses turns aside
The images once defied.

It was a time of parting dread,
For middle night the cock was crowing,
The black March boughs together blowing,
The lady mourning to be dead;
And idly pulling down the flowers,
Tied prettily about her hair;
Alas! she had but little care
For any bliss of future hours!
That parting made the world all dim
To her, which ever way she saw;
I know not what it was to him
Belike, but as the gusty flaw
That went before the huds—if so,
Hers was a doubly piteous woe!

And years are gone, or fast or slow,
And many a love has had its making
Since these two parted, at the breaking
Of daylight, whiter than the snow.

Again 'tis March! the lady's brows
Are circled with another light
Than of the burning oaken boughs,
That lit the house the parting night.
And they have met, the eyes so sweet
In the old time again she sees;
Hears the same voice, and yet for these
Her heart has not an added beat.
If there be tremblings now, or sighs,
They be not hers—she feels no sorrow
That he will be away to-morrow;
Nor joy that bridal morings rise
Out of his smiling—she is free!
O give her pity, give her tears,
By one great wave of passion's sea,
Drifted alike from hopes and fears.

SUPERSTITION OF THE FELLAHS.

Earth, air and water, in the East, are filled with spirits, evil or good, who constantly hold communications with mortals. The number of the evil ones, perhaps, predominates. Every day the fellah is liable to come in contact with them. If he stumble over a clod, he must take care to invoke the name of God in a form, otherwise he is sure to be possessed; and there is always a devil ready to leap down his throat in case he should happen to gape. He dare not, without first politely asking permission, even pour out water on the ground, or throw down any load, or sit upon the grass, or light a fire. Every place, every part of a house, is inhabited by its peculiar genius. The well is almost always haunted by a beautiful spirit, who floats in the water, or hovers over its surface; and no bucket is ever let down without a previous "hy your leave." Even the Mustra has uncouth, loathsome goblins, peculiar to itself; and on entering it is necessary to say, "Astabak min el habs wu el habasi." In this invocation, the name of God is left out; and for the same reason written paper is never trod upon, nor otherwise treated disrespectfully, because it either has the name of God written or printed upon it, or the letters which form that name. Most persons extend the same respect to white paper, simply because it has the power of receiving the sacred impression. To sit upon a book is considered the very height of impiety; and if it is done by accident, must be atoned for by an invocation specially adapted to the case.—*Village Life in Egypt.*

THE FAIR SEX.

Woman is a very nice and complicated machine. Her springs are infinitely delicate, and differ from those of a man, as the work of a repeating-watch does from that of a town-clock. Look at her body—how delicately formed! Observe her understanding—how subtle and acute! But look into her heart—there is the watch-work, composed of parts so minute in themselves, and so wonderfully combined, that they must be seen by a microscopic eye to be clearly comprehended. The perception of woman is as quick as lightning. Her penetration is intuition—I had almost said instinct. Spirit in conversation depends upon fancy, and women all over the world talk better than men.—*Sherlock.*

PRINCE ALBERT,

AS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE, ENG.

Cambridge, England, like Cambridge, Massachusetts, is a name familiarly associated with the memory of every student and scholar, as most intimately connected with education and letters. Our engraving represents the queen's consort in the character of Chancellor of the University, and in the robes and costume generally which he wears on the occasion of his annual visit to Cambridge. Reader, did you ever happen to visit Cambridge during vacation, says an able writer, when no subject of local interest had arisen to disturb the tranquillity of that very interesting town? If, in your anxiety to familiarize yourself with the architectural grandeur and solemn beauty of the colleges, you have selected that silent period of the year for your visit, you must have been

nothing to shake your impression that Cambridge was the perfect type of human tranquillity. A few more gowas, a few more caps, a few more pale and anxious faces will have met your eye in the rich and umbrageous gardens, the silent cloisters, and the serene meadows on the margin of the serpentine and silver Cam; but they could have had no effect in shaking your conviction that human passion was in a state of suspense—that all the struggles of ambition, the yearnings of hope, the anxieties of avarice, the despair of love, the suggestions of envy, hatred, and malice, were entirely absorbed and engrossed in the one noble and valuable pursuit of wisdom. In short, the sentiments that might be supposed to possess one, and the sights (save on a less aristocratic scale) are the same as those which would greet us in our own American precincts of Harvard. This celebrated university is of

EFFECTS OF CLOTHING.

The London Lancet, on the subject of clothing, says:—Let a person in bed be covered with sufficient blankets to promote perspiration, and let these blankets be covered with an oil or India rubber cloth, or other impervious fabric, in the morning the blankets will be dry, but the under surface of the India-rubber cloth will be quite wet. The blankets, by their dryness, show that the exhalations of the body pass through them, and would pass through them to the surrounding air had they not been intercepted by the impervious outer covering. Thus the habitual use of an impervious covering is injurious. Its effect must be to place the body in a constant vapor-bath, in which the insensible or healthy perspiration is constantly becoming condensed into the form of humidity, and, being prevented from passing off in its elastic and



PRINCE ALBERT IN COSTUME AS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

particularly struck with the calm and dignified repose, so proper to the abode of learning, which distinguishes even the high streets and market-places of Cambridge. Here and there you may perchance have encountered a master of a college pacing the *trottoir* with the unbent brow and pleasant smirk of an important functionary temporarily relieved from a portion of his cares and responsibilities, and occasionally you may have been jostled by a fellow in a state of severe abstraction, but nothing else can have occurred to impress you with an idea that you were in the midst of an active and teeming population. Or you may have visited the fine old town in term time, when crowds of undergraduates were avidly drinking from the pure well of temporal and spiritual knowledge, and the various classes of seniors were actively engaged in informing the youthful mind and controlling youthful tendencies to reprehensible aberrations. Still you will have seen

very ancient origin. According to some writers, it was founded as early as 630, but the earliest authentic document relative to it bears date 1229. The university consists of seventeen colleges, four of which are called halls. It is composed of a chancellor, vice-chancellor, masters or heads, fellows of colleges, and students. The government is administered by a chancellor, a vice-chancellor, who is usually the head of some college, a high steward, two proctors, and many other subordinate officers. There are also twenty-three professors in the various departments of literature and science. Two members of parliament are returned by the university, who are chosen by the whole body collectively. Cambridge and Oxford are the great foci of literature and science in England; and though, in this radical age, they may be thought by some as evincing a conservatism behind the times, yet their influence is still potent, having all the prestige of a venerable antiquity.

invisible form, the perspiration is thus constantly checked, and skin eruptions must be the result. Nevertheless, it must be less injurious to check perspiration, in some degree, by a water-proof overcoat, than to get soaked with rain. There can be no doubt that water-proof fabrics may be made very light, and so formed as to be worn in wet weather and yet allow some room for perspiration. But still they are not healthy, and should never be put on but in cases of extreme necessity. Any person who has worn a water-proof outer garment for some time knows, by experience, that it causes weakness and chills. No person should wear a garment but such as allows the vapor or perspiration, which is continually exuding from the skin, to pass off freely. For this reason, a frequent change of entire clothing conduces to health. Clothing should be light and warm, and not too tight, and the modern styles of clothing favor this idea very much.



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"Morning Hymn to Christ," verses, by JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

KEEP BUSY.

The idler—or, perhaps, we should give him the more legitimate and descriptive name of loafer—is a sponge on society, a mere vegetable, a sort of toadstool, and quite as useless. He never produces a single thought, his hands are never turned to anything; but he lolls about, lazy and miserable, from morning until night. Fie, fie, man! what is life without activity? only a door groaning on its rusty hinges. We care not how rich a man may be; to be happy he must be busy. Refine indolence as you may, ennui will creep in. The only thing that melancholy fears is perspiration. The best fun in the world is activity. Who ever saw a wood-sawyer or a hod-carrier troubled with the blues? It is only the rich and comfortable that die of indigestion. When we set our eyes on a lazy, complaining man, we recall Zimmerman's words. "If you ask me," says the shrewd old philosopher, "which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence will conquer all the rest." Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity. It is with us as with the things in nature about us, which, by motion, are preserved in their purity and perfection; if the water runneth it holdeth clear, sweet and fresh, but what is more noisome than a stagnant pool? Pythagoras says, that in this theatre of man's life, it is reserved only for God and angels to look on. But, according to Swift, even angels are not to be passive. The royal arms of Lilliput, he says, are an angel lifting a lame beggar from the earth.

WIRE LACE.—At Nottingham, England, the great centre of the lace manufacture, they are now manufacturing a most beautiful fabric of lace for window and bed curtains, etc., of iron wire. Verily, this is an iron age.

SPLINTERS.

.... Some one poetically and very beautifully defines prayer as being the respiration of the soul.

.... Property in the city of Washington is rapidly rising in value, and prosperity is the lot of most of its citizens.

.... Judge Haliburton, of whom we recently gave a likeness, is now in London, about to publish a new book of humor.

.... Mrs. Meagher, wife of the exile, is on her way for New York, accompanied by Thomas Meagher, M. P., the exile's father.

.... The Chinese eat many kinds of insects, such as locusts, grasshoppers, and silk-worms. They are very fond of rats.

.... A telegraph line from London to Calcutta and Canton is projected. A girdle will be put round the world one of these days.

.... The population of Lexington, Ky., in a sexual point of view, is singularly divided, being 2756 males, and 2755 females.

.... The French government maintains 40,428 priests, at an annual expense of about nine million dollars.

.... Madame Louise Rutkay, sister of Kossuth, arrived in the Hermann at New York, a few days since, with her three children.

.... Col. Scott Hayden, well known for his connection with the unfortunate expedition under Lopez, died in New Orleans, lately.

.... The Countess of Desmond, who died in James I.'s reign, declared Richard III. as handsome a man as she ever danced with.

.... Grace Greenwood and five other unmarried ladies are still keeping old maids' hall at Rome. "Strong-minded" party.

.... That a man who has no bills to pay, belongs to the *no-bility*, in the strictest sense of the word, who can guisany?

.... A correspondent, who is given to sporting, wants to know when the "Anglo Saxon race," so much talked about, is to come off.

.... Our friend Josselyn, of the "Lynn Bay State," is about to start a daily penny paper in Salem. Success to you, neighbor.

.... A man may "do good by stealth," but as for blushing "to find it fame," that's all nonsense, you may rely upon it.

.... The Koh-i-noor diamond is valued at about \$10,000,000. The interest on this would support a small family very handsomely.

WOMAN.

How seldom do we pause to realize the true sphere of woman; indeed, how few among women even realize their own power and rightful position. Ladies, do you wish to govern your husbands, lovers, or brothers? Let us tell you how to accomplish it. To begin with: those who govern most make the least noise, as is seen in the rowing of a barge. Those who do the drudgery, splash, puff and perspire like mad; while he who governs, sits quietly in the stern, and is hardly seen to move at all. Take a hint from this, and never attempt to argue or accomplish your purpose by controversy; it is ill judged, especially between husband and wife. Rousseau says: "The empire of woman is an empire of softness, of address, of complacency; her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears." Let a smile then be your ever ready weapon; let gentleness be your argument, and thus by quiet persuasiveness shall your purpose be gained. Let modesty, that crowning jewel of thy sex, be ever with thee, for loveliness ceases to exist without it. Though a woman may be decked with all the embellishments of art and nature, yet if boldness be read in her face, it blots out all the lines of beauty, and leaves a cloud shadowing the fairest work of the Creator. Talk about the laws that govern us, and that a man must be master in his own house; why, woman has more strength in her looks than man has in all his boasted codes of law, and many times more power in her tears than we have in any of our arguments.

A man cannot possess anything better than a good wife, nor anything worse than a bad one. She moulds the character of his home; she makes it sweet or bitter to him; she is the presiding genius, and if false to her trust, no earthly power can avert the fearful consequences that must result. It true to her position and her nature—if governing by love and gentleness—she is an angel of light, and borrows her lustre only from heaven. It has been said, that woman was made of a rib out of the side of Adam—not out of his head to rule over him, nor out of his feet to be trampled upon by him, but under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved; ay, there is the sphere where she is most potent, the empire where she reigns as queen. Let her arguments and influences then be exerted upon the tenderer sensibilities of our nature, those faculties which gentleness subdues; let her language be that of love, and success is certain. Thus shall the wife render her husband happy; his home, his quiet fire-side, will be to him like an oasis in the desert of life, where there shall spring up a fountain of gushing tenderness and welcome. God blesses such a home.

Perhaps at no period and in no country has woman received so just an appreciation, or been accorded a more honorable position, than those she enjoys at the present time, and in our own happy land. She is indeed the dispenser of the sunshine of the brightest side of human life. No one dares dispute her supremacy, or raise a voice against her. It was different in the olden ages of the world; then woman was often the jest of the opposite sex. Xenarchus, the comic poet, in noticing that only the male grasshopper sang, exclaims: "How happy they are in having dumb wives!" Eubalus, another old Grecian jester, after mentioning the atrocities of Medea, Clytemnestra and Phedra, says, it is but fair that he should proceed to enumerate the virtuous heroines, when he suddenly stops short, and pretends that he cannot recollect a single one!

SONTAG AND ALBONI.

These two eminent prima donnas have met with distinguished success in this country, both in concert and in opera. Sontag is better supported by the talent that accompanies her; but Alboni is a host in herself, with far more compass and power than her rival, but with, perhaps, less culture. Indeed, Sontag had a European reputation before Alboni was old enough to sing in public, and though her notes are surpassing sweet and liquid, she often fails in what she attempts. Alboni, on the contrary, is as clear and perfect in articulating her highest as her lowest notes. In Boston, both these distinguished artistes have formed hosts of friends, and, on Sontag's part, this has been accomplished in spite of the meanness of her managers in the late opera season at the Howard Athenaeum.

HIGHLAND COSTUME.—The gay world of Paris seem to have been much struck with the costume of a nobleman, Lord Orkney, at the grand ball given by the Legislative body, on Easter Monday, to the Emperor and Empress of France. This northern lord, it is said, wore "the knife at the garter, the hunting horn, the plaid, the kilt, the bonnet, the sporran, all complete as Roderick Dhu, or Fergus Macivor." He drew more eyes upon him than even the Duke of Brunswick, who was covered with diamonds.

REPARTÉE.—In the United States Senate, an Indiana man twitted Clark, of Rhode Island, about the governor of that State having so poor a salary that he was obliged to raise cows and milk. Clark rejoined, saying, that while in Rhode Island they killed their calves and sold their milk, in Indiana they raised their calves and sent them to Congress.

ATTACHMENT.—A man went home, the other evening, and found a new and somewhat original attachment on his wife's pinno; it was put on by the sheriff.

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY.—An ancient author writes:—To make a man smart, throw him on his own resources.

GENTLE HINT.—A country editor invites the attention of delinquent subscribers to the 6th chapter of Luke, 31st verse.

REMEMBER.—No punishment is so terrible as prosperous guilt.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Joel W. Lincoln to Miss Priscilla N. Tower, of Colmar.
By Rev. Mr. Richards, Jonathan Prescott, Esq., of Memphis Tenn., to Miss Priscilla O. Hickford.
By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John H. Barker to Miss Clara Bowman.
By Rev. Mr. Neale, Mr. William O. Dresser, of Haverhill, to Mrs. Deborah M. Robinson.
By William Palfrey, Esq., Mr. Royal Brooks to Miss Almira Manso, of Eaton, N. H.
At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Stearns, Mr. Samuel P. Adams to Miss Caroline W., daughter of Elphinst Davis, Esq.
At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Moulton, Mr. Samuel G. Ladd, Jr., to Miss Eliza A. Rhoads; by Rev. Mr. Dennis, Mr. Andrew J. Baldwin to Miss Esther E. Aulis.
At Hallowell, by Rev. Mr. Tucker, Mr. Henry Harrington, of Westbrook, to Miss M. Eliza, daughter of Samuel Payson, Esq.
At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Cummings, Dr. James W. Hartley to Miss Mary Jane, daughter of Mr. Cook Borden.
At West Winchester, N. H., by Rev. Mr. Mansoo, Mr. Thomas E. Dudley, of Boston, Mass., to Miss Emma A. Turner.
At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. French, Mr. James H. Fuller to Miss Mary E. Farr; Mr. Nathaniel Dana to Miss Lois C. Tolman.
At New York, Mr. Franz Bulow Muller, of Liverpool, Eng., to Miss Coraella R., daughter of Mr. Prosper M. Wetmore.

DEATHS

In this city Mrs. Minerva P., wife of Mr. Freeland Stockwell, 43; Mr. Sam'l Hollis, 39; Miss Sarah Ann, daughter of Mr. E. K. Lyford, 19; Mr. Joseph H. Bartlett, 52; Mr. James Simpson, 80; George E., son of Mr. Stephen Fitzgerald, 3; Miss Caroline B. Donoherty, 7; Mr. Francis S., wife of Capt. George A. Trundy, 27; Mrs. Christian H., widow of the late Marvin Marov, Esq., of East Cambridge, 58; Mr. Freeman Lane, 61; Mrs. Bethiah W., relict of the late William Sawyer, Esq.
At Roxbury, Mrs. Lydia Parshley, formerly of Stratford, N. H., 85.
At Charlestown, Mrs. Lydia A., wife of Mr. James M. Simpson, 28.
At Cambridge, John Farrar, LL.D., 73.
At Lynn, Mr. Joseph Short, 43; Mr. Aaron Bacheller, 46.
At Hingham, Mrs. Lydia, relict of Mr. Solomon Lincoln, 81.
At Acron, Mrs. Mary, widow of the late Mr. Tilly Robbins, 80.
At Newington, N. H., Mr. Joseph Coleman, 90.
At Boothbay, Me., Mrs. Apphia, wife of the late Seba Smith, Esq., 84.
At New Haven, Ct., Mr. Alexander Fisher son of Prof. Olmsted, 20.
At Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. Harriet E. P., wife of Mr. Charles F. Burdett.
At East Salem, N. Y., Mr. Ebenezer Harris, a native of Brooklyn, Ct., 88.
At Washington, D. C., Mrs. Isabella Leavitt Howard, wife of Chas. S. West.
At Cincinnati, Mrs. Fanny Siders, wife of Edward Knight, of Boston.
At Frankfort, Ky., Mr. Joshua McQueen, 106.
At Savannah, Ga., John Savery, Esq., of Carver, Mass., 64.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE WIDOW'S STORY.

A SCENE FROM ACTUAL LIFE.

BY MISS LUCY BRADSHAW.

WE were sojourning for a short time at the Galt House, Louisville, Kentucky,—fortune had made me a rover from my very girlhood. While my father attended to his business, I often roamed through the streets, which are all at right angles, after the Philadelphia style, and amused myself by watching the many faces I saw, and pausing now and again to play, for a moment, with some of the bright-eyed children that thronged the sidewalks.

As I was passing through one of the short streets that cross the main thoroughfare, I paused before a very lowly and humble-looking tenement, attracted by the pale face and languid eye of a little boy, who sat on the door-sill, inhaling the morning air of a fine spring day. To my interrogations, the little fellow answered with singular intelligence; said he had been sick—that mother was sick now, and had sent him out to breathe the fresh air. My sympathy and interest were both at once enlisted, and asking the child if I might go in and see his mother, I passed into the house, and came upon a scene that brought quick tears into my eyes.

The room I had entered was clean and neat, though it contained nothing beyond the positive necessities of life, including a low pine bedstead, a couple of chairs, a plain deal table, and a few cups and saucers on a couple of shelves, beneath which were one or two iron utensils for cooking. These were the principal articles in the room. Upon the bed lay the pale and attenuated form of a woman, of perhaps three and thirty years, and beside her an infant of seven or eight months was sleeping—a beautiful child, its full round cheeks contrasting strangely with the mother's attenuated figure and sunken features.

Both were asleep. The mother breathed short and quick, and a sigh ever and anon heaved her breast, while a dimpled smile wreathed the tranquil features of the babe. Ah, how I struggled with my feelings to suppress any motion or sound that might awaken them. I could hardly retain sufficient control over myself to avoid sobbing aloud. Youth and age, boyhood and motherhood,—how suggestive! What a crowd of contending reflections rushed through my mind, and how were they heightened by the grave contrast that existed between the blessed angel face, and that of the care-worn mother! I stood as though bound by some secret spell, until at last the infant made some uneasy note of restlessness, and the quick ear of the mother caused her to awake.

Of course she was startled to see me, a stranger, standing there, but my countenance must have so plainly spoken the sympathy that I felt at heart, that she was at once re-assured, and rising from her humble bed, she asked me to sit down. This I was glad enough to do, for somehow the effect of what I had seen was to set me trembling, the activity of my thoughts had made me physically weak, and I sat down, almost unable longer to retain an upright posture. After a few kind and solicitous words on my part, I gained the key to unlock the story, the preface of which lay open before my eyes. It was sad,—sad, indeed,—but with most beautiful and reclaiming shades of character and nature in its relation.

Lucy Hubbard belonged to a very excellent family in New England. Her father was a member of the legal profession, and resided in one of the large towns of the Eastern States. Losing his wife while Lucy was yet an infant, Mr. Hubbard provided a prudent and competent housekeeper, under whose charge he placed his child, and being himself much absorbed in his profession and in politics, he seldom interfered with the domestic arrangements, or took cognizance of them at all, further than to pay the quarterly bills, and listen on such occasions to the housekeeper's report of the family affairs. Lucy, thus left alone as it were, grew up, weed-like, beautiful by nature, but little cultivated in mind or person, until her fourteenth year, when she was sent to a popular boarding-school by her father.

This was a delightful change for the child. To form so many acquaintances, to be with so many kind-hearted companions, to strive to equal them in her attainments, and to love them too,—for with a heart capable of loving warmly, she had fondled, heretofore, little exercise for this power. Lucy had been at this school just one year, and greatly had she improved. Personally she had assumed a most beautiful and womanly appearance, and her features, naturally beautiful, had now gained the added charms of mental refinement and culture. In her rambles about the hills and grounds in the neighborhood of the academy, Lucy had by chance become acquainted with one who was destined to cast a most important influence upon her life.

Horace Hardwick was a young mechanic, but he was a fine, manly person, whose bosom seemed filled with the nobleness of true manhood, and who added to a fine figure and handsome features the attractions of good sense, wit, cheerful humor, and a scrupulously honest and upright character. He loved the young school girl, and we hardly need add that he was loved in return. They attended the same meeting, walked often together, they met frequently, unknown to others, and, finally, they vowed to love and marry each other. Lucy knew very well her father's pride—she knew that he would never consent to her marrying a mechanic, but Horace had in a short twelvemonth become everything to her, and her vow should be kept.

On the day that Lucy was sixteen, she went home to pass her birthday with her father. She had been two years at the academy, and her father, who saw her but once or twice during a year, looked upon her with not a little pride at her strong resemblance to her mother, whom he had always considered the best and most charming woman he had ever known. But when, after proper

preliminaries and introductions, Lucy told him of her love, and asked his consent to marry Horace Hardwick, her father's amazement and anger knew no bounds. He declared he had rather lay her in her grave than see her thus disgrace his name. He was proud, ambitious, was rising in his profession, and was already the congressional candidate of his party; and he swore solemnly to disinherit her if she did not give up her childish passion, and refuse to see this mechanic again.

Lucy knew her father's character; she knew that he would keep his word. She loved her father with a deeper love than his stern nature and his coldness toward her would seem to have induced. But she loved Horace better, and within a month she, a girl of but sixteen years, became his wife. Horace knew that it was best not to remain in this victory longer. He could prosecute his trade as a wheelwright more profitably at the west, and then, too, Lucy felt delicate about meeting her old friends, who knew that she had married clandestinely, and so they went to Louisville, and here Horace Hardwick established himself in his business.

Years of happy domestic life passed over them; a fine, generous-souled boy, so very like his father, soon blessed their home after their removal hither. He was a great joy and happiness to both; and still another in time was given to them. This second son it was that had attracted my attention at the door, and few gentle homes were so happy as that of the wheelwright and his gentle wife. True Horace could earn but a moderate living, but that was all they asked,—“Contentment makes every meal a feast,” says some shrewd philosopher,—and their board was amply spread for their wants. At last, when little William, the second son, was seven years old, and Horace was twelve, the husband was taken ill from some unusual exposure, and a severe cold settled upon his lungs, that defied all medical treatment.

Day by day he grew gradually worse, until consumption threatened him, and indeed soon became settled upon him. He knew that he must die. It was then for the first time that he reproached himself for taking Lucy from her father's roof and all her early friends, and encumbering her with a family. But this young couple had not forgotten in their youth the blessings of religion; they had always sedulously attended to the holy dictates of the Scriptures, and its teachings were night and morning read aloud and heeded. Now when Lucy Hardwick was called to part with her dearly-loved husband, how great a consolation his religious belief was to her, can only be known by those who have been thrown upon the Bible for consolation in times of fearful trial.

She believed, and so did Horace, that they were parting but for a short time, to be again united in heaven, and though the parting was sad, it was also so hopeful that grief was robbed of half its power. During his last hours the father called his eldest boy to his bedside, and told him that he must leave his mother to his charge. Boy though he was, he seemed fully to realize his father's words, and replied to them in a way that invigorated the heart of the sick man. “Be a good son to her, Horace,” said he, “work hard and manfully to support her and your little brother, and God will bless the widow and the orphan.”

The sale of her husband's stock in trade, with a small sum of money he had saved from time to time, was sufficient, with economy and industry, to carry the widow on in her domestic affairs for a considerable time. The same month in which her husband was placed in the grave, saw her once more a mother. She loved her fatherless babe with redoubled affection as she gazed upon it, and reflected that it would never know a father's love. It was a dear little girl, and this babe it was that I had seen sleeping by its mother's side, when I had entered the humble abode of the widow. I have been twice as long in telling her sad story as she was in relating it to me, and now she kissed the little Lucy, and pressed her to her heart.

“That is William at the door?” I suggested.

“Yes.”

“He is ill, is he not?”

“He has been,” said the mother, “very ill; and sleepless nights on his account, and anxiety about Horace, have rendered me almost sick also.”

She might have added that which I very well knew, as another cause of her weakness, viz., the want of appetizing, nutritious food, and enough of it.

“But where is Horace?” I asked.

“He left me some seven months since, saying, ‘Mother, there is no bread to spare under this roof. I am thirteen years old, almost fourteen, am strong and well; I must go away from Louisville, and see if I cannot earn some money for you, and brother, and the babe.’”

Here the mother's voice refused utterance, and she sobbed aloud.

“He kissed me, kissed William, and our little Lucy, said he remembered his father's words, and gave me a handful of silver, all he had, and which I have since learned he sold his clothes, and took poorer ones, to procure, and I have not heard of him since.”

“Noble boy!” I exclaimed, involuntarily. “But have you not written to your father?”

“Often, but he has never replied to me. He is a proud, cold man, and will keep his word.”

“Do you not think that Horace will return?” I asked.

“If he lives I know he will return,” she replied earnestly. “I pray for him nightly, and I know that Horace will not desert me in my extremity. Too many blessings have I to be thankful for already, not to bear a hopeful heart within my breast, and to say ‘Thy will, not mine, be done.’”

“I shall come again to see you,” I stammered out, through my tears, and laying my purse in her lap, I hurried back to our hotel, where I cried for a good long hour.

In vain did I try to tell my father the widow's story,—my heart was too full. But one thing I could and did do at once, and that

was, to prepare a large basket full of necessities and nutritious food, and, with a slave, I went personally to see it delivered into the hands of the grateful woman. She told me it was the first *charity* she had ever received; that she really believed she never could have begged, unless she saw little William or Lucy starving. How delighted was the little boy at the delicacy and abundance of the food, and even the babe partook with eager appetite of the delicate preparation brought for it,—and the mother was vastly invigorated by a good and wholesome meal. I cannot recall any little act of my life that ever imparted so much actual satisfaction and pleasure to my heart, as did this little affair. During the three weeks that we remained at Louisville, I made daily visits to the young widow, and having seen her immediate wants supplied, I promised to see her again on our return up the river from Grand Gulf, whither business now called my father.

The wheels of time turn swiftly on, and after a fortnight passed at Grand Gulf, my father found that it was necessary for him to go to New Orleans, and from thence, within a couple of months, we went to the British West Indies, and back to the United States by the way of Havana and New York. I had not forgotten my acquaintance, the widow in Louisville, but it had been out of my power to communicate with her now for nearly a year, when I once more found myself travelling west,—and so eager was I to see the widow and know whether I might not once more serve her at a critical moment, that I even left my father at the United States Hotel, in Cincinnati, and anticipated his arrival at the Galt House by a whole day.

I hastened to seek out my acquaintance and her young family. I found the house easily; that was there, the same as ever, but new occupants were within; they knew nothing of her who had formerly lived there. They could not even tell me where the owner of the house resided,—when his rent was due, he came and collected it, they said, but where he lived they knew not. A little further and more minute inquiry, however, satisfied me that Mrs. Hardwick and her children had left Louisville, but whither they had gone no one seemed to know. My father, in compliance with my earnest solicitings, strove, but in vain, to unravel the mystery. I was depressed and unhappy. I was curious to know the finale of her history. I was anxious to do her, if possible, still a further kindness, by rendering her pecuniary aid.

In our roving life we once more found ourselves at our favorite home, the Revere House, in Boston,—a place which seems, more than any other on this side the Atlantic, like home. I had not forgotten the scene of my first discovering the mother and sleeping babe in Louisville, but the event had been considered as one that would never again recur forcibly to my mind, when the merest chance revived the whole matter, and unravelled the mystery which had so perplexed me in relation to the widow's removal. Observing a child in one of the principal streets at the west part of the city, I was led to walk up and speak to him because of the joyous-hearted laugh that rang out from his happy lips; and when he looked up into my face, I thought that I had somewhere seen that face before, young as it was. Memory, with lightning-like speed, turned back to the little sick boy I had seen sitting at the door of the humble tenement in Louisville.

“Is your name William, my little fellow?” I asked.

“Yes, ma'am.”

“William Hardwick?”

“Yes, ma'am; do you know me?” he asked, roguishly.

“I think so. But where do you live?”

“In that house,” he replied, pointing to a fine brick house.

“And your mother, does she live there too?”

“Yes, ma'am,” he replied; then after a moment's pause he continued, “do you know my mother?”

“I think that I do.”

“Wont you go in and see her?” said the little fellow, politely.

I thanked him and followed him up the steps, went in and sat down in the parlor, while he ran up stairs, as he said, to tell mother that a lady wanted to see her. My heart beat quickly, I knew not why, but I was very much excited. In a moment more she whom I had known in such a humble condition entered the room, in a calm, dignified, and lady-like manner, dressed with the most scrupulous neatness and good taste. She recognized me in a moment, and hastening forward pressed both my hands in her own, and kissed my cheek. Tears coursed down her still handsome face, and I think my own eyes were full of them.

I will not keep the reader in suspense, any more than I would allow the widow to keep me so. I learned that after about a year's absence, her brave boy Horace had crossed the plains to the Pacific, with a company of California engineers; that with the impetus of duty constantly in his mind, love for his mother, and the recollection of his father's dying words, he had worked with the spirit of a man. Extraordinary success had crowned his efforts. The miners learned his story, and afforded him protection, advice, and kind assistance. He was strangely successful, beyond even his most sanguine hopes.

So attached had the miners become to him, that they made up a purse for him, and sent him home the shortest and quickest route, free of cost. And when he arrived at Louisville, he had, with a few diamonds, purchased to lighten the weight of the gold, the value of *eleven thousand dollars*. “O, it was not the money, I am sure it was not the money that rejoiced me so much, but it was the means whereby to keep my dear Horace with me, and to feed my children.”

The widow wrote once more an imploring letter to her father. He had removed to Boston, and found himself going, step by step, childless and unattended, to the grave. Perhaps, too, the widow's story touched him, now that the boy had so nobly sought and obtained relief for his mother, and perhaps, too, he was influenced (alas, poor human nature!) by the fact of the ample means she possessed for their wants for a long time to come. At any rate a favorable answer was returned to the last letter, the family came and were kindly received. A house was taken, the grandfather came to live with the widow and her children, and their home was a serenely happy one.

And thankful is the heart of the widow, whose nightly prayers ascend to Heaven for the past, from a grateful bosom, and with hopeful beseechings for her children's future.

I saw Horace, and a few words from his mother explained our acquaintance. His fine, manly form, scarcely yet out of boyhood's frame, swelled with emotion, and his lips quivered for a moment as he advanced and took my hand.

“I need not tell you, madam,” he said, “that your name and kindness are too indelibly engraven on our hearts to be forgotten.”

Let me draw the curtain over this gleam of sunshine that closes my story.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Hon. Orville Hungarford, residing at Watertown, Jefferson, county, N. Y., keeps five thousand hens in a ten acre lot. — In 1848, when Louis Napoleon was elected to the National Assembly, he declared: "Never will I attempt to envelope myself in the imperial purple!" — Another slave schooner, called the *Cora*, has been seized off the Cuban coast by a British cruiser, and taken into Havana. She had brought in successfully one cargo of slaves, and was at this time going to Cardenas, to fit out for another run. — The Italian farmers still plough by the same rude implements that were in use before the Christian era. — A new-fashioned umbrella has made its appearance, recently, in Paris. It is fixed to the shoulder by a spring, and follows the movements of the body. This covers the body as the ancient one, and leaves the person who uses it at entire liberty to manage his hands as he is pleased. — Queen Victoria is rapidly regaining her health. The "addition" is flourishing. — The Hungarian, by whom the attempt was made to assassinate the Emperor of Austria, was one whose wife had been flogged to death by the Austrians, at Pesth, in 1849. — Five hundred daily papers are published in the United States. — The coinage by the United States Mint and its branches, for the past five years, has exceeded that of Great Britain by \$76,304,739. — More than seven hundred persons bathe every day at the People's Washing and Bathing Establishment in Mott Street, New York. The charge for a bath is only three cents, yet the establishment is now self-supporting. — Many instances are adduced by the Western papers to show that whiskey, given in large quantities, is a cure for the bite of a rattlesnake. — It is a fiction of the poet to say that the British flag has braved the battle and the breeze for a thousand years. It is scarcely two hundred years since England became a power on the ocean. — Signora Paredi has been singing, with considerable success, at the Philharmonic Concerts, in Genoa, Italy. — In six years the consumption of tea in Great Britain has increased only from 57,600,000 pounds to 65,000,000 pounds; in the United States it has increased from 18,000,000 pounds to 34,300,000 pounds. — Talfourd, the author of "Ivan," has written a new play, entitled "The Castilian."

A HEARTLESS ACT.

A Rhine paper narrates the following circumstances as having lately occurred at the town of Speyer:—It appears that a weaver, known as the best rifle shot of the district, bethought him of affording a crowning proof of his unerring aim. He, therefore, took his rifle in one hand, and his son, twelve years old, in the other, and then, posting the boy at the end of an alley in his garden, placed an ordinary sized potato upon his head, retired fifteen yards, raised his weapon, aimed, fired, and cut the potato in two, leaving the child neither scathed nor frightened, so confident was the latter in his father possessing a charmed ball. The police interfered, and prevented a continuance of the trials. The father was imprisoned for a short period.

SNAILS.

A French paper says that snails have become quite a fashionable article of diet in Paris, as they were in the days of the old Romans. There are now fifty restaurants, and more than twelve hundred private tables where snails are accepted as a delicacy by from eight to ten thousand customers. The monthly consumption of this molluscan is estimated at half a million. The market price of the great vineyard snails is from 2f. 50c. to 3f. 50c. per hundred, while those from the hedges, woods and forests, bring only from 2f. to 2f. 25c. The proprietor of the *snailery* in the vicinity of Dijon, is said to net over 7000f. annually.

RELICS.—The Royal Society of London has recently received as a legacy several articles which were once the property of Sir Isaac Newton. Among the articles is the philosopher's gold watch, in a richly chased case, bearing a medallion with Newton's likeness, and the following inscription:—"Mrs. Catherine Conduit to Sir Isaac Newton, January 4, 1708." The Royal Society is now in possession of the most complete and comprehensive collection of Newton memorials in existence.

MISQUOTATION.—There is a curious error in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, which has not hitherto been noticed. It occurs in definition 13 of the verb "to sit," and pervades every edition, even Mr. Todd's. "Asses are ye that sit in judgment." (Judges 5: 10.) The verse is, "Speak, ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment, and walk by the way."

A RESULT OF STRIKES.—A sea captain, just from the Eastern ship yards, says that ship building in that direction will be in a measure suspended, at least for the present, in consequence of inability to pay the high wages demanded by the workmen.

THE CALORIC SHIP.—It is said that the *Ericsson* will be ready for sea by the 1st of July, when her wrought-iron cylinder-bottoms shall have been put in, and proceed direct to London.

RAILROAD FATALITY.—Three hundred and thirteen persons were killed, and ninety-seven injured, on the New York State railroads, during the past year.

QUITE A FLEET.—Forty-three steamboats were discharging and receiving freight during one day, at St. Louis, Missouri, lately.

STACKS OF MONEY.—The present banking capital of the city of New York is about \$43,000,000.

Wayside Gatherings.

Within about a year, eight steamers, valued at nearly a million and a quarter of dollars, have been lost on the Pacific coast.

Dr. Benjamin Rush, speaking of the science of medicine, compares it to "an unroofed temple, cracked at the sides, and rotten at the foundation."

A Catholic college is to be established at Galveston, Texas, of sufficient dimensions and endowments to make it an institution of the highest order.

At the Haymarket Theatre, London, a new five act comedy, by Mr. Sullivan, entitled "Eloquents in High Life," has been produced with much success.

The recent seal fishery season in Newfoundland has been the most successful ever known. Over a quarter of a million of these animals have been taken.

The malleability of gold can be carried to such an extent that an apartment twelve feet square might be carpeted for thirty or forty dollars.

Mr. Box, the butler of the Bishop of Wells, had recently the good fortune to captivate the heart and obtain the hand of a lady with an estate of £60,000.

Francini's Hippodrome, in New York, at its first performance, was attended by over nine thousand persons. The chariot races are a novel and exciting feature.

It is stated that eighty American seamen, eighteen captains, ten mates, and as many more foreigners, have died during the past nine months, at Port au Prince, from yellow fever.

The population of Wilmington, Del., at the present time, is 16,163. Of these 6587 are white males, 7389 white females, 920 colored males, and 1257 colored females; or, 13,976 white persons, and 2157 colored.

There is evidently a prevailing feeling among the Jewish people in this country that modern Judaism cannot supply their spiritual wants. They are looking for something more rational and substantial.

In Auburn, New York, for every dollar of taxes paid by Catholics, they have received \$12 for their poor in return; and for every dollar paid by them into the school fund, they have received \$6 50 in the instruction of their children.

A young man, who was formerly in the printing-office of the *Liverpool Courier*, but now in South Australia, has written home to say that he is at work upon the *Melbourne Argus*, at ten guineas per week.

An investigation is progressing in New York in reference to the management of the late American Art Union, and it is shown that one of the voluntary officers received, during six months, a salary equal to \$4900 per annum!

A syphon for dairymen has recently been brought into general use in Scotland, by means of which the milk is drawn away from the cream, instead of skimming the cream off the milk. Science seems to be reversing everything in life.

The American Colonization Society and its auxiliaries have sent out to Liberia, since 1820, in their various expeditions, 7457 persons. Of these, 3123 were born free, 242 purchased their freedom, and 4092 were emancipated in view of their emigration to Liberia.

Foreign Items.

There are rumors of a powerful force sent to watch the Japan expedition.

The Emperor of China has legalized the sale of opium, at 40 taels duty per chest.

A convent of Jesuits is about being established at Cologne. Premises have been taken for the purpose.

The Emperor of France has granted a large tract of land in Algeria for settlement by the Swiss Whaling Company, formed at Havre.

The Duke of Tuscany is said to have notified the British government that Mr. Crawford may remain in Florence, if his government vouches he is not an agent of Mazzini.

The Emperor of France has sent to the Israelite committee of charity at Lyons, for its lottery, two magnificent services of plate, bearing the imperial initials.

Kossuth has addressed a letter to the House of Commons, denying that he has ammunition in England, but admits that he has in other countries, and avows his intention to war on Austria until the independence of Hungary is achieved.

A new manifesto from Mazzini is reported to have appeared at Turin. It is now said that Mazzini and some of his agents have crossed from Malta to Sicily. Eighty prisoners have been arrested at Catania and Messina.

Cholera has broken out in Moscow.—Some difficulty has arisen between Serbia and Russia.—Serbia refusing to dismiss Mr. Jack, an Austrian, from the directory of the military school of Kragie baty, on Russian dictation.

Correspondence of the *Augsburg Gazette* states that Lord Stratford has already assured the Porte of British protection, and in conjunction with the French Minister, is prepared to address a note to that effect to the Divan.

We notice that the *Preuzentung* states that the Prussian police recently sent to London full proof that Kossuth rented the house through Hale. That the ammunition was making to Kossuth's order, and 300 grenades were made to order of Kossuth's agent at Rostock, which port was the emporium of the revolutionary material.

The Turkish government respects and encourages the Protestant converts in every way; protecting them from the persecution of the Mahomedan priesthood, and allowing their book depot to be established in a quarter of Constantinople, where no Franks were hitherto permitted to reside, with the express understanding that Protestant books alone are to be sold there.

In China, rebels threatened Shanghai with a force of 50,000 men. Kwiyong, an imperial commander-in-chief, was defeated and killed. The emperor had issued a proclamation, and calls on the people for help. The "Friend of China" says: If Britain, America and France offer the emperor assistance to keep his throne, they might bid him to open China to commerce again.

Intelligence has been received of an insurrection at Friburg, Switzerland, by 300 peasants, under a colonel, and its suppression with some bloodshed. The city remains in a state of siege. The gates are closed, and streets held by patrol. Perrier, one of the insurgents, was tried by court martial and sentenced to 30 years in irons. The priest of Torrea, Louis Weck Chas, is also arrested. Carrat was killed. Other leaders fled.

Sands of Gold.

.... It is necessary to allow the night to pass over the injuries of the evening.—*Napoleon*.

.... The two shortest words to pronounce, *yes* and *no*, are those which demand the most examination.—*Pythagoras*.

.... Death has consigned many a man to fame, whom longer life would have consigned to infamy.

.... The great chastisement of a knave is, not to be known, but to know himself.—*J. Petit Senan*.

.... Prosperity seems to be securely safe, unless it be mixed with a little adversity.—*Hosca Ballou*.

.... Whatever beauty may be, it has for its basis, order, and for its essence, unity.—*Father Andra*.

.... Men in earnest have no time to waste in patching fig leaves for the naked truth.—*J. R. Lowell*.

.... If he could only see how small a vacancy his death would leave, the proud man would think less of the place he occupies in his life-time.—*E. Legouve*.

.... The modesty of certain ambitious persons consists in becoming great without making too much noise; it may be said that they advance in the world on tip-toe.—*Voltaire*.

.... Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

.... Dissolute men, like unskilful horsemen, who open a gate on the wrong side, may, by the virtue of their office, open heaven for others, and shut themselves out.

.... Much misconstruction and bitterness are spared to him who thinks naturally upon what he owes to others, rather than what he ought to expect from them.—*Madame Guizot*.

.... To acknowledge our faults when we are blamed, is modesty; to discover them to one's friends, in ingenuousness, is confidence; but to preach them to all the world, if one does not take care, is pride.—*Confucius*.

Joker's Budget.

Why is the sun like a good loaf? Because 'tis light when it rises.

Why is dancing like new milk? Because it strengthens the calves.

Why is an angry man like a lady in full dress? Because he is ruffled.

A country newspaper, speaking of the blind wood-sawyer, says, "although he can't see he can saw."

What reason is there to believe that Ananias never told a lie? Because he was borne out by the by-standers.

An Irish gardener was once requested to set his master's watch by his sun dial, and he forthwith "planted" it in the ground close to it.

There is an old maid in Babylon, L. I., who is so accustomed to dating her age backward that when she speaks of the latter part of December, she calls it "late in the spring."

An editor was seen to *blush*, last week, when an apple woman, to whom he gave a piece of silver for some fruit, asked him *if he'd no brass*—meaning pennies.

A celebrated poet at one time advertised that he would supply "Lines for any Occasion." A fisherman sought him shortly after and wanted "a line strong enough to catch a porpoise."

"Have you, in your album, any original poetry?" asked one young lady of another. "No," was the reply, "but some of my friends have favored me with original spelling."

The New York Day Book says: "If our wife wanted to run away with another man, we would wish her Godspeed, for we think too much of her to see her want for anything."

Lorenzo Dow once said of a grasping, avaricious farmer, that if he had the whole world enclosed in a single field, he would not be content without a patch of ground on the outside for potatoes.

A lady, upon taking up Shelley's novel, "The Last Man," threw it down very suddenly, exclaiming: "The last man! Bless me! if such a thing ever were to happen, what would become of the women?"

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F. GLEASON
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.



VIEW OF THE BATTLE-GROUND AT RED BANK, ON THE DELAWARE RIVER, NEW JERSEY.

RED BANK, ON THE RIVER DELAWARE, NEW JERSEY.

We present our readers above with an accurate drawing of this spot, renowned for being the scene of battles during the revolutionary war. It is located but a few miles from Philadelphia, and is named from the color of the earth of which it is composed. Here was located Mercer Fort, which was so gallantly defended by Col. Greene, of Rhode Island, against a detachment from the British army, commanded by Count Donop, on the 22d October, 1777, in which the count and many officers were made prisoners, and a lieutenant-colonel, three captains, four lieutenants, and seventy privates were killed. On the 21st of October, Colonel Count Donop, a distinguished German officer, crossed the Delaware at Cooper's Ferry, at the head of a detachment of Hessians, to attack the fort. It was part of the plan, that as soon as the assault should commence, a heavy cannonade from Fort Mifflin should be made from the bastions on the Pennsylvania shore, and that the Vigilant ship-of-war should pass through a narrow channel between Hog Island and the main, so as to attack the fort in the rear. The fortifications at Red Bank consisted of extensive outer work, within which was an entrenchment, eight or nine feet high, hoarded and fraised, on which Colonel Greene, the commander, had bestowed great labor. Late in the evening, on the 22d, Count Donop attacked it with great intrepidity; it was defended with equal resolution. Colonel Donop received a mortal wound, and Lieutenant Colonel Mingerode, second in command, fell at the same time. Lieutenant Colonel Liesing drew off the detachment; and, being favored by the darkness of the night, collected many of the wounded. He marched about five miles that night, and

next day returned to Philadelphia. In commemoration of this event a monument of handsome gray marble has been reared, which our artist has also sketched below, bearing the following inscription:

"This monument was erected on the 22d October, 1829, to transmit to posterity a grateful remembrance of the patriotism and gallantry of Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher Greene, who with 400 men conquered the Hessian army of 2000 troops, then in the British service, at the Red Bank, on the 22d October, 1777. Among the wounded was found their commander, Count Donop, who died of his wounds, and whose body is interred near the spot where he fell. A number of the New Jersey and Pennsylvania volunteers, being desirous to perpetuate the memory of the distinguished officers and soldiers, who fought and bled in the glorious struggle for American Independence, have erected this monument on the 22d day of October, Anno Domini, 1829."

Red Bank presents a very beautiful appearance from the Delaware, particularly during the summer season. It is quite a place of resort, and is so near to the city of Philadelphia, that many gentlemen reside there, or board at the public hotel.

he had the misfortune to lose his mother. Left a widower, with young children, the elder Wilson felt the necessity of providing them with a guardian, and accordingly re-married. An increase of family and heavy expenses compelled him to forego all hopes of completing Alexander's education in the manner at first contemplated, and he was apprenticed to his brother-in-law, William Duncan, a weaver. Part of his leisure he devoted to poetry, and some of his productions, inserted in a Glasgow paper, obtained considerable success. Abandoning weaving, Wilson for three years travelled Scotland as an itinerant pedler. Having made arrangements for the publication of a volume of his poems, he attempted, while selling his wares, to obtain subscribers for his



PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER WILSON, THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

Alexander Wilson was born at Paisley, on the 6th of July, 1766, in a humble cottage. His father, a Scotch peasant, of rare integrity and remarkable intelligence, a man of sober and industrious habits, thought, by means of personal privations, to ensure the means of giving a liberal education to his son, whom he designed for the church. Many letters of Wilson, in the course of his agitated life, testify his gratitude for his father's efforts. At the age of ten years

book. But he succeeded very ill. Disappointed in his literary and trading speculations, he determined to try his fortune in America, and, without any definite plan, without friend or protector, and with only a few shillings in his pocket, he landed at Newcastle, Delaware, on the 14th of July, 1794. He worked at different trades, engraving and weaving, and again became a travelling pedler, keeping a journal, combining remarks on the people, with observations on the natural history of birds, etc., and afterwards a schoolmaster. He finally resolved to devote himself entirely to ornithology, and to become the historian and painter of the feathered tribes. His friends sought to dissuade him from his purpose, but without effect. After many trying discouragements he finally succeeded in 1809 in bringing out his first volume of American Ornithology. In 1810 this was followed by another. He died in 1813, the brilliant pioneer in his favorite science on this side of the Atlantic.



MONUMENT TO COUNT DONOP, AT RED BANK, N. J.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1853.

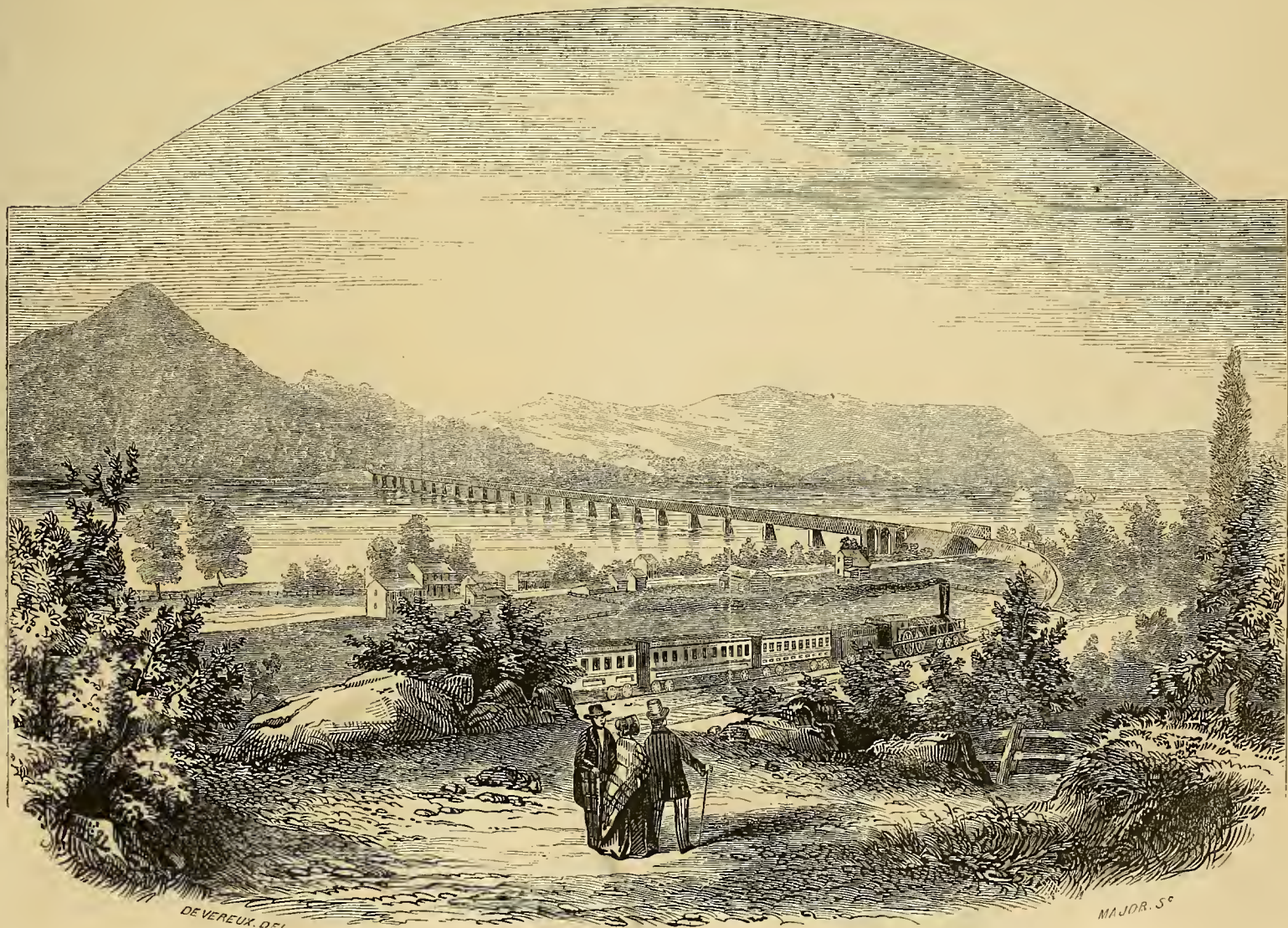
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RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Below we present a fine engraving of the railroad bridge over the Susquehanna, near Harrisburg, Pa., with the fine scenery which surrounds the locality. This immediate vicinity affords some delightfully-attractive points to the artist, and the entire aspect of the neighborhood is wild and picturesque in its character. The bridge, which is a most notable and beautiful structure, spans the river about six miles above Harrisburg. This section of the Susquehanna is said to rival the Hudson in its scenic beauty. The Susquehanna here loses its way through a range of abrupt mountains, which constitute the western termination of the great anthracite coal region found in Schuylkill county.

The scenery about this spot has all the softness of a splendid agricultural valley, teeming with spirited little villages, and imposing farm-houses, agreeably contrasting with the soft green aspect of bold and lofty mountain ranges, through which the river tamely and serenely winds its peaceful way, like a silver thread. It is astonishing what levellers of romance railroads are. These quiet and beautiful sections of country, where one was wont to give his horse the reins, and, while the animal walked leisurely forward, would find time to analyze the beauties of the scenery, to scan the mountain and the valley, the river and the wood, are now so swiftly passed by in the cars, as to present a sort of panorama upon canvass, hurried before the eyes of an audience by the

boy behind the scene, who turns the crank for twenty-five cents a night! Ah! give us the good old days of travelling by horse power. Steam and romance are sadly at variance; and the idea that they can ever assimilate is as apocryphal as that the lion and the lamb will lie down together. But, be this as it may, we give our readers a fine and accurate picture of this bit of American scenery, and know they will be pleased with it. One has not to go abroad to delight the eye with some of the finest scenery in the world; our own favored land is blessed as freely in beautiful aspects of nature as in her liberal bounty and fertility, and on a scale of grandeur and sublimity which are acknowledged by travellers to be unequalled in any other part of the world.



RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE SUSQUEHANNA, NEAR HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HILDEBRAND:

—OR—

THE BUCCANEER AND THE CARDINAL.

A SICILIAN STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

The captives were placed upon the backs of two of the stoutest of the horses, behind two strong fellows, and as soon as they were properly secured, the party, numbering twenty in all, set off. At the distance of half a mile they came up to another party of soldiers, numbering over fifty. They belonged to the same gang, and were ordered by the leader to fall into the rear. They cast earnest glances upon Hildebrand, as he passed them, but their looks were more of wonder than of triumph.

It was nearly dusk when the party entered the suburbs of the city, and when they stopped, it was before a large stone building which was enclosed by a thick, high wall. All about the edifice grew great chestnut trees, so that its walls were nearly hidden from the street that ran nearest to it.

"Here we will stop," said the lieutenant, as he dismounted and came up to where the prisoners were.

"The tribunal!" fell from de Mora's lips, as he slid to the ground.

"Am I to stop here?" asked Hildebrand.

"Yes."

At that moment a large door of the building opened, and half a dozen black-robed men came forth. De Mora and Hildebrand knew them well. Every one in Palermo knew those men, and not a heart so stout but that it would tremble before them.

"Here are your prisoners," said the officer, as the agents came up.

"Ah, my young friend, back once more, are you?" uttered one of the dark robes, as he took Francis by the arm.

Just then the Carmelite, Benedic, came waddling from the building. His little eyes sparkled with satisfaction as he saw the prisoners, and with a low chuckle he turned towards the officer. De Mora and Hildebrand both heard enough of his conversation to know that they owed their capture to him, and that the cardinal did not yet know that such a plan was on foot.

"Keep them safely, now," said Benedic, as he turned to one of the agents. "The cardinal shall know of their arrival."

Without more ado the prisoners were led into the building. They were both conducted to the same dungeon—a deep, damp vault below the surface of the ground—and there they were loaded with irons, and chained to heavy bolts in the stone floor. When the door was shut upon them they were left in utter, dull darkness, amid noisome vapors, and the dampness of the rocks sent a cold chill to every part of their frames.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GRAND MASTER. THE FRANCISCAN AGAIN.

On the morning succeeding the capture of Hildebrand and de Mora, the Carmelite monk was closeted with the cardinal.

"Both safe, you say?" cried Ludovico, while his eyes sparkled with delight.

"Yes, my lord, both."

"But how came it, Benedic? How, in our lady's name, did you manage to entrap the buccancer?"

"Ah, that was a plan which I opened to Sopho and Paroli, and they helped me out with it."

"But how was it done?"

"Why, my lord, I learned where Hildebrand was in the habit of going with his vessel, and there I set the trap for him. I stated my plans to the general, and he detached a company of soldiers to lie in wait upon the coast. We hired a quick-witted fellow—one Gambo by name, who lives by his wits—and he promised to get on board the buccancer, and to contrive some means for getting the vessel on shore. This he did, and the soldiers did the rest."

"And what has become of the rest of the crew?"

"I don't know, my lord. The soldiers didn't get sight of them when they first landed, and so they contrived to get off into the country among the mountains. Hildebrand and de Mora were found alone the next day."

"Do you know which way they were going?"

"The officer told me they were coming towards the city."

"Towards Palermo?"

"Yes."

"They must have been bold, then."

"Nevertheless, my lord, they are safe now."

"Ay, good Benedic, so they are; and you shall receive your reward. I know the laws do not suppose that a sworn mendicant can use money, but there may be some little comforts you would like. At all events, you shall have the money."

"Thank you, my lord."

"Now go, Benedic, and tell the judge that I shall be at the tribunal before noon. Stop not now for money. You know my treasury is not yet open. Wait until—but never mind. Go."

If the cardinal had finished the sentence he began, he would have told the Carmelite to wait until he had gained possession of the property of Donna Angela Fontani; but he took a second thought and kept the words back.

"Now, my dear Hildebrand," exclaimed Ludovico, as soon as he was alone, "I will cancel my debt to thee right quickly, and I'll seal thy lips, too, against the telling of our business connections. Ha, ha, they who think to outwit me must be keen indeed. With Hildebrand and de Mora out of my way, then the other step is easy; and that, too, must be quickly consummated. The duke tells me his niece takes the matter quite calmly. I am glad of that."

For some minutes after he had done speaking, the cardinal continued to pace up and down the room. Then he rang for his page, and gave orders that any who were waiting to see him might be admitted. There proved to be some half dozen people waiting for an interview, and it was over an hour before Ludovico was again at liberty. At the end of that time he arrayed himself in his robes, and with the usual number of attendants he set out for the office of the tribunal.

The street was cleared as the powerful cardinal walked along, and the people uncovered their heads and bowed low before him. On all hands he received the most proper outward marks of homage, but he knew full well that none of that homage came from the hearts of the people. He could see the marked compression of the lips, and the quick burning of the eye, when some one near him bowed, all telling that he was feared and hated, instead of being beloved and honored. But he was obeyed, and he was satisfied. He ruled in Palermo, and his ambition was gratified.

At length he reached the office of the tribunal. In the first hall he bade his attendants wait for him, and then moving on to the extremity of the place, he drew aside a heavy black arras, and knocked at the door which was hidden behind it. Presently the door was opened, and the Cardinal of Palermo was in the presence of the grand master of the tribunal. The master was robed in black, the cap upon his head was black, and the very cast of his features looked black, too. He bent his head, in token of subjection to the cardinal, and moved a seat for his august visitor.

"You have two prisoners?" commenced the cardinal, as he sat down.

"Yes," returned the master.

"Are they safe now?"

"Yes; as safe as though lodged in the very centre of the earth."

"That is well."

"I do not think, my lord, that even the thought of escape ever entered a man's head who was confined where they are."

"So much the better. Who has seen the prisoners since they came here?"

"None but those I can trust."

"That, too, is well; but, my good master, I would have you more than usually careful of those two men. If you send them food or drink, let one man carry it, and be sure that he is a man who will enter into no conversation with them, and who, above all things else, will not report what he hears."

"I have such men, my lord, and they shall be employed."

The cardinal toyed with the trimming of his purple mantle for a while, without speaking, and, at length, the master asked:

"Will you be present at the trial?"

"No," returned Ludovico.

"Then who shall make the accusation?"

"I will send it in writing. I shall send it by Benedic, the Carmelite; and I wish you to have the business transacted as quickly as possible."

"And now, when would you like for the trial to take place?"

The cardinal considered a few moments, and then he answered: "It may come off to-night. Benedic shall be here soon after dark, with the papers. The case will be a plain one, and you may use the torture as you see fit; only remember that the case must be made out."

"I already understand that," returned the master. "There are none come here who go back to the world again, to tell our doings."

"You are right there," said Ludovico. "By my faith, I would not have our secrets known. There are prying eyes enough in Palermo now to look through these very walls, with a little assistance, but that assistance they must not have. I rule the people now, but I think they love me not too well."

"Never fear, my lord," confidently returned the master. "This business shall be silent to the world."

"I would have it so," resumed the cardinal, "and especially in this case. There are particular reasons why I would have this most secretly conducted and most quickly disposed of."

"It shall be done as you wish."

Some time longer the cardinal remained there in conversation; and when the dial upon the coping of the window threw its shadow upon the hour of noon, he arose, and left the place. He passed out into the wooded court, and his attendants all followed him. Near the gate he met the old Franciscan, and, with a startled motion, he stopped.

"Why do you not bow down when I pass?" asked the cardinal.

"Ah, pardon, my lord cardinal. My eyes are dim, and I noticed not my fault."

As Father Hugh spoke, he bowed most reverently to the prelate.

"Now, what are you doing within the gates of this place?" asked Ludovico, at the same time motioning for his attendants to fall back out of hearing.

"I am looking about, my lord."

"And for what?"

"Merely to satisfy my curiosity."

The cardinal glanced into the old man's face, but his eyes trembled before the calm look he met. He rallied himself, however, and, with a look of assurance which he did not feel, he said:

"You'd better not let your curiosity carry you too far."

"But, surely, my lord cardinal, there can be no harm in looking at your buildings," said the Franciscan.

"Do you know what building this is?" asked Ludovico.

"Yes; I have heard that it is the holy tribunal."

"So it is; and you had better beware that you do not—"

The cardinal stopped without finishing the sentence. The great dark eyes of the Franciscan were fixed full upon him, and he could not repress the shudder that crept over him.

"I do not think you would threaten me with harm," calmly remarked the old friar; "for surely I mean no man evil. I trust that, in Palermo, virtue, at least, may save a man from harm. Is it not so, my lord cardinal?"

"Most assuredly," returned Ludovico, with a slight twitching of the muscles about the corners of the mouth; "and obedience to our rules constitutes a part of that saving virtue. Now, leave this place, and beware that you approach it not again."

"I submit," returned the friar; and, as he spoke, he turned slowly away.

When he was gone, the cardinal called to his attendants, and then moved on his way; but his step was more slow, and he noticed not the salutations of the people, as they passed him. He was too deeply engaged in his own reflections.

There is a class of men, who, when met by opposition, press more hotly forward towards their object, no matter whether that object be evil or not; and who, also, grow more fiery in their bent of wrong, from having a glimpse of danger before them. Ludovico was one of this class. His object was a momentous one, and it was evil enough, too; and he had more than one reason to fear for the result; but, like the man who is about to leap into some boiling, hissing cataract of waters, he shut his eyes, and resolved upon the risk.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BLACK SEALS.

THERE was a small, chink-like hole in the wall of the dungeon in which Hildebrand and Francis de Mora were confined, which, though it let not light enough in to make objects visible, was yet sufficient to mark the coming of day. Their first night of imprisonment had passed, and the day that succeeded was drawing towards its close. Once they had had bread and water brought to them, but they had spoken no word with the man who brought it. Through the day, the prisoners had been able to see each other in bare outline, but now the darkness had come again, as black and dense as ever, and the opening or closing of the eyes met with no change in sensation, save the mere muscular action necessary to the movement.

"Hildebrand," said Francis.

"I hear you," returned the buccancer.

"How much longer, think you, will they keep us here?"

"I cannot tell."

"Death were preferable to this. I am all chilled now, and my limbs ache with the weight of these irons."

"It is a hard fate, surely; but give not up yet."

"Ah, Hildebrand, I must give up ere long. I could not stand this many days. I am not so used to hardship as you, nor are my limbs so strong. But perhaps we may be both left here to die."

"Nay, de Mora; I think not so. We shall most assuredly be brought to trial before the tribunal."

"We are not sure of that," said the young man. "The cardinal has the power, and I am sure he has the will."

"You are right there," returned Hildebrand; "but there is one thing you forget. There must be a number of people knowing to our imprisonment, and he will not dare to murder us without a show of justice. No; we shall be tried."

"And then go to our death," added Francis.

"We shall be condemned, most assuredly."

"And from that condemnation there is no escape."

"There may be."

"May be!" repeated de Mora, straining his eyes, as if he would peer through the thick darkness to where his companion sat.

"Ay—there may be, Francis. There will be hope as long as life remains. But I must confess to you the truth, and tell you that my hope now rests wholly on chance. I was not prepared for this sudden imprisonment. Could I have had a day longer, the cardinal's power would have been harmless over me; but even as it is, I am not without hope."

"But for me—"

"Our fates will go together. If I am free, you will go with me; and if you die, I shall keep you company."

"At all events," murmured de Mora, as he moved his aching limbs to an easier position, "I pray God that our trial will come quickly."

"So I think it will," answered Hildebrand, "and for that trial you must be prepared. There was a man once escaped from them, after he had gone through the examination, and been condemned. It was Carlini, my second officer. He escaped when they least thought of it. He made his way from those who were leading him from the hall of trial by knocking down four of them, and then leaping through a window. From him I have learned somewhat of the secrets of this place. Now, ere you go to your trial, you must know that it will make no bit of difference whether you answer or not; or, if there is a difference, their end will be gained more quickly by your refusal. You will be tortured if you do not answer as they wish you to, and if you die under that torture, they will give you a speedy death, and easily wash their hands of the deed."

"Horrible!" uttered Francis, forgetting for a moment the bodily pain he was suffering, under the fearful thought thus presented. "Horrible!"

"Ay, it is horrible; but no more horrible than true," replied Hildebrand. "Now, let me counsel you to deny them nothing."

No matter how absurd the question, answer it as you may see they wish."

"But if they ask me to criminate you in my answer?"

"It makes no difference. Your answers can affect me not a jot; for I shall criminate myself if they wish me to. Your prime object is, to keep clear of the torture."

Francis de Mora reflected long upon what he had heard, and he felt confident that he had heard the truth. Minutes passed by until they could be numbered into hours, and at length the prisoners were aroused by the moving of the bolts upon the outside of their door. Soon the heavy door was swung slowly open, and four black-robed men entered the dungeon. Without a word they proceeded to unloose the shackles from the bolts in the floor, and then they led the prisoners forth.

It was some time before our hero could hear the light of the torches which his conductors carried; but, by degrees, he became inured to the glare, and then he was able to walk faster. The way was along a vaulted passage, up a long flight of steps, and then through another passage, until they stopped at a heavy door, upon each side of which stood a stout man armed with a sword and shield. De Mora's heart fluttered quickly, and beat hard against its case, as he noticed the great blood-red cross that stood out upon the ebony door, for he knew that the cross of his Saviour was not more bloody than that. He had time to notice, too, that the windows of the passage were barred with iron.

Soon the door was opened, and the two prisoners were ushered into the room beyond. It was lighted with tall waxen tapers, but yet it looked more dreadful than had the dungeon. The apartment was a large one, and everything in it of fixed substance was jetty black. Even the wax of the four tapers was like sticks of ebony, and the very blaze was of a ghastly hue.

There were twelve men there, in black robes. The master sat upon a raised seat, and upon each hand were two of his agents. Then there were two more who sat at a table in front, and at whose use lay materials for writing. Then the four who had accompanied the prisoners made eleven. The twelfth man was none other than Benedict; but he was robed like the rest, save that he wore not the cross upon his breast.

There was but one implement of torture in the place, and that was the rack. There were no implements separate from that, but yet that contained a variety of combinations within itself. It was a stout, low frame, about twelve feet long; and reaching across, from side to side, were small slats, upon which the victim was laid, upon his back. At each end there was a windlass, over which passed the straps that were to be made fast to the wrists and ankles; but, in addition to the gyves thus used, there were little double rings that slipped over the fingers. At each turn of the windlass these rings could be made to pull in opposite directions upon the same finger, so that it became equally painful with the thumb-screw. This rack was directly upon the left hand of the prisoners, and they could see that the long levers were in their sockets, ready for use.

"Is Hildebrand present?" asked the master, after the door had been shut and bolted.

"So I am called," replied the buccaneer, in a calm yet respectful tone; for he knew right well that the least show of disrespect would be fatal to him.

The clerks both wrote, and, when they ceased writing, the master continued:

"You have had command of a vessel armed for warlike purposes, and these arms you have turned in force against your lawful king."

"Against King Philip, of Spain."

"He is your lawful king."

"Against him I have carried war."

The clerks both wrote again, and then the master conferred in low whispers with the Carmelite.

"Hildebrand," said he, as he once more turned towards the buccaneer, "you have saved us much trouble, and yourself much pain, by your answers. Of course you well know what must be the result. You will sin no more?"

The clerks wrote again, and then each folded the sheet upon which he had written, and handed it to the judge.

"Is Francis de Mora present?" asked the master.

De Mora answered, but it was with a trembling voice.

The master opened a paper which he had received from the Carmelite, and, after he had read it, he turned again to the young man.

"You, Francis de Mora, helped abduct one of our daughters from her home, against the express wish of our just lord, the cardinal. Answer."

"Do you allude to Angela Fontani?"

"Yes."

"She went of her own accord."

"And did you not aid her?" asked the master, in a premonitory tone.

At that moment, Francis heard the word "*Remember!*" drop from Hildebrand's lips.

"Answer!" repeated the master.

"I did," said Francis.

The clerks wrote.

"Now, young sir, you have not only contemplated disobedience to the cardinal of Palermo, but you have placed your foot upon the very sanctity of our holy church."

Francis started, and, if he had looked, he might have seen the little gray eyes of the Carmelite sparkle.

"You placed violent hands upon one of our well-beloved brothers of Mount Carmel, while you knew he was in the discharge of his duty."

"Yes, I did."

"You also threatened him with a violent death."

"How?"

"You drew your sword upon him."

"Yes," said de Mora.

"God have mercy on you, young man. The servants of our holy Saviour are not safe, even in their duty's work, while you are at large. You have been wise in your answers, and, though there are other charges against you both, yet I think it not necessary to read them. You will sin no more?"

The clerks wrote again, and again they handed their papers to the master. He took them. One he laid aside, and the other he held in his hand. Then he took a piece of black wax, and, having held it in the blaze of one of the tapers till it burned, he allowed a drop to fall upon the paper. This drop he pressed beneath a broad seal he wore at his girdle, and, as soon as this was done, he took one of the papers he had first received, and sealed it in like manner. These he handed to one of the men who had conducted the prisoners from their dungeon, and then he waved his hand for them to be taken away.

"May I ask one word?" said Hildebrand, as the agent laid his hand upon him. He spoke to the grand master.

"You may ask it."

"Then am I condemned to die?"

"Most assuredly."

"And when?"

"The doom is written and sealed. I cannot speak farther."

The prisoners were led away without another word, but they went not towards the same dungeon from whence they had been brought. Even Hildebrand now trembled. He knew what those two black seals meant, now, and the chances for his hope began to grow faint indeed. De Mora walked with difficulty. He saw that his stout companion looked pale, and it is no wonder that he should lose all hope now. If Hildebrand feared then, what had he to hope for?

CHAPTER XVI.

A STRANGE DOOM.

THE place to which the prisoners were led from the judgment-hall was far down in the subterranean windings of the arches and vaults that lay beneath the great building of the tribunal. Down they went, until they knew they had reached the lowest range of dungeons. The walls about them were all dripping with water, and the broad flags upon which they trod were all slimy and slippery. At length the conductors stopped. The torches cast a fitful glare around, and the condemned saw before them what appeared to be an unbroken wall of granite; but the deception was soon dispelled, for one of the massive stones was swung back, and the two prisoners were ordered to enter. De Mora shrank back, with a fearful shudder, and sank upon his knees; and even Hildebrand groaned when he gazed into the darkness of the noisome place which had been thus opened.

"Not in there! not in there!" gasped Francis. "O, mercy!"

Two men lifted him up, and forced him into the dungeon.

"God defend me!" fell from Hildebrand's lips.

"In! in!" pronounced he who held the sealed papers.

"Will you give us food in there?"

"No matter."

The old man's heart broke from its confinement, and his soul waxed warm within him. Instinct overleaped reason, and he sprang like a tiger upon the man who had spoken to him.

"Make way for me!" he cried, as he felled two of the agents to the ground. "I'll not stay here."

He started to run as he spoke, but his effort was a vain one. His feet slipped upon the slimy pavement, and, with a heavy fall, he came down. Before he could regain himself, he was seized by strong hands, and dragged to the dungeon. He resisted still, but it availed him nothing, and in a few moments more the massive stone door was closed upon both him and De Mora.

They were alone again, and blacker than Egyptian darkness enveloped them.

When Hildebrand somewhat regained his scattered senses, his first impulse was to feel around, and ascertain if there was any such thing as a seat or couch in the cell. His first movement was to stumble over the prostrate form of de Mora. The concussion aroused the young man, and he soon got upon his feet, and joined in the search. The place was by no means large—not over twelve feet across—and it was found to have many sides; but nothing could be found to break the smoothness of the walls save a sort of projection near the floor, upon which stood a vessel of some sort, and another substance that felt like bread. There was no seat, no bed.

Whatever may have been the thoughts of these two men, they kept them to themselves. They seemed afraid to speak, lest their own voices should wake some demon in the place. At length Hildebrand pulled off his boots, and rolled them up for a pillow, and then he laid himself down upon the cold stone floor. Francis knew what his companion had done, and he followed his example.

They slept and dreamed, then awoke, and slept again. They murmured prayers in their sleep; in their dreams they groaned, and when they awoke again they shuddered. It was to them a weary, dreary night.

When they finally arose, and shook off their drowsiness, they found that there was a ray of light streaming into the place. It came from a round hole in one of the corners where the wall and the ceiling met. The hole was not over three or four inches in diameter, and was about twelve feet from the floor, which was of course the height of the place.

It was over an hour before the prisoners could bring their eyesight into effectual use with the small quantity of light that came

in to them; but they gradually were enabled to see about them, and at length they could gain a dim view of the whole dungeon. They found the bread and water. The former was hard, black and stale, and the latter brackish and unwholesome; but dire hunger and thirst made them palatable.

They found their dungeon to be in the form of an octagon, with the roof arched just enough to support itself.

"But where is the door by which we entered?" asked Francis, as he gazed eagerly about him.

"I cannot see it," returned Hildebrand, in a hasty voice.

Nor could they see it. The eight sides of the cell were searched in vain. Everywhere the walls presented the same unbroken surface, save at the angles, and there they all seemed to be tightly cemented.

"There must be a door somewhere," said de Mora.

"Yes—and it must be that one of these whole sides opened to let us in," returned the other. "That is the mystery."

"Hildebrand had a pocket-knife with him, and he tried to see if he could force the blade through any crevice between the stones; but he could not. At every joint the granite met completely, and not a crack or chink could he anywhere find.

"Strange," he muttered to himself.

"What does it mean?" asked Francis.

"I dare not think."

"Dare not?"

"No; for 'tis surely some fatal contrivance—some deep planning for dark ends. This place was never formed thus merely as a place of confinement."

"Perhaps it was," said de Mora.

"Then why were we not placed in the same dungeon they took us from?"

De Mora could not answer.

"Simply," continued Hildebrand, "because there is some other end to be answered here. We may as well prepare for the worst."

"Do you think they mean to starve us to death here?"

"You see they have left us food."

"Yes—but when that is gone?"

"No; they might have starved us elsewhere."

"Then what, in Heaven's name, do you think?" uttered de Mora, in an agony of suspense and mental torture.

"I think more than I dare speak," returned Hildebrand, in a low, tremulous tone. "But," he added, in a more cheerful tone, "let us think of something more grateful. It is not impossible that we may escape from this place."

"But speak the truth, Hildebrand. Do you think it probable?"

"You should not ask that question, de Mora."

This was spoken in a melancholy tone, and the young man knew its full import. He knew that his companion had not the hope he spoke of, and he felt convinced that escape from that place was an utter impossibility.

The day dragged slowly, heavily away, and another long, dark night succeeded. The next day came, and the next night. When the third day dawned, the bread and water were all gone, and a raging thirst beset the prisoners. Upon the cold surface of the walls there were drops of water, and these they licked off. The effect was grateful to them, for their tongues were cooled, and there was dampness enough to moisten their palates.

There was one thing they both noticed, and that was, that the stream of light that came through the small hole was more dim than before. It did not appear to be the effect of any change in the weather, but it rather seemed as though some object had been intruded, to shut off part of the light.

It must have been nearly noon. Both the prisoners were seated against the wall, and they had been sleeping. Suddenly, Francis de Mora was aroused by feeling a stream of cold water strike upon his head. He leaped to his feet, and his movement also started Hildebrand.

"What is it, Francis?" he uttered, as he gained his feet, and began to look around.

"There is water coming in here!" was de Mora's reply.

They both gazed up at the hole, and found that a stream of water was running down through it into their dungeon.

"Perhaps there is a storm," suggested Francis.

"If it were," returned Hildebrand, "that water would not be so clear. Were it the drainings from a storm, it would be thick and muddy."

"What, then, is it?"

"There is a large fountain near the building."

"And do you think it has broken its bonds?"

"It has surely found means of escape," said the buccaneer.

"Father of mercy!" gasped de Mora, starting from the thought that had engaged him, "what if they do not discover that the water has found access here! See! none of it runs out! Our dungeon is tight, Hildebrand! O, my soul! it might fill up!"

The old seaman gazed upon his young companion with a pitying, mournful look.

"Can you not guess the truth?" he said.

"The truth?" repeated Francis.

"Ay; can you not guess it?"

De Mora gazed hard upon his companion, and gradually his face grew pale as death. He trembled, and leaned his hand against the wall.

"What is it?" he whispered.

"Then the truth is," returned the old man, as he moved forward, and laid his hand upon de Mora's shoulder, "that *this is the manner of our death!* Now we know why these walls are built so tight. See! it comes in faster and faster! Now it rushes to us in a torrent. Francis, let us kneel while yet we can. There's hope for us now only in Heaven!"

Those two men knelt and prayed; and when their prayers

were said, they arose to their feet again. The water was now to their knees, and still the torrent came rushing in, with a roaring sound. The flood kept rising—rising—rising—and not one drop of it found an outlet. With a frenzy which coming death can only give, Hildebrand rushed against the several walls to see if he could not force open a door, or make some outlet for the water. But he might as well have thought to move a mountain. Nothing moved—nothing vibrated before his giant force.

Up, up rose the fatal element, until the prisoners stood without farther thoughts of effort. The wavelets that broke from the stream laved their loins—it reached their waists—it wrapped its icy folds about their breasts, and, at length, their foothold began to weaken.

Instinctively they both sought the narrow shelf upon which their head and water had stood. They raised themselves upon it, and it gave them another short space of life.

"See," uttered Hildebrand, "how the flood laughs us to scorn!" "It comes, it comes!" murmured Francis. "O God, have mercy now!"

"Hark!" cried the old man. "What shout was that?"

They both heard the noise, as if of men shouting with all their power, but the rushing flood drowned it soon, and the howling of the water was all they heard. Again the shout sounded in those deep caverns, but the prisoners were too weak to hear it now.

CHAPTER XVII.

ANGELA'S REBELLION.

We must go back now. It was on the same day that Hildebrand and de Mora first spent in the deep dungeon after their trial. It was towards the middle of the afternoon, and Angela Fontani was in her own apartment. She had just held an interview with Nicholas de Villani, and she had retired from the meeting sick at heart. She saw that the young man looked upon her as his own, and that he regarded her more in the light of a piece of fortune which had luckily fallen to his lot, than as a being who was to be loved and cherished. He had talked, too, of marriage as though she were but a piece of merchandise which he was glad to take because it glittered with the light of gold. He had not spoken in this in so many words, but Angela could read his thoughts and his motions, and she knew him for just what he was.

While she sat there in her room, her uncle entered and took a seat.

"Well, Angela," he said, "how do you like the marquis?"

"Not at all," was the maiden's calm reply. She spoke calmly, because her mind was made up.

"Do not like him? And why not?"

"Perhaps I might not be able to tell you that. But I will tell you what I can. In the first place, his character is not good."

"But he will reform."

"He cannot so easily reform his disposition."

"Why, his disposition, I believe, is good."

"Not to me, for he lacks everything that goes to make up a religious character."

"But his religion is sound."

"Ah, I mean that true religion of the soul; that religion which a man lives—not that which he professes. I mean that religion which shows itself in the walks of every-day life, which warms the heart, kindles the eye, and opens the mind to all that is good and true."

"You are looking wildly for your religious man, my child."

"Am I?"

"Ay; you will find few such among our young men."

"Then I would never know them."

"You will find de Villani as good as the average."

"O, heavens! then what shall save our race?"

Angela bowed her head as she spoke, and the duke gazed fixedly upon her. His task was a hard one, if he would argue against her, for he knew that she had right on her side. It is no wonder, then, that he should desire to change the subject.

"You must remember," he said, in a sort of persuasive tone, "that there are hundreds of your sex in Palermo who have not so good husbands as the marquis."

"Then there are hundreds that are miserable," returned the girl.

"No; many of them are happy."

"Then their natures have become corrupted. Ah, dear uncle, you know that in the most squalid tenements of our city there is much of happy contentment; but it is the happiness of ignorance. I have seen a woman laugh most boisterously while she was counting over stolen money. Would you call that such happiness as you could recommend?"

"Perhaps not."

"Then the happiness of which you speak has the same foundation. It rests upon ignorance of purer sources of joy."

"And yet you may be happy with the marquis. You may mould him to your fashion of thought."

"O, I dare not undertake it. My very soul shrinks from him. O, if you love me, my uncle, let this thing pass from me. Save me if you can."

"I cannot."

"You mean you will not."

"No, no, Angela; I mean that I cannot. It is beyond my power now. My word has gone forth, and it cannot be broken. The cardinal holds me, and you know his power."

"If Ludovico has planned this thing, and if he is still resolved upon it, and if you have given your consent, then the fate is fixed!"

"You speak truly, Angela. The fate is fixed, and I pray you not to urge me more against it."

One thing the maiden could plainly see, and it gave her a slight feeling of gratitude, too. She saw that her uncle was really unhappy when she appeared miserable. She saw that he was not all bad at heart—that he did not really wish her ill, but that he was acting through fear. She knew that he had allowed the cardinal to gain power over him, and that now he was upon his knees in the dust before that power. She could not exonerate her uncle from blame, for he had indeed been most guilty; but, with a just discrimination, she ascribed his guilt to the weakness of his will, rather than to any innate badness of heart.

"Has the day been fixed for the marriage?" asked she.

"Yes," returned the duke.

"When is it?"

"To-morrow."

"No, no, not so soon as that."

"Yes, that is the time fixed upon."

"But surely it can be put off a while longer—another short day, at least. O, say it can be so!"

"What is the use of that, Angela? It must come, and the sooner the better. To-morrow is the day fixed upon, and to-morrow it must be."

"Then let it come," murmured the fair girl.

"Will you be prepared?"

"Ay," returned Angela, while a sudden light flashed in her eyes. "I will prepare myself. Fear not that I shall be idle, or come unseemly to the wedding."

She hesitated a moment, and then she asked, while the light in her eye grew faint again:

"Have you heard from de Mora yet?"

Michael Fontani knew the truth, but he dared not speak it. He dared not tell her that the youth was within the walls of the Holy Tribunal.

"I know nothing of him," was his reply.

"Then he is safe, at least."

"I hope so."

"God bless and guard him!"

The duke was silent.

"Can you not say 'amen'?"

"Amen," responded the duke, in a husky, trembling tone.

He arose then, and turned away.

"You will be all ready?" he said, stopping a moment at the door.

But Angela did not reply. He hesitated a moment more, but he asked her not again. He passed out without receiving her answer, and soon the sound of his footstep died away in the distance.

When Angela was once more alone, she gave a long time to thought. Her countenance underwent a variety of expressions, but it at length settled down to a look of painful firmness. She walked to the opposite side of the room, and her step was firm. With a hand as steady as the bedded rock, she took hold of the bell-cord, and, having drawn it down, she moved just as calmly back to her seat. Ere many moments, the door of her apartment was opened, and a dark-haired girl entered. She was older than Angela, and though not so faultlessly beautiful, yet she was what would be called handsome. Her most prominent feature was the lustre of her great black eyes. They burned with a strong light, and they revealed a soul full of strong purpose. She looked intelligent, more so than many girls who were above her in station, and with the natural kindness of heart that irradiated her face, there was mixed an unmistakable show of free and dauntless courage. She was by station a servant to Angela Fontani, but her treatment made her in privilege more an equal. She was taken from a home of poverty by Angela's father, and through a service of ten long years, she had not forgotten the gratitude she owed.

"Lucia," said Angela, as her maid closed the door, "take a seat here by me. There. Now I am going to tax your kindness to its utmost."

"It never has been taxed to its utmost yet," replied Lucia, regarding her mistress with a look of wonder.

"Perhaps not; but I am going to try it now. It has been fixed that I shall wed with Nicholas de Villani to-morrow."

"But you do not surely wish for such a thing. O, you will not leave poor Francis! He loves—"

"Stop, Lucia. I would rather lay my head down upon your lap, and there breathe out my last of life than do this thing."

"Then you will not do it. By our lady! they cannot force you to it."

"The cardinal has sworn that it shall be done."

"The cardinal has?" repeated Lucia, starting back aghast.

"Yes, and neither he nor my uncle can be moved from the purpose."

Lucia gazed earnestly, pityingly, into Angela's face, but she knew not what consolation to offer.

"What can I do for you?" she at length asked. "I will risk my own life for you, if you will but point out some way in which I can help you."

"I know I may trust you, Lucia."

"You wrong me if you doubt it."

"I do not doubt it, and for that reason I have sent for you now. Lucia, I am going to leave this place to-night. I must flee from this roof. But I would not go all alone."

"I'll go with you to the ends of the earth," ardently returned the faithful girl, as she moved her seat nearer to the side of her mistress. "Only tell me where you will go, and when."

"I must go to-night, for to-morrow will be too late. As soon as the streets are quiet, I will venture forth."

"But have you fixed upon a place where you will go?"

"I think I may trust myself at the convent of St. Mary. I feel sure that the sisters there will protect me."

Lucia shook her head.

"Do you fear?" asked Angela.

"Will it be safe to trust the nuns?" suggested Lucia, in reply.

"You know they will fear to thwart the cardinal."

"But they need not know me."

"Ah, there you mistake, my lady; for you must be aware that when you are missed, Ludovico will leave no means untried to find you, and then, of course, the nuns will know who you are; and though they might give you shelter from your uncle, I doubt me if they would dare to from the cardinal. I would not think of trusting them."

"Where then can I go?" uttered Angela, realizing at once the weight of her companion's objections. "I must leave this roof."

"There are many places in the Val di Mazara where you can find safety. I would rather trust to some honest peasant among the hills. I know many such."

"Then thither I will go."

"And what then?" asked Lucia.

"I will wait there until I either hear from de Mora or Hildebrand."

"Then I am with you. Now make your plans, my dear lady, and you have but to speak your wishes, for me to obey."

"Bless you, Lucia,—bless you! Go, now, and procure disguises."

"What kind will suit you?"

"Anything you think proper. Only be secret, be careful, and be quick."

Lucia arose from her seat, and hurried away, and as soon as she was gone, Angela began to collect together what little money she had at command. It was not much, but it was enough to serve her purpose. She had a faint hope that she should not always have to remain away from her home.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PEASANT'S COT.

It was after ten o'clock when Angela and Lucia were ready to set out upon their adventurous walk. They were arrayed in the garbs of Sisters Converse, or the lay sisters of our Lady Rosalia, a body of females who were sworn to charitable pursuits, but whose chief calling was in watching with, and ministering to, the poor and indigent sick. Lucia had shown her shrewdness in procuring this garb; for the sisters of our lady were, from their very calling, often in the streets at all hours of the night. The dress consisted of a black gown, with a collar and narrow bosom of white muslin, and a cowl-like hood, which was also of white. Beneath these dark robes, the girls wore their own dresses, and as they assisted each other to perform the novel toilet, they each had hopeful words to speak.

At length the task was completed, and then the girls listened, to assure themselves that all was safe. They heard no noise, no sound, except their own heavy breathings, and with a noiseless movement Lucia opened the door, and passed out into the corridor beyond. Angela followed.

"You will lead the way," whispered the latter.

"Fear not, my dear lady. I have the keys of the outer door and of the court gate. If we can but gain the street we are safe. Be bold, now, and tread most carefully."

"Ah, my heart is strong, Lucia," resumed Angela, as she moved noiselessly along the corridor.

No more words were spoken until they were clear of the buildings. The street was gained without difficulty, and when once there, Angela Fontani stopped for a moment to think. She could not but look back upon the dwelling she had left, and half wonder at the cause that had thus sent her forth; but what of wonder she had was soon lost in the reality of the thing, and at a word from Lucia she started on again.

With a swift step they glided along through the streets, nor were they interrupted till they reached a point near the great convent of the Capuchins. They had got clear of the city, and were walking now more boldly, when a man stepped into their path. He was a soldier.

"Whom have we here?" he asked.

"Sisters Converse," was Lucia's bold, quick answer.

It was too dark to plainly distinguish countenances, but the soldier could see that the females wore the dress of the lay sisters.

"Know you not," said he, "that no person can pass out from the city after night fall without a passport?"

"We did not," replied Lucia.

"But so it is."

"It must be something new, then."

"Ay, that it is. Our good cardinal has placed the bands upon us within the week."

"Let us go back," murmured Angela.

"No, no, sister," promptly uttered Lucia. "Our errand of mercy must not be put off. Hark ye, good soldier, does this edict prevent the ministering of holy rites and charitable deeds? We knew not of it, and our errand now is one which may not be put off without danger even to life itself. You will not refuse us passage."

"I ought not to let you pass," said the soldier.

"It is a long way back, and the hour, too, is late," resumed Lucia.

"But whence go ye?"

"To visit a poor peasant, who will be made happier by our coming."

"And when shall you return?"

"That we cannot exactly tell."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE VANILLA.

The vanilla grows in moist and shady places, on the borders of springs, near the sea, particularly in places subject to inundation, and in the neighborhood of salt or brackish waters. It flowers in the month of May; its fruit arrives at maturity towards the last of September. This plant is found in almost all the warm countries of South America; in Brazil, in Mexico and in Colombia; it is also found in Asia, under the tropics; but into the latter region it seems to have been imported by the English. Three principal varieties of the vanilla are known in commerce—the Pompona or Ilova variety, so called by the Spaniards, has a very thick pod and strong odor; the bastard variety, the least esteemed of the three, has a smaller pod, and a faint odor; the *ley* or legitimate variety, the most sought for, has a thin pod and very pleasant smell. The legitimate of good quality is of a deep reddish brown; it should be neither too glutinous nor too dry. When you open one of the well-conditioned and fresh seed vessels, you find it filled with a black, oily and balsamic liquid, in which float an infinity of little imperceptible grains; it emits at the same time an odor so keen and penetrating, that, breathed a long time, it finally creates stupor or a species of intoxication. In South America it would be easy to subject the vanilla to regular culture; and thus, without doubt, considerable plantations might be formed, and crops obtained sufficient for the supply of the European market; but the inhabitants are contented to gather the fruits which spring from the roots without culture. Still, the vanilla is cultivated at Cayenne and in Guiana; and latterly, its cultivation has been attempted in Europe. An attempt has been made to fecundate the flowers artificially to increase the product, and the experiments seem to have been crowned with complete success. The following is the preparation to which the vanilla is subjected before entering into commerce. A certain number of pods are tied together in bunches and dipped into boiling water, which instantly bleaches them; they are afterwards exposed to the open air and a little sun. After a day's exposure they receive a slight application of oil, that they may dry slowly, without becoming



THE VANILLA PLANT



PORTRAIT OF MAZZINI, THE ITALIAN PATRIOT.

[For description, see page 365.]

too hard or losing their softness. Each of them is surrounded by a small thread of cotton, which prevents the separation of the valves. There soon exudes, from the reversed extremity, a superabundance of viscous liquor; the seed-vessels are slightly pressed

despair and honest excretion, the latter drops his fish; the eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears it silently away to the woods." The bald

THE BALD EAGLE.

Below we give a representation of this noble bird, the king of the feathered race. The bald eagle is the most distinguished of the North American species of the eagle tribe, not only from his beauty, but also as the adopted emblem of our country. This bird has been known to naturalists for a long time, and is common to both continents, chiefly frequenting the neighborhood of the sea, and the shores and cliffs of lakes and large rivers. He is found during the whole year in the countries he inhabits, preferring the spots we have mentioned from his partiality for fish. The following poetic description of one of his modes of obtaining his prey is given by Wilson: "Elevated upon a high, dead limb of some gigantic tree, that commands a wide view of the neighboring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below—the snow white gulls, slowly winnowing the air; the busy *trapper*, coursing along the sands; trains of ducks, streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these, hovers one, whose action instantly arrests all his attention. He knows him to be the fish-hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and, balancing himself with half-opened wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment, the eager looks of the eagle are all ardor, and, levelling his neck for a flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerging, struggling with his prey, and mouthing in the air with screams of exultation. These are a signal to our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase; soon gains on the fish hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying, in the rencontre, the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of



THE BALD-HEADED EAGLE.

to favor the discharge of this liquor. When the vanillas have lost all their viscosity, they rapidly acquire the different qualities by which they are known in commerce. The principal use of the vanilla is to flavor ice creams, sherbets and like preparations.

eagle also destroys quadrupeds, as lambs, pigs, etc.; and there are well authenticated instances of its attempting to carry off children. When this bird has fasted for some time, its appetite is extremely voracious and indiscriminate, and it will eat almost any food.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LAY HER THERE.

BY MRS. L. U. BIGGOTINEZ.

Lay her where the lilies grow,
Where the calla blossoms rare;
She rejoiced to see them blow,
She was stainless as their snow—
Lay her there.

Lay her where the violets spread,
When the spring-tide opens fair;
She, like them, did freely shed
Fragrance o'er the lowliest bed—
Lay her there.

Lay her where the wild rose gleams,
Asking not the florist's care;
In the love that constant flows,
She was sister to the rose—
Lay her there.

Lay her where the fountain clear
Shows its freshness on the air;
Like the dewdrops' sparkling spheres
Was her spirit, pure and dear—
Lay her there.

Yet let no despairing wail
Mingle with the funeral prayer;
For the angels sing "All hail!"
Ere we sigh, with sadness pale,
Lay her there.

[Translated from the German for Gleason's Pictorial.]

FEODORE.

A POETIC ILLUSTRATION OF AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KOTZEBUE, BY W. A. KENTON.

The scene is laid in Russia, at the country seat of MAJOR VILLIKOFF, a wealthy landholder, on the road between Moscow and St. Petersburg. MARIE, a young lady, sister to the Major, is discovered alone, in an apartment of the house, singing:

Now is the spring delightful seen,
Young birches dressing all in green,
And sweet-breathed violets new;
It brings the little songster-guest,
With light heart to his feathered nest;
The swallow twitters in her nest;
The cuckoo calls: "Cuckoo!"

With pure, childlike simplicity,
The handiwork of God I see
In every bud and flower;
Where little earth-worms creeping move,
The sun revolving high above;
Temple of nature! there I love
Thy self-adorning power!

The major enters.

Major.—Good morning, sister. Sing you so cheerfully?

Marie.—The larks understand it better.

Major.—Yes, the larks are happy creatures.

Marie.—And do you know why?

Major.—Because they celebrate their freedom with rejoicing.

Marie.—Surely not. The larks free? What are you thinking of? The heralds of spring, the songsters of love—two important offices! They have plenty to do, from the first blush of morning till sunset. No; I consider the larks happy because they choose to be contented. Even now, in April, while all around us is covered with snow—when scarcely the hillock's top or high spot in the field shows itself, these contented guests come and satisfy themselves with the place—hailing it from the air with their quavering song. I know of men, on the contrary, for whom mountain and valley are flourishing for a mile round, and who, yet, hail the fairest morning of spring with a sigh.

Major.—Do you mean me?

Marie.—Whom else? Shame for you! A man of thirty years; major, by good fortune and well meriting; proprietor of a handsome estate; brother to a sister full of love—and yet a kind of misanthrope.

Major.—Was I always that?

Marie.—No! That is what vexes me. You was a sprightly boy, a cheerful youth; why have you become a melancholy man?

Major.—Do you really wish to know?

Marie.—So very much that I must inquire about it the first thing.

Major.—Well, then, you shall know it. O, sister, I am in love!

Marie.—Why, the great misfortune! Yet you do not love the Princess Zurandot?

Major.—I am ashamed of my choice.

Marie.—Then you do not love.

Major.—My shame is my torment.

Marie.—My curiosity is mine.

Major.—Feodore —

Marie.—Our handsome stranger?

Major.—Three months are now flown away since I went over to our ale-house, in the twilight of an evening. A beautiful, half-frozen girl sat weeping in the snow. I asked her why she was crying. She stared and was silent. Said I, "You are freezing, my child; why do you not go in?" She saw the tears were in my eyes, and shook her head. "Are you in want of money?" I inquired again, seizing my purse. She showed me the corner of her handkerchief, in which she had some coppers tied.

Marie.—In brief, she would not go in because some drunken soldiers were in the ale-house. You have repeated the story to me a hundred times already.

Major.—I pointed towards our gate, saying, in a friendly manner, "Since you have no shelter, you had better come with me."

Marie.—She hesitated until she found that you had an honest sister; then followed you, and threw herself into my arms.

Major.—Since that time, she has with every day unfolded some new charm, either of person or mind.

Marie.—And these charms have captivated my noble brother.

Major.—For eternity.

Marie.—Ay, ay! It appeared to me, at the first, indeed, as though she pleased your eyes well; but now, for several weeks past, you have seemed to avoid her—have you not?

Major.—I confess it to you, with shame and sorrow. At first I presumed I had a right—

Marie.—To treat her as an adventuress?

Major.—Her amiable spirit has shown me the bounds.

Marie.—I could have given you the same advice upon that point, after the first morning. I have proved her; her mind is pure.

Major.—As pure as ether is her mind;

Her spirit bears a weight of woe.

Marie.—But what so sad from us confused?

Not by inquiries can we know.

Major.—Calmly endured, by no complaint

The ground of her still grief appears.

Marie.—Our every quest but meets restraint;

Her smiles beseeching through her tears.

Both.—Help we would and cannot,

That will press one sore;

Help we can and may not,

O that pains yet more!

Marie.—Why has she nothing but mystery for us! She certainly knows we mean well towards her. Sometimes it appears to me rather suspicious.

Major.—Abuse not the innocent.

Marie.—She abuses friendship. Who is she? Where does she come from? Why alone? On foot? Whither did she intend to go? Hardly to us, yet she continues here; and yet, again, her anxiety betrays that she desires not to remain only to carry out some plan. She always runs over the leader in the St. Petersburg Gazette, with great eagerness. What should that signify? A word escaped her lately—she hopes to leave us now soon?

Major.—To leave? Does she hope that? Does she make use of the expression, *hope*?

Marie.—Yes, yes, dear brother; I cannot help you.

Major.—O, sister, I cannot live without her.

Marie.—The poorer comfort for me. She goes, you follow, and I remain alone.

Major.—But must she then go? Marie, possibly there is a way to keep her.

Marie.—Certainly, now, if you—

Major.—I offer her my hand, my heart, my rank, my fortune—

Marie.—To a stranger?

Major.—Her name, her fortune, I know not; but her heart—

Marie.—A girl you found in the street? A mendicant?

Major.—Surely she was not born to that. An unfortunate, whose misery enlisted our compassion, whose virtue has won our esteem.

Marie.—And from both has grown love.

Major.—The purest, warmest love.

Marie.—Still, one must know before—

Major.—What she conceals from the friend she will disclose to the companion.

Marie.—And what if the disclosure may not be pleasing? The companion repents too late, then. You should, at least, await the return of our uncle. You know how warmly even he has interested himself for Feodore; warmer almost than became his gray hairs. You know that he, notwithstanding his gout, made the journey to Moscow for the purpose of getting upon her track there; since she one day let fall, in conversation, that she came hither by way of Moscow. We are expecting him now daily and hourly.

Major. Not I. I am not awaiting him; for I should feel ashamed to cherish the least suspicion about Feodore's innocence. I entreat you, sister, prepare her in advance; for you perceive me resolute. Open to her my heart, to-day. When she hears that—when she describes a sister in the benefactress—my loved one will possibly awaken her confidence. If not, she shall thus be confounded by mine. "Feodore," I will say to her, "I believe thee to be a noble; thy nobleness will not permit us to be deceived. I desire not to know who thou art; I choose to believe thy worthiness by the purifying glance that has won my heart to thee."

Marie.—Stands it thus with you, indeed! Well, I will endeavor, once more, to unlock her mystery. Your love, perchance, lends me the key. But suppose her declaration, in accordance with your desire, discloses a gulf between her and you; will you set aside all prejudice?

Major.—Success in love requites me all.

Marie.—And the favor of your good king? He who for our father's sake, shows himself so fatherly to you; will he approve such a step?

Major.—When he sees and knows her.

Marie.—But will he see her? will he know her?

Major.—Perchance, perchance to day. I forgot to tell you—a courier but just now passed. The king, returning in state, has rested over night but a few miles from here. He goes right by our house. I hope, therefore, that, reminded of me, he will stop and alight. Then I will place Feodore before him. All good, all beautiful, she must easily find the way to his noble heart. He will approve my choice, and I shall then serve him the more ardently.

Marie.—Yes, there is a mustard grain of hope; ever sure to be found by those in love. To such no mountain is too high. They speedily remove it, and go easily along the level way.

Major.—The spell of true love

New existence awakes;

Self lifts me above,

And more confident makes.

To every good,
High-hearted deed,
Through flame and flood,
Will love awe lead.
Where heroes fear,
In bloody field,
Love still will dare;
His foe must yield.

The spell of true love
New existence awakes;
Self lifts me above,
And all confident makes.

He retires.

Marie.—Good brother, your hour has struck. The hero dreamed not of it, as he carried himself so valiantly in Prussia and Finland, that he would fall upon the highway, before his own ale-house, into the captivity of a Russian maiden.

Feodore enters.

Feodore.—I wish for some flax, dear lady; that which you gave me yesterday is all spun.

Marie.—How, Feodore? I gave you the labor of three days. You are too diligent.

Feodore.—Yon jest. Would God I could requite your beneficence by my industry. You have so kindly taken me up; you have treated me so tenderly. O, and I, having nothing, understanding nothing, can only thank you with my words—only with my tears.

Marie.—Do you really desire to show yourself more thankful?

Feodore.—Can you doubt it?

Marie.—Well, now, it remains with you richly to reward me and my brother.

Feodore.—By what means?

Marie.—By confidence.

Feodore.—O!

Marie.—You cherish secret sorrow—

Feodore.—Yes.

Marie.—Possibly we might assist you.

Feodore.—O, no!

Marie.—We would cheerfully do it.

Feodore.—I know that; but it is not in your power.

Marie.—You may at least lighten your grief by communication.

Feodore.—I dare not.

Marie.—What prevents you?"

Feodore.—A strong prohibition; a solemn vow. Only to one man upon earth dare I mention what alicts me.

Marie.—Who is he? Why do you not seek him out?

Feodore.—I have sought him long already. God will assist me to find him now, soon.

Marie.—Where?

Feodore.—In St. Petersburg.

Marie.—Why do you not go thither?

Feodore.—The moment has not arrived.

Marie.—Possibly you may have—something reproaching you? Youth errs; repentance reconciles. By concealing in the breast of a friend, you may lighten your heart.

Feodore.—No, lovely woman; I am not unworthy of your kindness.

Even in life's early morning
Sorrow sat my cradle by,
And the mother's sad complainings
Added to her infant's cry.

Youth for me was cold and dismal,
Drying tears was your delight;
But pure innocence—hat virtue
Never from my soul took flight.

Marie.—I gladly believe you; and may you soon reach the reward of your early sufferings. Destiny has led you to us; may you, by us, find fortune and peace of mind.

Feodore.—The end of my pilgrimage is not here.

Marie.—Who knows? My brother loves you; he is wealthy, reputable, of good family, and—what is more than all—an honorable man. He will make you an offer with such earnestness that you dare not blush. I shall call you sister, with pleasure; and possibly, as a sister, win that confidence which you so pertinaciously withhold from the friend.

Feodore.—Your brother has the most sacred claims upon my esteem, my gratitude and—why should I not acknowledge it—my love; but—I belong not to myself. Prevent him, dear lady, that he may not speak with me; at least, not just now. I dare not now give room to a single wish or affection. I must grieve him, and that would be so painful to me.

Marie.—He hopes—let him hope—he desires for no more.

This Cupid a child is, a frolicsome child;
He builds in the air and he writes in the sand;
And likewise a plaything he has we term *Hope*;
From which he will spin a most beautiful thread,
Appear to him always with countenance sad;
But, break not his plaything, lest he should go mad.

Marie having retired, Feodore thus soliloquizes.

"And this, too! Already does the reproach not pain my heart, that I, during my continuance in this house, often surprise myself in dreams, that perhaps never—at least not before they shall have wondered about me, till I attain my great, my noble purpose? Has not the thought of this young man already weakened those venerable impulses in my breast, which must inspire me with a holy courage? O, forgive, forgive! I will continue steadfast—and never forget who built his last hope on me. No sweet alluring shall remove my glorious object from these eyes! Haste,

Feodore; strengthen yourself by the solemn ballad, whose tones have so frequently stirred you to the innermost."

She seizes a guitar that lies upon the table, and strikes in unison with the air.

In this hazy Irish's waters,
Scanty tears I mingle here;
While the fiery Borealis
Bloody wands above me roar.
Underneath this too eternal,
One true heart lies well asleep;
But O, must the bowed and gray head
Still his old affliction weep?
And, by tear-wet steps, descending
Slowly towards the grave I see;
Death I dare not call to hasten,
Since a helpless child calls me.

She lets the guitar fall, and weeps. The major re-enters.

Major.—Feodore weeping!

Feodore.—I sang a ballad that I frequently heard when a child. The old, simple airs are pathetic.

Major.—Has my sister spoken with you?

Feodore.—[Embarrassed.] She was satisfied with my diligence.

Major.—That is not it. Has she not spoken of me?

Feodore.—Of you?

Major.—In you?

Feodore.—O, yes, that occurs daily. The good sister speaks cheerfully of the beloved brother; and the grateful orphan hears it gladly.

Major.—You retreat from me. Will you not hear me?

Feodore.—Forbear! I beseech you, forbear!

Major.—Forbear? Is it that an honest man should conceal the purest feelings, that you say *forbear*?

Feodore.—Be not offended—look upon me as an invalid to whom one dares not be overrash in the agreeable, until the physician permits.

Major.—Where may I find this physician? Name him to me, that I may consult him.

Feodore.—I wait for him with childlike longing.

Major.—And when he comes?

Feodore.—Then, I hope to God he will help me! Then the future will smile for me.

Major.—And for me?

Feodore.—Your happiness will be my prayer.

Major.—Esigmatic maiden! Have I not merited your confidence.

Feodore.—Can one always give confidence?

Major.—O when may thy most lovely mind

This rigid silence break?

Feodore.—O when shall hope an anchorage find?

For grief a respite make?

Both.—Misconceived; the heart

Shuts itself against its will;

Silent, although bleeding still,

It endures the smart.

Major.—But may kind Heaven pardon thee,

When sorrow has an end!

Feodore.—A holy duty will to me

Strength for achievement lend.

Both.—If in virtue's train,

Unto action moved by love,

Perseverance—from above—

Can its purpose gain.

Marie.—[Opening the door.] Our uncle is come. [She vanishes.]

Major.—[To himself.] Ha! if he has only been fortunate in his inquiries. [Ivan Petrovitch, the uncle, coming in, the major springs to greet him.] Welcome, dear uncle!

I. P.—Here I am; here I am. Had I been able to remain at home, I should have been as prudent. Good day, my dear nephew! They have nearly finished me altogether, by this shaking of my old bones against one another. But it is good enough for me. What had I to seek at Moscow? [He glances obliquely towards Feodore, as if against his will.] Good day, Feodore!

She makes obeisance to him.

I. P.—[To himself.] The dissembler! Who puts it upon her? The evil one, I take it! Looks she not like an angel; one even who had borne a soul in Abraham's bosom?

Major.—I am very desirous, dear uncle, to hear of your travelling adventure.

I. P.—We are not far from that.

Now up hill, now down hill, o'er stick and o'er stone,
In a furious chase I have driven, have flown;
While snow flakes were flashing, whirled with us along,
While little bells sounded with jovial song;
The driver not seldom was crazy with wine,
A runner disjointed, or broken a line.
Dogs growling and barking, saluted me here,
And servants, with impudence, swindled me there;
Anon I must threaten, anon I must pray,
Anon wait on patience to sweeten delay;
Till, after long journeys, with ill not half told,
These eyes were rejoiced by the turrets of gold.

Major.—[Taking him aside.] Did you come upon the track, in Moscow?

I. P.—I think I did.

Major.—O, quick!

I. P.—My intelligence is not pleasant. The mask of innocence has deceived us.

Major.—Impossible!

I. P.—When I look upon her thus, it also appears to me impossible. But I shall look upon her so no more—the subtle thing!

Major.—I stand upon coals—relate to me.

During this conversation, Feodore remains standing, at a moderate distance, and busies herself in a becoming manner.

I. P.—Now, you know the captain of the police is an old friend

of mine. My first step was to him. I related to him our adventure, stating that you was enamored, and that the witch had me, also, half-and-half in love; that we could not get a word out of her, and that we very much wished to ascertain in whom we had placed our affections. "Why," said he, "have you not inquired if she has a passport?" "Certainly," said I, "she has lost it." He thought that sounded suspicious. "But she has come from Moscow," said I; and then described her in full, becoming somewhat animated at the same time. My old friend smiled, and thought one in love might get up a superior advertisement of a runaway. He presently sent for one of his most cunning bloodhounds, who was fortunate enough to ferret it out in a few days.

Major.—Who is she?

I. P.—Not that, but whence does she come?

Major.—Well.

I. P.—From Siberia.

Major.—[Agitated.] From Siberia?

I. P.—Yes! She showed herself timorous at the gate. A faithful police officer tricked her in the same tale of the lost passport; and, as he persisted in endeavoring to discover whence she came, she flatteringly informed him, "From Tobolsk!" Naturally desirous now to search the matter more thoroughly, he conveys her for a while, very courteously, to his own residence, not apprehending any mischief from her gentle, honest countenance; only wishing, in haste, to despatch a little business; but when he returned—which was in the course of an hour—she was over all hills.

Major.—Ahem! Singular and mysterious.

I. P.—Mysterious? Not at all! Imagine myself a girl from Siberia, all alone, so timorous, without a pass—a young foreigner slipping nimbly from the police—yet who looks well for one so like a wanton lass, as one drop of the Neva to another.

Major.—Condemn her not too rashly, dear uncle.

I. P.—Rashly? Ha! to the hangman! I have let myself break on the wheel these four weeks long, to come upon the truth.

Major.—I will not endure the burden of this suspicion. How if I suddenly inform her of all that has come to our knowledge?

I. P.—Do as you choose. I withdraw my hand from her.

Major.—I cannot withdraw my heart from her, until she herself confesses. [After some effort, he says:] Feodore!

Feodore.—What would you?

Major.—Come near; look at me.

Feodore.—Why do you look at me so sadly?

Major.—[Gazing fixedly into her eyes.] You come from Siberia.

Feodore.—[Bracing herself. After a pause, she says calmly:] Yes!

Major.—Was you born there?

Feodore.—No.

I. P.—Also justly there?

Feodore.—Yes.

Major.—Wherefore?

Feodore.—Spare me these questions.

I. P.—But there exactly sits the knot.

Major.—Feodore, what shall I think of this?

Feodore.—Nothing evil, if you can.

I. P.—Yes, if he can! For who can think well of it? An honest girl is never sent to Siberia.

Major.—It is possible some rare misfortune has come upon you.

Feodore.—Yes, it is.

Major.—You may still be innocent.

Feodore.—I am so.

Major.—But in this fall, you should speak; explain—

Feodore.—I dare not.

Major.—If you should confide in worthy persons, they would call you inoffensive and amiable.

Feodore.—Ah, yes; that they would!

Major.—They love you; they would keep your secret faithfully.

Feodore.—I have no secret.

I. P.—What obstinacy.

Feodore.—It is my severest pain that I must appear ungrateful.

Major.—[Sorrowfully.] Appear? You are a very ingrate.

Feodore.—O!

I. P.—The miss will, therefore, readily perceive that, in circumstances of such a nature, she cannot longer remain in the house.

Feodore.—I will go.

I. P.—Ah, but nay! We will perform our duty. The miss has no passport; we will deliver her over to the police.

Feodore.—Do as you think best.

I. P.—[Aside.] That condemned tranquillity!

Major.—No, my dear uncle; let us not aggravate her misfortune. From my house she may pass unhindered. [He offers her a full purse.] Take that, and remove.

Feodore.—[Declining.] It needs not this last kindness to make your house ever memorable. God will hear the thanksgiving of an innocent child, and requite you.

Major.—[With bitterness.] Go, only go. I shall find my peace again. This very day will I solicit the king for a furlough, to travel in foreign lands.

I. P.—[Fretfully.] I will travel with you.

Feodore.—[Half to herself.] This very day! Solicit a furlough!

Major.—I doubly bless the fortunate incident, that just at this time—to-day—the king passes by here.

Feodore.—To-day! Pass here!

I. P.—Is the girl frightened? Yes; one hides one's self betimes just now, for here he will stop; he will alight to refresh himself.

Feodore.—Ha!

I. P.—The couriers have already passed my carriage. The king is not far distant.

Feodore staggers and supports herself by a chair. The major springs towards her.

Major.—What is it, Feodore?

Feodore.—Nothing. O, worthy sir, grant me this last favor—permit me yet one hour longer in your house; by that means, I experience the good fortune to see the king.

Major.—Do you not shun his glance?

Feodore.—He is to me as a gracious servant of Heaven.

I. P.—How will the cunning witch out of it?

Major.—[To himself.] It is impossible! She cannot be guilty.

Marie.—[Bursting open the door.] Uncle! brother! the king is coming! Hasten quick to receive him! [She retires again.]

I. P.—Quick, quick, nephew! This is a glorious day, on which one forgets everything else! [He withdraws.]

Major.—[Following.] O, in what a state of mind shall I receive the beloved guest!

Feodore.—[Being alone, and throwing herself upon her knees with great emotion.]

God! Thou who from the icy sea-coast wild,
Through forests, floods and deserts without end,
Hast by an angel accompanied a child!
Strength for this moment to the daughter lend!
Upon my trembling lips the cause approve;
Let childish faltering the mighty move.
The tears of misery thou sawest flow,
And as thou promise the heavenly prize
To filial love and piety, below,
Wipe now, I pray, the sorrow from these eyes;
Confirm thy promises; look down and bless
My pious love and constant faithfulness!

[She springs up.] I hear them coming. The decisive moment is here! God, I have none, save thee! God, I commit myself into thy hands!

She steps, tremblingly, to one side. The king, Ivan Petrovitch, the major and Marie enter; the last three in chorus.

Blessed again is made the house
Where treads a ruler wise;
He brings no threatening host in arms,
But blessings none despise.

Where loving children welcome him,
The threshold he endears;
Posterity will bless the place
Where now the loved appears.

The King.—I thank you, my friends; it is well for me to be here, since I know you love me.

I. P.—If you feel thus, beloved sovereign, it is well for you to be everywhere; for where are you not beloved?

Feodore throws herself, breathless, at the feet of the king.

The King.—Who is this? What means this?

Marie.—Feodore, what are you doing?

I. P. and the major evince alarm and amazement.

Feodore.—Gracious king—

I. P.—It is a stranger. Go away; it does not become you.

The King.—Permit her. Every misfortune has a claim upon the king. Speak, my child.

Feodore.—I cannot.

The King.—Recover yourself; take courage. Think that you speak to your father.

Feodore.—Father! The word gives me courage. I am the daughter of General Tschulikoff—

The King.—The outlaw?

Feodore.—For fourteen years he has languished in Siberia; he has erred, and severely atoned. On the shore of the Irish he has hurried his wife and two children—want and sorrow brought them to the grave—I alone am remaining to him now. O, I grow up no joy to him; for in his great age he suffers the nearness of death to afflict him. He sees in me but a helpless orphan—the scanty bread, which I moisten with my tears, comes from his hands.

"O," he often groans, "and that you, too, must one day beg!" I could no longer endure my father's misery; my spirit was early matured in that school of affliction; the reputation of your clemency soon forced itself into our terrible solitude; there heaved a ray of hope; I resolved to venture the hardest for obtaining, by entreaties, that clemency for my father, also; with his benediction, I left him; with anxiety and hope, I embrace your knees; most gracious sovereign, pardon my father!

The King.—Stand up. How? Have you come from Siberia alone?

Feodore.—Entirely alone.

The King.—But how?

Feodore.—On foot.

The King.—On foot?

Major.—Ha!

The King.—What gave you the courage?

Feodore.—Confidence in Heaven.

The King.—But the strength?

Feodore.—Filial love.

The King.—What protection had you for such a journey?

Feodore.—My innocence.

The King.—What means?

Feodore.—The kindness of others.

The King.—Could you beg?

Feodore.—For my father.

The King.—Heroic maiden, your father is free!

Feodore.—[Crying out.] He is free! [She wishes to cast herself at the king's feet, but sinks, fainting, into the arms of Marie.]

The King.—Every misery, every distress that maiden has endured, shall be overpaid by her rejoicing. I perceive we are all deeply affected.

I. P.—Yes, God knows!

The King.—Remain with her, my friends. Attend not to me. I will withdraw myself from the first eruption of her thanks, and, in her stead, despatch a courier to Siberia. After that, bring the

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 362.]



H. M. SHIPS ENTERPRISE AND INVESTIGATOR IN WINTER QUARTERS, NEAR POINT LEOPOLD, GREENLAND.

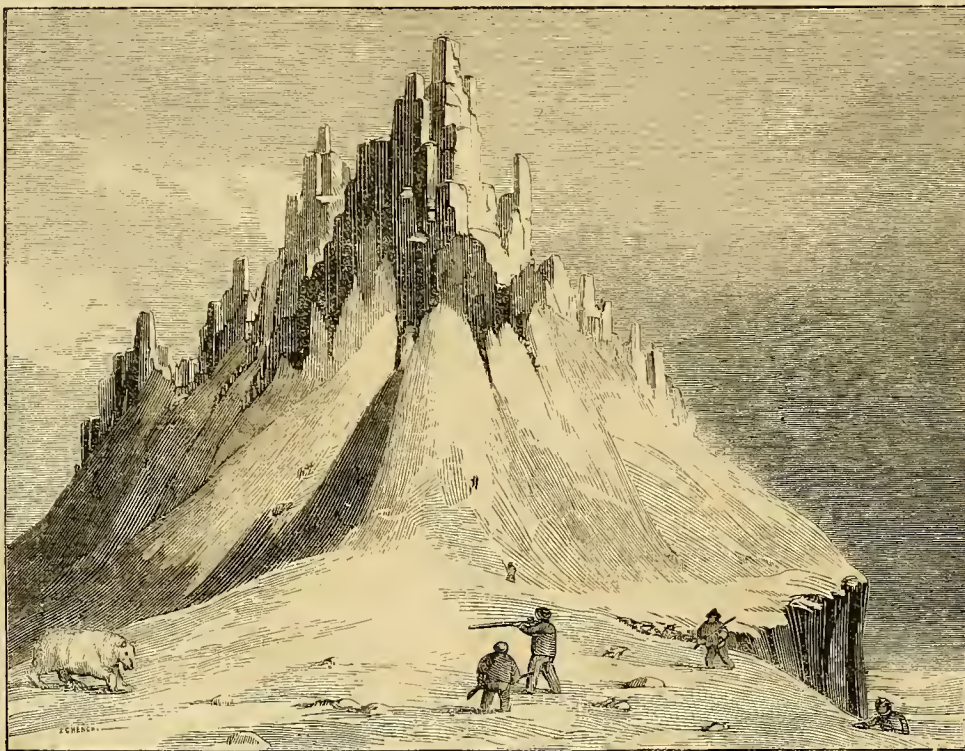
ARCTIC SCENERY.

In the year 1845, the British government fitted out the *Erebus* and *Terror*, bomb-vessels, the former commanded by Sir John Franklin, and the latter by Captain Crozier. On the 26th of May, they were towed to sea, and proceeded on their voyage to the polar regions. The expedition advanced up the east side of Baffin's Bay, and was last seen on the 26th of July, 1845, in Melville Bay, in the stream of Lancaster Sound, by Captain Dannett, of the whaler *Prince of Wales*. Nothing has been heard of them since that period, except traces discovered by the American expedition in 1851-2, consisting of several graves of deceased persons lately connected with the *Erebus* and *Terror*. In 1848, public opinion was so strongly in favor of sending in search of Sir John Franklin, that the British government sent three other expeditions to proceed by various routes in search of the absent voyagers. The principal of these expeditions was that under Sir James Clark Ross, who commanded the *Enterprise*. The other ship, the *Investigator*, was commanded by Capt. Bird. They sailed on the 12th of May, 1848. On the 11th of September, Sir John Ross entered the harbor of Port Leopold, Whaler Point, in Barrow Straits, and was frozen in until the 28th of August, 1849, when the ships were cleared of the harbor by cutting a canal two miles long through the ice. In the year 1850, several expeditions were fitted out for the same purpose, the search of Sir John Franklin. Also, on the part of the United States, an expedition was sent in 1851-2, and is very soon to be followed by a second. Our illustrations are from sketches made, on the spot, by an officer of Sir James Ross's expedition. The first view here-with given presents the two ships, *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, locked in the ice and banked up, and housed over for the winter. The men stationed about on the ice serve for lookouts, and are clad in thick coats of fur, proof against even the Arctic cold. This is noon day in December, and shows but a feeble light towards the sun, similar to our dawn, with stars shining as brightly as at night. The bold headland seen in the distance, Point Leopold, is of great elevation; and the sides show the limestone formation, and bear a gloomy aspect in the less than twilight which prevails for the winter months. The second engraving represents the termination of cliffs near Whaler Point, Port Leopold, North America, and near Greenland. An exploring party are surprised by a polar bear, while ascending the cliffs in the distance. In this region, and adjoining these cliffs, the limestone rocks rise to the height of eleven hundred feet. The party seen is from the ships *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, and the sun is seen to have risen to summer altitude, giving nearly the amount of light we have in winter. In the third illustration is seen the northeast cape of America, and part of Leopold Island. The cliffs here are

also of dark limestone, intersected by veins of gypsum, and have an elevation of several hundred feet. The fourth engraving gives a view of Her Majesty's ships *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, under command of Capt. Sir James C. Ross, in search of Sir John Franklin. The ships are in the neighborhood of the "Devil's Thumb," seen in the distance, and are engaged in warping, and boring in the pack of ice. Men, warmly clothed to protect them from the cold weather, are seen carrying out hawsers from the ships and making them fast in the ice, while those on board are preparing to warp up, by hauling in the other ends of the hawsers. At the head of the foretop-gallant masts are seen men on the lookout, standing in something like casks, to protect them from the cold winds. All the arrangements for this expedition, and for the comfort of the crews were of the most thorough character. And in this outer world of everlasting sterility and desolation they were needed. These Arctic latitudes have long been the field of much interest to the learned savans of modern times, and many efforts at discovery and research have been made. Greenland, itself, was long supposed to be united on the northwest to the continent of America; but the discoveries of recent navigators render it more probable that it is an island. Shape somewhat triangular, with the apex towards the south. It is high and rocky, its surface

presenting a chaotic assemblage of sterile mountains, bare or covered with ice, which also occupies a great portion of the intervening valleys. The centre is said to be traversed by a range of lofty mountains, by which the country is divided into East and West Greenland. Of the former, from latitude sixty-five to sixty-nine degrees, little or nothing is known, the shore being constantly beset by vast accumulations of ice. All this coast appears to be colder, more barren and miserable than the west coast. It may be said to consist of one uninterrupted glacier, exhibiting only a few patches of vegetation, generally on the banks of the rivers; and often advancing far into the sea and forming promontories of ice, large masses of which frequently fall in avalanches. The west shore is high, rugged, and barren, and rises close to the water's edge into precipitous cliffs and mountains, seen from sea at a distance of sixty miles. The whole coast is indented with a series of bays or fiords, interspersed with a number of islands of various form and size. The principal of these is the island of Disco, in the bay of the same name, on the west coast, between latitude sixty and seventy degrees. Only the coasts and islands are yet ascertained to be inhabited, no other part having been explored by Europeans. The air is pure, light and healthy; but the cold during the long winter is often very intense. More snow

falls, and the climate is more severe on the east than on the west coast. In South Greenland the cold seldom exceeds sixteen or eighteen degrees Reaumur, but in the north, the thermometer sometimes stands thirty degrees Reaumur. The sun has considerable power during the summer, but fine weather is never of long continuance. Lightning sometimes occurs, and hail, but the latter seldom. Violent storms are frequent in autumn. The rare occurrence of rain, and the intense degree of cold produced by the northeast wind, has given reason to believe that the most east parts of Greenland form a great archipelago, encumbered with perpetual ice. The aurora borealis has, at some seasons, a light equal to that of the full moon. The rocks are principally granite, gneiss, clay-slate, porphyry, potstone, etc., arranged in vertical beds. They have been found to contain a rich copper ore, black lead, marble, asbestos, serpentine, crystals, and some other valuable stones. There are no volcanoes; but three hot springs have been found in an island on the west coast. Coal is found in the island of Disco. Vegetation, even in the south, is limited to a few stunted birch, elder and willow trees, moss, lichens, grasses, fungi, etc. Proceeding north, the surface becomes more sterile, and at last nothing is met with except bare rocks. Several kinds of wild berries attain tolerable perfection, and the soil on the west coast towards the south, has been found fit for the cultivation of various culinary vegetables; the growth of the potato has latterly been attempted with some success. Among the animals are



TERMINATION OF CLIFFS NEAR WHALER POINT, PORT LEOPOLD, GREENLAND.

the reindeer in the south, the polar bear in the north, white hares, foxes of various colors, and dogs; seals abound in the south, where the walrus also is met with; whales of various kinds inhabit the seas, chiefly towards the north; and the sea, fiords and rivers abound in fish, especially turbot, herrings, salmon-trout, halibuts, rays, etc., with a great variety of shell-fish. Fishing and seal hunting are the principal occupations of the native inhabitants. The exports consist chiefly of whale oil, seal, bear, and reindeer skins, eider down, etc. The Greenlanders are believed to be of the same race as the inhabitants of the coasts of Hudson's Bay, Labrador, the northwest coasts, Kamtschatka, etc., from whom they differ little in person, manner and language. On the west coast they do not much exceed five feet in height. They have long, black hair, small eyes, and a yellow or brown skin. The inhabitants of the east coast differ from the former in being taller, fairer, and more active and robust; but do not exceed a few hundreds in number. There is no European colony on the east coast, and little or no intercourse is maintained between it and the west coast. The inhabitants display considerable skill in the structure of their fishing-boats and hunting implements, which are made of the drift wood brought in vast quantities to the coasts. Many have embraced a species of Christianity; and their superstitious belief in sorcery, etc., is now giving way to a rude kind of civilization. Their *kajaks* or fishing-boats are from twelve to fourteen feet long, and only about one and a half foot

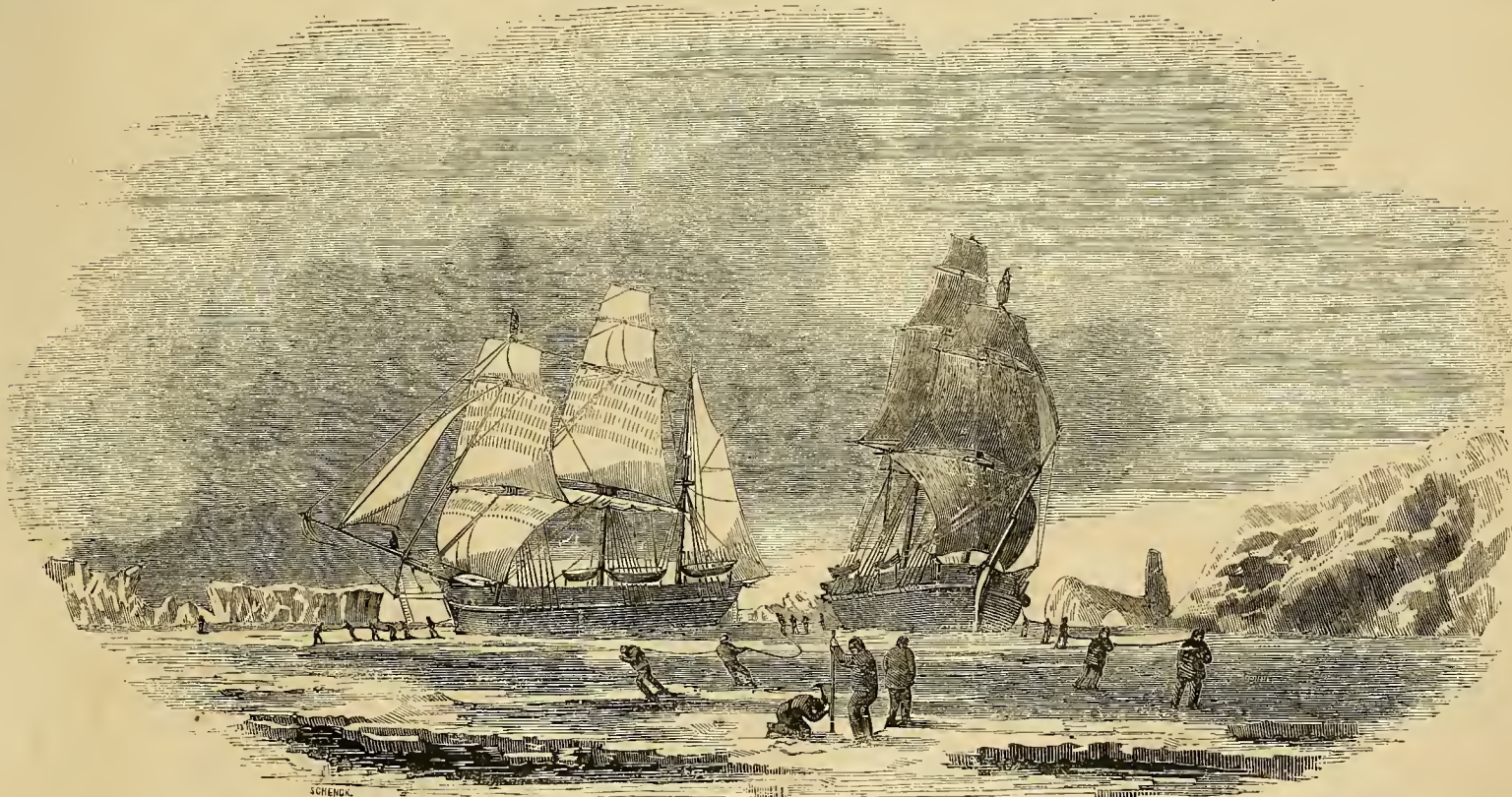


NORTHEAST CAPE OF AMERICA, AND PART OF LEOPOLD ISLAND.

broad, sharp at both ends, and covered with skins, except a small round opening in the middle, where the Greenlanders, having a single oar, takes his seat. Their houses are from six to eight feet high, and vary in size according to the number of families they are intended to accommodate, which sometimes amount to seven or eight. The interior is divided by skins into different compartments; the walls are lined with hroom and hung with skins, and the floor paved with flat stones. Their domestic arrangements are simple, and more remarkable for a want of cleanliness than anything else. The food of the natives is principally the dried flesh of the seal, with a little game and fish; coffee, tobacco, snuff, and brandy, are esteemed the greatest luxuries. Greenland is said to have been discovered by an Icelander, near the commencement of the tenth century; and the first colonization of the country, according to the old chronicles, dates from the year 923, when it was settled by the Norwegian Icelanders. It has long been a subject of discussion, whether colonies were established on both coasts; but from the accounts of recent adventurers, it is pretty certain that no European colony was ever founded to the east of Cape Farewell; at all events, no ruins indicative of any ancient settlements have been discovered on that coast, though numerous traces of them remain on the west coast. Under the Norwegian colonists, the country was governed by Icelandic laws, and had its own bishops. An intercourse was maintained between Norway and these settlements till the end of the fourteenth or the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the trade with Greenland was interdicted. Of the subsequent history of the country, and the fate of the colonies, we have no certain accounts. Several expeditions have from time to time been undertaken for the discovery of the lost colonies, but without success. The first of the

modern settlements was established in 1721, under the auspices of the Danish crown, by Hans Egede, a Norwegian. In the inlets and bays which intersect the coast of Greenland, immense masses of ice are accumulated during a series of years, which, being loosened during the heat of summer, lose their points of support from the shore, and plunge into the ocean with thundering noise. Being afterwards set adrift by the currents, they embarrass the navigation of the polar seas, and become the terror of the mariner. Those masses of ice are formed both of fresh and of salt water, and sometimes rise more than five hundred feet above the surface of the water. The salt water ice occurs in immense fields, of many thousand fathoms in length and breadth, divided by fissures, but following close on to each other. When the wind begins to blow, and the sea to rise in vast billows, the violent shocks of those masses of ice against each other fill the mind with astonishment and terror. The coasts of Greenland are surrounded by many thousand islands of different sizes, on which the native inhabitants frequently fix their residence, on account of their good situation for sea game. Our engravings give very good views both of the appearance of the vessels engaged in the expedition, and of the coast of this inhospitable clime. Whether the object of these various searches for Sir John Franklin will ever be successful or not, we cannot but admire the spirit of indomitable perseverance which has characterized the British government in these efforts, and the deep devotion manifested by Lady Franklin, as also the strong sympathetic action evinced in the expeditions fitted out from our own shores by the public-spirited Mr. Grinnell, of New York. If the honor of tracing the lost Franklin and his party to their icy captivity should be achieved by Dr. Kane and his companions, we should regard it as a noble tribute to humanity. The

land or on an iceberg, to aid the vision; a very complete set of magnetical instruments, sent out from England by Col. Sabine; a daguerrotype apparatus, of the most perfect construction, to preserve, for the scrutiny of those inhabiting warmer regions, the most interesting points of scenery at the extreme north; also the peculiarities of classes, manner of life, etc., of the natives. There will be attached to the expedition an astronomer, an artist, and a naturalist. All told, it will probably not comprise more than twenty-four persons. The *Advance* has five boats, two of which are willow baskets, covered with India rubber. The latter are very light and buoyant, and are intended to be used in connection with sledges, by parties engaged in service on the ice, after the further progress of the vessel shall have become obstructed. Dogs to draw sledges, also the services of Esquimaux, are to be procured on the coast of Greenland, on the upward passage to Baffin's Bay. The *Advance* is not expected to be absent more than eighteen months, but will be provisioned for three years. According to the statements of most explorers, and also of Dr. Kane, the means of sustaining life in those gloomy and sterile regions are quite abundant; and if the present expedition, like its predecessors, should become frozen in the ice, the sea animals, bears, and the birds, which are often seen in large flocks, will furnish enough food, even should their researches require a more protracted stay. However, we may hope, though perhaps faintly, that success will crown this final humane effort, or at least satisfy the world that the intrepid navigators, who have been the subjects of world-wide interest, are no more. God speed the enterprise, we say, and in due time return its hardy veterans, unharmed, from their toilsome work of benevolent research, the honored and prosperous instruments of a noble mission!



H. M. SHIPS ENTERPRISE AND INVESTIGATOR WARPING THROUGH THE ICE, NEAR THE "DEVIL'S THUMB," ON THE COAST OF GREENLAND.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 359.]

amiable girl to me. I will not leave this house without sealing her happiness. [As he turns to go, I. P. and the major seem desirous to conduct him.] Remain. [Exit.]

Major.—[Throwing himself low before Feodore.] My saint!

I. P.—I could weep for shame and sorrowfulness.

Marie.—Feodore! Dear Feodore!

Feodore.—[Reviving.] What has happened to me?

Marie.—Your father is free.

Feodore.—[In the highest transports.] He is free by my exertions. [Suddenly yielding herself to high devotion.] No; by Thee! [Raising her hands and eyes to heaven.] And have I not yet rendered thee my thanks?

Marie.—Still! She prays!

Major.—I must pray to her. Pardon, my lady!

I. P.—Let her also extend mercy, instead of justice, to me—old fool that I was.

Feodore.—What means this? My benefactor—[She lifts the major up.]

I. P.—We have wronged you by evil suspicion.

Feodore.—How could you otherwise?

I. P.—By freely bearing a portion of the blame with you. Why did you not confide in us?

Feodore.—The strict injunction of my father—the vow that I, when separating from him, left in his trembling hands, to make myself known only to the king. The absence of the monarch—

Major.—How, my lady, suffer yourself to give apology? Dwells not the purest innocence in those features? O, my heart has never wavered. And now, Feodore, no power on earth shall separate me from thee!

Marie.—[Entreatingly.] Sister!

Feodore.—I have a father; he is free; he is coming; I belong to him.

Major.—May I dare hasten to him?

Feodore.—Conduct him fortunately to my arms. Be his guardian angel through the long and troublesome journey, and then count upon my grateful heart.

Major.—The king sends a courier; I will accompany him.

I. P.—Now do I envy you your youth.

Feodore.—O, that my prayers could lend him wings!

Major.—Strong may be that fiery impulse,
In first manhood's grief and joy;
But a daughter's love is stronger,
Pure, devout, without alloy.

Chorus.

Hearts like reeds in a rushing whirlwind
Waver, by affliction pressed;
But the holy love of children
Stands in every storm confessed.

Marie.—'Tis a pure, a heavenly feeling,
Consecrates a noble wife;
But a purer love is strewing
Flowers along the parent's life.

Chorus.

As we pass earth's flower-strewn border,
Back the partner may restrain;
Hovering in the courts of heaven,
Sacred filial love is gain.

I. P.—Here below one finds a solace
In a tried and trusty friend;
And yet peacefulness far sweeter,
Will a child's devotion lend.

Chorus.

Friends of fortune in reverses
Seldom show a true friend's heart;
Death alone can loving children
From their loving parents part.

Feodore.—Rich the conqueror of armies,
Rich are princes, in their way;
But the richest are the children
Who their parents will obey.

Chorus.

On life's way, so dark and dreary,
Friendly light the child attends;
If but Heaven a kindly blessing—
Spoken by the father—sends.

PEARL FISHING OFF CEYLON.

No sum of money, however large, no temptation held out sufficiently strong, would induce the divers to descend into the ocean, unless two shark charmers were present, who, as they believe, by means of their charms and potent spells, can prevent the funny monsters of the deep from injuring the pearl seekers. One of these imposters goes out in the pilot's boat, and remains at the head of it, muttering a prescribed form of incantation as each man descends to brave the perils of the vasty deep. The other shark charmer remains on shore, where he is shut up in a room in a state of nudity till the boat returns with their divers. A large brazen bowl is left with him, filled with water, in which are placed two silver fishes, and it is affirmed that the moment a shark appears in the vicinity of the divers, these fishes agitate the water, and if an accident is about to happen, one fish will bite the other. When he perceives such indications the charmer immediately "binds the shark" with a potent spell, and thus compels the creature to abstain from injuring the divers. These shark charmers reap an abundant harvest during the fishery, as the natives believe that unless they are liberally remunerated they will exert their powerful spells to make the sharks injure them, instead of compelling the monsters to remain quiet until the pearl fishery is over. It is rather singular that, although sharks are frequently seen by the divers, an accident rarely happens, and numberless fisheries have taken place without a single accident occurring.—*Sir's Ceylon and the Cingalese.*

If spring puts forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE OLD FORT, AT MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

No more thy voice the trembling wave appalls,
The terror of thy armed front is gone;
And here, against thy unreplying walls,
Old Ocean thunders on.

Where swept thy deadly message o'er the bay,
Fair fleets of commerce spread their peaceful wings;
And there the tranquil fisher, all the day,
Above his anchor swings.

Here laughing children, through the summer hours,
Shout back the joy that breaking ocean tells;
And on thy breast they fill their laps with flowers,
And at thy base with shells.

And where the soldiers' heavy feet of old,
Trampled the sod—the planted garden grows;
And where the flying torch was lit, behold,
The peaceful hearthfire glows!

Why standest thou unarmed and voiceless now,
Old champion guard between the sea and land?
The white sails come and go—and yet no prow
Veers round at thy command.

Let die the question—then art nobler far,
And mightier, with these blessings on thy brow,
Than erst in armor—and thy front of war
Shone not so bright as now.

While discord over foreign nations broods,
Let Heaven still bid thy floral turrets increase;
Be thou a monument of buried feuds,
A flowery shrine of peace!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A VISIT TO THE BATTLE-FIELD OF MARATHON.

BY REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

No battle-field is so worthy of a visit, none so easily accessible, as the plain of Marathon; once place yourself at Athens, and the rest is an every-day adventure. They will tell you, to be sure, that two days are required for the trip; that, part of the way, you must be dragged a close prisoner in a hackney-coach; that nobody ever rode this distance out and back in one twelve hours. But these are all stereotyped fictions; very profitable to the stable-keepers, and very comfortable to the dragomen. An American finds nothing amazing in breakfasting with the dawn at the comfortable Hotel d'Angleterre, lurching on the sacred mound, and appearing, only a little lame, at the first plate of soup in his wonted seat. No doubt the immediate descent into the field of fame is a break-neck scramble; the surest horses will slip over these smooth rocks; the mountain path is as narrow, steep and dangerous as possible; sometimes you climb or descend rude stone stairs; then again you must stoop very low to save your head; here and there you would not find it easy to stand, and you cannot fail to wonder how your horse will survive the operation; but Athens has steeds proof against accident.

From the generally pleasant city to this difficult mountain-pass, is a delightful morning ride of more than the ten miles which Bulwer (Athens, Book II.) assigns for the whole distance from Athens to Marathon. You pass through two sleepy little villages, and numerous vineyards, olive groves, country seats and forest shrubberies—a diversified route, rather wild, and quite lonely, but agreeable at any season of the year. On the other side of this rugged barrier of rock and wood, is a poor convent, whose hospitalities cannot be very oppressive—a strangely extended farming establishment, looking a little like wealth in a country where property must be its own protector; and a rich semi-circular area, six miles in length, with peasants ploughing and large flocks of sheep browsing where they please in the fenceless champaign. And this is Marathon, the scene of the great victory of opinion, the coronation of intellect as monarch over massive force. It is well to refresh ourselves with the memory of the most remarkable and probably the most decisive battle ever fought.

It was Athens alone, against the wealth, numbers, fame, military experience and veteran discipline of Asia—a few thousands against as many hundreds of thousands, on a plain, too, where the weight of numbers might have been expected to crush the almost single-handed Athenian deep into the earth—without archer or horseman, and with the appalling consciousness of division in their own ranks, and treachery behind them. And yet, reading history since it is written, it is very easy to say what, in the dawning genius of those great men, could not then have been said, that, with Æschylus the poet, Aristides the just, Themistocles the hero, Miltiades the general, in their battle array, three thousand Greeks were a match for three hundred thousand Persians.

The desperate daring of Miltiades saved his country, turned for the first time the stream of Asiatic triumph, changed the history of the world, and achieved a hairbreadth's escape for Athens. His little force had to be lengthened out so that they should not be surrounded. This prompted him to make his centre weak, and his right and left his reliance. The peril of the city, stripped of its best defence, for whose surrender treason was even then hanging out signals from the heights of Pentelion, obliged him to hurry his charge. Never before had the Greeks given battle on a run. It seemed desperation to throw so small a body, exhausted by the race of a mile, upon a host of forty-six nations, fresh from the ruined temples and sacked city of Eretria.

The event proved that in desperate circumstances desperate counsels may be wise. The Greek centre gave way, as was fore-

seen, and the best forces of the invaders rushed forward to secure the victory; while the Greek wings, one of them under Aristides, routed the gorgeons, mail-clad, turbaned files, that never had waited an attack before; and, after a fearful struggle, pushed them on to the swamps and marshes, which still border either extremity of the naked plain; and then turned upon the victorious centre, drove it to flight, and attempted vainly to seize the fleet in which it took refuge.

The effect of this defeat was far greater than the slaughter of four or five thousand Persian invincibles at the expense of two hundred Athenian lives. It showed all Greece,—all the world, indeed, that multitude was no more a synonyme for victory, nor a long line of victories enough to bear down a heroic defence of a nation's homes. It is a lesson hardly yet understood; a conquest of intellectual life, especially of democratic institutions, over overwhelming brute force. As in individual lives, so in the history of nations, there are moments when one brave deed turns the scales forever; when the power that has risen to a seeming omnipotence begins that downward career which finds no landing-place short of the bottom of the precipice. The palsying dread of the formidable Mede never lifts its "gory locks" again. The invisible sceptre of despotism was broken at Marathon. A small, free state was felt to be mate to the monstrous monarchy of Asia. Domestic tyranny hid its diminished head, as ghosts will at dawn. The proud spirit of liberty, calling forth civilization and quickening art, sang that divine psalm which cheered the charge of Miltiades.

The field of this holy struggle is just what it was twenty-three hundred years ago. The bay still affords deep water, and a convenient shore for another fleet of "six hundred triremes." The treeless, flattened corn-field and sheep-pasture offer the best arena for that immense host whose numbers even Herodotus could not precisely ascertain. And though the marble tomb of Miltiades has been despoiled by Turkish architects for the sake of its stone, towards the seashore, and in full sight from the passing ship, is the ancient hillock of earth, nearly thirty feet high, marking the spot where the defenders of their invaded homes fell joyously together. A fine moral this upon the exaltation of lowliness. The grave of that general, whose laurels would not suffer Themistocles to sleep, is very likely unknown, though a little heap of ruined stone is pointed out to you amongst the rank herbage of the most fertile plain in Attica; but the last resting-place of the common soldier has kept its rude memorial undisturbed. No plough touches the hallowed dust. The peasant, the mariner and the stranger gaze upon it with a reverent awe. "Nightly along the plain, are yet heard, by superstition, the neighing of chargers and the rushing shadows of spectral war." And ages after the other monuments of Greece may have crumbled to dust, or been stolen away by modern Vandals, this humble hillock will lift over the fat plain its memorial of the "first great victory of opinion." As Byron says:

"Age slinks Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER WEDDING-DAY.

BY LIEUT. E. CURTIS HINE.

Lady! though I ne'er have met thee,
I must greet thee on this day;
For I know thy worth has set thee
In one faithful heart for aye!

When the final word is spoken,
Binding thee to him for life;
Never may the spell be broken,
May'st thou be a happy wife!

Down life's path, God's eye upon thee,
Hand in hand together go;
Trust in him whose love hath won thee,
Cling to him in weal and woe!

POLITENESS OF PAUL.

An old poet has quaintly called Jesus "the first true gentleman that ever breathed." Paul's politeness, too, must not be overlooked, compounded as it was of dignity and deference. It appeared in the mildness of the manner in which he delivered his most startling and solemn messages, both to Jews and heathens; in his graceful salutations; in his winning reproofs—the "excellent oil which did not break the head," in the delicacy of his allusions to his claims and services; and, above all, in the calm, self-possessed and manly attitude he assumed before the rulers of his people and the Roman authorities. In the language of Peter and John to their judges, there is an abruptnessavoring of their rude fisherman life, and fitter for the rough echoes of the Lake of Galilee, than for the tribunals of power. But Paul, while equally bold and decided, is far more gracious. He lowers his thunderbolt before his adversary ere he launches it. His shaft is "polished" as well as powerful. His words to King Agrippa—"I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds"—are the most chivalrous utterances recorded in history. An angel could not bend more gracefully, or assume an attitude of more exalted courtesy.—*Giffillan.*

LOGIC AMONG FRIENDS.

Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said, "Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning all the minute details of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers, or two politicians, can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode for arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.—*Friends in Council.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE OLD SAILOR.

BY H. C. HAYDEN.

He used to come at evening, when his dally toll was done,
And sit beneath the old oak tree, upon a mossy stone;
And when we heard him calling, we would leave our play and his,
For we knew that he had stories for little Eln and I.

We would build our little walls all around his mossy seat,
And twine together flowers, like a carpet for his feet;
And a tear would often glisten in the old sailor's eye,
When he said, "God bless you, darlings," to little Eln and I.

When we filled his hat with acorns, and hid his cane away,
And told him not to leave us, but stop and see us play;
He would take us upon his knee, and pointing to the sky,
Tell us that he soon was going far away to live on high.

But we did not know the meaning, and often asked him why
That he should wish to leave us, and live beyond the sky;
And this was all the answer the poor old sailor gave,
"Alas! my locks are whitened, ay, whitened for the grave!"

One day we followed near, as he wandered down the lane,
And he told us we should never see the poor old man again;
That he could tell us no more stories, stories of the sea,
For he was going far away from little Eln and me.

We watched for the old sailor, but we never saw him more,
And the old gray mossy stone lies near our cottage door;
We understand the answer that the poor old sailor gave,
For our own locks are whitened, ay, whitened for the grave!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

YOURS, IN HASTE.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

It is a drowsy afternoon, and the overcast sky seems to have drizzled even the birds into quiet. They have been noisily welcoming spring all the morning; for in these more temperate latitudes we are ready for the promise of the year much earlier than in your hyperborean regions. But, after all, two swallows do not make a summer, and this afternoon it seems as if the birds had found leisure for repentance, after becoming "ours, in haste."

Before us is a pile of recently-received letters. They have little in common, except the form of conclusion, and nine in ten of the writers seem to have adopted the formula, "Yours, in haste." The old-fashioned subscription, "Very respectfully, your obedient servant," is entirely superseded. Even the abbreviations "Yours truly," and "Yours respectfully," have become obsolete. "Yours, &c.," which means anything or nothing, has disappeared also, and "Yours, in haste" is the regular conclusion, and has as much truth in it as the others. Why does a man subscribe himself "Yours"? And why the *haste*?

Is there *haste* in all these cases? Is there need of it in any? Thereby hangs a tale; and we will leisurely recount it. One of these hasty letters is from an old acquaintance; and if there be truth in his intimation of hurry, we are sure that his haste has been needlessly brought upon him. Despatch of business is what he never was given to, and yet he never did anything with proper, deliberate and pains-taking care in his life. We can figure to our mind the precise circumstances under which he penned this hurried and almost unintelligible note—the mistiness of it being the consequence of his greater haste than speed. For weeks, if not for months, we know that he has had the duty of writing this very letter before him. He postponed it from day to day, till the day came, beyond which, if written at all, he could delay it no longer. And he waited through the last hours of the last day, till "haste" was the only condition by which he could save the mail. In the necessary information and enlightenment which the letter should convey, it is entirely deficient; and the prolonged waiting which has done the writer no good, requires of his correspondent a reply impromptu, which intuition or *clairvoyance* alone could furnish us with the means of writing. Still he is "ours, in haste," and he will be furiously angry if our reply do not follow his epistle as suddenly as sound follows a blow. Ours, in haste! That he is not "ours" at all is one of the ingredients in our cup of comfort. We would as soon boast ownership in a bubble, or an orange on the turn, or a keg of powder with a lighted train to it.

Energy and promptness to do what presents itself at the right time, and thoroughly, do not enter into the character of those whose correspondence is done "in haste." Nor do such people come under the definition of "hasty men." They are usually not passionate, or easily stirred, but phlegmatic, indolent, procrastinating. It is not that they accomplish so much, but that they do nothing four-fifths of the time, and in the other fifth half do something else at a disadvantage. They are always asleep, or in a terror; dozing, or pulling for dear life to get out of the way of something which threatens to extinguish and crush them. Their notes are never paid till the last half hour of the last day of grace; their dues are never applied for by them till they are over due; summer finds spring unfinished, autumn overtakes their summer fruits, and winter freezes up for them an indefinite amount of unfinished business.

"Yours, in haste" entered life under every advantage, except such disadvantages as misimprovement of his opportunities had, substituted for the benefits which those opportunities were expected to confer. He began business with the guarantee of a wealthy father's supposed endorsement, and rushed into matri-

mony to secure his intended, whom neglect and his fickleness had more than half inclined to discard him. He even signed his letter of proposals "Yours, in haste," and the lady took him at his word.

His children never would have been baptized had not each been threatened with death from disease, or danger from an epidemic. His wife understands his humor, and never applied to him for anything except when he was just starting on a journey, or was otherwise so cornered that it gave him a plausible opportunity for compliance in a hurry. His children have caught the fashion, and among them all, poor "Yours, in haste" has had a weary life of it. He never suspects the cause, or imagines that any different course of life, or systematic improvement of his time, would relieve him from this continual confusion. He does nothing at the right time, has nothing when he needs it, and can find nothing when he wants it; but is driven from one expedient to another, and out of one dilemma into the next, with a continual experience of unrest, and feeling of uncertainty.

But to our story, which the reader begins to fear, we fancy, will not be *his* in haste. Our friend, we informed you, is married; and his wife had one blood relation and "expectations." These expectations (worth something in the future to draw upon—a sort of fancy stock for Hope, the generous banker) were chiefly based on the good will and good deeds, duly recorded in the record-office, of a maiden aunt. To this maiden, as in duty bound, the happy bride despatched an epistle, to which the answer came in due course of mail, formally complimentary, full of good wishes and delightful confidence that she should and must approve her niece's choice, together with all the other complimentary pretences with which such a letter ought of right and of custom to be filled. In a postscript the maiden expressed her earnest desire to know more of her new connection, and trusted that, at no distant day, he would himself write to her. The young wife was not one who would let expectation grow cold for lack of nursing, or a maiden aunt become indifferent for want of attention. It seemed as if it was the sole business of her life (shopping excepted) to keep up her correspondence with this Aunt Expectations. Her husband wondered at her punctuality. To think that a person could write letters except upon compulsion, and such long letters, too! And that she could regularly, once a fortnight, receive and as regularly answer them, and that, too, without any conceivable topic that he could devise! It was a wonder to him.

The postscript of each letter from aunt was regularly read to him. It always desired remembrance to her nephew, whom she had never seen, and expressed regret at his silence, and apparent determination that she should never know him. These were the postscripts intended for his ear; but in the body of the letter Aunt Expectations did not scruple to express her doubts whether the man could write; or, if he could write, whether he could spell correctly; or, if he had accomplished that part of his education, whether it had been carried so far as to enable him to express his feelings (if he had any feelings) in a grammatical manner. She wondered whether he could talk at all, and began to have sad misgivings.

The niece was eloquent in rebutting all these injurious aspersions, and protested that her chosen was a paragon. But Aunt Expectations declared that one letter from him would do more to give her a proper appreciation of the man, whom she really desired to love and respect, than volumes from a wife in her honey-moon, who was either very fond or a great dissembler. But she was on no account to tell him these things.

Now Aunt Expectations lived in what used to be considered the far West. It was some hundreds of miles away, and those were the days when there were no railroads. Write to a friend now, and desire his presence, and he will be "yours, in haste" directly, answering by wire the next moment, and presenting himself by rail the next day at furthest. Our fathers and their sisters, *videlicet*, our aunts, in their slow habits, knew nothing of the fast progress of this generation. It was a weary thing to travel, and required some previous thought and preparation. Such a packing of boxes, and labelling of trunks, and counting of parcels, and overlooking of baggage, as used to be required, made a journey of a hundred miles of more moment than a trip to England now is. Therefore, Aunt Expectations had not for many years visited her friends in the east, and as "distance lends enchantment to the view," perhaps she saw them all in a better light—all except our luckless friend who would not trust his penmanship to her scrutiny.

The young wife began to fear that Aunt Expectations would become Aunt Exasperation, and visit on herself the wrath which her husband was daily increasing. So she told him positively he must write. She painted the folly of losing some great advantage by mere negligence. The husband promised, and that was all. She repeated her urgent entreaties; and at last met him every day with the inquiry, "Have you written?" Now it is easier to fib hypothetically, by saying "I will," than to falsify positively, by saying "I have," when you haven't. And one day, when his hat was on to return home, our friend remembered the everlasting question. He hurried through a few lines, sealed, directed, and placed among the other letters one to "My dear Aunt." But he forgot to pay the postage!

"Have you written?" his wife asked, before he had taken a chair.

"Indeed I have," he answered, with the air of injured innocence, now prepared to face its persecutors.

"I don't believe you."

"That is pleasant."

"Do you mean to say you have written to my aunt?"

"Most unequivocally."

"Let me see the letter."

"That is unreasonable. I never see yours, nor ask to. Besides, it's on its way to Ohio before this time."

"We shall see," said the wife. And so they did. In fifteen days, precisely, from the date of our friend's letter, just as the couple were sitting down to tea, there was a knock at the front door. A tall figure in travelling attire superintended the delivery from the stage coach of "great trunk, little trunk, handbox and parcel," carefully counting them on the sidewalk, and as carefully enumerating them after they were removed into the hall.

"Where's my niece?" she asked, when the tale of baggage was found to be all correct.

"My dear aunt!" said the young wife, who had now the first suspicion who her guest was. Speedily the baggage was removed to the best chamber, and the niece bustled about, the happiest of the happy. With a flying visit to the kitchen, to bid Betty increase the materials of the entertainment, and a flying visit to Aunt Expectations, who was bringing "false fronts" and bits of lace ruffle out of their receptacles; with now a finger of mid in the toilet, and now a hand of assistance in the kitchen—with a look at the parlor lamp, and a poke at the parlor fire, little wife was in a transport, and husband felt placid. Now, in doing the honors of his house, she was his wife "in haste."

Presently, all prim and stately, Aunt Expectations was formally introduced, and placed at the tea-table. Every effort was made to give her welcome. Her new nephew, in the delightful and unexpected hurry of the scene, said very pleasant and polite things, and rather overacted such hospitalities of the tea-table as he ventured upon. But that was natural, and, to some extent, agreeable.

Still, Aunt Expectations seemed surprised at something which she did see, or which she did not. The aspect of matters was evidently not what she had counted on. She was a long time in coming round to anything like a feeling of pleasure corresponding to what her hostess displayed. There was a sense of constraint upon her which was supposed to be the fatigue of her journey, and she early retired to rest.

In the morning the cloud had somewhat abated, but not entirely disappeared. Our friend voted inwardly that his wife's aunt was a soured maiden, but gave expression to no opinion. When the husband had left, she said:

"Well, my dear, I am glad to see you so well and happy. The pleasure is not the less" (her face gave her the lie as she said so) "that it is unexpected."

"Unexpected!"

"Read that letter. See first that there is no pre-payment, which I regarded as an evidence of hurry and anxiety."

The niece took her husband's letter, and read as follows:

"MY VERY DEAR AUNT—I can postpone writing to you no longer, and regret that I have done it so long. I am anxious to receive a visit from you at your earliest convenience, and my wife desires it very much. Trusting that we shall soon see you, I am
"Yours, in haste."

The poor wife's face wore first a look of blank astonishment, and then changed from white to red, and white again, under Aunt Expectations' fixed gaze.

"What does that mean?" said the aunt.

"I don't know."

"But what does he mean by 'I can postpone no longer,' and a visit at 'my earliest convenience,' and 'my wife desires it very much'?"

"The fact is, my dear aunt, that my husband is a very negligent correspondent. I gave him no peace till he could tell me he had written. He could postpone it no longer in comfort—that is all. 'Your earliest convenience' is a mercantile phrase in soliciting payment, which slipped into the letter in his haste. And that I did desire to see my only blood connection in the world is certainly very true, as I have written you a hundred times."

"I see it all; but it is very little satisfaction to me for the fright and uneasiness which have hurried me over the mountains, a long journey, and at a bad season of the year, for such an expedition. I shall understand his next letter, if he ever writes one—which I beg you won't insist on again!"

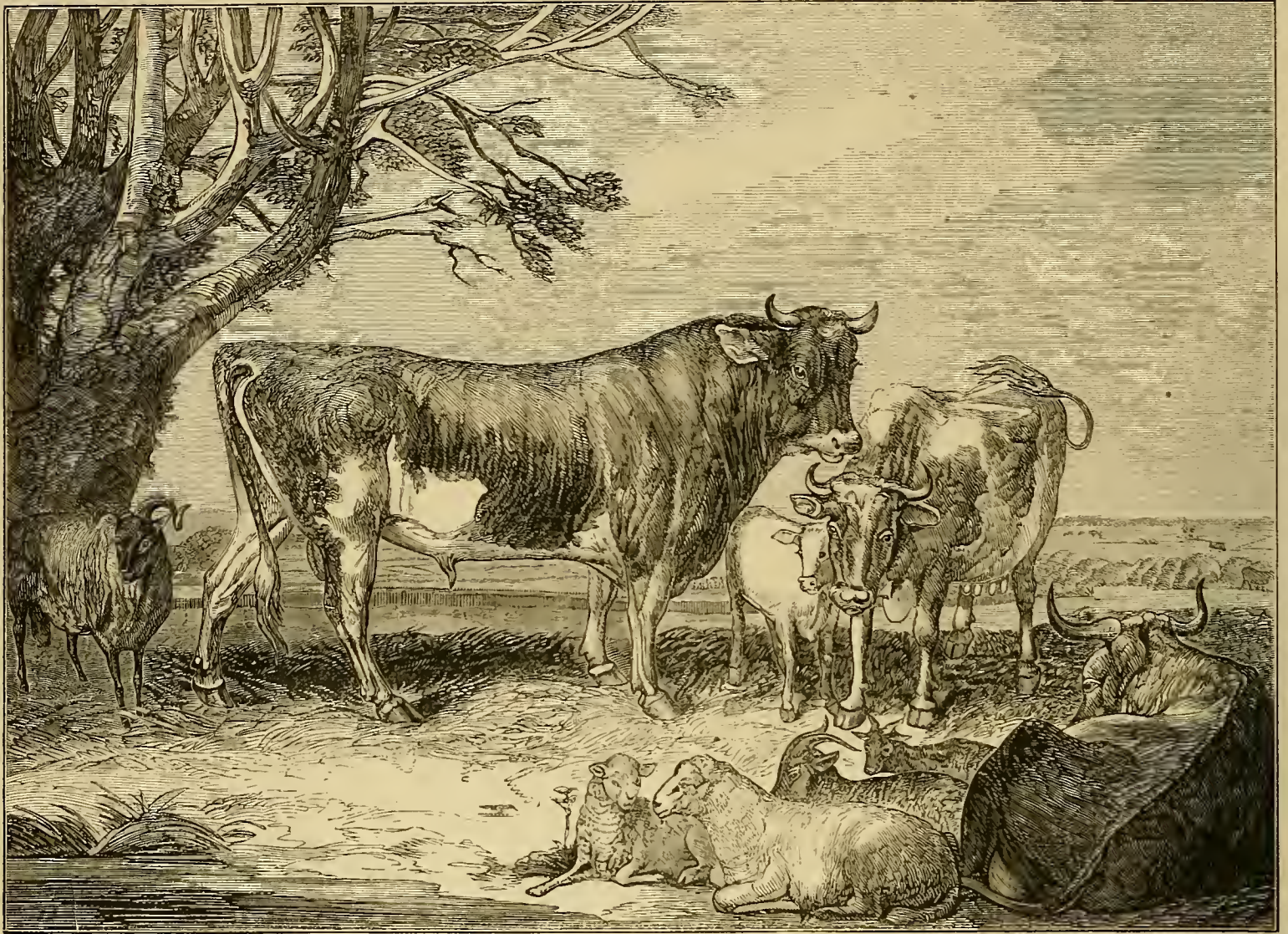
Aunt Expectations was somewhat mollified before the day of return came round, as her friends did all in their power to make her visit pleasant. And her anger was completely subdued when, the next year, in her western home, she was apprised by a carefully-written, long epistle, properly dotted with reflections, and not signed "Yours, in haste," that her nephew had called his first born by her name.

The visit was not without its advantage to the couple. It did not defeat their expectations, but insured them; for the shrewd aunt devised her estate in trust for the children, when she died, not long after, and thus saved it from becoming to the father's creditors "Yours, in haste."

EFFECTS OF SOLITUDE.

To be left alone in the wide world, with scarcely a friend—this makes the sadness which, striking its pang into the minds of the young and the affectionate, teaches them too soon to watch and interpret the spirit-signs of their own hearts. The solitude of the aged—when, one by one, their friends fall off, as fall the sere leaves from the trees in autumn—what is it to the overpowering sense of desolation which fills almost to breaking the sensitive heart of youth, when the nearest and dearest ties are severed? Rendered callous by time and suffering, the old feel less, although they complain more; the young, "bearing a grief too deep for tears," shine in their hosoms sad memories and melancholy anticipations, which often give dark hues to their feelings in after life.
—Eliza Cook.

As the sun's rays will irradiate even the murky pool, and make its stagnant waters to shine like silver, so doth God's goodness and tender mercy, towards the greatest sinner, and the blackest heart, make his own image visible there!—Hoshea Ballou.



ALDERNEY CATTLE.—FROM A CELEBRATED PAINTING BY WARD.

A RURAL SCENE.

The very fine engraving which we depict above is a representation of Alderney cattle, from a painting by Ward. It is an admirable cattle-piece, and needs few words in explanation. The sheep in the foreground exhibit that quiet repose so natural to the species, while the prominent figure in the scene has all that fire and energy expressed that is natural to the animal. The group in this celebrated painting is considered by connoisseurs as being very perfect and life-like; and the engraving gives a truthful facsimile of the original and much-admired production of the artist.

THE ROACH AND THE GUDGEON.

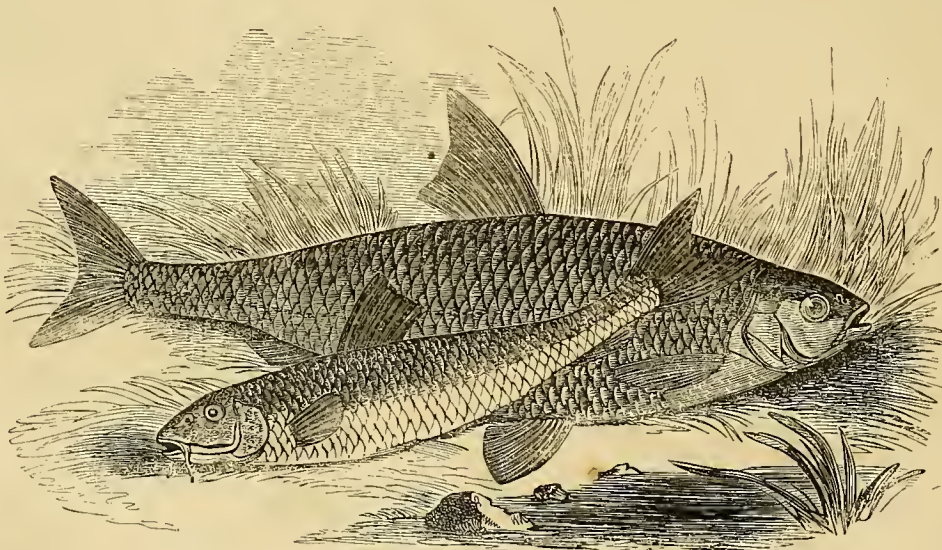
The roach is supposed to be so called on account of the redness of his fins. He is a poor, mean fish, as far as eating goes; but he is a handsome, strong fish, and will afford the angler capital sport when he rises at the fly, which he commonly does about the months of August and September, coming both boldly and freely. Roach are gregarious. They love limpid and clear waters, and yet are to be found in still and muddy rivers and ponds. They frequent almost all the ponds, rivers and lakes in Europe; and in some places are inconceivably numerous. Many of the rivers and ponds in England are full of them; and in France they are very abundant everywhere, particularly in the neighborhood of Paris. In the *marais* of the Pas-de-Calais, and about Peronne, there are millions of them. In some countries in the north of Europe, and particularly on the banks of the Oder they are so plentiful that they are used for manuring the land; and Bloch assures us that before the *marais* on the Oder were drained, such enormous quantities were constantly caught that they supplied the neighboring villages with abundance of provender on which they fattened their pigs. Roach spawn about June, and, Walton says rightly, may be fished for a fortnight after that process is accomplished. They cast their spawn in narrow, weedy, grassy places, and are very prolific. In the ovarium of an ordinary sized roach were counted the great number of 125,000 eggs. At a certain season—the spawning season—roach have been observed to migrate like the salmon, trout, carp, etc. "In the spring," says a French author, "the roach mount up the rivers in a very singular order. The males and females separate themselves, so as to form distinct troops. One troop of males takes the lead; a troop of females follows, without mingling with the

other; and at last a second troop of males closes the march. They go very close together; and if any accident separates them on their route, they quickly re-form their battalions, and resume their march when the danger is passed." We never noticed this habit ourselves; we never heard of any sportsman who ever did; and we never before saw any account of it in any book; it may, however, be true, for all that, although it savors strongly of the fanciful. The roach attains a large size. They are said to have been killed in England of the weight of two pounds; but in the French waters they reach a larger size than this, and give the angler a good deal of trouble, as they require delicate tackle to deceive them. The roach is by no means the stupid, reckless fish some represent him to be; on the contrary, he demands a fair amount of skill and caution, and affords very respectable sport, when of good size and in full season. The specimens of the roach which are found in our own waters do not vary particularly, in nature or appearance, from their European namesakes.

The gudgeon is a very handsome, active, well shaped little fish; most delicious in flavor, when properly cooked, and deservedly considered very *recherche* by the gastronomes of France. This fish is to be found in almost all the rivers of our own coun-

try, of England, and indeed of Europe. He prefers running waters, and rapid, curling streams, which flow over a pebbly or sandy bottom, although he will live and thrive in lakes and ponds through which a gentle draw of water continually passes. The gudgeon is supposed to spawn about the month of May. Walton says they breed two or three times a year. This does not appear to be very clearly established; but the prodigious rate at which these fish increase would seem to lend a certain degree of probability to the notion. A French writer says, "They pass their winter in the lakes and large ponds, and in the spring remount the rivers, where they deposit their spawn on pebbles and stones. This operation is, with the gudgeon, a very laborious affair, and the fish is frequently occupied an entire month in the difficult process. Towards the autumn the gudgeons gain the lakes." This does not appear to be the general opinion, neither is it our own; but Walton, who, after all, is a very high authority, seems to entertain some such notion of the migratory habits of this fish, although his language is vague and uncertain. The gudgeons, undoubtedly, multiply prodigiously, and in certain favorable situations are to be found in immense quantities. The waters of the Pas-de-Calais abound with this fish, and they are to be caught

freely in a small, rapid stream within the very walls of St. Omer, as well as in the surrounding running waters. Gudgeons are used in some parts of France to stock lakes, ponds, and rapid streams, as food for pike, eels and trout. When the gudgeon is well cleaned, and wiped perfectly dry, rubbed over with egg and bread crumbs, fried *crisp* in butter, and served up with *hot* melted butter, and new, well-buttered, hot household bread, he is a very delicious fish. "All fish," says old Caspar Schwenkfeld, in his *Therio Tropheum Silesie*, "by reason of the nature and custom of the elements from which they have sprung and derive their virtue, and on account of their cold and gelatinous nature, are very difficult of digestion. They also generate cold and phlegmatic blood, from whence many similar grievous disorders take their origin; for they weaken the nerves, and prepare them for paralysis; and as they injure the more cold and damp stomach, so, on the contrary, they greatly benefit the more bilious and warm." But we cannot agree with our author: for that fish are both healthful and strengthening, is a well-established fact; and as to the occupation of angling, it is, to the true sportsman, a recreation indeed, being both invigorating and highly diverting.



THE ROACH AND THE GUDGEON.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

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NEW VOLUME OF THE PICTORIAL.

VOLUME V.

Three more numbers of the Pictorial will close the present volume of the paper, when we shall commence, July 1st, VOLUME FIFTH of our illumined journal, greatly beautified and improved, with an entire new suit of type, and a superb array of elegant illustrations, and original articles from the best literary talent in the country. Cost what it may, the Pictorial shall be made to sustain the high reputation which it has earned, and shall merit the constant approval and unequalled patronage that it receives from all parts of the country. This will form a very proper time for the making up of new clubs, or for single persons to subscribe, being the commencement of the new volume; and for the terms of the paper, we refer the reader to the imprint in another column.

DECAY OF THE BRAIN.

Sir Isaac Newton lost the use of his intellect before the animal frame was arrested by death. So it was said of M. Swisset, that he often wept because he was not able to understand the books which he had written in his younger days. Cornivas, an excellent orator in the Augustine age, became so forgetful as not even to know his own name. Simoa Tournay, in 1202, after he had outdone all Oxford for learning, at last grew such an idiot as not to know one word from another, or one thing that he had ever done. What a singular being is man! how powerful—and yet how feeble!

RATHER MERCENARY.—Sir Godfrey Kneller latterly painted more for profit than for praise, and is said to have used some experimental preparations in his colors, which made them work fair and smoothly off, but not endure. A friend noticing it to him, said: "What do you think posterity will say, Sir Godfrey Kneller, when they see these pictures some years hence?" "Say!" replied the artist, "why, they'll say Sir Godfrey never painted them!"

SPLINTERS.

.... Massachusetts, the most densely peopled of our States, has eighty-four inhabitants to the square mile. Room enough left.

.... The corner stone of the United States Marine Hospital was laid on the 8th of April, at Ricon Point, San Francisco.

.... The theatres in New York are said to be in a very thriving condition. Their proprietors are all making fortunes.

.... G. V. Brooke, the English tragedian, has been presented with a service of plate by his professional admirers.

.... The shad fishing business is said to be one of the most important items in the resources of Connecticut.

.... We are apt to talk of women as angels, yet there is not a word in the Bible about female angels, they are of the other sex!

.... The sea serpent, ay, the veritable, and no mistake, has lately been seen off the Florida coast, in the Gulf Stream.

.... It is rather a curious fact, that the rich are more envied by those who have a little, than by those who have nothing.

.... There are just as many railroad accidents as ever; take our advice and get your life insured before trusting the cars.

.... Cornelius Boyle, for the killing of Charles McBridge, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree, in New Orleans.

.... As an item of "good news for curates," Punch announces that the new Bishop of Lincoln has seven daughters.

.... Did it ever occur to you, ye thoughtful ones, that nature never says one thing, and wisdom another?

.... The recent increase of the limits and population of Buffalo makes the number of inhabitants of that city now over 70,000.

.... Dr. Achilli announces, by advertisement in the Christian Times, that he is about to leave England for the United States.

.... The New York City Council have appropriated \$3500 for fireworks and other manifestations of patriotism on the 4th July.

.... The progress of some of our city ministers and reformers is so rapid that they keep ahead of common sense!

MAZZINI, THE ITALIAN PATRIOT.

Joseph Mazzini, of whom we now hear so much, was born at Genoa, in the year 1808. His father was one of the professors of medicine in that city. In 1828 M. Mazzini began to make himself known. He started in his native city a journal, "The Genoese Indicator," in which, under the very transparent veil of literary speculations, the young writer entered upon the questions that speculated the future of Italy. It was the epoch when the governments of the peninsula, lately disturbed by revolutionary attempts, were associated in one common league for the destruction of carbonarism. Mazzini never marched under this banner, which, however, collected together the men who were most advanced in liberal opinions. From this time he believed that the carbonari constituted much less a great party than an association of malcontents and political dreamers; and he also persuaded himself that he had no resolution to draw from the principles of secret societies for the delivery of his country. The politics of M. Mazzini was from the first a politics historically consistent. Afterward we see it resumed in his "Letters upon the present and future of Italy," and developed with more continuity and precision, ideas of which the germs are found in his first publications, such as the Genoese Indicator, and, the following year, in the Indicator of Seavourne, when that of Genoa was suppressed; in truth, the fiery writings of M. Mazzini sowed the seeds of agitation, and gave alarm to the governments; and, his new sheet having met with the fate of the first, the agitator returned to Genoa. He was here at the revolution of July; arrested, with several of his friends, he beheld himself judged by a tribunal, and imprisoned in the fortress of Savan, which he was not permitted to leave until after the end of six months, with a prohibition to remain in the Sardinian States.

While he had yet hardly arrived in the land of his exile, the banished refugee learns the insurrection of Rome, and its failure; but, to his view, it is only the defeat of the moderate party; and, tearing away the national flag, he appeals to young Italy, founts under this title a society and a journal at Marseilles, and openly advocates in his writing an Italian republic. If any one asks why the attempts at deliverance in Italy have failed, "It is not through the cowardice of the Italians," answers he; "a people are never cowardly, nor is it the fault of revolutionary elements. When a people, divided into a thousand factions, perverted by bondage, surrounded by spies, restrained by foreign bayonets, consumed for many centuries by municipal hatred, trammelled by clerical perfidy, without instruction, without a press, without arms, without any tie of fraternity except, perhaps, that induced by a common feeling of injustice and hatred—when a people, reduced to these extremities, find means of insurrection three times in a dozen years—when the interior enemy yields immediately to the manifestation of the national wish, without one's hearing a single voice to forbid the cause of tyranny—when, in ten days, the Italian flag is displayed in twenty cities—when, in fine, neither deceptions, nor misfortunes, nor crowded prisons, nor executions, can stifle these revolutionary feelings—weep over this people, but calumniate them not!" These sentiments are emphatically the creed of Mazzini; for him the Italian question is one of religious sacredness—the cause of the people; and all that Italy has done that is great has been done by the people. The nation, he contends, in its most striking features has been democratic. Thus often, during his many years of exile—now in Paris, now in Belgium, and more often in London—his only thought has been agitation, the formation of revolutionary committees, and propagating his ideas of liberty for his country. His motto has ever been, "Insurrection is the most holy of duties." The times of individuals is past, he declares, and the people must rise in their might, and speak and act. A public man, orator, man of action, we know that Mazzini, although removed from his country, holds immense sway over the people.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

We have made full and careful arrangements with our New York artists, in relation to drawing for us everything of general interest and note in connection with the Crystal Palace, about to open in New York city. With our long tried and extraordinary facilities for producing the most perfect engravings, we shall be enabled to do the subject full justice, and no catalogue of the exhibition can possibly be so perfect in its representations, or will be read and seen by a tenth part the number of persons, who are the regular recipients of our Pictorial. In this, as in all else, relating to our illumined and favorite journal, no pains will be spared to render it perfect in every respect.

FINE ARTS.—From the will of the great Spanish painter, Murillo, lately published at Madrid, we perceive that his pictures, which now sell for twenty, thirty, fifty, and even a hundred thousand dollars, were originally painted at prices varying from thirty dollars to a hundred and fifty dollars.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL, the finest illustrated paper in the United States, continues to come regularly to our table. Every one who wants something really elegant in the way of a pictorial work, should by all means take this paper. It is large and filled with the most interesting reading matter and elegant illustrations.—Winchester Independent, Tenn.

GOOD BREEDING.—The forms of good-bearing have been properly compared to the cotton and other soft materials placed between China vases to prevent their being broken by collision.

A SUGGESTION.—The late railroad accident at Norwalk suggests with great force the necessity of every traveller having his clothes marked with his name.

APHORISM.—Most men die before they have learned to live.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Eastburn, Mr. George Minor Wheeler to Miss Maria eldest daughter of Mr. William Bailey Lang.
By Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Walter C. Hill to Miss Mary G. Wheeler.
By Rev. Mr. Donlon, Mr. William Hardy to Miss Sarah K. French.
By Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Edward Burton to Miss Matilda Campbell.
By Rev. Mr. Whitley, Mr. Richard W. Marnett, of London, Eng., to Miss Matilda Kern.
By Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. David H. King to Miss Cordelia Lloyd; Mr. William M. East to Miss Jane Turner both of Salem.
At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Coolidge of Boston Mr. Samuel Quincey of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary Louisa, daughter of Samuel B. Pierce, Esq.
At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Alcezo Packard to Miss Sarah F. Lamborn.
At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Worcester, Mr. Edward Wyant, of Danvers, to Miss Maria Hill.
At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Snow, Mr. M. D. Kimball, of Boston, to Miss Susan T., daughter of Hon. Marcus Morton.
At Lunenburg, by Rev. Mr. Cushing, of Bedford Mr. Jefferson Wiley, of Detroit, to Miss Mary C. A. Jammingham.
At Northboro', by Rev. Dr. Allen, George Barnes, Esq., to Miss Mary Ware, eldest daughter of Julius Lincoln, Esq.
At Newark, N. J., by Rev. Mr. Henderson, Mr. Robert Lansing Wright, formerly of St. Louis, to Miss Jane E. M. McCall, of New York.

DEATHS

In this city, Capt. William Briggs, 75; Mr. George McClellan, 31; Mr. William Adams, 78; Eunice May, 41; Mr. James M. Eaton, 38; Mrs. Roxana, wife of Dexter Roby, Esq., 49, Mrs. Abby W., widow of the late Mr. Orin Carpenter, 53.
At Dorchester, Mrs. Mary Catherine, widow of the late Mr. Win. Bolton, 20.
At Cambridge, Deacon Sillman Lathrop, 73.
At Lowell, Benjamin F. French, Esq., President of the Railroad Bank, 63.
At Salem, Mr. Thomas Fuller, 64; Mrs. Abigail Perkins, 75.
At Newburyport, Miss Hannah, daughter of the late Mr. Jacob Tucker, 33.
At Grafton, Capt. Abner Dodge, of Northbridge, 80.
At Pepperell, Dr. Nathaniel Brewer, 58.
At Milbury, Mr. William H. Billings of Boston, 24.
At South Abington, Mr. Christopher Dyer, 89.
At East Concord, N. H., Mrs. Rhoda F., wife of Hon. Israel W. Kelly, 77.
At Saco, Me. Major Jeremiah Milliken, 71.
At Keenebunkport, Me. Mrs. Sarah, widow of Capt. Daniel Mitchell, 98.
At New York, Miss Elizabeth Caroline, only daughter of Rt. Rev. Benjamin T. Onderdoon, 38; Mrs. Hannah O., widow of the late Col. Elisha Jenkins, 62; Anne S., wife of Rev. Wm. Walton, and daughter of Rev. Sam'l Seabury, 22.
At Brooklyn N. Y., Mrs. Martha B., wife of Rev. George N. Wood.
At Louisville, Ky., Mr. Joseph S. Bates, 41 of the firm of Bates, Whitchee & Co., Cincinnati, and son of Mr. Martin Bates, of Boston.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

CLOUDS AND SUNBEAMS.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

We should not prize the sunbeams
Were it not for the clouds,
To enhance their value,
While the mist enshrouds;
After storms are over,
Gladly hail we then,
Sunbeams gaily dancing
Through the leafy glen.

We should not prize the sunbeams
That deck the paths of life,
Were it not that changes
With our days are rife;
Thus we learn the value
Of a better home,
Far above the cloudlets,
Where no shadows come.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WOOLING A WIDOW.

BY BEN PERLEY POORE.

"SAMUEL, my son," remarked the elder Mr. Weller, "beware of the vidders." The old knight of the whip, we will admit, had reason to complain; but no man who has an unmortgaged heart can associate with an interesting "relict," without falling head over heels in love with her. To resist is as impossible as it would be for the lilacs not to feel the influence of the spring sun, or the cherries to remain pale under the ripening heats of July. Men, when bereaved, can absorb their minds with money-getting, politics, authorship or glory. But if a widow's affection wanders about, like Noah's dove, without a resting-place, she is wretched—the past is all gone, and the future presents nothing but cheerless desolation, if her love, pent up, is to corrode the heart. Blistered be the tongue that can ridicule, and paralyzed the hand that can libel, the widows, who are as far before the tribe of girlhood as bright summer, rich with fruition, is before fickle and inconstant spring, resplendent with blossoms, fair yet tasteless. Performances are better than promises; perfect six-and-twenty is far preferable to giggling "sweet sixteen."

"Who to choose can hesitate—
Mature love, or fickle beauty?
Need we then our choice relate!
We turn from each verdant face
That no sweet emotions grace—
And to widows pay our duty."

But how woo them? How persuade them to approach the hymeneal altar a second time, as a white-robed victim offered up to some human "lord of creation"? How ensure them again, when, perhaps, their first husbands (as some men do) set them up in their houses, as the ancients did their Lares and their Lemures, for playthings and ornaments—not household gods, to be deified only when their owners were in good humor, and trodden under foot in every access of passion? We will not advise you, friend, suitor, for we despise advice; but we will offer you translations of four letters, given to us as autographs, which embody a complete romance.

The writer of these letters is a notable diplomatist, and one of the most distinguished representatives of the French imperial court. He is rich, he is powerful, he is envied—in a word, he has a position, which means, a right to look down upon all poor fellows, who have nothing but their intellect. But when he penned these letters, his only opulence was riches of the heart, treasures of the mind, and other gems of youth, which are so recklessly squandered away in early life. He was but twenty years of age; and if he ever sees these early waifs in print, he will find a wide difference between their style and that of the voluminous "state papers," for which he is now so celebrated.

Angouleme August 6, 1820.

MY DEAR LOUIS:—It is now a week, old classmate, since I arrived at my home, bringing with me nothing but regrets, unpaid bills, and a diploma. This old city, calm and silent, saddened me as I entered its streets in the Paris coach; and when I reached the door of my paternal mansion, I was ready to weep. Alas! my dear friend, death had passed across that threshold since I left, and I was not welcomed by the fond mother, who had so affectionately bid me farewell. Alone at the deserted fireside, the city seemed like an immense necropolis, for the much-loved dead obscured my view of the living. Three long days were passed in silence, in solitude, in meditation.

But on the fourth day, the sun shone again into my heart. Again I saw crowds in the streets, and on going forth was greeted by old friends, who cheered my sadness by many a kind word of consolation. The source of this change, dear Louis, was a charming woman, who had attended my mother during her last illness—my cousin Sylvia. From the time she called, accompanied by the physician, to give me in person my mother's parting words, I have ceased to live entombed, and everything has worn a brighter aspect. Could you see her who has thus thawed the ice-bound tide of my existence, I am sure, dear Louis, you would admire her—nay, love her, as I do. Perhaps, then, it is well that you cannot see her, for it would be sad for such old friends, playmates, schoolmates, classmates, as we have been, to be rivals.

My cousin is twenty-five years of age; she has been a widow three years. Except in the romances of Rousseau, which we so often read together while in the freshman's class, there exists no woman to whom I can compare her, and in her are united all the charms, the accomplishments and the graces of those heroines—each one of whom we used to consider a model of perfection.

Alas! that I think so—that I love her so madly—that her image reigns in my thoughts, and that my heart is like a deep well in which is mirrored nought save the brilliant star directly over head. You, dear Louis, may blame me, but you must pity me; for I love Sylvia, and I feel assured that she never will love me. Adieu.

Angouleme, August 10, 1820.

Thanks, dear Louis, for your friendly letter, and I will again inflict upon you my love-chronicle. Last evening, Sylvia's father gave a large ball, and I accepted an invitation with joy. My cousin was resplendent with youth, with vivacity, and with beauty; O that you could have seen her! She wore a rich black silk, cut in the Spanish style, and the tiny Andalusian mantle was balanced, as if by attraction, upon a bust which exceeded in beauty that of the famed Venus of Milo. Need I say that Sylvia, thus radiant and enchanting, was the belle of the evening? And while she smiled graciously upon troops of would-be-friends, false flatterers, hollow-hearted suitors, must I tell you that she was cruel to me alone—to me, the timid lover, who would risk all to serve her, and pour out my blood like water to execute her bidding?

Calling me into the conservatory, where no one saw us, Sylvia returned to me a note, which I had sent her in the afternoon, concealed in a bouquet—a note which had cost me many sighs, and in which I had told my love. "Cousin Lucien," said she, in a voice slightly tinged with indignation, "you are crazy." I answered, hanging my head, "I fear I am." No more was said; but O! if I am thus a prey to hope, and fear, and disappointment, of what use will be reason. Pity me, my dear friend, pity me. I have need of pity, of friendship, for I can scarcely stand the shock.

Unconsciously, however, my cousin gave me, during the evening, souvenirs enough to last my life-time. First, I danced with her, and necessarily her beautiful hand rested in mine. Then came the waltz, that dancing reverie of Germany, in which I had the precious right to encircle her with my arm, and to gaze at her with adoration, at kissing distance. It seemed, as we circled around, that I was dreaming, to the sound of celestial harmony. Generally, my dear Louis, noise awakens us, and chases away happy dreams; but, last evening, my friend, when the music ceased, silence awoke me!

That is not all. I picked up my cousin Sylvia's embroidered handkerchief, and it seems that the perfume yet steals across my senses; I kissed her fan; I stole a flower that dropped from the bouquet on her waist. That flower, withered and faded as it is, I cherish under a glass globe, with more pride than I should the largest diamond in a sovereign's diadem.

You say that you shall endeavor to visit Angouleme this autumn. When you come, I will take you into my chamber, and open the doors of a wardrobe in which my treasures are enshrined. I will show you this precious flower, a glove which she touched, a glass from which she drank, the perfume she uses, and I will say with a sigh, here are my riches, my treasures, my comforts!

I now comprehend a phrase which I once saw (in some book, the title of which I have forgotten), and which I could not comprehend until I began to adore my cousin: "Unhappy love has its charms!"

Happy lovers need extraordinary emotions, grand dramas, and all the joyous pomp of outward show; but we, who are disdained, ask but silence, calm, clouds and dreams. Successful suitors enjoy, after all, nothing but terrestrial joys; but we, who inhabit dream-land, enjoy aerial pleasures from imaginary sources. They love in prose, and we love in verse. Happy love, my dear Louis, is but a prosy history, but unhappy love is a thrilling poem. Yet, after all, one would not read poetry always. Adieu. Come and see Sylvia; comfort me.

Angouleme, August 20, 1820.

For a week past, my friend, there has been a comedy represented at my uncle's, in which I have played the part of "the dupe," and which, when it ceases, will seal my unhappiness for life, while it will make a certain Captain Lamberty rejoice. This captain is a stalwart militia officer, six feet high, whose only merit lies in his voice, which resounds over the parade-ground, or through the church, where he sings the base parts. He has but a moderate fortune, a moderate intellect, and a moderate reputation. But he dresses in the latest fashion, talks about horses, and sings romantic ballads. Such, dear Louis, is the fortunate lover of my bewitching cousin—she whose first husband was a sensible, hard-working lawyer. O, woman, woman! and especially widow!

The captain has one merit, in the eyes of a coquette. He can enter a drawing room with ease, and has an abundance of gossiping small-talk. He knows all the latest Paris fashions—all the court scandal about jewelry, and what bonnets are to be worn next year. This is milk and honey for the ladies of our interior city, and they in general, with cousin Sylvia in particular, listen with delight to this elegant fop, who converses like a milliner's apprentice, or a barber's boy.

The captain excels in describing, with all the eloquence of an ignorant Don Juan, the fascinating pleasures of the metropolis, and narrates, with many a personal adventure, the balls, the masquerades, the festivals, and the intrigues which he has participated in while at Paris.

Such, dear Louis, is the lover of my cousin Sylvia.

She loves him—she is betrothed to him. Yes, she has avowed it, and why? My uncle does not fancy the captain, and my cousin has requested me to act as "a screen" to shield their love! Yes; she uses me as a screen, while he enjoys, behind my protecting shade, that love which I so covet. Young, innocent, and enthusiastic, I consent blindly to this disguise. Above all, I can now see my cousin. What more can I ask?

I go there every morning; I remain there all day. I blush when I speak to her, and turn pale when she replies. Every one

says I love her, and, for once, every one tells the truth. My uncle laughs, and says that widows are dangerous! I believe him, and yet, like the moth glittering around the candle-light, I am happy. Will the flame consume?

Every fair afternoon we walk out, my cousin taking my arm. The captain, who meets us as if by accident, walks on the other side of her, as if he should accompany us but a few steps, and his apparent inferiority makes me happy.

When she goes a shopping, I accompany her, and discuss learnedly upon the color of a silk, the form of a bonnet, the beauty of a jewel, or the richness of embroidery. My counsel is taken as law, and need I say how much joy it gives me to be thus associated with Sylvia, even on so trifling matters. Of course, all think I have captivated her. Nay, my friends congratulate me.

I wait upon her to the theatre, where I take a prominent box, and sit proudly by her side throughout the performance, whilst the poor captain only comes in for a few moments; he remains in the background. Meanwhile, I whisper in her ear, toy with her fan, and play the part of an accepted lover more naturally, if possible, than any actor performs upon the stage. Alas! like them, I only play a part.

Now, I am happy, but how long will it last? Can I always be a screen? And how can I support the shock, when my services will be no longer required, and Captain Lamberty weds my cousin Sylvia? Hateful thought; but I will not bore you with my woes, present or prospective. Adieu.

Angouleme, September 25, 1820.

It is a long time since I wrote you, my dear Louis, and two letters from you lie upon my table unanswered. Let me render an account of my silence.

Two days after I last wrote you, I became so worked up that I determined to release myself—not from my love, but from my blindness, and the culpable weakness of my conduct.

The next morning—it was a month ago or more—I called on my cousin, and found that she had gone to see a relative who was indisposed. As I was leaving the house, who should I meet but Captain Lamberty, dressed finely, and twirling a little cane.

"Good morning, Lucien," said he.

"Good morning, captain," I replied, not liking his familiar address. I had made my mind up how to act, and now only waited an opportunity.

"Lucien," said he, with a malicious and triumphant smile, "I am glad to see you, and to thank you."

"Thank me for what, captain?"

"For my happiness, which I owe to your adroitness, or to your innocence."

"What is this happiness, captain, and what is this innocence?"

"Thanks to you, Lucien, I have wooed and won your cousin Sylvia without any impertinent gossip or scandal; for no one suspected what I was about, so occupied were they with you. The comedy has been well played, but to-day the first act ends, and we change places. You fall back, and I, coming forward as the accepted lover, invite you to the wedding."

"When, captain?"

"Next Monday. And now, Lucien, if you have not been innocent, let me congratulate you on the admirable manner in which you have acted your part."

"The part of a screen, captain, is it not?"

"Precisely."

"Captain Lamberty, you are a coward!"

"Sir!"

"You are a coward, sir!" and as I spoke I felt my cheeks glow with anger. "I have long suspected your meanness, innocent as you thought me, and last night I determined to call you out, for your dishonorable conduct towards my uncle." Just then a friend approached us, and I raised my voice. "I repeat it—you are a coward, and I defy you to resent the appellation."

"Boy!" he exclaimed, contemptuously.

"Boy!" I rejoined. "I am old enough to fire a pistol, and before yonder sun sets, I must die, or I will have killed you." Then addressing my friend: "Francois, you witness this challenge; I shall need your services."

"Must I kill you to day?" said the captain.

"I thirst for your blood," was my reply.

"Your own be upon your rash head. Send your friend to my lodgings, and I will soon let out some of your warm blood. Good-day, and a speedy meeting."

So we separated.

Long before sunset, we met on a secluded plain, near the river bank. The fifteen paces agreed upon were counted, the signal was given, the balls whistled through the air, and I fell, face downwards, murmuring the name of my cousin Sylvia.

O, my friend, what unhappiness I experienced that night, as I lay at the house of my uncle, whither I had been carried! It was but a flesh wound, the doctors said, and I could not die for her I loved.

But revenge came the next morning. I had shot the captain in the back; for as he fired, he had turned around and run—so said the doctor. And soon in came Sylvia, looking more beautiful than ever, to nurse her "foolish cousin." That day, as she sat by my bedside, I told her, in a low voice, of my love, my hopes, my devotion, my sufferings, and I had the delight to draw first a regret, then a sigh, then a tear. I was safe. As for the captain, he has left the city, to escape the jeers with which he was greeted.

I have not yet recovered, but am happy. The joys of an unsuccessful lover are over, and the sorrows of a successful suitor are about to commence. Come and let us discuss the difference.

Paris, January 4, 1821.

DEAR LOUIS:—I am at the Hotel des Princes, with my bride, and am the happiest of men. Come and dine with us at five o'clock. Sylvia sends her love.

And so, friend reader, was the widow wooed and won. She could appreciate devotion, and we have never heard that she was suspected of having seen more summers than her husband. A cheerful heart and a good mantua-maker cover a multitude of years.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Patience is a tree whose roots are bitter, but the fruit is very sweet. — A discussion lately took place in the House of Lords, on Lieutenant Murray's improvement in navigation. The government was strongly urged to meet the United States government in regard to the matter. — Miss Heron, the tragedienne, has offered a premium of \$500 for a new play. — An alarming railway mania prevails in France; railways to every possible and impossible place, through the Alps, through the Pyrenees, to Naples, to Madrid, everywhere and anywhere, are projected. — A barber in London advertises that his customers are shaved without incision or laceration for the microscopic sum of one half-penny. — Early and improper marriages are guarded against in Massachusetts, by imposing a heavy fine on town clerks, for granting certificates of intentions of marriage to minors, without the consent of their legal guardians. — Thirty Choctaw Indians have sailed from Mobile to attend the Crystal Palace Fair at New York. — Miss Mary Murray, of New York, has given a lot of land on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Fourth Avenue, worth \$25,000 or \$30,000, for a new Presbyterian church. — The largest pearl in the world weighs a few grains less than one-third of an ounce. It belongs to a gentleman in Panama, and is worth \$5000. — Do the frowns of fate startle you? Fear her smiles still more. — Professor Anderson, the great magician, challenges the whole "spirit-rapping fraternity," its votaries, victims and teachers, in the sum of \$5000 or \$10,000, that they cannot produce a single knock on his table, which he cannot account for by natural causes and natural laws. — A lad, named William Gray, died of hydrophobia, in New York, lately. He had been bitten by his own dog, four years previously. — There are now in California about twenty-two thousand Chinamen. The capital invested and owned by the Chinese in the State is one million of dollars. — A company of Englishmen have contracted to run a line of telegraph from London to Calcutta, crossing the Mediterranean, from Spezzia to Corsica, seventy-six miles; across Corsica, one hundred and twenty-eight miles; Straits of Bonafacio, seven miles; across Sardinia, two hundred and three miles, etc. — The enlargement of the New York Battery is going forward with considerable vigor. — William H. Oney has been convicted of forgery at Richmond, Va., and sentenced to the penitentiary for two years. — The Neapolitan correspondence of the London Daily News, in mentioning the retirement of Mr. Morris, U. S. Charge at Naples, says his departure will be much regretted. — The best right of man—the right to write what is right. The best right of woman—the marriage rite. — The London Court Journal tells us that a light thread net, suspended before a window, will effectually keep out the house-fly, which will not pass through the meshes, even though they be more than an inch in diameter. — Reputation is like polished steel—it may be tarnished by a breath.

PLAIN PEOPLE.

Plain men, nay, even ugly little fellows, have met with tolerable success among the fair. Wilke's challenge to Lord Townshend is well known: "Your lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest; yet, give me but half an hour's start, and I will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name, because you will omit attentions, on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double, on account of my plain one." He used to say that it took him half an hour just to talk away his face. He was so exceedingly ugly, that a lottery office-keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window whilst the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill-luck upon the house.

AN INGENIOUS ARAB.—Mr. J. R. Gliddon relates, in his lecture on Egyptian Archaeology, lately reported in the Archaeological Journal, that "an Arab discovered the northern air channel of the great pyramid to be opened from top to bottom by placing a cat at the outer orifice, and her kittens at the other, shutting them in with stones. The mother soon found her way down through the pyramid to her little family—thus proving that this hitherto mysterious passage communicated with the outside. Previous to the clearing of these passages, the air in the pyramid was quite suffocating."

ALL THE GOLD IN THE WORLD.—Taking the cube yard of gold at £2,000,000, which it is in round numbers, all the gold in the world at this estimate might, if melted into ingots, be contained in a cellar twenty-four feet square and sixteen feet high. All our hoarded wealth already obtained from California and Australia would go into an iron safe nine feet square and nine feet high. So small is the cube of yellow metal that has set populations on the march, and roused the world to wonder.

ENORMOUS SHARK.—The Placer Times, published at San Francisco, says that an enormous shark, about twenty-five feet long, entered an inlet about one mile below the wreck of the Aberdeen, and became stranded by the tide going out. His mouth was four feet four inches wide. He was killed, and over three barrels of oil were procured from his liver, which portion of his body filled six barrels.

CURIOUS IDEA.—There was at one time at the French court a viol so large, that several boys could be placed within it, who sang the air, while the man who played it sang the tenor. It was often thus used at the concerts which were given to amuse Queen Margaret.

POETICAL.—Flowers are the alphabet of angels, whereby they write on hills and fields mysterious truths.

Wayside Gatherings.

In Georgia, a valuable silver mine has been found on the estate of S. J. Paine, in Gordon county.

Samuel E. Slater was found murdered at his rancho, near Sonoma, California.

A man in Burlington, Vt., advertises "hums and cigars, smoked and unsmoked, for sale."

Mayor Westervelt, of New York, has been fined \$5 for his servant's playing the Croton at improper hours.

The Camden and Amboy Railroad Company are having constructed a number of new cars with patent brakes.

A family of gipsies have lately pitched their tent near Nonantum Vale, Brighton. They are good looking, and appear quite intelligent.

The Dutch galliot Margaretta, De Groot, from Rotterdam, just arrived at New York, has on board 222 packages for the Crystal Palace exhibition.

A son of Reuben Cutter, of Yarmouth, Me., was struck on the back of his head by a bat, while playing ball, and died soon afterwards.

Bricks are said to be a scarce article in this market, at the present time, and for the want of them, many persons are prevented from building.

In Manchester, N. H., lately, a family of four persons were poisoned by eating silver cels. They have not yet recovered from the attack, but are considered out of danger.

During 1852, there were 98 deaths in the Great Salt Lake City. The Mormons talk of cultivating lobsters, oysters and clams by mixing fresh water with the salt in a new basin.

William Hall, laborer, was almost killed at Norwich, Conn., by a horse he was trying to catch, the animal beating him to the earth with the forefoot.

A chimney, 100 feet in height, and containing nearly 100,000 bricks, has just been erected in connection with the "Union Works" at South Boston.

The editor of the Transcript has had a silk umbrella returned to him that was stolen three months ago. No reason is assigned for the rash act.

Miss Dolly Booth, a late domestic, in Ellington, Conn., left a legacy of \$500 to the Home Missionary Society. "She hath cast in more than they all."

A church at Windsor Locks, Conn., and the High Street Church, in Providence, R. I., with many others, have "raised the celery" of their ministers, as the Knickerbocker phrases it.

We have accounts from Washington that the President and Cabinet are still annoyed, and the public business materially delayed, by the importunities of applicants for the executive patronage.

One of the wheel mills of the Enfield Powder Company, at Enfield, Conn., blew up on the 17th ult., burning and otherwise injuring a laborer employed in the mill so severely that his life is despaired of.

The Panama Herald gives a curious account of the discovery, at old Panama, of an earthen ware vessel, containing a large number of Roman coins, of the reigns of Diocletian, Maximinus, and Constantine.

Foreign Items.

The Austrian force in Tuscany is to be reduced 2000 men.

The submarine six wire cable, seventy miles long, was successfully laid down between Dover and Ostend.

The Russian authorities in Poland issued an order to confiscate the property of absentees who have not embraced the amnesty.

The French fleet still remains at Salamis Bay, manœuvring to gratify King Otto.

Hungary continues in a volcanic attitude; commerce is paralyzed, the people are discontented, and the imperial rule is everywhere opposed.

The West India steamship Magdalene arrived at Southampton with the South American and West India mail, and nearly 100 tons of specie, valued at three millions and a quarter of dollars.

The Prussian Minister of War has approved a proposal to cause a certain number of officers and soldiers from every regiment to be taught how to drive locomotive engines.

A subscription is about to be raised by the English Roman Catholics, for the purpose of erecting a monument to Pope Adrian IV., the only Englishman who ever attained the papal dignity.

Two men were sentenced to one month's imprisonment at hard labor, a short time since, in London, for the crime of causing unnecessary pain to a cat while they were killing it.

Prince Albert has headed a subscription list, with a donation of twenty-five pounds, towards the erection of a monument in London to the memory of Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination.

Persia is preparing another expedition against Herat, and the British ambassador announces that he will demand his passports if the expedition proceeds.

In an action brought by the owners of the packet ship Daniel Webster against the barque Alert, to recover damages for a collision in the Irish Channel, the verdict was given in favor of the Daniel Webster.

Oscar Lafayette, the grandson and representative of General Lafayette, refused to take the oath of allegiance to the French Emperor, required as captain of artillery, and has in consequence been deprived of his commission.

Under the head of "Moral Scotland," a Scottish essay states that in forty cities and towns in Scotland, every 149 of the population supports a dram-shop, while it requires 981 to keep a baker, 1067 to support a butcher, and 2261 to sustain a bookseller.

The irruption of the public mind in Holland increases against the recent papal usurpation, and the ill feeling awakened between Protestants and Roman Catholics is so great that it is feared a conflict will occur; many among the Catholics are leaving for Belgium.

It appears that Louis Napoleon has once more applied to the Austrian government for the remains of the Duke de Reichstadt. His wish is that the remains of the Emperor Napoleon and his son should be transported at the same time to the Cathedral of St. Denis.

In consequence of a party of Tuscan soldiers refusing to drink with a party of Austrian soldiers, near Genoa, words ensued, and then followed a regular sabre fight. The Austrians got the worst of it, being cut badly and beaten. The hatred of the Italians to the Austrians is of the intensest sort.

Sands of Gold.

.... When an extravagant friend wishes to borrow your money, consider which of the two you had rather lose.

.... Cultivate your heart aright as well as your farm; and remember "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap."

.... The miller imagines that the corn grows only to make his mill turn.—*Goethe*.

.... If thou hast fear of those who command thee, spare those who obey thee.—*Arabian Maxim*.

.... Peace shows itself more in patience than in judgment; so it is better to be unjustly accused than to accuse others, even with justice.—*Saint Martin*.

.... Be always frank and true; spurn every sort of affectation and disguise. Have the courage to confess your faults and awkwardness. Confide your faults and faults to the world.—*Goethe*.

.... Prudent and active men, who know their strength and use it with limit and circumspection, alone go far in the affairs of the world.—*Goethe*.

.... We correct ourselves many times better by the sight of evil than by good example; and it is well to accustom ourselves to profit by evil which is so common, in the place of good which is so rare.—*Pascal*.

.... Reputation is a great inheritance; it begetteth opinion (which ruleth the world); opinion, riches; riches, honor; it is a perfume that a man carrieth about him, and leaveth wherever he goes; and it is the best heir of a man's virtue.

.... O, sin, how you paint your face! how you flatter us, poor mortals, on to death! You never appear to the sinner in your true character; you make fair promises, but you never fulfill one; your tongue is smoother than oil, but the poison of asps is under your lip!—*Isaac Ballou*.

.... Happiness is only evident to us in this life by deliverance from evil; we have not real and positive good. Happy he who sees the day! said a blind man; but a man who sees clearly does not say so. Happy he who is healthy! said an invalid; when he is well he does not feel the happiness of health.—*Nicole*.

Joker's Budget.

Flour is an article well enough in its sphere, but we deprecate the rubbing of it on ladies' faces.

Why is a cannon ball on a level plain like a lump of baker's dough? Because when fired it generally ends in a roll.

A man in Monson, upwards of seventy-five years of age, has a third set of front teeth growing. Some gum about that.

A live lobster is a perfect puzzle, which can only be red, "inwardly digested," and fully solved, after its death.

Mrs. Partington thinks the pillows of liberty are stuffed with the feathers of the American eagle. The superintendents of the United States Mint are investigating the matter.

A man was offered a glass of soda-water, the other day, but he rejected it with great indignation. "Do you think I am a salamander," said he, "to drink water hilling hot?"

It is said of the French ladies, that their fondness for effect runs to such excess, that widows, who have lost their husbands, practise attitudes of despair before a looking-glass.

A friend of ours says, that he has been without money so long that his head aches "ready to split," when he tries to recollect how a silver dollar looks. He says the notion that "we live in a world of change" is a great fallacy.

A sentimental chap in Rhode Island intends to petition Congress, at its next session, for an appropriation to improve the channels of affection, so that henceforth the "course of true love may run smooth."

As proof of the fact that girls are useful articles, and that the world could not very well get along without them, a late writer states it as a fact that if all the girls were driven out of the world, in one generation, the boys would all go out after them.

Whether you are playing on the stage or the world, your characters should always be well dressed. Good broadcloth is always received with a smile, though covering a rascal; while linsey woolsey is rather run upon, though covering a patriot.

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F. GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

JUNE.

Crown me with flowers "the leafy month of June,"
The rose and lily twine in garland rare;
Let woodland birds thrill out their votive tune,
And zephyrs waft it o'er the meadows fair.
Hark! to the mower's song! The performed air
Floats from the hay-sward to the slumbering stream,
Skimmed by the swallow, while the shepherd's care,
Well washed, their fleeces bright as silver seem.
List to the lutey cheers that ring along
The Thames' fair margins, at the rower's race.
View where the cricketers—fleet, agile, strong—
Claim for their noble sport no second place.
While, to crown all, behold the brave balloon
Soaring upon the vespere breeze of June.

Month! glorious month! to England trebly dear!
Thou saw'st the seven good Prelates in the tower,
Which unto them a palace did appear
For conscience combated a bigot's power.
Thou, too, hast seen the gay and gallant flower
Of Gallia's chivalry crushed to the dust
At Waterloo; hast also witnessed the hour
When the brave barons wrenched from tyrant's trust
Their rights at Boonynede! Hail! laureled June!
Prince of the year! the glad sun's favorite child,
Bring with thee, on thy balmy wings, the boon
Of peace. And never be exiled
From us her fostering smiles; but pure and bright
Shed o'er our suffering land their blessed light.

LOBSTER FISHING.

We present in our engraving a view representing the fishermen who have adopted this calling engaged in taking up their lobster-pots, or creels. These creels, or cruires, are made of dry osier, and resemble basket-work. They are constructed on the same principle as the wire mouse-trap, but the aperture, instead of being at the side, is on the top. Within the creel, the bait, consisting of garbage, is fastened at the bottom, and the creel is then dropped in some favorable situation, stones of sufficient weight being fastened in the inside, to sink it. A line is fastened to the creel, and at the upper end of the line is attached a cork, which floats on the surface. By this means the place where the creel is sunk is known to the fishermen, who usually set several creels at one time. The bait is easily seen by the lobsters, which, entering the creel at the aperture, find, like a mouse in a wire-trap, that escape is hopeless; the difficulty of egress being increased by the entrance being overhead. Crabs, prawns and shrimps are frequently found captured in the same creel with lobsters. When the fishermen have sunk the whole of their creels, they have still some time left to proceed further out to sea for other fish before it is necessary to visit them. When a few hours have elapsed, the fishermen return to their creels, one of them rowing, and the other keeping a look-out for the floats, and taking out of the creels whatever has been captured. Sometimes, however, lobsters are taken by nets baited with garbage; and, in some countries, by torch light, with the aid of a wooden instrument, which acts like a forceps, or a pair of tongs, by which the animal is forcibly imprisoned. Lobsters are found in great abundance on some portions of the English rocky coasts. The Scilly Isles and the Land's End abound with lobsters, as well as several places on the Scotch



ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE MONTH OF JUNE.

shores, particularly about Montrose, whence Pennant states the number brought annually, in well boats, in his time, to have been 60,000 or 70,000. But the principal lobster fishery is on the coast of Norway; whence, it is believed, about a million lobsters are annually imported into London. Those of Heligoland are, however, esteemed the best; they are of a deeper black color, and

their flesh is firmer than those brought from Norway. The lobster is of ancient repute as food; for Aristotle, in his "History of Animals," gives a most faithful and elaborate account of the species which is found still as an inhabitant of the Mediterranean. The fecundity of the lobster is profuse, 12,444 eggs having been counted under the tail of one female lobster.

AN AMERICAN TRADITION.

One of the most interesting incidents in the early history of New England is the deliverance of the frontier town of Hadley from an attack of a barbarous native tribe. The Indian war of King Philip had just commenced, and the inhabitants of Hadley had, on the first of September, 1675, assembled in their humble place of worship, to implore the aid of the Almighty, and to humble themselves before him in a solemn fast. All at once the terrible war-whoop was heard, and the church surrounded by a blood-thirsty band of savages. At that period it was customary for a select number of the stoutest and bravest of the dwellers in the frontier towns to carry their weapons with them, even to the house of prayer; and now, in consternation, these armed men of Hadley sallied forth to defend themselves and families. But the attack had been too sudden; the Indians had partly gained possession of the town before they surrounded the church, and their bullets told with fatal effect upon the bewildered colonists. At this crisis there suddenly appeared among them a man, tall and erect of stature, calm and venerable in aspect, with long gray hair falling on his shoulders. Rallying the retreating townsmen, he issued orders in a commanding voice and with cool precision. The stranger's commands were implicitly obeyed by men who, until that instant, had never seen him. He divided the colonists into two bodies, placing one in the most advantageous and sheltered position, to return the fire of the enemy, and hold them in check, while the other, by a circuitous route, he led, under cover of the smoke, to a desperate charge on the Indian rear. The red men, thus surprised in turn, and placed between two fires, were quickly defeated, and put to flight, leaving many of their warriors dead upon the field; and the town of Hadley was thus saved from conflagration, and its inhabitants from massacre. The first moments after the unexpected victory were passed in anxious inquiries, affectionate meetings, and heartfelt congratulations; then followed thanks and praise to God, and then the deliverer was eagerly sought for.

He had disappeared, and was never seen again. The people of Hadley believed he was an angel sent from God in answer to their prayer. And that belief has been handed down to our day by many of the descendants. The story, however, is a historical fact, and has been employed to embellish more than one popular fiction. The deliverer was Goffe, the regicide.—*Home Gazette.*



SCENE REPRESENTING LOBSTER FISHING, AT FOLKESTONE, ENGLAND.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TIGEMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM. { VOL. IV. No. 24.—WHOLE No. 102
6 CTS. SINGLE.

CARVE'S MILL, SLEEPY HOLLOW.

Perhaps there is no other spot of so small an extent as "Sleepy Hollow," in the entire limits of New York State, that present so many picturesque objects or localities to charm the artist's eye, and challenge our admiration. If, in a spot so limited in extent as this same locality of "Sleepy Hollow," so many beautiful pictures can be found, surely our landscape painters need not complain for want of interesting subjects for their pencils. Irving has rendered this locality classic ground; and our readers will remember that we have before found themes for illustration in our columns from this neighborhood. The tourist, as he ascends towards the famous Catskill Mountains, is sure to pause at Sleepy Hollow, and recall Irving's story of Rip Van Winkle, and to

note the well-described belongings of the famous place. The magic pen of the author has so fixed these matters in the mind, that the whole thread of the goblin story is recalled, and one is lost for a moment in inward recollections. Where could we look for a finer combination of picturesque material than is represented in the accompanying engraving, as taken from nature? The quiet vistas of sky, the green and rustling foliage, the mill-dam, with its translucent sheets of water, the rushing brook, the ancient and weather-stained building, and, above all, the mill-wheel, the monotonous though musical sound of which hath perhaps lulled many an earth-born care to rest. All, all combine to make up a scene, that, when once looked upon, the beholder can never forget—such a scene as the artist delights to delineate, and the lovers

of the picturesque to dwell upon as a thing of beauty, a joy forever! People from abroad have said to us, "Is it possible that you have such beautiful scenery in America, as we see in your Pictorial?" Is it possible, indeed! Our country abounds in beautiful rural scenery, diversified by valley and mountain, by lake and river, by babbling brooks and leafy woods; and it shall be our task to exhibit these to our growing circle of readers, and to the world abroad, as well as in America. Our army of subscribers cannot fail to enter into the spirit of these illustrations, and to feel a national pride in seeing them thus beautifully delineated—the same pride which actuates us in these productions. With these few suggestions, we commend our view, presented below of Carve's Mill, to the patrons of the Pictorial.



VIEW OF CARVE'S MILL, AT SLEEPY HOLLOW, TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HILDEBRAND:

—OR—

THE BUCCANEER AND THE CARDINAL.

A SICILIAN STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"If you will stay two days, you may go," said the guard, after a few moments' thought. "Then our division will be off duty, and I shall not fear."

"O, we did not think of returning before that time," said Angela, who started up beneath the hope of gaining passage.

"Go on, then. Surely there can be no harm in giving pass to such as you. 'I would be no Christian. Go, and God speed ye.'"

More quickly than before did the girls move on.

"Why should such an edict as that have been passed?" queried Lucia, as soon as they were out of danger from the guard.

"Perhaps 'twas meant for some one whom the cardinal would keep in the city," replied Angela.

"Very likely," responded Lucia; and as she spoke, she thought of de Mora; but she did not mention his name.

"The cardinal must be worried, at all events," said Angela.

"So all bad men ought to be," was Lucia's apt reply.

The girls had now passed the Capuchin convent, and, having followed the road towards Corleone a little over a mile, they struck off into a by-road that led off towards the hills to the westward, and upon this they travelled until long after midnight. Angela thought not of fatigue; she noticed not that her thin shoes were all soaked by the heavy dew, but with a firm step she followed on.

Our two travellers passed quite a number of peasants' cots, which were located near the path; but it was not till near morning that they stopped. Lucia had led the way to a spot where a low, thatched cot was nestled away among vines and fig-trees, and by the side of which ran a small stream of water. It was in a deep vale, from which the vine-clad hills sloped up on three sides; and the place was as quiet and sequestered as could have been wished.

At the door of this cot Lucia knocked. It was some minutes ere the summons was answered, and then a man appeared at the door, with a lighted candle in his hand.

"Ah, good sisters," he said, as he shielded the light with his hand.

"Does good John Bambo live here now?" asked Lucia.

"That is my name."

"Then give us shelter for a season, we beg."

"Ay, and a God's blessing on thee, too," instantly replied the man. "Come in, come in. No Christian was ever yet turned from John Bambo's door."

The girls followed the old man into the dwelling, and there he gave them seats. Then he built a fire in the little furnace that stood in one corner of the room, and after that he went to call his wife, who soon made her appearance. They were old people, and they lived all alone there, among their fruit-trees and vines. They had children, but such of them as still lived had settled in homes of their own.

"You walk far and late to night, good sisters," said the dame, after she had placed a basin of water upon the furnace.

"This night is most morning now, I ween," returned Lucia.

"Ah, then you have not walked all night?"

"Yes."

"The Lord save us! You look wayworn and tired; and the dew, too, is heavy upon your garments."

It was the old lady who said this, and while she spoke, her husband gazed into Lucia's face with an earnest, inquiring look.

"You must excuse me, my sisters," he said, "but surely," he added, turning his glance upon Lucia, "your voice sounds familiar, and it seems, too, as though I had seen your face before."

"Perhaps you have," returned the girl.

"I am almost sure I have."

"I know you have," added Lucia, as she removed the hood from her head.

"Why, as sure as I'm alive, it's little Lucia Mendoza!" exclaimed dame Bambo, clapping her hands and elevating her eyebrows.

"Sure enough!" was her husband's response, with a look and tone of wonder.

"Mercy on me, Lucia! I didn't know that you had joined the sisterhood of our Lady Rosalia," resumed the good woman. "I thought you were still with Donna Angela Fontani."

"So I am."

"How?"

"Let me introduce you. My companion, here, is Donna Angela herself."

"Our Lady deliver me!" was all the astounded woman could say.

"Both sisters?" queried old John.

"No—neither of us," returned Lucia. "But listen, now, and I will tell you what it all means."

The old folks were seated, and, while they opened their eyes with astonishment, Lucia told them her story. She told it all, sparing neither the cardinal nor the duke. When she had finished, her auditors were buried in an anxious, thoughtful silence.

"Now I know you will give us shelter," said Angela.

"Yes, yes, to be sure I will," warmly returned Bambo. "But what do you mean to do? You will not always live among the hills here."

"No," replied Angela; "I shall want you to assist me further, and you shall be well rewarded. If you would go to the city, and see if you could hear anything of Francis de Mora or of Hildebrand, it might help me, for to either of those men I would trust myself."

Bambo was somewhat surprised that Donna Angela should be thus familiar with Hildebrand, but he consented to do all he could for her. Our heroine trusted him with all the information he needed, and he, in turn, promised to keep her secret, and learn, if possible, something of the men in whom she had confided her trust.

After this was settled, a frugal meal was prepared for the girls, and when they had satisfied their hunger, they sought the rest which they so much needed. As Angela laid her head upon the pillow, she uttered a short prayer; but she could not easily compose her mind to sleep. Her situation was novel, strange and startling; and then she was by no means free from danger; she had no clear view of the salvation she prayed for. But Lucia tried to comfort her; she whispered words of hope, and, while still she whispered, slumber stole over them both.

CHAPTER XIX.

BAMBO'S FAILURE AT DECEPTION.

It was nearly noon when Angela and Lucia arose from their bed, and neither felt any serious results from the exposure and fatigue of the previous night. They partook of a hearty dinner, and in the afternoon they wandered off among the neighboring vines, where they sat and laid plans for action; but their projects were torn in pieces about as fast as they were formed; and when they turned back towards Bambo's cot they were not much wiser than before. They still wore the disguises they had procured, for they thought them less likely to attract attention than the rich dresses which duly belonged to them.

That afternoon they spent in the cot; and it was not until the next day that Bambo went to the city. Angela watched for his return with much anxiety, for she felt sure that he would bring tidings of some sort, were it only regarding her own flight. It was nearly dark when she saw the old man approaching the cot, and when he came in and sat down, her heart sank within her, for she saw that he bore ill tidings. She could tell it from his very looks. She had not the courage to ask a question, but Lucia soon relieved her.

"Well, good Bambo," said the latter, "what tidings do you bring? Speak it out; for we may as well know the truth at once."

"Your absence from the city has already made a stir," replied the old man. "I heard of it at all points."

"And what has been done towards finding us?"

"I don't know; but something, I am sure."

There was a silence of some moments, which was at length broken by the old lady.

"But you've not told us of the men, John—the men our fair lady told ye about."

The old man cast a pitying look upon Angela, and she read its import, for her cheek paled, and she trembled.

"Speak out," said Lucia. "Tell us what you have learned of de Mora and Hildebrand."

"Well, I'll speak it; but I fear they'll ne'er help ye more. They be both in the clutches of the holy tribunal."

"Both!" shrieked Angela.

"Yes, lady—both!"

"God have mercy!" groaned the poor girl; and, while yet the sound was upon her lips, Lucia caught her fainting form, and pillowed the marble brow upon her own bosom.

"You ought not to have told it so quickly, John," said dame Bambo, as she hastened to assist Lucia. "Poor, dear girl! O, how can folks be so wicked? I'm sure I'd rather be poor all my life, than have the heart to harm such as this. I wonder if such people are ever happy?"

No one replied, and the good woman helped Lucia convey her mistress to the bed. Ere long, Angela came to her senses, and in the course of an hour she was again in the little sitting-room. But the bloom had gone from her cheeks, and she looked miserable and unhappy.

To Lucia the old man conveyed the intelligence that two sisters of St. Rosalia had been seen to leave the city, and that there was a suspicion that the fugitives might have been thus dressed. From this hint Lucia resolved to lay aside the black gown, and, by dint of considerable ingenuity, she made out to fix up two dresses that passed very well for the usual habits of the Mazara peasant girls; and in these her mistress and herself were arrayed. It was towards noon on the third day of Angela's sojourn at the peasant's cot. She and Lucia were sitting before the door, beneath an overhanging cluster of grape-vines, where they had been conversing for some time.

"It is of no use," said Angela, in reply to something her companion had said. "I have but one course left me to pursue. If I can cross the mountains, I will seek the convent of Our Lady in Satera, and there I will remain. Even the cardinal himself cannot drag me from these walls, if he should find me."

"I would wait a while, at least," returned Lucia, "for either Francis or Hildebrand may be liberated; or, if you go to Satera, you must not bind yourself there by vows."

"Perhaps I shall not. But you need not follow me, Lucia."

"Pardon me, Angela, but I shall go where you go, unless you choose to drive me from you."

"I will not do that," murmured our heroine.

"Then I shall most assuredly keep you company, and if you enter a convent, I will enter, too."

Angela looked up into her companion's face with a grateful, tearful expression, and as she did so, her eye caught the outlines of some one approaching the cot by the road. The intervening foliage cut off a distinct view, but yet the form could be seen.

"It is a man," whispered Lucia, as soon as her mistress had pointed it out.

"And a monk, too," added Angela.

"Ay—a Carmelite," resumed Lucia, getting a clearer view. "Come, Angela, let us hasten in out of sight; for if it be a monk from the city, he may know us."

Both the girls hastened into the house, and in a few words as possible they told old John their fears. The old man was there waiting for his dinner. He bade them go into the other room, at the same time promising to shield them if he could. They hurried into the little bed room, and shortly after they had closed the door, they heard some one enter the house. They knew it must be the monk, and they trembled for their safety. They could easily overhear all that was said in the apartment they had left.

The monk entered with the usual blessing upon his lips, and, having devoutly crossed himself, he took the seat that was offered him.

"A beautiful, out-of-the-way place you have here," said he, as he cast his eyes carefully about the room.

Lucia could see him through a crack in the partition.

"A goodly place, father, I own," returned John. "The land is productive, and we receive its blessings with thankful hearts."

"Very proper, my son. But do you live all alone here?"

"My good wife is with me, you see."

"Ay; but is that all?"

"We have no other family, father."

"No sons?"

"None at home."

"No daughters?"

"None at all."

"How near have you a neighbor?"

"You must have passed our nearest neighbor's cot."

"That was two miles back."

"Yes."

"I thought I saw two girls enter your door just as I came up."

"Two girls, father?"

"Yes."

"Ah, yes; two friends of mine, who are spending a short time with us."

"Who are they?"

"Young friends of my children, good father."

"Are they afraid of me?"

"O, no."

"Then why did they run so quickly on my approach?"

"I knew not that they did. If they saw you, they may have thought you were some stranger, and so withdrew. They are timid creatures."

"So it would seem. But I love children. Where are they?"

"I could not tell, I'm sure."

"I should like to see them."

"Pardon me, good father, but they may have romped away, the Lord knows where. Their tiny feet could have carried them over the hills by this time."

"Well, well, let them go. Ah, what is this?"

"That, good father, is a cap I made, to keep the hot sun from my head."

"It looks like the hoods of our sisters of Saint Rosalia."

"Does it? What a curious accident. I did not make it for one."

The monk smiled as he laid the hood down, remarking, as he did so:

"I have known accidents more curious than that. But never mind. Look ye, my son; as I came along the road, I thought I saw a cluster of purple grapes behind your house."

"There are such there," returned John.

"Let me pick some; for they are most grateful to my palate."

"Most surely, father. Shall I bring you some?"

"No. I will pick them."

"Then come."

"But let us take the back way. That is nearer."

"There is no other door but this."

"No back door?"

"No."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the monk, while a bright spark danced about in either eye. "Methinks, my son, that another door would have been most convenient."

"Perhaps it would," said John, trembling with apprehension.

"Ay," added the Carmelite; "especially for those two girls to have escaped through! Ha, ha, ha! But never mind. I pardon you for your little deception. If the damsels are over-haughty, I'll not trouble them. But come, we'll have some of the grapes, at all events."

Poor Bambo saw how the wily monk had entrapped him, and he trembled for the safety of his fair charges; but the good-natured manner in which the matter seemed to be turned off gave him a slight reassurance, and, striving to hide his chagrin, he accompanied the monk to the grape-vine.

When they returned to the house again, the monk sat down upon the door stone.

"Wont you come in?" asked Bambo.

"No. I expect some companions along shortly, and when they come I shall join them. I think they are coming now. Can you not see some one approaching?"

Bambo looked, and through the intricacies of the foliage he could see three more monks approaching the cot, which fact he stated to his guest.

"Wait till they come up, and I'll then relieve you."

Ere long the three monks reached the peasant's door. "Ah, Sopho," said he who had been picking the grapes, to the first of the new-comers, "you are just in season." "Ah," returned Sopho, "have you gained a clue, Benedic?" "Ay, that I have," said Benedic—for the monk was none other than our worthy friend; "but come in."

The four Carmelites entered the cot, and then Benedic turned to the old peasant.

"Now," said he, "this matter becomes serious. I would see those two girls whom you have concealed here."

"But, holy father—"

"Stop, stop. Give me no evasions; but call forth the girls. The saints save you, man—what have you to fear?"

John Bambo knew not what to do. He stood there, and trembled, while his wife sunk down into her chair.

"Will you go and find them, or shall I go?" said Benedic.

"O, I pray you, good father, trouble not—"

"Now cease thee," impatiently interrupted Benedic, as he made a movement towards the very room where the two girls were concealed. "The girls we seek are two who belong in Palermo, and with whom you can have nothing to do; so what have you to fear? If these be what you say, then they shall by no means be troubled."

Poor Bambo dared not say a word, as he saw the monk approach the fatal door. The Carmelites were men not to be trifled with, and he could only look on and quake with fear.

Benedic laid his finger upon the latch, and at that moment there came a faint cry from beyond. He pushed open the door, and the girls he sought were before him. Angela stood there, pale as marble, and by her side, with one arm about her, stood Lucia.

"Ah, my fair children, I have found you at length," uttered the monk, as he entered the room. "You, Donna Angela Fontani, I know; and, if I mistake not, your companion is Lucia Mendoza."

"Yes, father," returned Lucia.

"You will both return to Palermo with me. You are wanted there."

Angela tried to speak, but she could not. She did not weep, nor did she faint; but she trembled as she walked out from the room where she had sought refuge. The good peasant gazed pityingly upon her, and old John murmured:

"God knows I cannot help you!"

"I know it," faintly articulated Angela. "Heaven bless you for what you have done! Take this. I need it not, and it may benefit you. Nay, refuse it not. I shall be less unhappy if you accept it."

As she thus spoke, she forced a purse into the old man's hand. Benedic saw the movement, and he stepped towards the spot; but he hesitated ere he had carried out the intention he had in view, and Bambo retained the money.

"Come," said the Carmelite, withdrawing his eyes, with an inward struggle, from the purse, "we must haste away from here. I have been fortunate in finding you, for accident has helped me to it. You are not good at deception, my son."

This last remark was addressed to John; and, though it was spoken with a smile, yet he had no smile to return, for both he and his kind-hearted wife wept when they saw the poor girls led away.

Angela knew that there was no escape now. She knew that the monks came from the cardinal, and, without a stir of resistance, she and her maid were led from the place.

"Shall we walk all the way back?" asked Lucia.

"You ought to," drily returned Benedic, "but we must needs be more expeditious than that. We shall find horses and a guard to accompany you not far from here."

"Ay; expedition is fitting for such work as this," bitterly murmured Angela; and, as the words dropped from her lips, she bowed her head, and clung more closely to Lucia.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CORONET.

LATE at night Angela Fontani was delivered to the charge of her uncle. The duke spoke not with her then on the subject of what had passed, but, with considerable show of anxiety, he bade her seek her own room, and gain some repose. He would have forbidden Lucia from entering the house, but his niece overcame him on that point, and the maid followed her mistress to her chamber. An attendant was immediately sent to ascertain if she wanted anything. She called for a little cordial, and that was all.

During the next forenoon the duke entered his niece's chamber. He found her alone. He had harsh words in his thoughts when he entered; but one look at the pale face of the unfortunate maiden drove them all away, and he felt, when he took his seat, more of sorrow than of anger.

"Angela," he said, "I am sorry this thing has happened."

"So am I, my uncle," returned the girl, in a strange tone.

"Then why did you do it?"

"I could not help it. The monks brought me."

"Ah, but I meant your going away as you did."

"Alas, my lord! you should not sorrow for that. Had I remained among the honest peasants of the mountains, or gained the deep walls of some cloister, I might have been happy."

"But you said nothing of this to me," uttered the duke, with some surprise.

"And suppose I had; would it have altered the case?"

The duke did not reply.

"If I had told you all I felt, all I suffered," continued Angela, "would it have made any difference in the result of your plans?"

Would you have released me from the fearful bonds, or have in any way lightened them?"

"I would have done it if it laid in my power."

"Ah, but did it lay in your power?"

"No."

"And would the cardinal have done it?"

"No, no; I do not think he would."

"Then why should I have given my tale of woe to you? It would have been worse than useless, for it might have led you to keep a watch over my movements. No, my uncle; from the first moment when I learned that you had given your word for my marriage with de Villani, I resolved to escape if possible. I have made the trial, and I have failed. I know what my fate is to be now, for I know the hearts of the men that rule me."

The maiden's words were scathing, and Michael Fontani covered beneath her burning glance. The last sentence she uttered was spoken most bitterly, and he felt its application to his own heart.

"I am glad, at least," he at length said, "that you realize the duty that devolves upon you."

"Duty?" repeated Angela.

"Ay—duty. For surely it is a duty to obey those who have the right to govern."

"Hark ye, my lord. I would say nothing of duty in connection with the affairs of the present. You only wound me more, and gain nothing either. Tell me what the cardinal means to do."

"He means that you shall marry as he has planned. I saw him last night, and I have seen him again this morning. He will suffer no more."

"Suffer? What mean you?"

"That he will bring matters to a close at once. He is resolved now, and nothing can move him."

"You mean that he is angry now. He was resolved before, and that was the reason I fled."

"Well, so be it, then," said the duke. "You know what his resolution is, and you know, too, that I am as much bound as you are. The cardinal's edict may not be opposed."

"I am aware of that, my lord. I know full well the cardinal's power. Does he mean that I shall marry soon?"

"By the day after to-morrow."

Angela started, and her hands were clutched till the nails almost penetrated the flesh; but still she held her marble-like composure of countenance.

"Is that day set?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then I will be ready. I have counted upon the circumstance, and I know there is no escape for me. If I could flee from this place, I would do so. I would leave all my wealth behind me—all friends, and all of worldly distinctions. But I know that is now beyond hope. I feel, too, that there is no need of entreaty or persuasion—that tears would not move you—that my sorrow cannot lift the fate from me, and that hope is but a mere name, which has only its sound for my ears, none of its balm for my heart!"

Michael Fontani was moved by the words of his niece, and by their tone, too. She spoke with the voice of one whose soul is all cold and hopeless, whose heart is all crushed and bleeding, and whose life-blood runs beneath a frozen surface. Her face was rigid, and, had it not been for the mournful light that dwelt in her large eyes, and the slight tremulousness of the nether lip, one might have almost thought her a block of senseless marble. But the duke noticed those eyes, and he knew, too, how exquisite must be the pain that made her as she was. For a moment there were generous impulses alive in his bosom, but they only beamed in his soul to be crushed out of sight again. He feared for his dukedom, for his worldly honor, for his property; and the grim tyrant had him in rule once more.

"I am sorry," said he, "but the die is cast."

"I know it, I know it. Say no more. I can bear it now, but I may not if I hear it again."

Angela, as she thus spoke, arose from her seat, and approached her uncle. She laid one hand upon his shoulder, and gazed into his face.

"My lord," she said, "about one matter I wish you to tell me the truth. Where is Francis de Mora?"

Fontani trembled, and shrank from the maiden's touch.

"Tell me," she continued. "I can bear it all. This is not a time to hesitate, nor keep anything from me. I am lost now, beyond the sphere of hope and fears; my aspirations for earth are gone—all gone. So tell me what I ask. I have heard something, and I would know if 'tis true."

"What have you heard?"

"That he was in the clutches of the holy tribunal."

"Then you have heard the truth."

"But I would know more. What is to be his fate?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Do you not know?"

"No. None know save those who are connected therewith."

"But what is the charge against him?"

"I do not know."

"Hildebrand, too, is there?"

"Yes."

"Do you think they will ever come forth from there alive?"

"I'm sure, my child, I cannot tell."

"Do not deceive me. Speak just what you think. Do you believe that they will ever more see the light of day?"

"I do not. But mind you, Angela, I speak from no knowledge of the matter. I only speak my individual opinion."

"That is enough," murmured Angela, as she withdrew her hand from her uncle's shoulder, and tottered back to her seat.

"But this thing is not certain," resumed the duke. "De Mora may, after all, only be kept there until you are married."

The maiden made no reply. Her head had fallen upon her bosom, and her hands rested motionless in her lap. The duke spoke to her again, but she did not move. He arose and went to her side, and found that she had fainted. It had been no sudden suspension of life's functions, no nervous swooning, but it had been a gradual dwindling of physical power, until there was no longer any strength left.

Michael Fontani felt a thrill of pain as he saw this result, but he stopped not long to consider or reflect. He called the women to attend to their young mistress, and then he left the room.

As soon as he was alone in his own apartment he had time for thought. His mind ran back to the death-bed of his kind brother, and he remembered how he had promised to be a father to that brother's child. Then he thought of the love that child had borne him; how she had clung to him, and trusted in him; he saw again her sweet smile as she had hung upon his neck before the demon of ambition had lured him; and his heart smote fearfully within its narrow prison-house. He stood long in one spot, and dwelt upon the past, and when, finally, he had uncovered the whole picture of memory, he was pale and trembling.

Michael Fontani was not at heart so wicked as he seemed. He had good qualities and good feelings still left. Thus far he had gone recklessly on in his course, at the beck of the powerful prelate; he had moved on half blindly, without stopping to consider upon the consequences, never thinking that any heart was to be broken, or any life lost. Now he knew that Francis de Mora was doomed, and he felt sure that the heart of his fair niece was breaking, and he could not hide from himself the fact that he had been a tool for it all.

A better feeling was coming over him. The man was rising in his soul. He stepped to a pedestal of porphyry, whereon rested a dual coronet. He took the bauble in his hand, and placed it upon his brow. Then he took it off again, and gazed upon it.

"And for this," he murmured, "I have made myself a villain! For this I have bartered away my own happiness, my peace of mind, and sold the happiness of those who were dependent upon me. O, I did not think of this; I did not dream the race of ambition could lead me here. And yet," he continued, in a more subdued tone, "I saw the evil long ago, and did not avoid it."

There was a variety of strange emotions in the man's soul, as he stood there and gazed upon the lordly insignia he held in his hand. At length the coronet fell from his grasp, and he placed his foot upon it.

"There!" he uttered; "I will be a man once more! The glittering bauble shall no longer bow me down!"

His foot was still upon the coronet, and a proud look was upon his face, when the door of his apartment opened, and the cardinal entered!

"What now, my lord duke?" exclaimed Ludovico, gazing with astonishment upon the man before him. "What means this?"

All Fontani's good resolves fled in a moment. Ambition had had its fall, but fear was in his soul.

"I—I—was thinking, my lord cardinal," he stammered, quickly withdrawing his foot from the coronet.

"But your coronet, signor. Why is that upon the floor, and your foot upon it?"

"A mere accident, my lord," returned the duke; and as he spoke, he stooped and picked the bauble up.

The cardinal gazed with a contemptuous look upon the noble.

"Fontani," he said, while the expression of his countenance changed to a look of threatening sternness, "I do not think you would play me false. I hardly think you would run that risk now."

"No, no, my lord cardinal, I am true to my promise. I have not deceived you in the least."

"And you will not?"

"No."

"You will pledge yourself that Donna Angela shall be here when she is wanted for the nuptials?"

"Yes."

O, Fontani, where now is all thy manhood? Where now thy soul, that but a few short moments ago did break from its slavery, and leap up into the world of truth? Back! back again! It is once more low in the dust of grovelling fear.

The Duke of Palermo had not the strength of mind to face his foe, and the cardinal knew it well. Ludovico knew with whom he had to deal, and he knew that he had only to watch Fontani to make him all he wished.

The cardinal smiled, and led the duke to a seat.

"Now, my dear Fontani, let us to the consummation of our business."

Fontani sank into the seat, and the cardinal smiled upon him again.

That smile conquered what of rebellion there was left in the duke's bosom, and on the next moment he had entered willingly into the discussion of those plans which, but a short time before, his soul had abhorred.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HABITS.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change. No single action creates, however it exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.—Herder.

THE ISLAND OF JAVA.

We present our readers this week with some scenes in Java, and a description of some of their peculiar habits and dress. The first of these designs, of which there are five, represents six Javanese children, of different ages and sex. Their costume is suitable to the mildness of the climate; ordinarily, in the lower class, the children are allowed to go entirely naked until five or six years old. This habit gives to their limbs a suppleness, and to their movements an ease, which they often preserve till an advanced age; and, as they live simply, corpulency and bodily deformities are very rare among them. Passed that first age, the dress of the children, although still reduced in general to the most indispensable garments, is very picturesque. The first of these garments is, for both sexes, a piece of cloth of triangular form, *oto*, which covers the breast and lower stomach. Later, the girls wear a kind of little gathered skirt, *saya*, and the boys a little pair of drawers confined around the loins by a simple cord. Sometimes there is a piece of stuff of native make, *sarong*, which they throw over their shoulders the greater part of the time. On festival days, they add to the dress of the girls a kind of outside tunic, *badjoe*, and which descends almost to the knees; the boys over all wear a short vest, *badjoe-pindak*, of light material, and confined at the throat by a little button. The heads of the infants of both sexes are shaved fourteen days after their birth, with the difference, however, that they leave on the heads of the boys two locks of hair, one behind and the other in front, whilst they leave one tress at the top of the girls' heads; but, to make amends, they continue to shave the heads of the boys, and allow the girls' hair to grow, and never cut it again save in the case of accident or illness. The dwelling-house represented in the second design is that of a native family enjoying a certain ease of circumstances. Near the house is the *tomhong*, destined to preserve the crop of rice at the approaching harvest time. At the side of the stable where the buffaloes, *karbos*, employed in labor are kept for the night, two women are occupied pounding the rice destined to be used during the days; a little farther off another is bringing to the house the basket containing the linen which she has been washing in the river; while at the head of the steps, a young girl, with hair hanging loosely, as she goes often into the house, bestows her care on a turtle dove in a cage which is suspended under the roof. The Javanese attach a superstitious idea to the song of the turtle doves, and certain ways which they have of cooing among themselves, sometimes raise the price of them from one hundred, hundred and fifty, to even two hundred francs. One of the men is climbing into a cocoa-nut tree after the manner of the country; another is carrying away the fruit in two baskets; a third is nonchalantly extended at the foot of a tree, his *toudon* resting on its broad brim near him, while a young boy, mounted on one of the large buffaloes of which he has the care, is driving them to the



A GROUP OF JAVANESE CHILDREN.

river. One is surprised to see these large, vigorous animals, who, under their heavy aspect hide a great agility, often doubted by the European who approaches them, allow themselves gently to be led, and even tormented by children armed with a simple rod. Lastly, in the foreground of the picture is the *kar*, or wagon, for the transportation of produce, and, whose large size, and above all, the enormous wheels, often made of one piece of wood, appear very strange at first sight. Although the house represented in the engraving below, is, as we have said, that of a family in easy circumstances, it can, in a measure, give a just idea of all the houses in a *kampung* or village, for they are nearly all of them sheltered like this, by a high forest of fruit trees. There is round every thatched roof the banana tree, with its healthy and nourishing fruit, which the inhabitants prepare in a thousand ways; the papaya, whose fruit resembles very much the apricot; the coconut, too well known to require description, and of which the Javanese know the use of each part; the gigantic tamarind, its fruit enclosed in a hard shell, the pulp of which forms such an agreeable dish; the bamboo, the numerous trunks of which, spreading themselves fan like, throw over the house an always refreshing shade. Not far from there, a little hedge of coffee plants, and some shrubs producing a kind of pepper, are sufficient for the need of the family. Peopling these magnificent shades

are thousands of birds, whose songs serve still more to colliet the place, and you now can understand, that under the influence of such a smiling nature, the happy inhabitants of this Eden perform joyously their easy labors, and preserve until an advanced age all the primitive naïveté of their character. The houses are made, for the most part, of rough timber, cut in coarse, square beams, the intervals between the beams being filled with bamboos, split and plaited in different ways, *pagar*. The roof is covered with a kind of thatch made of the leaves of the plant *alang-alang*, fixed by long pieces of wood, *adap*, which they fasten one after another to the slips of bamboo which form the body of the roof. This thatching is impenetrable, but has to be often removed. When all the materials are in readiness, the neighbors unite together in order to assist in the building, and by this means the work is accomplished in a few days. When the labor is finished, they construct a long shed, and each, according to his means, brings provisions; the women on their side occupy themselves with the preparation of food, and, in the morning, the men take part in the inaugural repast, *sedekah*, presided over generally by the priest, *hadja*, of the village, for whom the place of honor is reserved. The most perfect harmony never ceases to reign in these reunions, and, at a rather late hour, each returns, carrying the surplus of provision which has been divided equally among them. It is impossible in a description so restrained, to delineate all the costumes so various in the country. We shall limit ourselves to explain those views we here give. In the

first cut on the opposite page, an inhabitant of Sanda, or of the upper land, is shown, carrying a child according to the manner of the Javanese, that is to say, suspended at her side by the aid of a scarf, *selindang*. This manner of carrying it gives her room for domestic employments. Her costume consists of a sort of tunic of blue cloth, *badjoe*, and a long piece of stuff, *kayen-pandang*, which envelopes the lower part of the body. The Javanese generally wear this last garment very short, that it may not encumber their movements in the incessant labor which they are engaged in. The Javanese who is turned sideways in the festival costume most commonly adopted in the island. Over the handkerchief with which his head is covered, is a *song ko*, a kind of hat, and principally used to guard the eyes from the burning rays of the sun. His long vest, *katiwo*, is of rare stuff. His creasse, passed through his girdle, is placed behind his back, as is the custom in Java. His *sarong*, of native dye, is fastened round his waist by the girdle, and worn in the most common manner. The third person, seated before him, is a Javanese of the lower class, a *koeli*, street porter. His vest is thrown over his shoulders, and his legs are covered with a short pair of drawers of light material. He holds in his hands his *toudon*, or large woven hat, which shelters him from the rain and sun. The fourth engraving represents the weapons in use in the island of Java. The first of these is the



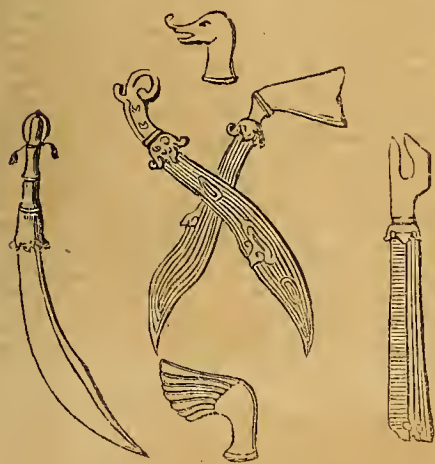
A JAVANESE HOUSE IN A KAMPONG, OR VILLAGE.

creasse, of which the handle as well as the blade varies in form, although not much from the figures given here. The blade of the one on the left is most peculiar to Java, but that on the right is found in Madura. The handles of the creasses are very different in form; many are curiously wrought, and of very fantastical form. Those of chiefs are often of massive gold, or ornamented with precious stones. The blade varies less. It is generally turned or notched at the point; it is also deeply lined on its whole length, and covered with an acid preparation, for which the juice of the citron is much used. This preparation, which gives the steel a dull color, preserves them from rust. More inferior is the iron lance most in use. In the engraving is also given the different kinds of *goloks* which the Javanese use to cut wood with, and for hunting; the handles likewise vary, but not essentially from those shown here. Some of the blades are marked; but the greater part are plain. They are extremely sharp; the Javanese are very careful to sharpen them often, and keep them well greased. The two children represented in the fifth engraving are the *gambous*. They call by this name the dancers destined to figure in the ballets or pantomimes which the great Javanese chiefs give among them. The wings, the bracelets, as well as the ornaments which these children wear upon their breasts are of buffalo leather, carved for that day, and painted in different colors. The head is decorated with a kind of crown of artificial flowers, fixed in the handkerchief which covers it. Their ears are ornamented with the buds of an orange-colored flower, *melati*. The creasse of the Madura form is passed through the girdle, and placed behind their backs. The two pieces of stuff which covers their lower part, are arranged in a more theatrical manner, resembling, nevertheless, the way the costume is worn by the Madurens. Encircling the ankles are rings called *gelang*. One of the children holds in her hand a little shield, the other a demon or fancy, of which there is often mention in Javanese mythology. These they use to accompany their movements in the different dances which they execute. In these ceremonies, all the dancers



A WOMAN OF SUNDA—JAVANESE OF THE LOWER CLASS.

cultivation, no area of land of the same extent in any other quarter of the whole globe could surpass it, either in the quantity, quality, or value of its vegetable productions. At present only about one third part of the surface is supposed to be under culture; and yet Java not only produces enough of corn for its own consumption, but it is the granary of the Eastern Archipelago, and even of Singapore. Within late years, the cultivation of all its great staples has wonderfully increased, and the progress of Java has been probably even more remarkable than that of either Brazil or Cuba. The husbandry of the Javanese may be said to exhibit upon the whole, much neatness and order. Two or more crops are never cultivated in the same field, as is the slovenly practice of the Hindoos. Neither are the lands tilled in common, as is a usual but most injurious practice in India. The peasant and his family bestow their labor exclusively on their own possessions, and consider their culture rather as an enjoyment than a task. It is here only that their industry assumes an active and systematic character: the women take a large share of the labor. The work of the plough, the harrow, and mattock, with all that concerns the important operations of irrigation, are performed by the men, but the lighter labors of sowing, transplanting, reaping, and hoising, belong almost exclusively to the women. The implements of agriculture are few and simple; but as well as the agricultural processes, they are more perfect, and imply a greater degree of intelligence than those of the Hindoos, and perhaps, indeed, than those of any Asiatic people, the Chinese excepted. The Javanese plough, like the Hindoo, has no share. The sock is tipped with a few ounces of iron, and the earth board is carved out of the body of the plough; the wood is teak, the yoke of bamboo cane. One man conducts the plough, and with a long whip guides the cattle, which never exceed two in number. The Javanese harrow is a large rake, with a single row of teeth. The same yoke and cattle are used for it as for the plough, and over its beam a bamboo cane is placed, on which the person who guides it sits to give a necessary weight to the implement. The hoe is



CREASSE, AND WARLIKE ARMS OF JAVA.



JAVANESE BELLES.



GOLOKS—KNIVES AND ARMS FOR HUNTING.

of a great chief form a troupe which greatly increases his retinue. The man who rests near them, forms also one of this troupe; he is the guard of the corps, literally keeper of the lion, *singo sekars*, who accompanies everywhere the chief in the important solemnities. The kind of odd casque which protects his head is made of buffalo hide, carved for the day, like the attire of the little dancers, and, like it, stained different colors. From each side hang little garlands of the buds of the orange flower, *melati*. His hair, which is not covered, indicates his warlike occupation. A Maduran creasse, which is not seen in his present position, is likewise passed in his girdle. The two pieces of stuff float at his sides and accompany his movements in the warlike dances to which he has to execute from time to time; he carries a little shield. A pair of drawers, which reach almost to his knees, completes his costume, and the lance his arms.—The Javanese are a nation of husbandmen. To the crop the mechanic looks immediately for his wages, the soldier for his pay, the magistrate for his salary, the priest for his stipend, and the government for its tribute. The wealth of a province or village is measured by the extent and fertility of its land, its facilities for rice irrigation, and the number of its buffaloes. The proportion, at an average of the inhabitants engaged in agriculture to the rest of the population, may be stated at 3 1 2 or 4 to 1; and it is probable that if the whole island were under



GAMBOUS, MIMIC DANSEUSE, AND BODY GUARD OF A JAVANESE CHIEF.

very indifferent; its edge only tipped with a little iron, and its handle about two and a half feet long. The Javanese sickle is a very peculiar instrument. Its object is to nip off separately each ear of rice with a few inches of the straw; for which purpose it is grasped in the right hand, and the operation effected with a dexterity acquired by habit. The whole farming stock of a villager may be purchased for little more than one third of the yearly produce of his land; or for about fifteen or sixteen dollars, including a pair of buffaloes. These animals usually serve all agricultural and other purposes in place of horses. Cattle of every description are plentiful throughout Java; but the cows are inferior, and yield little milk. Sheep, goats and hogs are numerous. Coffee, which has now become the great commercial staple of Java, is grown in the uplands, the best situations for it being the valleys from 3000 to 4000 feet above the level of the sea. The coffee plant grows from 12 to 16 feet in height; it attains to maturity in about five years, and continues to bear well for the succeeding ten or twelve years, yielding a very profitable return. The chief peculiarity of the coffee culture in Java is the planting of the *dodup* trees in rows alternately with the coffee plants, for the purpose of affording shelter to the latter. Coffee is raised principally in the west part of the island, where the residency of Preangers furnishes at least one third part of the total produce of this article.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

FIDELITY.

BY PHOEBE CAREY.

She had mourned him with deep and unflinching devotion,
Till the light had grown dim in her beautiful eyes;
And her thoughts were all channels that turned to one ocean,
Which ebbed with her silence, or flowed with her sighs.

She sought not our solace, she heeded no warning,
Unmoved the seasons, or vanished or came;
For down with the twilight, or up with the morning,
The shadow that darkened her life was the same.

She met him years after his cruel forsaking,
And I trembled with fearful forebodings to know
That the heart that so long had in silence been breaking,
Must break with but one added pang to its woe!

And I found her, like one whom the pitiless billow
Of a merciless sorrow had whelmed when it came,
As she murmured, with head buried down in her pillow,
"His look, and his voice, and his smile are the same."

Then I tenderly kissed her and parted her tresses,
And I told her life was not all cheerless and dim;
And she said, as she laughingly met my caresses,
"Could I ever have loved such a fellow as him?"

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE YOUNG VOYAGERS:

—OR—

PILOTED BY PROVIDENCE.

BY GEO. S. RAYMOND.

"Come, Anne, come, Jenny—sisters. Come aboard my ship, and we'll have a jolly nice sail this afternoon. I'll be a sea captain, like my father, and show you how he sails that great packet ship across the ocean. Come, girls, get in—Anne, you shall be my mate, and little Jenny shall be cook and steward."

The speaker was a handsome, fair-haired, rosy-checked boy, with bright, laughing, blue eyes, about ten years old, who, during his address, was busily engaged in rigging the mast and sail to a ship's launch, which was made fast to the beach in one of those secluded, picturesque little coves, or inlets, with which the south shore of Long Island between Fire Island and Rockaway is so plentifully indented.

The boy's companions were two little girls of eight and six years, hearty as angels, and so exactly like their brother in every feature, that they seemed as perfect copies—all but the long, sunny ringlets—of his exquisite face.

Anne, the elder girl, bounded lightly into the boat at her brother's first invitation, and began assisting him about the sail. But little Jenny—who was tugging along a great basket filled with pies, sweet cakes and fruits, which they had brought from a beautiful cottage not far off, for a little picnic dinner—hesitated and held back in silence, till her brother urged her again to get into the boat, when she began to argue with him thus:

"O, Willie, don't let us go in the boat to-day! There is so much wind, and we might be—"

"You are a little coward, Jenny, to be afraid," interrupted the young captain, impatiently. "It is the pleasantest day we've had in a month; and it's so late in the fall, that if we don't go to-day, I'm sure we shall not get another chance this year. Come, Jenny, don't be frightened—jump in!"

"O, I'm not at all afraid, brother." And, child as she was, little Jenny's cheeks glowed, for a few moments, with a deeper vermilion tint, at the implied question of her courage by her brother. "I am not in the least afraid, Willie. But you know, mother has often told us that we must not go in the boat when it blows hard; all I'm afraid of is disobeying her."

"Then you may come into the boat without fear, sister; for mother told me I might sail this afternoon, not five minutes before we left the house."

"Yes, I know that, Willie; but that was two hours ago, when it was almost calm. It blows a great deal harder now, and I am sure, mother would not like us to go away from the shore in the boat when there is such a high wind."

"O, nonsense, Jenny; I have been all about the cove when it blew a great deal harder than this. Mother, you know, says I am the best sailor along the coast, and just as well able to judge when the weather is fit to go on a cruise as she is. Come, sister, we can't get drowned, for the water is so shallow now at ebb tide, and with this west wind, that we could wade anywhere about the cove."

Thus persuaded, Jenny passed her basket to her brother, and then clambering into the boat herself, she took a seat beside Anne, in the stern sheets, and soon the launch was underweigh.

She was a great, heavy, clumsy boat—as all of her class usually are—with a single lug sail of heavy canvass; altogether ill-calculated for a pleasure craft. But little Willie Walton managed her with consummate skill for so young a commander, and they had made several stretches across the cove, when, as they were passing the inlet that opened out seawards, Anne's eyes rested upon the bright, blue waves of the Atlantic far out beyond the discolored water along the coast, and clapping her hands with a sudden ecstasy of infantile joy, she exclaimed:

"O, Willie, Willie! Let us go out there and sail on that beautiful blue ocean! Won't it be grand? So much prettier than this little, dirty cove, with the bare sand banks all about us."

Willie sprang to his feet, and, gazing out into the offing, his bright eyes lit up with the enthusiasm caught from his sister's words, and he instantly replied:

"We'll go out there, and have a glorious sail—just like the great ships and steamboats that we see go by."

"O, don't go out there, brother!" interposed little Jenny, her cheek growing pale as the delicate lily. "Don't go, Willie! Mother will be angry with us."

"Mother will do no such thing, Jenny. She will be proud of us, to think we have been out on the big ocean all alone. I can very easily come back with the flood tide that'll soon be setting in." And, without farther argument, the reckless boy put his helm up, eased off the sheet, and away out through the inlet towards the line of blue water outside, went the launch, hurried along before the strong breeze, which, added to the strength of the last quarter ebb, bore her away at a speed that soon sunk the yellow sand ridge to a mere line along the margin of the wide ocean, and the white cottages with the Venetian blinds into toy houses dotted with bright green specks. The colored water—which appeared from the cove only like a narrow strip dividing the white surf from the deep azure of the ocean beyond—expanded into a broad belt of several miles in width. But with the fine breeze and strong outset of the tide, the boat sped on; while the novelty of their position, and the natural excitement induced by it, caused the time and space to fly past unheeded by the young voyagers, and a sudden dread came upon them as, having gained the blue water, they looked back towards the shore and saw hills, fields, houses and orchards all blending, growing indistinct, and fading away in the dim distance. There was a sense of lonely, utter helplessness suddenly shadowing their bright visions; and there was a world of pathos in little Jenny's sweet, low voice, as she laid her hand gently upon her brother's arm, and looking up into his eyes, whispered:

"O, Willie, let us go home. Mother would feel very bad, if she knew we had come away out here."

Willie bent down his head and kissed his sister's fair, pale cheek, as he replied:

"We will go back home, Jenny. I was naughty to come off so far from the land. But don't cry, sister. I am very sorry. Don't blame me—I couldn't help it; I do love the sea so much."

"No, we won't blame you, Willie, only let us hurry back; for see, yonder is a terrible black cloud coming up in the west, and I am afraid if we do not—"

The child's speech was interrupted by a groan of anguish from her brother, whose eye, for the first time, had been directed towards a bank of dark, murky clouds heaving up in the western board, by his sister's remark; and at the very instant that his vision first rested upon the black pall, a chain of brilliant, zigzag lightning rose quivering along its upper edge, and a few moments later, there came to their ears the low, muttered roar of far off thunder.

The young captain had hauled his little vessel by the wind, but the clumsy thing lay broad off under her ill-fitted sail. Besides, the wind, which she had scarcely felt while running off before it, had now increased so much that she heeled over till there was great danger of her capsizing, to prevent which, Willie, assisted by his two sisters, set about reefing the sail.

This was soon accomplished, and again the boat was steered as close as she would go, which at best was little better than eight points, so that with her great lee way, Willie soon found that, in spite of his utmost skill, his craft was drifting rapidly out to sea.

Nearer and nearer rolled on the embattled leaders of black storm-clouds; louder came the fearful thunder crashes; more vivid gleamed the red lightning's flash; wilder the shrieking gale swept by, howling and screaming dread notes of terror to the young voyagers. The water—which in with the land was quite smooth—began to heave up in huge, foam-crested waves, here and there all around them, curling over and breaking all feather-white in long lines of snowy, hissing spray. Great round drops of rain came pattering down in the water, and pelting on the thwart and gunwales of the boat with a sharp, clicking noise that smote startlingly dismal on the ears of the three little ocean wanderers.

Young as he was, Willie retained in his mind much of what he had heard his father relate at various times, in regard to the management of a ship in a gale; and the knowledge which he had thus gained in theory, now stood him in good stead. He had heard of keeping a ship before it in a squall, and of scudding in a gale—and the dull sailing, clumsy boat was his ship. The theory which he had learned, he proceeded to put into practice; and when the first mad gust of the yelling tornado fell upon the launch, she was going off dead before the wind—otherwise her sail would have been blown away, or she would have been swamped in an instant. As it was, she went flashing on through the wild storm and screaming surges, scudding away, right out into the mighty wilderness of waters.

Ten, fifteen minutes went by, and still the war of elements went on in all its terrible fury; and still the brave, little fellow stood there at the helm, bare-headed, his cap blown away, his clothes dripping with water, and steady to his purpose, steered his tiny bark on and away before the fierce, howling blast.

Once only he faltered, and that was when the launch quivered for a moment on the crest of a mighty surge, and then went reeling and plunging, standing almost on end, down into the hissing vortex of the liquid ravine. Then, a single, quick cry of horror escaped the boy's lips; but the next moment, Jenny crept up to his side, laid her hand upon his shoulder, and spoke in a low, soothing tone, that almost instantly called back his confidence, and elicited from his lips a cry of admiration for his sister's heroism.

"Don't be frightened, dear Willie," spoke the little angel. "Mother says that God watches over people that live on the sea. And don't you remember, brother, how often our dear mother has told us that Jesus loved little children? If God watches over us, and Jesus loves us, we shall be safe. So, don't be afraid."

Night—dark, wild and gloomy night, came down upon the world of waters, and still the terrible tornado raged in all its horrors of wind, lightning, rain and thunder; and there, in their frail, open boat, we will leave the hapless young voyagers speeding on and away right out into the very heart of the vast Atlantic. We will bid them adieu, and glance back to their home—to their fond mother, rendered desolate in heart by the dread calamity that has fallen upon her in the loss of her children.

At the moment when the children first embarked, Mrs. Walton had glanced out towards the cove, and for a few minutes she watched them with all a mother's fond pride, as she saw them sailing to and fro on the quiet waters of the bay; and then some visitors called, and she forgot her children till just as the storm came down, when a neighbor came rushing in with the heart-rending intelligence that the launch had been seen only a few minutes previously, several miles out to sea.

The first terrible shock almost killed her; but soon rallying all her woman's energy and mother's love, she rushed forth from her home, and regardless of the furious storm, aroused her neighbors, and besought them with all the eloquence called up by the deep anguish of her riven heart, to lend their aid in the recovery of her lost darlings.

There was no vessel at Rockaway or Fulkner's Island, and to venture out to sea in such a storm with such small craft as were kept along the shore, were worse than madness; and so immediate despatches were sent to New York, not only to the owners of the ship commanded by Capt. Walton, but to the pilots, and within an hour after the news reached the city, two of the staunchest pilot boats, manned by extra picked crews of gallant souls, were underweigh, and speeding on their swift-winged course in search of the ocean-lost children.

Mrs. Walton herself hastened to the city, to urge with her presence and influence, more prompt action; but the two vessels had been gone an hour when she arrived, and so she repaired to the house of Mr. Alwin, the owner of the ship her husband commanded, to await the return of those who had so nobly gone forth in that mad storm in search of her three darlings.

Leaving her there in a state of fevered anxiety, hoping in the very teeth of despair, we, too, will go forth into the wild, yelling gale, to look upon a most sublime ocean picture.

It was an hour past midnight—dark as the deepest, gloomiest cells of an inquisitorial dungeon, save when the vivid lightning's flash lit up the Cimærian blackness with a glare rivalling that of the brightest noon-day sun.

Some ninety miles to the eastward of Sandy Hook, lay hove to a noble ship, inward bound, in one of the most terrific gales that ever swept along the northern coast of America. The gale had set in an hour before sundown, and ever since dark the ship had been hove to under the shortest possible canvass, heading up west southwest, with the gale coming in violent squalls out at due northwest.

"Do you think there is any danger to us or the ship, captain?" inquired one of three passengers, who stood near the commander of the ship, partly sheltered from the storm by the projecting roof of the round house.

"Not the least, Mr. Kinsley. You are as safe here as you would be at your own house in New York. She is a bran new ship, and I have had no opportunity of trying her hove to before; but I am perfectly satisfied with her behaviour. In fact, I never saw any craft conduct herself quite so well in a hurricane like this. 'Tis a terrible night, however, and God help those who may chance to be out in a less able craft than ours! For the last hour I have been thinking of my wife and children. My wife will not sleep one wink to night. She never can in a storm like this when I am from home. I was cast away once on the Long Island shore, not half a mile from home, in just such a gale, only it was at southeast. I would give a hundred dollars this moment to be at home, only for my wife's sake. But we must—my God, what is that?"

A continuous flash of lightning lit up the surrounding space, and as the darkness shut in again, a faint, but clear and distinct—"Ship A-hoy!" uttered either by a female or a child, came down on the blast from directly to windward.

A moment after the hail was repeated, and another flash of lightning revealed a boat driving square down before the gale, and almost under the ship's quarter. Ere one could count five, the shrill, quivering cry came up from the boat, as it shot past the ship not three fathoms clear of her rudder.

"Merciful Heaven! There are three children in that boat!" yelled Mr. Kinsley, who, with the captain, was peering down over the taffrail as the boat flew past.

"Put your helm hard up, my man," said the captain, in a voice as calm as man's voice could be; and then calling the chief and third mates, who were both on deck, he informed them of the fact that a small open boat, with three children in it, had just gone past, and then gave his orders:

"Mr. Casey, please go out on the flying jib boom end and keep a lookout for the boat; and mind, Mr. Casey, if we come up with it, you can lay the ship so as to bring the boat close aboard on the larboard side—larboard, remember, Mr. Casey. Don't, for your life, make a mistake. Go forward now, sir, and if we save those children, five hundred dollars shall be your reward."

Then turning to the chief mate, he continued:

"Mr. Winsor, you will brace the yards all square, which, without making any more sail, will send the ship through the water something faster than the boat is going. Having done this, rig six single whips—two on each of the lower yards—on the larboard side. Place the blocks far enough out for the falls to drop about a fathom clear of the ship, and then reef off good stout sail gear, bringing both ends in on deck, with a running howline in one part, and the other led along for a fall, stationing three good fellows at

each. In the meantime, I will get the ship steady before the wind, and—Frank, my man, you keep her so. Don't let her jaw an inch! Steer her as if your very soul depended on it; and within an hour after the ship reaches New York, you shall have a hundred dollars.

"And now, Mr. Kinsley, will you please call up the second mate, and all the gentlemen passengers? I want them to stand by the whips in order to assist the sailors if necessary. We must save those children, and do it, too, without the boat coming in contact with the ship, as that would be instant destruction to it and them in such a sea."

"All ready, the whips, sir!" came from the mate, and the next moment the young third mate's voice rang out from the jib-boom end: "Boat right ahead! Steady, as you go!"

"Now then, my lads, who'll into these running howlines with me and stand by to pick up the children?" anxiously inquired the captain.

"I, sir," and "I," "I," "I," came from a dozen ready sailors, in a moment.

"Thank you, my lads; but I only want five. I go in one of the howlines myself."

The selections were soon made, and there they stood in the fore, main and mizzen chains—the commander and five noble fellows—with the howlines under their arms ready to risk their lives to save the three children.

"Steady! Stand by, now! Here they come! Look out!" screamed the officer from the jib-boom, and a moment later, the dim outlines of a boat loomed up by the lee cat head. Another moment of breathless suspense, and the boat was abreast of the fore-chains.

"Stand by the foreward whips! Look out there in the main chains! Veer away, men! Now, Harry, now!" and down went the captain and his companion into the boat.

A breath later and the shout came ringing up, "Look out, main and mizzen chains! Sway away on deck!" and up by the stern came the two men, each grasping a child in his arms.

"Main chains, there! In God's name, have you got her?" screamed the captain, rushing aft with the boy he had saved still in his arms.

"Ay, ay, sir! All right!" answered a brave fellow, clambering in on deck, with little Jenny grasped tight by her clothes.

"Father!" exclaimed the girl, clasping the captain about the neck. "Father!" "Father!" echoed back two treble voices.

"Almighty God, I thank thee! Saved—saved!" and Capt. Lester Walton sunk fainting to the deck. He knew the children were his own from the moment they passed the ship's stern, and his indomitable self-control had borne him up till they were rescued; when the reaction came, and he sunk down insensible.

At an hour before sunset on the following day, the ship was at her berth in New York, and the meeting between the distracted mother and her loved children there, in the cabin of her husband's ship, is too sacred a picture to be profaned by a mere pen-and-ink copy.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

I THINK OF THEE.

BY REBECCA R. PIERCE.

I think of thee at evening's tranquil hour,
The hour my heart doth fondly love the best;
When memory cometh with a spell of power,
And keeps her watchful vigils in my breast.

It seemeth then thy spirit is communing,
In soothing tones of hope and joy, with mine;
The thrilling chords of memory attuning
To sweet responsive melody with thine.

I think of thee, when o'er my heart is stealing
The gloomy shades of care and dark unrest;
O then, with aching heart, though careless seeming,
I'd lay my weary head upon thy breast.

I think of thee! Thy cherished image ever
Beams on my pathway like a star-beam bright;
Through sorrow's darkening shadows, paling never,
But glowing o'er with pure, unfading light!

THE CALENDAR OF FLORA.

The bursting of the leaves and opening of the flowers of the same plant are so constant to their times (their appointed times, as we are naturally led to call them) that such occurrences might be taken as indications of the times of the year. It has been proposed in this way to select a series of botanical facts which should form a calendar, and this has been termed a calendar of Flora. Thus, if we consider the time of putting forth leaves, the honeysuckle protrudes them in the month of January; the gooseberry, currant and elder, in the end of February, or beginning of March; the willow, elm and lime trees, in April; the oak and ash, which are always the latest amongst trees, in the beginning or towards the middle of May. In the same manner the flowering has its regular time; the mezerion and the snow-drop push forth their flowers in February; the primrose in the month of March; the cowslip in April; the great mass of plants in May and June; many in July, August and September; some not till the month of October—as the meadow saffron; and some not till the approach and arrival of winter—as the lauristinus and arbutus.—*Whewell's "Bridgewater Treatise."*

There is something in the temper of men so adverse to boisterous and severe treatment, that he who endeavors to carry his point that way, instead of prevailing, generally leaves the mind of him whom he has thus attempted in a more confirmed and obstinate situation than he found it at first. Bitter words and hard usage freeze the heart into a kind of obduracy, which mild persuasion and gentle language only can dissolve and soften.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE BLESSING OF A GOOD DEED.

BY T. B. ARCHER.

"I SHOULD like to do that, every day, for a year to come," said Mr. William Everett, rubbing his hands together quickly in irrepressible pleasure.

Mr. Everett was a stock and money broker, and had just made an "operation," by which a clear gain of two thousand dollars was secured. He was alone in his office; or, so much alone as not to feel restrained by the presence of another. And yet, a pair of dark, and eyes were fixed intently upon his self-satisfied countenance, with an expression, had he observed it, that would, at least, have excited a moment's wonder. The owner of this pair of eyes was a slender, rather poorly dressed lad, in his thirteenth year, whom Mr. Everett had engaged, a short time previously, to attend in his office and run upon errands. He was the son of a widowed mother, now in greatly reduced circumstances. His father had been an early friend of Mr. Everett. It was this fact which led to the boy's introduction into the broker's office.

"Two thousand dollars!" The broker had uttered his satisfaction; but now he communed with himself silently. "Two thousand dollars! A nice little sum that for a single day's work. I wonder what Mr. Jenkins will say to-morrow morning, when he hears of such an advance in these securities?"

From some cause, this mental reference to Mr. Jenkins did not increase our friend's state of exhilaration. Most probably, there was something in the transaction, by which he had gained so handsome a sum of money, that, in calmer moments, would not bear a too close scrutiny—something that Mr. Everett would hardly like to have blazoned forth to the world. Be this as it may, a more sober mood, in time, succeeded, and although the broker was richer by two thousand dollars than when he arose in the morning, he was certainly no happier.

An hour afterwards, a business friend came into the office of Mr. Everett and said:

"Have you heard about Cassen?"

"No, what of him?"

"He's said to be off for California with twenty thousand dollars in his pockets more than justly belongs to him."

"What?"

"Too true, I believe. His name is in the list of passengers who left New York in the steamer yesterday."

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Everett, who, by this time, was very considerably excited.

"He owes you, does he?" said the friend.

"I lent him three hundred dollars only day before yesterday."

"A clear swindle."

"Yes it is. O, if I could only get my hands on him!"

Mr. Everett's countenance, as he said this, did not wear a very amiable expression.

"Don't get excited about it," said the other. "I think he has let you off quite reasonably. Was that sum all he asked to borrow?"

"Yes."

"I know too, at least, who are poorer by a couple of thousands by his absence."

But Mr. Everett was excited. For half an hour after the individual left, who had communicated this unpleasant piece of news, the broker walked the floor of his office with compressed lips, a lowering brow, and most unhappy feelings. The two thousand dollars gain in no way balanced in his mind the three hundred lost. The pleasure created by the one, had not penetrated deep enough to escape obliteration by the other.

Of all this, the boy with the dark sad eyes had taken quick cognizance. And he comprehended all. Scarcely a moment had his glance been removed from the countenance or form of Mr. Everett, while the latter walked, with uneasy steps, the floor of his office.

As the afternoon waned, the broker's mind grew calmer. The first excitement, produced by the loss, passed away; but it left a sense of depression and disappointment that completely shadowed his feelings.

Intent as had been the lad's observation of his employer during all this time, it is a little remarkable, that Mr. Everett had not once been conscious of the fact that the boy's eyes were steadily upon him. In fact, he had been, as was usually the case, too much absorbed in things concerning himself, to notice what was peculiar to another, unless the peculiarity were one readily used to his own advantage.

"John," said Mr. Everett, turning suddenly to the boy, and encountering his large, earnest eyes, "take this note around to Mr. Legrand."

John sprang to do his bidding; received the note, and was off with unusual fleetness. But, the door which closed upon his form, did not shut out the expression of his sober face and humid glance from the vision of Mr. Everett. In fact, from some cause, tears had sprung to the eyes of the musing boy, at the very moment he was called upon to render a service; and, quicker than usual though his motions were, he had failed to conceal them.

A new train of thought now entered the broker's mind. This child of his old friend had been taken into his office from a kind of charitable feeling—though of very low vitality. He paid him a couple of dollars a week, and thought little more about him, or his widowed mother. He had too many important interests of his own at stake, to have his mind turned aside for a trifling matter like this. But, now, as the image of that sad face—for it was unusually sad at the moment when Mr. Everett looked suddenly towards the boy—lingered in his mind, growing every moment

more distinct, and more touchingly beautiful, many considerations of duty and humanity were excited. He remembered his old friend, and the pleasant hours they had spent together, in years long since passed, ere generous feelings had hardened into ice, or given place to an all-pervading selfishness. He remembered, too, the beautiful girl his friend had married, and how proudly that friend presented her to their little world as his bride. The lad had had her large, dark, spiritual eyes—only the light of joy had faded therefrom, giving place to a strange sadness.

All this was now present to the mind of Mr. Everett, and though he tried, once or twice, during the boy's absence, to obliterate these recollections, he was unable to do so.

"How is your mother, John?" kindly asked the broker, when the lad returned from his errand.

The question was so unexpected, that it confused him.

"She's well—thank you, sir. No—not very well, either—thank you, sir."

And the boy's face flushed, and his eyes suffused.

"Not very well, you say?" Mr. Everett spoke with kindness, and in a tone of interest. "Not sick, I hope?"

"No, sir; not very sick. But—"

"But what, John," said Mr. Everett, encouragingly.

"She's in trouble," half stammered the boy, while the color deepened on his face.

"Ah, indeed? I'm sorry for that. What is the trouble, John?"

The tears, which John had been vainly striving to repress, now gushed over his face, and with a boyish shame for the weakness, he turned away and struggled for a time with his o'ermastering feelings.

Mr. Everett was no little moved by so unexpected an exhibition. He waited, with a new-born consideration for the boy, not unmingle with respect, until a measure of calmness was restored.

"John," he then said, "if your mother is in trouble, it may be in my power to relieve her."

"O, sir!" exclaimed the lad, eagerly, coming up to Mr. Everett, and in the forgetfulness of the moment, laying his small hand upon that of his employer, "if you will, you can."

Hard indeed could have been the heart that could have withstood the appealing eyes lifted by John Levering to the face of Mr. Everett. But, Mr. Everett had not a hard heart. Love of self and the world had encrusted it with indifference towards others; but, the crust was now broken through.

"Speak freely, my good lad," said he, kindly. "Tell me of your mother. What is her trouble?"

"We are very poor, sir," Tremulous and mournful was the boy's voice. "And mother isn't well. She does all she can; and my wages help a little. But, there are three of us children; and I am the oldest. None of the rest can earn anything. Mother couldn't help getting behind with the rent, sir, because she hadn't the money to pay it with. This morning, the man who owns the house where we live, came for some money, and when mother told him that she had none, he got, O, so angry, and frightened us all. He said, if the rent wasn't paid by to-morrow, he'd turn us all into the street. Poor mother! She went to bed sick."

"How much does your mother owe the man?" asked Mr. Everett.

"O, it's a great deal, sir. I'm afraid she'll never be able to pay it; and I don't know what we'll do."

"How much?"

"Fourteen dollars, sir," answered the lad.

"Is that all?" And Mr. Everett thrust his hand into his pocket. "Here are twenty dollars. Run home to your mother, and give them to her, with my compliments."

The boy grasped the money eagerly, and, as he did so, in an irrepressible burst of gratitude, kissed the hand from which he received it. He did not speak, for strong emotion choked all utterance; but Mr. Everett saw his heart in his large, wet eyes, and it was overflowing with thankfulness.

"Stay a moment," said the broker, as John Levering was about passing through the door. "Perhaps I had better write a note to your mother."

"I wish you would, sir," answered the boy, as he came slowly back.

A brief note was written, in which Mr. Everett not only offered present aid, but promised, for the sake of old recollections, that now were crowding fast upon his mind, to be the widow's future friend.

For half an hour after the lad departed, the broker sat musing, with his eyes upon the floor. His thoughts were clear, and his feelings tranquil. He had made, on that day, the sum of two thousand dollars by a single transaction, but the thought of this large accession to his worldly goods did not give him a tithe of the pleasure he derived from the bestowal of twenty dollars. He thought, too, of the three hundred dollars he had lost by a misplaced confidence; yet, even as the shadow cast from that event began to fall upon his heart, the bright face of John Levering was conjured up by fancy, and all was sunny again.

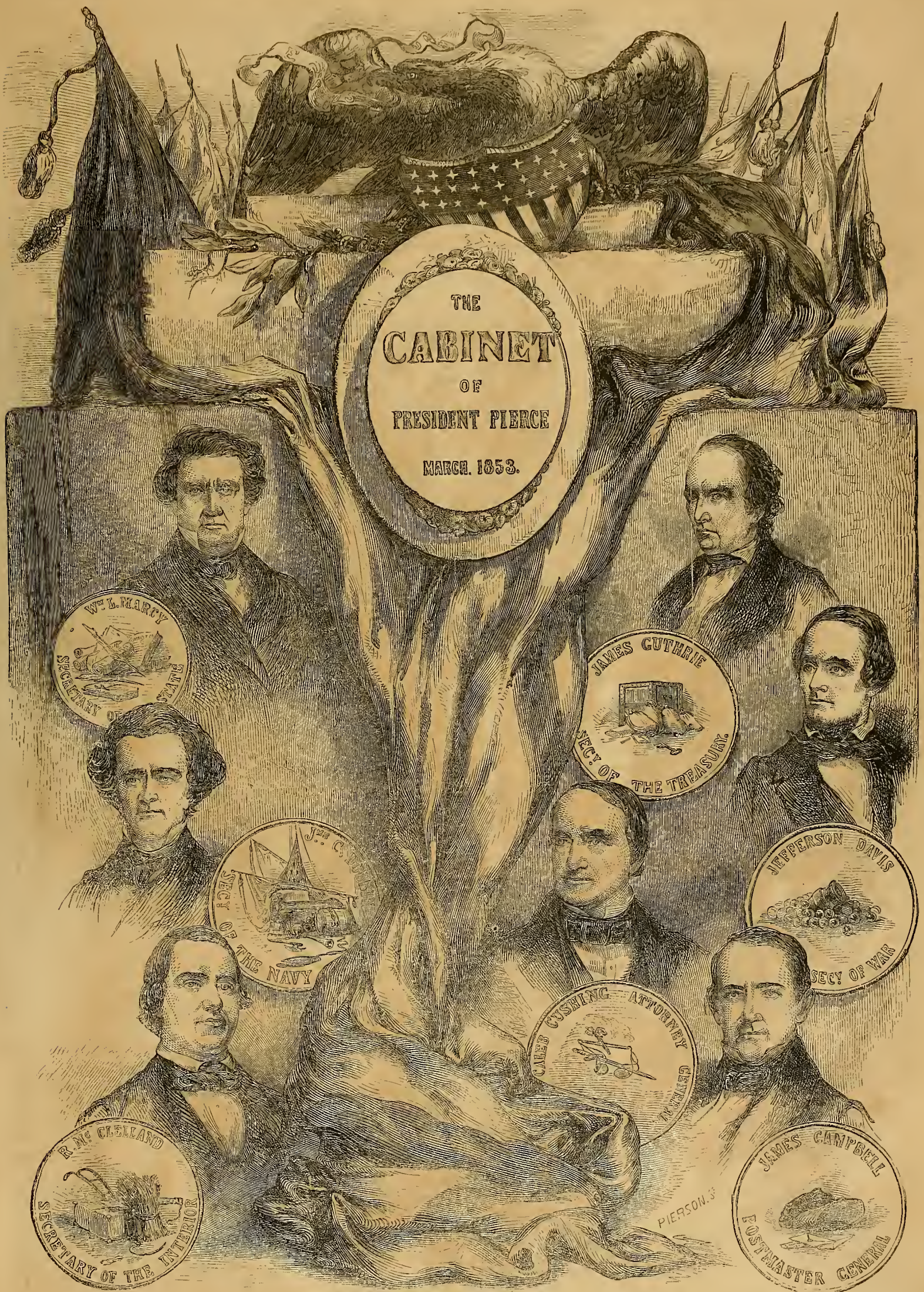
Mr. Everett went home to his family on that evening, a cheerful minded man. Why? Not because he was richer by nearly two thousand dollars. That circumstance would have possessed no power to lift him above the shadowed, fretful state the loss of three hundred produced. Why? He had bestowed of his abundance, and thus made suffering hearts glad; and the consciousness of this pervaded his bosom with a warming sense of delight.

Thus it is, that true benevolence carries with it, ever, a double blessing. Thus it is, that in giving, more is often gained than in eager accumulation, or selfish withholding.

All wise words proceed from the heart's integrity.—*Lacon.*



GROUP OF PORTRAITS OF THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.



GROUP OF PORTRAITS REPRESENTING THE CABINET OF PRESIDENT PIERCE.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MORNING HYMN TO CHRIST.

BY JOSEPH B. BUTLER.

Offspring of heaven's almighty King,
Coequal with the literal Sire,
Whose glories from light's fountain spring,
Whose godhead glows with holy fire!
Behold the gloom of night decay
Before the lucid eye of morn;
While distant skies and fields display
What splendors day's approach adorn!

But O, untouched by wisdom's beam,
The soul in error sleeps profound;
And wandering in her sensual dream,
Heeds not the scene of ruin round.
O Sun of truth, divinely bright,
Bid earth's dejected features smile;
Scatter the deadly clouds of night,
That would our wayward steps beguile!

Bid every passion-storm subside,
And hold the heart's emotions still;
Dissolve the snows of human pride,
Teach us to see and do thy will!
O, pour thy sacred influence down,
Let life's celestial dew be given;
Let deathless flowers our Eden crown,
And earth become the gem of heaven!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

COUSIN JESSIE.

BY GEO. CANNING HILL.

"I'll go and see cousin Jessie,—I declare I will!"

Anybody could make such a speech as that, though it would manifestly be much more apposite in some mouths than others. It isn't every one who has a "cousin Jessie." But young Richard Ellery had.

He was moping, in the midst of a dismal rain and a summer afternoon. He had a couple of cosy bachelor apartments in town, well upward in the region of the sky, well surrounded by brick and mortar on quite all sides, and well in want of light and air. The court, down into which he sometimes tried to look, was exceedingly circumscribed, little visited by the sun-streaks even at mid-day, and then only by refraction and reflection; and the common airing-ground for red-faced maid servants and amorously inclined tabithas. Relics of old boots, stove-pipes, and shoe-brushes, to say nothing of long necks of mysterious looking bottles, were discoverable in odd corners and dirt-filled angles, bearing testimony indisputable to the irritability and lack of self-control that were to be found on all sides of the little area.

His window was shut, in consequence of the persevering inquisitiveness of the long-continued storm, that seemed eager to search every space, arch and angle, where drizzling rains and catarrh-laden winds could be made to go. Upon his centre-table, books, papers, hats, pipes, cigars, and inkstands, were arranged with a most skilful view to bewildering effect, while old coats, odd boxing-gloves, walking-sticks, and chairs, sufficed, all over the remainder of the room, to knot the tangled web of confusion still more perplexingly.

Richard Ellery was a student, and aspired to authorship. He labored with assiduity, taking especial care not to defraud himself with any unjust estimate of his own attainments and capabilities, patiently hearing and candidly revolving the criticisms of those whose criticisms were worth anything, and looking constantly and hopefully upward at the shining mark his ambitious thoughts had gilded for him. He was an honest student, for he spurned flattery and despised clap-trap. The sentiment was ingrain with him, that if a person is finally to reach his goal, and afterwards to maintain his ground there, he must possess the merit. The partiality of friendship could do nothing towards sustaining him where he could not well sustain himself.

The rain drops beat spitefully against the panes, as if they envied him his comfortable quarters, and then run slowly down the glass, to seek an entrance by some secret way. All day long, the damp and chilling east wind had blown the tattered clouds swiftly across the sky, turning and turning the patent ventilator on the neighboring chimney, until in his heart he believed he could not bear to see it veer again, piping a wild æolian song at the cranny of the window, and mocking with its variable sounds his hopes of a few hours of bright sunshine before night. It was really suicidal.

Richard got up from his table, where he had been absorbed as much as the dismal weather would let him, in writing, and pushed his chair back, repeating a line of Ben Jonson about the weather,

"And her sick head is bound about with clouds."

He walked to the window, and took a look out. What attracted him so long to that particularly gloomy spot, where such a very gloomy view was to be had without the asking, it would be difficult to tell. Everybody looks out upon the weather, especially if it happen to be gloomy; but whether because of the pleasure itself affords, or of the delight we all take in contemplating gloom and making ourselves just as exquisitely miserable as we can,—who will answer?

He returned from the window, and seated himself again in his chair, after first drawing it farther from the table. Lighting a cigar, and elevating his feet to an equality with his face—and, perhaps, a trifle more,—he began to weave smoke-wreaths about his handsome head, and to knot silver dream-wreaths in his brain. The weather had its legitimate effect upon his spirits, that he

could not deny. But, at best, it was able to do no more than compel compromise with his efforts to be cheerful. He *could not* give up to the dullness. And so he *did not*.

His eyes rambléd, first over the apartment, taking in every object it contained. Then they began anew, and went the same rounds over again, each object a second time falling into the line marshalled by his observation. Then they took a new start once more; this time through the window. And, with a fresh whiff of white smoke from his lips, whose caress he seemed to woo for his face, he half closed his eyes, threw back his head a little more, and gazed.

It had done raining. That struck him with momentary satisfaction. It might again rain; but what of that? It didn't rain now, and that was cause for brief self-gratulation. He took another puff; this time the smoke seemed still whiter and denser.

There were clouds all over the limited concave his vision could reach; but they were ragged, as in an unequal contest with the wind, and were flying hither and thither, like the shredded sails of a vessel on the main. Blotches of blue were discoverable at times among them. Veil after veil was either thrust aside or torn deeply through, and there was the deep old heaven again.

A handful of tame doves had congregated on a neighboring roof, to the leeward of the wind, and were engaged in dressing their ruffled plumage in the protection of a tall chimney. A huge tortoise-shell cat was sitting at the window of its doting mistress, having curled its tail carefully about its fore-feet, and in that position seemed keeping her eye alternately on the weather and the distant doves. Every few minutes, faces would show themselves at the windows of the different dwellings, and then, after a sober contemplation of the weather, suddenly disappear.

The young man still smoked, and gazed, and dreamed. His was, to be sure, a waking dream, but it was evident that he had tried to make it a pleasant one. He battled bravely with the blue-devils that looked in at his window, as if they were trying to recognize a friend through the dense clouds of smoke. The rumbling of the far-off vehicles upon the pavements sounded drowsily to him, as if they might be rolling in the streets of another hemisphere. Doves—cat—faces—clouds—doves again—all came round in turn under his rambling eyes.

And so he sat, and quietly went on with his reverie. He might have been musing on the prospects of his final success—the vocation he had chosen. Possibly he was revolving some new theme in his mind; adjusting it in a manner best suited to the full effect of his mental optics; or fringing and bedecking it with the fancies that crowded upon him. Or, if thinking of books, he might have been determining what purchases he would venture upon next—or what he most coveted that he knew he could not have—or what he had read, and what he had yet before him to read. Or, going out at the window with his eyes, his thoughts may have been upon green fields, and bushes dripping with raindrops, and wide and low farm-roofs, and snugly-housed and sleek-coated cattle, and a pretty face or two at the window.

Just then a bar of sunshine pierced through a cloud-rift, and fell across his face. The smoke-wreaths seemed like a veil of silver.

"I'll go and see Cousin Jessie; I declare I will!" burst from his lips. It was plain enough of whom and what he had been thinking now. That bar of burning sunshine, piercing through the cloud, and streaking across his handsome features, seemed to have penetrated to the secret magazine of his thoughts, and produced the explosive ejaculation mentioned above.

He jumped up from his seat, and hurried to the window. He threw the stump of his fragrant cigar down into the area, and then took a broad view of the sky.

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed he, "there's the sun!"

As if he had not seen it, as if he had not felt it, before that moment!

There, sure enough, the welcome luminary was. It was like looking over a new world, to see the change its re-appearance wrought. The thick roofs, with their slate tiles all still damp and dripping, looked as if they were sheeted with gold and silver. The chimney-stacks stood more erect, and puffed out their smokes with more show of ambition. The doves grew uneasy, and began to coo vigorously. The tortoise-shell cat licked her breast and shoulders, as if getting herself in readiness to make some afternoon call that the state of the weather had hitherto deferred. Faces appeared at the various windows again, turned upward, took long looks at the sky, lit up with fresh smiles, and then disappeared—probably for the street door.

Richard Ellery became suddenly a new being. Throwing open both his windows, he let out the nauseating smoke, and let the drifts of pure air in. How they revived him! He smelt the odor of the fields and hedges already!

"Yes," again said he, aloud, "I'll go and see Cousin Jessie to-morrow. I've long threatened myself a visit there, and I think my abstinence has earned it. My affairs shall be set to rights, and to-morrow will I go into the country!"

For an hour after that he was deeply employed in arranging his straggling papers, and producing the form of order out of the elements of confusion. He put away what books he did not need upon the table; packed up bundles of loose manuscripts; shuffled fragments of sonnets and songs carelessly into one of the pockets of his portfolio; gathered together stray cigars and pipes; and ended all by brushing off the table-spread carefully with a broom. And, after all arrangements were complete, he accoutred himself properly, and danced off down stairs into the street, to make a few purchases for his journey.

What a magic change had only this change in the weather wrought!

The engine drew its long, snake-like train after it the next

morning, and Mr. Richard Ellery was among the passengers. A ride of an hour, or such a matter, brought him to the station at which he was to take stage for his cousin's. The coach was waiting at hand for its passengers, and Mr. Richard was speedily in his seat.

What was the extent or the pleasantness of his surprise at finding himself rolling and rattling away over a smooth turnpike, with but a single travelling companion, and she a pretty young female at his elbow, the reader has free license to imagine. The young man was evidently at first confused and embarrassed. But, with the rude motion of the coach, at length he found his ceremonious compunctions fast crumbling away, and even ventured the amiable remark to his fair companion:

"It's a very beautiful morning to ride."

She turned up at him, or seemed to turn up at him, a pair of dark and expressive eyes, whose reflected glance shot a strange thrill through his whole system. It was not exactly a shock, or in the nature of a surprise; but it went through him magically and mysteriously. The blood rushed to his cheeks, his temples, and his eyes.

The young lady threw a side glance out at the coach window, and only replied to his very truthful observation, in one of the mellowest voices that ever broke on his hearing:

"Very beautiful, indeed, sir."

And this is the beginning of many and many an acquaintance, whose ending neither party can foresee;—this, and no more.

The ice was broken, as the common saying goes. Starting at this point, and slowly, judiciously and gallantly following up the little advantages he kept gaining, it was not a long time before he had succeeded in engaging his companion in a vivacious conversation. And as she grew interested in the words she uttered, and a beautiful flush of excitement overspread her countenance, Richard Ellery looked in mute admiration on her handsome face, and felt that he could gaze thus, without another syllable from his own lips, to his journey's end.

She was young and handsome. This of itself is attraction. But to hold attention and admiration, after they have been once attracted, there must needs be something more. It must be a harmonious union of grace and intelligence. In the lady at Richard's elbow these two requisites were married. Whether she attempted to talk playfully or seriously, there was discoverable that steady under-current of sense. There was the ring of the refined mental in all her words.

They chatted gaily and freely of the country, and then of the town. They assisted each other out happily in expressions of their mutual admiration of rustic life, and its thousand charms, and braided many a skein of beautiful fancies together, respecting the green fields, the brawling brooks, the foaming rifts, and flower-enamelled meads. Their contrasts between town and rustic life were singularly sympathetic. Their weariness of town life was mutual.

The young man thanked his stars a thousand times, before he reached his journey's end, that he had come; and felt himself and his feelings already renewed by the charming companionship upon which he had fallen. The ride, he thought, would be abundantly remunerative to him.

When evening began to draw on, the stage drew up before the little village inn at Briarbrook. Mr. Ellery looked out of the window, hardly knowing where he was. His fair companion had absorbed him utterly with her manners and conversation. Recognizing the place, he instantly prepared to get out at the door. He had just got his hand upon the latch, when the driver accosted them both from the opposite door, which he had opened.

"Where will you be left?" inquired he. "This is the inn."

"I will go to the house of Mr. Wilson," replied the lady.

"And you?" continued the driver, nodding to Richard.

But the answer of his companion so surprised and delighted him together, that he caught himself rudely staring in her face, instead of answering the question put to him.

"Where will you get out, sir?" again came from the whip.

"Leave me there, too," replied he; and he and his fair companion exchanged significant looks a moment, whose interpretation is needless.

The door was shut with a slam, and they rolled away over a tract of green and soft sward.

"How strange this all is!" said Richard, rather to himself than with a thought of addressing any one in particular. The young lady crimsoned, but made no answer.

When the iron steps of the coach at last came down, with their reverberating clang, they were drawn up before the door of Mr. Wilson's residence. A girl stood in the door. It was "Cousin Jessie!"

Espying the lady passenger first, as she had been duly expecting her, she uttered an exclamation of joy, and spread out her arms to receive her old friend and schoolmate. It was not until Richard had stood quite a little time near them that Jessie looked up and recognized him.

"Cousin Richard!" exclaimed she, and giving a rosy cheek to kiss. "I hadn't thought of this being you! I imagined Mary had surely brought along some one of her brothers."

And between congratulating the one and the other, Jessie found her feelings in quite an excited state. She did not introduce her cousin Richard to her friend Mary, for it was p'ain to her that they were well enough acquainted already. And thus the happily-begun friendship of Mr. Richard Ellery for his pleasant stage-coach companion was continued.

At the rural residence of Mr. Wilson, Richard found abundant means of gratifying his various tastes for pleasure. The locality was fine, the air invigorating, the social advantages unquestionable, and the stimulus to good spirits constant. Besides and be

yond all this, Cousin Jessie was as rare a beauty as could be found secreted in any rural hiding-place through the country; and if all the hidden truth were to be dragged to the broad light, it would have to be confessed that Richard had inwardly proposed to himself, long before leaving his pent-up bachelor quarters in town, the delightful plausibility of making a wife out of this same fresh bud of a cousin!

These were his first intentions. But the new and unexpected acquaintance of the coach threw him a great way out of his reckonings. Though by no means desirous, in his own heart, of disparaging Jessie by so much as a thought, the glare of his new friendship, and the warmth as well as the *glare* of it, rather had the effect to warp his vision temporarily, and to suggest things that had not entered his heart before.

"Jessie," said he to his cousin, during the evening, when he found the ready opportunity, "what is your friend's other name, pray? You are all calling her *Mary*; but *Mary what*, I want to know?"

"Why! and then you don't know?" exclaimed his charming cousin. "But I really thought you better acquainted with each other. *Mary Gammell*, coz. Now don't have to ask that again."

Just at that moment the young lady herself entered the room, and all further allusions to her were thus prevented.

Shall the truth be told, in plain monosyllables, concerning Richard Ellery? He was in love! A day or two with him, more or less, was therefore only so much of an ecstatic dream. When he found no opportunities of conversing with Mary, he solaced himself with recalling her inimitable looks and graceful sayings. In any event, he refused to let her go entirely out of his heart.

Drives, and walks, and boat excursions on the little lake, combined pleasantly to wear off the tedium, if such at any time menaced them. At length, one day, a new chapter opened itself in the history.

They had started at mid-forenoon, in a large party, for a ramble in the woods for wild-flowers. It was a gay company, indeed. Jessie was in towering spirits, and so scorned her friend Mary. The sun was clear and mellow, and a fresh breeze drew up through the woodland avenues invigoratingly. Walking onward for some distance, and giving themselves up to the genial influence of the forest, they were a happy party. There was laughter enough for all, and smiles enough, and sobriety enough. And all these were so happily commingled that it really would have been difficult to say which was a bit more gleeful, or which more serious, than the others.

In the course of events they became somewhat scattered. Mary wanted wild-flowers; and Richard, who had all the time attended closely by her side, now volunteered his services to procure them. She accepted them with a gracious smile—ah! it made him a thousand times a captive!—and, almost before they were aware of it, they found themselves separated from the rest of the party.

Richard roamed about actively, penetrating the densest thickets, and clambering the most ragged ledges, in quest of flowers. No person could have exceeded him in indefatigability. At the last he brought back an armful of gathered buds and blossoms to Mary, who had followed him at some distance above, and showered them down liberally into her outspread lap. Then, sitting down by her side, with the golden sun-blotches dancing hither and thither about them, and the cool breeze blowing up steadily from the far-off lake, he began talking upon the very delicate topic of flowers themselves, and their language.

It was so easy and so natural—the transition from blossoms to the subject uppermost in his heart—that, however much circumlocution the introduction of the catastrophe might seem to require of the narrator, the living actor in it himself, at least, by no means inculcated it by his example. Therefore we tell it at a breath.

Down upon the soft mosses went the young author, suing for favor at the door of Mary's heart! How long and fervently he prayed there the reader need not be told. It is enough only to narrate that, at that time and in that place, he offered his heart to the acceptance of his stage-coach acquaintance, and besought her to assure him that his partiality went not all unrequited. Mary was more surprised, to appearances, than delighted. She saw but one method left her, and that was, to make ridicule of the whole affair. And this she did, thoroughly.

Poor Richard! He bethought himself of his bachelor apartments again. He wished from his heart he had never left them.

He saw his Cousin Jessie alone that evening. It was what he most wished.

"Jessie," said he, in a tone best adapted to the reading of Lamentations, "I am going back to town to-morrow."

"What, cousin Richard!" exclaimed she, her bright eyes looking surprise, "so soon? Why, you haven't said a word to me about it before! This is rather sudden, I think."

"I know it is. So was my coming."

"Ah, yes, Richard; but that was quite another thing, you know. There was a pleasure in your surprising me as you did; but you ought to know there can be none to me in this."

"But I am unhappy here, Jessie," persisted he. "I would stay if I were not."

"Unhappy!" ejaculated she, drawing herself back half playfully, to look at him, as it were, comprehensively. "Why, I've all along thought that if anybody enjoyed himself, you were the one. Now pray tell me what it is that makes you unhappy."

Richard hesitated.

"I will know it, coz, before you go a mile homeward," said she, determinedly.

He hemmed, and thought he had begun. Then he faltered, broke down, and stopped short where he was. He had said just nothing.

"Take courage," advised Jessie, now taking him by the hand. Possibly the warm touch of her soft hand brought him to himself. He began, and told her of all that had that day happened; the first budding of his friendship for her friend Mary, and this its blighted flowering and fruit. He narrated his experience, too, with such seriousness that Jessie could scarcely command herself sufficiently to hear him entirely through. He assured her that he had met with a ruff he could not soon get over.

"And didn't you know?" asked she, in a tone of deep astonishment. "Why, I thought I told you!"

"Know what? Told me what? You told me *nothing*, Cousin Jessie! Know *what*, Jessie?" inquired he, in a state of alarming suspense.

"Why, that *Mary Gammell is married!*" said she.

"Married!" quoth Richard, his eyes dilating, and his sorrow oozing, drop by drop, out of his heart.

"Certainly," replied Jessie, "he has been married these two years. I told you her name was—"

"Only *Mary Gammell*. I heard none of you call her *Mrs.*; and why should I have inferred that to be her appropriate title? Married!"

Jessie threw her head back among her dark, showering curls, and laughed inordinately. Her cousin still held her hand. Humbled as he certainly was, and liable to the charge of fickleness as he might make himself, still he suffered the old tide to set in as it used to do, and flow over his heart. He hesitated, and stammered again; but his purpose was well defined and strong.

"Jessie, will you accept me *yourself*?" said he. "You were my first choice, and this is only my punishment for forgetting you! Will you have me, Jessie?"

No matter is it what the precise words of the answer were, nor how soon that answer came. Sufficient is it that that same winter the young author had exchanged his bachelor rooms for accommodations more ample; and, while he sat at his table, by day and by night, writing, erasing, and slowly gathering the written leaves together, Jessie sat near him—the heaven now whence his heart garnered all its dew.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SONG BIRD.

BY JONAS B. PHILLIPS.

A song bird left her parrot nest,
And flew across the deep, blue sea,
Until she saw the golden west,
Where men and birds alike are free!
She found a generous welcome there,
And warbled gaily all day long;
And vocal made the balmy air
With this, the burden of her song:
Hail to the clime, whose star-gemmed flag
Protects the wanderer and oppressed!
Hail to Columbia's fair land,
By freedom and by virtue blest!

Thus from my fatherland I come,
A child of song, to dwell awhile
In this fair freedom's happy home,
Where nature's blessings ever smile;
'Twas here my youthful fancy roved,
And long I sighed to gaze upon
The land which e'en my childhood loved,
Which gave the world a Washington!
Then let me sing—Columbia, hail!
Home of the great, the good, the brave!
And o'er a free, united land,
Forever may thy banner wave!

RIDICULE.

There is so great a charm in the sportive play of fancy and wit that there is no danger of their being neglected or undervalued, or that the native talent for them will remain undeveloped; our chief solicitude must be to keep them, even in their wildest flights, still in subjection to duty and benevolence. We must not allow ourselves to be betrayed into an approving smile at any effusions of wit and humor tinged in the slightest degree by ill-nature. A child will watch the expression of our countenance, to see how far he may venture, and if he finds he has the power to amuse us in spite of ourselves, we have no longer any hold over him from respect, and he will go rioting on in his sallies until he is tired, and seek at every future opportunity to renew his triumph. Wit, undirected by benevolence, generally falls into personal satire—the keenest instrument of unkindness; it is so easy to laugh at the expense of our friends and neighbors—they furnish such ready materials for our wit, that all the moral forces require to be arranged against the propensity, and its earliest indications checked. We may satirize error, but we must compassionate the erring, and this we must always teach by example to children, not only in what we say of others before them, but in our treatment of themselves. We should never use ridicule towards them, except when it is evidently good-natured, that its spirit cannot be mistaken; the agony which a sensitive child feels on being held up before others as an object of ridicule, even for a trifling error, a mistake or peculiarity, is not soon forgotten, nor easily forgiven. When we wish, therefore, to excite contrition for a serious fault, ridicule should never be employed, as the feelings it raises are directly opposed to self-reproach.—*Education of the Feelings*, by Charles Bray.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

The most ignorant among them believe in one Great Spirit, who rewards the good and punishes the wicked. "I was one day," says a late traveller far into the interior of our country, "speaking to a chief on the subject, and endeavoring to impress on his mind some plain moral precepts—he listened attentively. When I concluded, he raised his head a little, and, with his eyes fixed on the ground, he said, in a solemn tone, 'The words you have spoken have sunk deep into my heart, and I shall often think of them when I am alone. It is true I am ignorant, but I never lie down at night without whispering to the Great Spirit a prayer for forgiveness, if I have done anything wrong during the day.'"—*American Cyclopædia*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE STAYED CURSE.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

With face half hidden in unglittered hair,
Which fell like sunshine o'er her shoulders bare,
She leaned her cheek against her chamber wall,
As if to note when some far voice should call.
Her weary soul stood at its prison bars,
Fainting to hear a summons from the stars!
For life was now a midnight wilderness,
Wherein none whispered peace to her distress,
Save One, whose voice, of love and pity blended,
Mid her loud grief was not yet comprehended.
She heard alone the vultures sailing by,
Led by the foulest birds of calumny;
Felt the cold serpents crawl against her feet,
And saw the gaunt wolves steal to her retreat!
The wide world scowled and reddened at her shame,
Scorching her soul with horror—and her name
Was struck, as with the violent hand of rage,
With one huge blot from off the social page!
What wonder that the soul thus rotely wrong
Should shape such words as half appalled the tongue!
Words like fierce arrows for the faithless breast,
Where love had dreamed with too confiding rest;
Shafts which once eyed at random from the lips,
Some friendly fiend must guide to their eclipse;
In the dark heart, where, on his starless throne,
Deception sat, and smiling, reigned alone!

Thus had she nursed her grief for many days,
And thus the curse was struggling from her breast,
When, as the midnight's solemn sentry bell
Struck vaguely through her woe-emboggered haze,
Announcing, as it were, the mournful guest,
She heard the sudden close of wings which fell,
Together with the rustling sound of sighs.
And presently uplifting her blank eyes,
Beheld a dull and ashen form of woe
Stand looking its great melancholy there,
As if long years of under-world despair
Had fanned him with the hottest airs that blow
Athwart the fierce Sahara fields below!
The wings were leaden-hued and ruffled all,
As if long beaten 'gainst some stormy wall,
Or blown contrary by belligerent gusts,
Then trailed for ages through the cinder dusts
On plains adjacent, where the Stygian pours,
Hissing forever on volcanic shores!
She looked, and on her lip the curse was stayed!
Thrice all the vengeance which her soul had planned
Burned on the forehead of the fallen shade!
Her purpose dropt—as from the archer's hand
Might fall the arrow if he saw the foe
Struck by the lightning's swift and surer blow!
The curse was stayed—she looked to heaven and sighed
"Forgive! forgive!" and in her prayer she died!

A TAME BUTTERFLY.

One cold, bleak November morning, when the sky and all nature wore the sullen, desponding look so peculiar to our climate at this season, a lady, who, for the first time, had risen from a bed of sickness, went into an adjoining apartment, where she perceived a gay and beautiful butterfly in the window. Astonished at finding this creature of flowers and sunshine in so un congenial a situation, she watched his movements and operations. As the sun came out for a bright, brief space, it fluttered joyously about the window, and imparted to the sick room an air of cheerfulness and hope. Towards evening, however, the tiny creature drooped its wings; the lady then placed it in a glass tumbler on the mantel-piece. During the night a hard frost came on, and the room was in consequence very cold. In the morning, the butterfly lay in the bottom of the tumbler apparently dead. The invalid, grieved that her gentle companion of the previous day should so soon perish, made some effort to restore its fragile existence. She put it on her own warm hand, and breathing upon it, perceived it gave signs of returning animation; she then once more placed it in the glass house on the rug before the fire. Soon the elegant little insect spread out its many-colored wings, and flew to the window, where the sun was shining brightly. By-and-by the sun retired, and the window-panes getting cold, the creature sank down on the carpet again, apparently lifeless. The same means were used to restore animation, and with the same success. This alternation of life and death went on for many days, till at last the grateful little thing became quite tame, and seemed to be acquainted with its benefactress. When she went to the window, and held out her finger, it would, of its own accord, hop upon it; sometimes it would settle for an hour at a time upon her hand or neck when she was reading or writing. Its food consisted of honey; a drop of which the lady would put upon her hand, when the butterfly would uncurl its sucker, and gradually sip it up; then it usually sipped a drop of water in the same way. The feeding took place only once in three or four days. In this manner its existence was prolonged through the whole winter and part of the following spring. As it approached the end of its career, its wings became quite transparent, and its spirits apparently dejected. It would rest quietly in its "crystal palace" even when the sun was wooing it to come out, and, at last, one morning in April, it was found dead—quite dead.—*Chambers' Journal*.

PEACE SENTIMENTS

Some of the finest sayings of this kind come from military men. In a recent paper there was one by Colonel Ferguson of the British army. Speaking of Washington, who was once in his power, but was not known to him to be Washington: "I ordered (says he) three good shots to steal near and fire at him; but the idea disgusted me—I recalled the order." Again, when nearer, Ferguson levelled his own piece at him, but says, "It was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual who was very coolly acquitting himself of his duty—so I let him alone." And when he afterwards found out whom he had spared, he says, "I am not sorry that I did not know at the time who it was." Was it not a pity that this noble fellow was killed in the next battle? Why should such spirits as he and Washington meet together in deadly strife? And why should it be less "disgusting" or more "pleasant" to fire on a thousand men than to fire on one? War has its glare and glitter—but strip them off, and we "snp full of horrors."—*Portsmouth Journal*.

TESTIMONIAL TO G. V. BROOKE, TRAGEDIAN,

On the Occasion of his Farewell Benefit at the National Theatre,
Boston, 27th May, 1853.

It always affords as much pleasure to record acts, such as the above, encouraging real talent and true genius. We give below a faithful drawing of the valuable service of silver presented to the abovenamed gentleman, whose reputation stands assuredly at the summit of dramatic fame, at least in this age. We have often called the attention of our readers to the very superior talents of this great actor, and it reflects much on the credit of the admirers of the drama in our city and Providence, to evince so tangible a proof of their appreciation, as in this presentation to a gentleman, who, though a comparative stranger, has made such deep root in the minds of thousands who have been so deeply impressed and delighted at his really wonderful impersonations. The theatre on this occasion was, in the old-fashioned term, "literally crammed," and after Mr. Brooke's exquisite rendering of the high-wrought gem of Shakspeare—Hamlet—the curtain rose, and Mr. Fleming, stage manager, at the request of the committee of presentation, Messrs. Burbank, Stevens, and Thompson, led Mr. Brooke on the stage, and when he appeared, the audience received him with

your country some tangible mark of the high favor your superior talent is held in this. We therefore solicit your acceptance of the accompanying silver service as a slight token thereof, and to add our heartfelt wishes for your continued health, happiness, prosperity and safety, hoping soon to welcome you back to this our native land; but, should we never see you again, we say, "*extinctus amabitur idem.*"

We have the honor to subscribe ourselves, very respectfully and truly, yours,

R. I. BURBANK, Boston,
E. P. STEVENS, "
W. THOMPSON, Providence, } COM. OF PRESENTATION.

He then handed Mr. Brooke the scroll and the key of the plate chest, who received them in a manner at once impressive and graceful, amid tremendous cheering and shouts of approbation. After a short pause, during which Mr. Brooke seemed somewhat affected, he said:

"MR. FLEMING:—I feel inadequate to express at this moment what my heart dictates. This is indeed a mark of esteem which, although bearing the immaculate glitter of precious metal, cannot render me more deeply sensible of the honors and kindness I

ton. This is the result of my visit; and so deeply am I impressed with admiration of your country, that I hope to return to it—and I have to regret all do not feel as I do. And I have but one maxim to lay down for those who contemplate visiting you—to first divest themselves of all prejudice, and indelible satisfaction must follow. I am unwilling to trespass any further on your patience, and, reiterating my deep sense of gratitude to my donors and to all, I am compelled to utter that impressive word, 'farewell'; but I trust only for a short time. The ties of kindred and home command me, for a time, to leave you. For, as Eliza Cook beautifully expresses it:

"There's a magical tie in the land of my home,
Which the heart cannot break, though the footsteps may roam;
Be that land where it may—at the line or the pole,
It still holds the magnet that draws back the soul."

"May Heaven bless you! And that prosperity and happiness may reign uninterrupted among you, shall often be my prayer, when far away. Allow me, then, with every feeling of sincerity, reluctantly, but most respectfully, to say, farewell—farewell!"

Mr. Brooke then retired amid the warmest plaudits that ever rang through a theatre; and thus closed one of the most interest-



SERVICE OF SILVER PLATE PRESENTED TO G. V. BROOKE, ESQ.

a tremendous cheer. After a few preliminary remarks, expressive of the honor and pleasure he felt in his position as deputy of a large number of friends, he went to a table, on which stood a very formidable and handsome box of mahogany, with a silver plate on its lid—he opened it, and displayed a large array of silver plate, most tastefully arranged in the box, embedded in rich crimson silk velvet. He then took out a parchment scroll, which had an address engrossed thereon, of which the following is a copy:

TO GUSTAVUS VAUGHAN BROOKE, ESQ.:

Boston, May 27th, 1853.

DEAR SIR,—With feelings imbued by respect and honor, warranted by the histrionic genius and superior power of delineation portrayed by you in your profession as a representation of Shakspeare and the drama, the undersigned, feeling that we express the sentiment of many thousands of your warm admirers, cannot allow you to depart from our shores, without conveying to you the high appreciation entertained for you, not only as a great actor, but to testify to your invariable urbanity and gentlemanly demeanor, by which you have "won golden opinions from all sorts of people." It seldom falls to our lot to witness such truthful illustrations of the immortal Bard of Avon, as are so universally and brilliantly given in your truly great rendering of his grand ideas; and we feel it our duty to enable you to carry with you to

have had conferred upon me, by my friends in Boston and Providence. I receive your testimonial in the spirit of a heart overflowing with gratitude—so much so, as to be unable to convey to you the sincerity of its acknowledgement. I hope that this token of your appreciation shall be handed down an heirloom to posterity, and be valued with pride by those I leave behind me. Now, with your permission, I will take this opportunity of requesting the ladies and gentlemen before us to accept my unalloyed thanks for the patronage I have hitherto been honored with, as well as their presence on this occasion. I shall leave this country in a few days, and I shall do so with regret—with deep regret. Who, having travelled it, could do otherwise? I have visited several important cities of the Union, and I feel much gratification and pride in saying that I have been treated with the greatest degree of hospitality, liberality and attention—not only professionally, but in private life. I have, traveller-like, made my observations as I went along, and what is the result? 'Tis briefly told. I found a vast and glorious country—a large and powerful nation—proud from industry, independence and education, imbued with honor, hospitality and affluence, and—I may use the term—universal equality, forming a grand chain of union, which is strength; each son a link, feeling an individual responsibility for the protection of his country, made invulnerable by a constitution founded on principles of honor, as set forth by its immortal father, Washing-

ing ceremonies ever given to an actor or any one else—which we fully endorse, and could comment to fill a volume in praise of this truly great artist and natural actor.

To Mr. Brooke's friends in England, this testimonial of his success in this country, both as an actor and a gentleman, will be particularly gratifying. He has performed in nearly every city in the Union, and with distinguished success. Mr. Brooke is what is technically called a rare actor; he never attempts anything in which he "comes tardily off." With every physical requisite for a good actor, he combines those nice points of appreciation, which the delineator of Shakspeare must possess, in order to rise to eminence as an actor. He never rants, or tears a plain, straightforward sentiment to tatters; but suits the word to the action, and the action to the word. In short, he embodies, to our mind, the requisites for a good actor; and certainly, judging from his late successful career, we are not alone in this opinion. We are gratified to know, that he proposes to return once more to our shores, before the expiration of a twelvemonth, probably, to remain permanently. We have few enough good actors among us, and Mr. Brooke will ever find appreciating audiences ready to greet him. He sailed for England in the steamer of the 8th instant; and he may rest assured that he carries with him the good wishes of all who have seen or known him. We wish him a happy and safe voyage, and a cheerful re-union with his friends abroad.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

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TERESA R. PIERCE,
GEORGE S. RAYMOND,
MRS. SARAH E. DAWES,
MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

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"Twelve Hundred a Year, and how they managed to live on it," a story, by ALICE B. NEAL.
"A Passage in the Life of Richelieu," by EDWARD STOTTON SMITH.
"Getting up the Steam," a sketch, by REV. HENRY BACON.
"Mary," lines by GEORGE H. COOPER.
"The Altar of Prayer," a poem, by J. HUNT, JR.
"A Sonnet," by W. L. SPOONMAKER.
"A Waking Dream," by PARK BENJAMIN.
"A Song," by ANNA M. HEPFERNAN.
"Lament of the Bereaved," verses, by JAMES LUMBAR.

A GOOD SYSTEM.

On the Hudson River Railroad there is an admirable system for the prevention of disasters. A complete corps of signal men maintain a perpetual watch at all necessary points from one end of the road to the other. At every bridge, every crossing, every cutting, and every place where there is not a clear view of the track, or where it is liable to be obstructed, these sentinels have their stations, and the signal of danger is passed almost with the speed of the telegraph. In this way, any sudden peril on the rails is immediately announced at a sufficient distance to insure the safety of an approaching train. At each draw-bridge, two tenders are constantly posted. No draw is allowed to be opened when a train is due, until twenty minutes have passed after the time for it to arrive; and then the signal must be shown at least a mile from the bridge, and a torpedo laid on the rails, to explode under the advancing engine, to warn its driver, if he should fail to see the signal. Every switch has its tender, who is required to be stationed on his post at the passage of each train, and to see that all is in order, both before and after. If any obstruction arises, it is promptly signalized at least a mile off.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE PICTORIAL.

Persons who have not supplied themselves with our bound volumes to sell again, had better do so at once, as those persons now engaged in selling them through the country are disposing of them rapidly, making more money by a few days' industrious exertion, than by months of manual labor. One of the persons engaged in selling these volumes, disposed of one hundred and eight copies last week, thus making more money in six days, than he could have done by many months of ordinary labor. At this rate, it will be seen that the volumes are being rapidly disposed of. They can be sent to any part of the United States by express, and we shall be happy to communicate with any person who would like to engage in the sale of the bound volumes.

SPLINTERS.

.... Kossuth is receiving much courteous attention from the English nobility, who visit him at his house in London.
.... The spirit-rapping mania has extended to Germany. It is surprising what fools people will make of themselves!
.... California is the youngest of all nations, for half its population are miners, and there are plenty of children besides.
.... In France, at the present moment, there is a perfect blank in literature, and not the slightest prospect of any improvement.
.... It is currently reported that Douglas Jerrold is about to visit America, and make a tour of the various States.
.... James E. Murdoch, the gentleman, scholar and actor, is now performing a successful professional engagement in the West.
.... Victoria has now eight children—four sons and four daughters. She married Prince Albert in February, 1840.
.... Another meteor has exploded in New London, Ct, with "a loud report." Funny place, this State of Connecticut.
.... Macaulay is expected soon to issue two more volumes of his History of England. His health is irrecoverably shattered.
.... De Tocqueville, who has been seriously ill all winter, in Paris, has gone to Italy for the benefit of his health.
.... Germany has lost one of her greatest medical men in the person of Dr. Harless, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at Bonn.
.... Alexander Galt, Jr., the sculptor, has returned from his studies in Europe to his home in Norfolk, Va.
.... The Athenaeum gallery of fine arts, Boston, is now thronged daily by the beauty and fashion of the town.
.... Vegetation throughout New England is wonderfully thrifty this season, and crops promise an abundant yield.
.... Remember, in renewing your subscriptions, that we send the Pictorial and Flag together, for four dollars per annum.

CUBA AND SPAIN.

On the last page of the present number the reader will find an extract from the pen of Mr. Thrasher, relative to Cuba. The paragraph has set us to moralizing upon the destiny and institutions of this gem of the American Archipelago.

The political condition of Cuba is precisely what might be expected of a Castilian colony, presenting a most remarkable instance of the stand-still policy that has so long governed the European monarchies. From having been, three centuries ago, the most wealthy, and one of the most powerful kingdoms, Spain has lost nearly all of her American possessions, and sunk into a condition of almost hopeless bankruptcy. Other nations have labored and succeeded in the race of progress, while her adherence to ancient institutions, and her dignified scorn of modern "innovations," amount in fact to a species of retrogression, which has placed her far below all her sister governments of Europe.

The present condition of Spain is a striking illustration of the mutability of fortune, from which states, no more than individuals, are exempted. We read of such changes in the destinies of ancient empires—the decadence of Egypt, the fall of Assyria, and Babylon, and Byzantium, and Rome—but their glory and their fall were both so far distant in the recess of time, that their history seems to all of us who have not travelled and inspected the monuments which attest the truth of these events, a sort of romance; whereas, in the case of Spain, we realize its greatness, and behold its fall. One reason why we feel so deep an interest in the fate of the Castilian power is, that the history of Spain is so closely interwoven with that of our own country, discovered and colonized as it was under the auspices of the Spanish government. We owe our very existence to Spain; and from the close of the fifteenth century, our histories have run on in parallel lines. But, while America has gone on increasing in grandeur, power and wealth, poor Spain has sunk in the scale of destiny, with a rapidity of decadence no less astonishing than the speed of our own progress.

The true Hidalgo gravity, which wraps itself up in an antique garb, and shrugs its shoulders at the advance of other countries, still rules over the beautiful realm of Ferdinand and Isabella. It forbids railroads, electric telegraphs, manufactures, and a free press, and bars the national doors against all inroads of English, French, or American progress. Its highroads still boast of their handiit, and worthless gipsies, and its frontiers swarm with smugglers, who pocket the principal revenue derived from the consumption of foreign wares. Its press is mute upon liberalism of all kinds, and furnishes to a limited number of readers little more than a rapid account of the last court fete, or court intrigue.

Moved in part by the same spirit that actuates the home government, the Cubans view anything that looks like improvement with a suspicious eye. This characteristic was strongly evinced in relation to the railroad from Havana to Guinness, the first and principal one on the island; and if it had not been that American engineers and American contractors took hold of the work, doubtless it would not have been completed to this day. This same characteristic appears to have imparted itself to the very scenery of Cuba, and everything here seems to be of centuries in age, reminding one of the idea he has formed of the hallowed East. The style of the buildings is not dissimilar to that which is found throughout the Orient, and the trees and vegetables increase the resemblance. Particularly in approaching Havana from the interior, the view of the city resembles almost precisely the scriptural picture of Jerusalem. The tall, majestic palms, with their tufted tops, the graceful coconut tree, and many other peculiarities, give to the scenery of Cuba an Eastern aspect very impressive.

NEW VOLUME OF THE PICTORIAL.

VOLUME V.

Two more numbers of the Pictorial will close the present volume of the paper, when we shall commence, July 1st, VOLUME FIFTH of our illumined journal, greatly beautified and improved, with an entire new suit of type, and a superb array of elegant illustrations, and original articles from the best literary talent in the country. Cost what it may, the Pictorial shall be made to sustain the high reputation which it has earned, and shall merit the constant approval and unequalled patronage that it receives from all parts of the country. This will form a very proper time for the making up of new clubs, or for single persons to subscribe, being the commencement of the new volume; and for the terms of the paper, we refer the reader to the imprint in another column.

REVERE HOUSE.—This favorite hotel, one of the most extensive and best conducted in the Union, is undergoing the most thorough and complete renovation. It is in all respects a home for the traveller, and our southern friends visiting Boston will know where to call. Paron Stevens, Esq., the gentlemanly landlord, is ever assiduous for the comfort of his patrons.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL is becoming every day more popular than ever, and deservedly so, for there is no publication that we know of that ranks higher than it does, not even the London Illustrated News, in the estimation of those competent to judge. The beauty, delicacy and elegance of finish of the engravings are truly wonderful; indeed some of them will compare favorably with steel engravings. The literary department is full to overflowing with the productions of the best writers in America. This is no overdrawn sketch, or empty compliment; we mean what we say, and we will turn with pleasure to our last year's file and convince you of the truth of our remarks if any will give us the opportunity, and we will forward money to the publisher for subscription, if desired.—*Savannah (Ga) Journal.*

"RHYMES WITH REASON AND WITHOUT."—This is the title of a book of poems published by Abel Tompkins, Cornhill, from the pen of B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington). The poems show the author to possess a most genial spirit, and the true divine afflatus.

PLEASANT.—We are pleased to see the belles and beaux of Boston are generally adopting equestrian exercise.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Foster, of Charlestown, Mr. William Sherwin, of Buckland, to Miss Eleanor G. Thompson, of Bristol, Me.
By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Samuel H. Walker to Miss Sarah H. Piper.
By Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Geo. F. Paine to Abba B. Berry, both of Brewster.
By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Clark Gifford to Miss Adeline Leonard.
By Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Theodor F. Von Arnim to Elizabeth A. Colton.
At Danvers, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, Mr. Bryant T. Henry, of Charlestown, to Miss Annie Mary, daughter of Mr. T. Kittredge Sheldon, of Portsmouth, N. H.
At Milbury, by Rev. Mr. Griggs, Mr. William T. Kendall, of Worcester to Miss Sophia E. Tyler.
At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. Cha's J. Carl, of Newport, to Miss Rebecca Short; by Rev. Sam'l T. Livermore, of Livonia, N. Y., to Malvina T. Brown.
At Fairhaven, by Rev. Mr. Dawes, Mr. Timothy W. Sanford to Sarah F. Shaw.
At Milbury, by Mr. Griggs, Mr. William T. Kendall, of Worcester to Miss Sophia E. Tyler.
At Portland Me, by Rev. Mr. Chilvering, Mr. Richard C. Fendick to Miss Caroline W. Joy.
At New Haven, Ct., Dr. Benj. C. Dutcher, of N. York, to Mrs. Julia R. Morse.
At New York, Mr. Joseph Glavin to Eunice H. Wentworth of Buxton, Me.
At Brooklyn, N. Y., by Rev. Mr. Shison, of Staten Island, Mr. Henry Abney, of Zurich Switzerland, to Sarah H., daughter of the late Jos. Pray, of N. York.
At Philadelphia, Pa., by Rev. Mr. Sudland, Mr. Ozzus Hearle Ramborger to Miss Ellen Arcutue.

DEATHS

In this city, Mr. Henry Smith, 50; Mr. Samuel Yenton, of Durham, N. H., 29; Mr. William P. Capewell, 75; Mr. Thomas Ward, 63; Miss Ar. Kennedy, 78; Mr. Henry Warren, 52; Mrs. Sarah A. Townsend, 20; Mr. Tyler Parsons, 77; Mr. Asa Fish, 40; Mrs. Elizabeth A., wife of Mr. David H. Jacobs, at Roxbury, Mr. Madison McIntosh 67; Mrs. Sarah B. Whitney, 69.
At Charlestown, Mr. Sarah, wife of Mr. George N. Fisher, 43.
At Cambridgeport, Mr. Joseph S. Read, 66.
At Chelsea, Jane H., daughter of the late Simon Butterfield, Esq., 25.
At Milton, Sarah, widow of the late Richard D. Tucker Esq., of Boston, 63.
At Stoneham, Mr. Apollis King formerly of Boston 67.
At Lynn, Mrs. Lydia M., wife of Mr. Nathan Lord, 19.
At Salem, Mrs. Sarah N. Nathan, daughter of the late Mr. Nathan Pierce.
At Newburyport, Mr. Charles, youngest son of Hon. Ebenezer Mosely 24.
At Fitchburg, Israel A. Goodbridge, Esq., 70; Mr. Isaac Herington, 34.
At Middlebury, Vt., Mrs. Cady, relict of George Cleveland, Esq., 87.
At Portland Me., Mr. Elbridge G. Holmes, 43.
At Saco, Me., Miss Olive Sawyer, 63; Mr. Kinakim Wardwell, 76.
At Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. David Brombust, 92.
At Salford, N. Y., Rev. David King, pastor of the Presbyterian Church.
At Cincinnati, Ohio, Mr. Amos Oove 65, a native of Kensington, N. H.
At Laporte, Ind., R. B. Bookslander Pres. of Michigan Southern Railroad.
At North Adams, Mich., Miss Roxana Stevens, formerly of E. Brookfield Ms.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]
THE ANTHEM OF THE SEA.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAVIES.

It e'er bath pealed in strains sublime,
Since first began the march of time;
When morning stars together sang,
And new-born earth with music rang;
Then over all, more bold and free,
Was heard the anthem of the sea.

At times it breathes a gentle note,
And sweetly o'er the breeze doth float;
Then swelling high in chorus vast,
Borne, perchance, on the stormy blast,
Is heard in higher, grander key,
The fearful anthem of the sea.

The deep-toned base in nature's song,
It pours its mighty voice along;
And wide is heard the sounding roar,
As forth it rolls from shore to shore;
A worthy praise, O God, to thee,
This glorious anthem of the sea!

Roll on, thou anthem, ever roll,
Thy chorus shout from pole to pole;
And hear upon thy soaring wing
The notes of praise that mortals sing;
And e'er till time no more shall be,
Roll on, thou anthem of the sea!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]
THE TWO MECHANICS.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

PAUL WYMAN and John Edwards were both good mechanics, thoroughly understood their business, and could command the highest wages. They had been playmates and schoolfellows in youth, and now, as they reached maturer years, were very good friends. Both were married, and the home of one could be plainly seen when standing on the threshold of the other. Although John Edwards was quite as industrious as Paul Wyman, the latter owned the neat, little cottage in which he lived, while the former rented the unpainted, comfortless-looking house which he occupied. One had just as much leisure time as the other; but notwithstanding this, the Edwardses were always wondering how the Wymanes managed to keep everything in such nice order. It was a complete mystery to them why Paul Wyman always had the largest and finest vegetables in his garden; why his vines invariably prospered; why his rose bushes never looked scraggy and blasted; and why his fences never got out of repair; or his doors and windows broken, like those of other people.

These and numberless other queries were never satisfactorily answered by the questioners, who finally came to the conclusion that Paul Wyman was one of the lucky ones of earth, whose general success and good fortune were not the result of any effort on his part, but came unaided and unbidden. Though they argued thus, yet an under-current of thought often suggested that this was not a rational conclusion, as effects could not result without causes; but as neither husband nor wife was of a logical turn of mind, the idea was usually lost in conversations of the following nature.

"I don't understand it, that is certain," said the former, musingly. "I have the same wages as Wyman, and we have but two children to feed and clothe, while they have three; I don't believe but he receives help from somebody."

"The same idea occurred to me," replied Mrs. Edwards, "and I immediately took the privilege of an old acquaintance to tell his wife what I thought."

"What reply did she make?" demanded the husband.

"She laughed good-naturedly, and said I was wholly mistaken; for that they had nothing and received nothing, but what her husband's labor justly entitled them to. But, of course, she would say so, be the case as it might."

"One thing is certain," rejoined the other, "and that is, they are much better off than we are; but how such a state of things is brought about, unless they do have assistance, is more than I can tell. I only wish we had as good a chance, for I'm sure I work hard enough."

John Edwards spoke in a slightly bitter tone, for he sincerely believed that circumstances were very much against him; that everything had conspired to prevent him from rising above a certain position.

"I have it!" exclaimed Mrs. Edwards, suddenly, "she takes in sewing; I am just as sure of it as though I had seen her at work for others. That's the way she manages to get so many new things."

"But if you have no certain knowledge of the fact, we are just as much in the dark as ever. I don't think Mrs. Wyman would be ashamed to tell of it, even if she did take in sewing; there's nothing wrong about honest labor, I'm sure. Her mother worked, why shouldn't she?"

"They've got a new sofa, too; where did that come from? Out of his wages, I suppose they would say, but you and I know better; for what we can't do, I'm precious certain they can't. A dollar is a dollar, the best way you can fix it."

John Edwards looked as perplexed as ever, and did not seem inclined to accept his wife's version of the matter. He entertained a high respect for Mrs. Wyman's character, and was not quite ready to believe that she performed any labor she would wish to keep a secret. He sat and mused some time, and then putting on his hat, went over to his neighbor's to borrow his last paper;

for John Edwards was fully persuaded that he was not able to take a weekly journal, although none were more fond of reading than he.

"You are quite welcome to read my paper, friend Edwards, but pray tell me why you do not subscribe for a copy yourself? A year's subscription is but a trifle," said Mr. Wyman, good humoredly.

"I should be glad to, but the truth of the matter is, I cannot afford it," was the reply.

"But yet you spend double that sum, every month, for what I consider of far less importance."

"In what way?" asked Edwards, in some surprise.

"In horse and carriage hire," was the quiet rejoinder.

Edwards colored, and seemed rather embarrassed.

"But people that work hard all the week need some recreation," he stammered, after a short pause.

"I allow that; but I find sufficient exercise, and recreation, in attending to my little garden, and walking with my family, after my work for the day is done. And then reading is a source of great enjoyment to me. Did you ever think, my friend, how many valuable books you could buy with the same amount of money that you pay to livery stable proprietors?"

Edwards confessed that he had never viewed the subject in that light before, and admitted that his brother mechanic had the best side of the argument.

"But," he added, "you have more inducements to stay at home than I have. The house you live in is your own, and everything you attempt to do prospers. With me it is different."

"But it should not be different," said Wyman, earnestly. "You might have just as good success, if you exerted yourself as much, and were willing sometimes to deny yourself short-lived gratifications in order to obtain more lasting enjoyment; patience, perseverance and self-denial must be practised unceasingly."

"You don't mean to say that you or your family have made continual sacrifices to attain your present prosperous condition?" inquired his attentive listener, with considerable curiosity.

"I certainly do."

"And what may a few of them be?"

"You will allow me to speak plainly, I suppose?"

Edwards signified his assent.

"Well, then, to begin; myself and family never ride, when we can walk without injury to our health; I wear an old coat, until I am satisfied I can pay away money for a new one; we eat plain, substantial food, and indulge in no luxuries which injure the health, as well as impoverish the purse; when I purchase anything, however small and trifling the article may be, I pay for it at the time; or, if that be inconvenient, I do without until I can; thus saving long, vexatious bills, which I have no means of knowing are correct."

"Well, they are great troubles, that is certain; I have to pay one, which the milkman, grocer, baker, or market-man presents about every week, and sometimes they are enormously large."

"No doubt, no doubt, friend Edwards. And another thing; don't you think you are less particular about the quantity you order, when you have a bill? By this I mean, do you not often purchase more than you would, if obliged to pay the bill upon the delivery of the articles?"

"I believe you are right again, for my wife often remarks that our bills are larger than they should be, and sometimes I am almost sure that we are charged twice for the same articles," replied Edwards, frankly.

"Credit is oftentimes convenient and very acceptable to the person receiving it, but beyond a certain limit it becomes disadvantageous to him. You will not be offended at what I say?" added Wyman, earnestly.

"No, indeed! I have been blind too long, and I'm sure if you are kind enough to open my eyes to the truth, I should be very ungrateful to take offence. To be plain, myself and wife have long wondered at your continued prosperity, and puzzled our brains to find out how it was brought about; but, until to-day, we have been completely in the dark. I have several times been on the point of speaking to you on the subject, but was afraid you would think me prying and inquisitive. Now, however, as the ice is broken, I will receive any suggestions, and such advice as you may see fit to offer."

"As I have your consent to speak unreservedly, I will mention one fault which materially interferes with your success in life. You are inclined to procrastinate, neighbor Edwards; to put off until to-morrow what can as well be done to-day. When a pane of glass is accidentally broken, do you not often delay the mending of it until another time? While, perhaps, an unruly cat makes her debut through the same, carrying away with her a fine steak, or veal outlet. Your fences, like those of other people, sometimes need repairs; but do you not often think 'another time will do just as well—there certainly is no hurry about that fence. The world was not made in a minute.'"

John Edwards smiled in spite of himself, for the last remark of his neighbor's he was conscious of often repeating.

"I suppose you never knew a stray cow or swine take advantage of the gap to walk into your garden and destroy three weeks work, did you, my friend? Such things have happened," continued Wyman, significantly, yet kindly.

"Cornered again! Well, go on," laughed the other.

"And once I heard of a neighbor of mine, who neglected to procure a physician when one of his children was threatened with a fever. The consequence was, a long doctor's bill, much needless suffering and anxiety, time lost, etc."

"My error was realized, in that instance, when too late to repair it," said Edwards, his voice growing more serious, as he recalled the perilous situation in which his favorite child had lain

for days, and the torturing anxiety and remorse that had preyed upon his own mind.

"I recollect another occasion," resumed Wyman, "when the same individual lost a very desirable job by being just an hour behind the time appointed for a meeting to take place, to arrange terms and other ecceteras, with the contractor."

It was evident enough that Edwards was sensible who the individual alluded to, was; but he said nothing, and Paul Wyman went on.

"I do not mention these things, my friend, because I have any pleasure in so doing, but simply to convince you that procrastination is one of your greatest drawbacks; it has justly been called the thief of time."

"You spoke of exertion; is it all on your side, or does your wife bear her part?" inquired Edwards.

"Indeed she does!" rejoined Wyman, warmly. "I could do nothing to advantage without her assistance. My wages are given over into her keeping, and I never have reason to find fault with the disposal of them. She is an excellent housekeeper, a most admirable manager, and everything is put to some good use by her prudence."

"I wish my wife could take a few lessons in managing, for I'm afraid she don't understand the art very well, if art it can be called," added the other, thoughtfully.

"You have aptly termed it; it is an art; and no man need flatter himself that he will succeed in making his expenses less than his income, unless he is sure of the co-operation of his wife; she alone can well dispose of money in household matters, and make a little, so to speak, go a great way. This is what I mean by managing. Take care of the cents, neighbor, and the dollars will take care of themselves. Promptness in business, and economy in all things, is the true secret of prosperity. Endeavor to know just what your income is, and always regulate your expenses by the same. By leaving these matters to take care of themselves, you commit a great error. Details should be attended to; they cannot, will not, and never did, I believe, in any case, take care of themselves. The whole of our lives is made up of small things, which, when put together, assume, in our estimation, the greatest importance, and demand and have our energies in caring for them. But you must perceive that it is utterly impossible to care wisely for large matters, when we have entirely lost sight of the minutiae which constitute them. Pardon me, my friend, but you lack calculation; you are lacking in system. Instead of controlling your business, you suffer your business to control you. In this way, bills pour in upon you unexpectedly, and instead of being your own master, you have a master in every creditor. You do not accumulate property; no wonder it takes all you can earn to pay the debts which you have thoughtlessly contracted. You sacrifice something to pride; you buy many articles which you do not really need, and indulge in various personal gratifications and luxuries which are not at all necessary, because you could get along just as well without them. You often buy because you are importuned to do so—which is wrong; for what a person does not absolutely want, he should promptly refuse; for it is weak and foolish, and manifests a deficiency of manly independence, not to be able, at all proper times, to say no. A firm 'no' often saves much trouble. There is your habit of smoking cigars; some half dozen of the very best quality disappear every day. What good do they do you? none at all. They injure your nervous system, and make a constant demand on your purse. The time and money thus spent, could be put to a better use; and while you indulge in this worse than useless habit, you cannot well complain that you are not able to take a newspaper, or purchase desirable and instructive books. Your good wife has hinted to me that she thought there was some secret at the bottom of my prosperity; but our fair friend was mistaken, for I earnestly assure you that the only secret of my success lies in untiring industry and prompt attention to business; by this means, I succeed, and I am glad that all men can do the same, in the same way. It is perseverance that overcomes all obstacles, and continued industry that secures content and happiness. By doing as I have done, you will, unquestionably, reap the same results. I would respectfully and sincerely urge you to commence anew your worldly struggle. Live for something higher than a mere animal enjoyment. Seek diligently to acquire the needs of life, and let the luxuries go; you do not want them. Do not regret that you are obliged to labor; labor is a blessing and not a curse; it is friendly to health—develops both the mental and physical man. Contemplate existence calmly and philosophically. Never allow your equanimity to be disturbed. Attend promptly to details, as I have before said, and the great matters will take care of themselves."

Mr. Edwards went away thoughtful, and he began to mend from that very hour. He was satisfied that he had found out the secret which had so perplexed him. A salutary change took place in his affairs; needless expenses were curtailed, business was no longer neglected, and what he had considered a burden before, he now attended to with alacrity and cheerfulness. The fact was, he had just arrived at some conception of the true philosophy of life, and began to realize that it was labor that brought health and plenty. He perceived that fastidious and sickly shrinkings from work were absurd and foolish, and more the voices of ignorance and idleness, than of wisdom.

Mrs. Edwards having, by request, been initiated into the secret of managing by Mrs. Wyman, also commenced the process of reform, and co-operated heartily with her husband in all his plans for improvement; and, in a little time, the fruits of their new policy were seen in smiling faces, and felt in happy hearts.

.... To appear something, it is necessary to be something.—
Beethoven.

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

On page 376 we give a series of likenesses representing the Presidents of the United States, to the present date.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was born at Bridge's Creek, Westmoreland county, Va., Feb. 22d, 1732. Of his subsequent history no American who can read is supposed to be ignorant. He was chosen President in April, 1789, and took the oath of office in New York. He served eight years.

JOHN ADAMS was born in Quincy, Mass., Oct. 19th, 1735, and, after serving his country in various important capacities, as minister abroad, and in her legislative halls at home, he was elected President in 1796, and thus succeeded Gen. Washington. He served, with honor to himself and profit to the country, four years.

THOMAS JEFFERSON was born on the 2d April, 1743, at Shadwell, Albemarle co., Va., and, after a life of much public usefulness, was elected President in 1801. He served for the term of eight years, to the full acceptance of the nation.

JAMES MADISON was born in the year 1750. At a very early age he was an active member of Congress. He was ever a zealous public spirit, and, after serving as Secretary of State, was, in 1809, elected President of the United States, and served for a term of eight years.

JAMES MONROE was born Sept., 1759. After serving his country as a soldier, politician, and honest citizen, for many years, he was chosen President, and was inaugurated March 5, 1817, and served the country in this capacity for the term of eight years.

JOHN Q. ADAMS was born in the year 1767. He was educated to the profession of the law, and, after years of public service, in various important offices, he was chosen President, and inaugurated March 4th, 1825, and, after four years, retired to private life.

ANDREW JACKSON was born March 15th, at Waxaw, S. Carolina. After a long and popular career as a lawyer, legislator and soldier, he was elected to the presidential chair in 1828, and was inaugurated March 4th, 1829, and served in this capacity for the period of eight years.

MARTIN VAN BUREN, eighth President of the United States, was born at Kinderhook, N. Y., Dec. 5th, 1782. After a conspicuous and popular career, during the latter portion of which he was Vice President, he was chosen to the presidency, and was inaugurated in 1837. He served as President for four years.

WM. HENRY HARRISON was born Feb., 1773, at Charles City, Va. His career, both military and civil, is well known to have been highly creditable to himself, and serviceable to his country. He was elected President in 1840. The cares of his official position proved too arduous for him, and he died in one month after entering the presidential chair. The Vice President,

JOHN TYLER, then became President, and served out the term of four years for which Harrison had been elected.

JAMES K. POLK was born in Mecklenburg county, N. Carolina, Nov., 1795. He was educated to the profession of the law, served in a laborious congressional career, and, after a long apprenticeship in public affairs, he was chosen President, and inaugurated March 4, 1845. He served four years.

ZACHARY TAYLOR was born in Orange Co., Va., in 1790. His career as a soldier is well known to every one, and more especially his Mexican services. He was chosen President in 1849, and, surviving the arduous duties of his office but about one year, he was succeeded by

MILLARD FILLMORE, who served out the close of the term of four years.

FRANK PIERCE was born in New Hampshire, in the year 1798, and is the present incumbent of the presidential chair. He is also largely connected with the history of the late war with Mexico, and thus far has proved a sound and wise statesman.

THE CABINET OF THE UNITED STATES.

On page 377 we give a faithful series of likenesses, representing the Cabinet of President Pierce, as it now stands.

WILLIAM LARNED MARCY, Secretary of State, is a native of Sturbridge, Mass., and was born Dec. 12th, 1787, being now in the 67th year of his age. During the war with Great Britain, he served as a volunteer in defence of the State. He has successively filled the offices of State Comptroller, Justice of the Supreme Court, Senator, Governor of the State, and Secretary of War in Mr. Polk's Cabinet.

JAMES GUTHRIE, Secretary of the Treasury, is a distinguished lawyer, of Louisville, Ky. He has had experience in the State Legislature, and has filled various offices of trust. He is about fifty years of age, of athletic form and very energetic habits. In pecuniary matters Mr. Guthrie has been very fortunate, and has amassed a large fortune.

ROBERT MCLELLAND, Secretary of the Interior, and late Governor of Michigan, is a native of Pennsylvania. His talents are very respectable, and he is esteemed as a man of integrity and energy. He is forty-five years of age. In November, 1851, he was elected Governor of Michigan; and, under the new constitution, was re-elected in 1852, for a term of two years. In Congress he was Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, in 1846, and in 1848 was on the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, Secretary of War, was born in Kentucky, and removed to early life to Mississippi, from whence he went to the United States Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in June, 1828. The same year (in July) he was appointed second lieutenant of infantry in the United States army, and was made first lieutenant of dragoons in 1833. In 1845, he was elected to Congress. In July, 1846, he was appointed colonel of the regiment of volunteer riflemen raised in Mississippi, and distinguished himself particularly at Monterey and Buena Vista. Col. Davis is of middle size, and his habits are active and energetic. His age is about 45 years.

JAMES C. DODD, Secretary of the Navy, is a lawyer of Fayetteville, and was elected a member of the twenty-ninth Congress (1845-47). He was Speaker of the House of Commons at the late session of the Legislature of North Carolina, and was the candidate of the democratic party for United States Senator. Mr. Dodd is in the prime of life, and of very industrious habits.

JAMES CAMPBELL, Postmaster General, and late Attorney General of Pennsylvania, had previously been a lawyer of Philadelphia, and one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas in that city. He is a good lawyer, and of active business habits. He is, we believe, the youngest member of the new cabinet, being about thirty-five years of age.

CALVIN CUSHING, Attorney General. We have taken occasion in a previous number to speak somewhat at length of this gentleman. Mr. Cushing was born in Salisbury, Essex co., Mass., in January, 1800, and, consequently, is now in his 54th year. His father, belonging to one of the most respectable of the old families of Massachusetts, was extensively engaged in the shipping business, but which he acquired a handsome fortune. Calvin Cushing entered Harvard College when very young, and graduated in the 18th year of his age. Since that time he has been much and prominently before the public, as a lawyer, a politician, a soldier, a judge, and is probably possessed of more versatility of talent than any other member of the cabinet.

The series of likenesses which we present are from the best authority, and the whole will be prized by our readers.

Wayside Gatherings.

The City Council of New Bedford has appropriated \$2000 for the celebration of the ensuing Fourth of July.

The Ericsson at present lies at the dock, foot of North Eighth street. Several months must yet elapse ere her voyage to Europe.

The mock auction shops are in full blast in New York, notwithstanding the new law for their suppression.

It is calculated that there are no less than 100,000 foreign refugees in London.

During the last twenty years, every manager of the Italian Opera House, Haymarket, London, has failed.

It is said that the empress of China has become a Christian, and that the emperor himself is inclined to embrace Christianity.

Dr. Sheridan Muspratt has a portrait of Shakespeare, at his College of Chemistry, in Liverpool, which was painted by a contemporary artist of the hard of Avon.

The watering place season promises to be unusually early this summer. Some of the best suites of rooms at Newport and Cape May have already been taken.

Recent accounts from the Molucca Islands state that fearful earthquakes were experienced there on the 16th of November, and more than sixty lives were lost.

General Polakessky, the Russian privy councillor, confessed on his death-bed that he had embezzled 1,800,000 silver rubles. The corpse of the penitent man was degraded in its coffin by the executioner!

The English papers give an account of a brutal prize fight which lately occurred at Brandon, in Suffolk. The battle lasted two and a half hours, and it is reported that the defeated party died soon after the fight was concluded.

In the British House of Commons, on a bill for regulating licenses for public houses in Scotland, Mr. Henry Drummond affirmed that, every Saturday night, thirty thousand men got drunk in Glasgow, and lay in a perfect state of insensibility until Monday morning.

Official information has been received at Washington from the American minister at Paris, that the universal exhibition of agriculture and manufactures would be held in Paris on the 1st day of May, 1855, and all nations are cordially invited to participate in the exhibition.

A traveller has just returned to Southampton, England, who circumnavigated the world in seven months, by steam—said to have been the first to do this. He went first to Melbourne, then to Singapore, and thence home.

When Ole Bull appeared, a few days ago, in Peoria, Illinois, some of the people were astonished to see him so young looking; as they innocently supposed "Ole" to be, not a part of his name, but an affectionate and familiar spelling of the adjective *old*.

In two years the population of California has increased thirty per cent., and it is thought that in ten years it will have at least quadrupled. There are, as at present estimated, 308,000 inhabitants, the annual increase being thirty-nine per cent. greater than that of the other States.

A correspondent of the Transcript writes the particulars of a late accident, by which a boy put out one of his brother's eyes with an arrow shot from a bow; and the physician who attended said it was the sixth accident of the kind that had come under his notice. Boys should be very cautious while practising this amusement.

Foreign Items.

In Turkey, the Sultana's mother is dead.

General Walter Raleigh Gilbert, of the English army, is dead. Reports unfavorable to the wine crops come from Catalonia, in Spain.

The insurrection in China is advancing so rapidly, that the emperor asks assistance from the British.

Silver mines and traces of auriferous quartz have been discovered on government lands near Kongsberg, in Norway.

The young English prince will bear, among others, the names of Duocan, George, and the principal one of Leopold.

In Greece, the ambassadors of England, France and Russia had decided that the three villages in dispute belong to Turkey.

General Pyotelli, officer under Murat, died at Naples, and was buried without military honors, on account of his liberal principles.

Ludwig Tieck, the eminent German poet and scholar, died recently; also, Calamne, the Swiss landscape painter.

Spain is just catching the railway mania, and several have already been commenced about Lisbon, Seville and Cordova.

The empress of France recovers but slowly, and will, with her husband, visit the baths of Pau, in the Pyrenees, in the course of the summer.

Paris papers have dates from Constantinople of 2d. New difficulties have arisen in the question of the holy shrines, respecting the guardianship of the sepulchre; but it is expected the question will be settled as previously anticipated.

From Ireland the chief intelligence relates to the emigration movement, which is more active this season than ever, and is mostly to America, the means being supplied by remittances from previous emigrants in the United States.

There had been one or two arrivals with gold from Australia, to a large extent. The news by these arrivals varies little from preceding accounts. Most of the mines were yielding abundantly, although some few diggings had been exhausted.

A new infernal machine, ready mounted, and in death-dealing order, was recently seized on board a vessel called the Emperor de Bresil, at Havre, just from Rio de Janeiro; a locksmith, a passenger, who had it in charge, and his wife, were arrested. No indication of its intended victim was discovered.

In reference to Napoleon III., it is said that, as the fears of anarchy which gave birth to his power subside, all classes but a portion of the soldiery cannot but feel the degradation to which they have submitted, and the uncertainty of the future which they have exchanged for a momentary crisis.

Mrs. D'Israeli is coming out as a leader of the *ton*. She had a grand reception Friday evening, and would have a second one on that day week. Her own property is £6000 a year. She is twelve years older than her husband, and her only fault is that she cannot forget that she was a beauty—thirty years ago.

The Dublin exhibition was opened on Thursday, 12th May, by the lord lieutenant, in presence of 15,000 spectators. Benson, the architect, was knighted by the lord lieutenant; but Mr. Dargin, to whose munificent advances of 80,000 pounds the exhibition owes its origin, declined the honor. Mr. Logersoll apologized that diplomatic business prevented his attendance.

Sands of Gold.

... Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.—*Plutarch*.

... The most happy man is he who knows how to bring into relation the end and beginning of his life.—*Gothie*.

... Idleness is the stupidity of the body, and stupidity the idleness of the mind.—*Seneca*.

... He that preaches gratitude pleads the cause both of God and men; for without it we can neither be sociable nor religious.—*Seneca*.

... The greater part of men have no opinion, still fewer an opinion of their own, well reflected and founded upon reason.—*Seneca*.

... When a noble life has prepared old age, it is not the decline that it recalls, but the first days of immortality.—*Madame de Staël*.

... Man ought always to have something which he prefers to life, otherwise life itself will appear to him tiresome and void.—*Seneca*.

... The happy people of this world think that the unhappy ought to perish before them with the same grace as that which the Roman populace exacted of the gladiators.—*Gothie*.

... The integrity of the heart, when it is strengthened by reason, is the principal source of justice and wit; an honest man thinks nearly always justly.—*J. J. Rousseau*.

... A truth which one has never heard causes the soul surprise at first, which touches it keenly; but when it is accustomed to it, it becomes very insensible there.—*Nicole*.

... To despise theory is to have the excessively vain pretension to do without knowing what one does, and to speak without knowing what one says.—*Faustelle*.

... Few things in this world trouble people more than poverty, or the fear of poverty; and indeed it is a sore affliction; but, like all other ills that flesh is heir to, it has its antidote, its reliable remedy. The judicious application of industry, prudence and temperance is a certain cure.—*Hosea Ballou*.

Joker's Budget.

A western editor requests those of his subscribers who owe him for more than six years' subscription to send him a lock of their hair, so that he will know they are living.

An Irishman called into a store, and priced a pair of gloves. He was told they came to ten shillings. "Och, by my soul, thin," says he, "I'd sooner my hands 'd go barefoot, than pay that price for 'em."

An Irishman was lately arrested in St. Louis for stealing goods at a fire. On examination before a magistrate, he confessed the act, but urged, in palliation of the offence, that he had been only a month in the country, and *didn't know the rules!*

A wag, hearing that in 1830 the brewers consumed seven hundred thousand quarters of barley less than were used in 1730, and yet made a million barrels more beer, asked very pertinently, which had grown smaller, the barrels or the beer?

There is a man in Grant county, Kentucky, who is so very miserly, that whenever he sends his negro servant down into the cellar for apples, he makes him whistle all the way down to the apple box, and back, to prevent him eating any of the fruit.

A prince, laughing at one of his courtiers, whom he had employed in several of his embassies, told him he looked like an owl. "I know not," answered the courtier, "what I look like; but this I know, that I have had the honor several times to represent your majesty's person."

The "Down East Debating Society," having dismissed the question "Where does fire go to when it goes out?" have got a new and more exciting one up: "When a house is destroyed by fire, does it burn up, or does it burn down?" There will probably be a warm debate on this question.

King George II. having ordered his gardens at Kew and Richmond to be opened for the admission of the public during part of the summer, his gardener, finding it troublesome to him, complained to the king that the people gathered the flowers. "What," said the monarch, "are my people fond of flowers? They plant some more."

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F. GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

BRONZE STATUE OF DE WITT CLINTON.

This colossal work of art, of which the engraving is a representation, was executed by Mr. H. K. Brown, of Brooklyn, for a number of private gentlemen in New York, and intended for erection in Greenwood Cemetery. The figure itself is ten feet six inches in height, and, as will be seen, is dressed in the modern costume, but so cleverly and artistically as to conciliate, we imagine, the most bigoted advocates of the classic "toga." In looking at this magnificent production, the predominant feeling of the beholder is an overwhelming sense of dignity and power. It is, indeed, a triumph of art. The details are so admirably managed as not to detract, in the least degree, from the singleness of effect; and the whole exhibits a grandeur of conception and vigor of treatment truly astonishing. The pedestal, also of bronze, is eight feet in height, on two sides of which are representations in *basso relievo* of the Erie Canal—of which Clinton was the projector—in the course of construction and in operation. The different figures and their groupings introduced therein are very happily conceived. Previous to placing the statue in its final position, it will be exhibited in New York, in front of the City Hall. Its formal inauguration, however, will not take place until the anniversary of the opening of the Erie Canal, which will be some time in September next. We noticed several other works of art in Mr. Brown's sanctum, not the least interesting of which was a "Resurrection Angel," in bronze, also intended for the classic abodes of Greenwood. What struck us as remarkable in this statue was the large feeling—the wonderful union of celestial grace and dignity thrown into it, and the effect of which was not in the least impaired by the overshadowing presence of the mighty figure of Clinton. Mr. Brown is at present engaged on a classical equestrian statue of Washington, which is also to be cast in bronze, and to be placed, we believe, in Union Square, New York. Some brief biographical notice of the subject of the elegant statue may be interesting to our readers; and, in this connection, we give the following condensed account of the life of this favorite son of the Empire State. De Witt Clinton was born, March 2, 1769, at Little Britain, Orange county, New York. He was of English origin. His father served with great distinction during the Revolutionary war, and became a major general in the army of the United States. His mother was a De Witt, a member of the distinguished Dutch family of that name. Her parents had emigrated to America. He was educated at Columbia College, where he highly distinguished himself. He then commenced reading law with the late Honorable Samuel Jones, and, in due time, was admitted to the bar. But before he was able to acquire any practice of importance, he was appointed private secretary to his uncle George Clinton, and continued in this office, until the end of his relative's administration, in 1788. In the interim, he had been chosen secretary to the board of regents of the university, and to the board of fortifications of New York. In 1797, Mr. Clinton was elected a member of the legislature of New York, at the time when the two great parties, which have since divided the country, were organized, and embraced the republican or democratic side. In 1800, he was chosen by the council of appointment, of which body he was a member, to support their cause in a controversy between them and Governor Jay. This was finally settled by a convention, which met at Albany, in 1801, when the constitution of New York was modified in various ways. The same year, he was chosen a member of the senate of the Union, in order to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of General Armstrong, and continued a member of that body for two sessions. After that period, he was chosen mayor of New York, and remained in this situation, with the intermission of but two years, until 1815, when he was obliged to retire, in consequence of party politics. In 1817, he was elected, almost unanimously, governor of the State; the two great parties having combined for the purpose of raising him to that dignity—so high was the general sense of his talents and services. This harmony continued until the distribution of offices, when, of course, discontent was excited, and at that time commenced a systematic opposition to his administration. He was re-elected, however, in 1820, notwithstanding the great exertions of the opposite party, who had induced Daniel D. Tompkins, then vice-president, and, from his popularity in his native State, emphatically termed the *man of the people*, to become his opponent. After his re-election, great resistance was made to his measures; but, fortunately, the canal scheme, of which Mr. Clinton was one of the prime movers and most efficient advocates, had been so firmly established, that it was secure from attack. Having nothing to fear for this favorite object, he proceeded in his plans of public improvement, notwithstanding the violence with which he was assailed; but in 1822, he declined offering himself again as a candidate, and retired into private life. In 1810, Mr. Clinton had been appointed, by the senate of his State, one of the board of canal commissioners; but the displeasure of his political opponents, who were, at that time, greatly predominant in the legisla-

ture, was excited by the enthusiasm evinced in his favor at the canal celebration, in October, 1823, at Albany, and they deprived him of office. This act, however, for which no reason could be assigned, occasioned a complete reaction of the public feeling towards him. His friends did not suffer the opportunity to escape, but again brought him forward as a candidate for the office of governor, and carried him, by a most triumphant majority over Colonel Young. In 1826, he was again elected, by a large majority, over Judge Rochester; but he died before this term was completed. His decease was in consequence of a

social relations, he was cheerful and kind; in his friendships, warm and sincere; and in his moral character, unexceptionable. His manners were rather distant and reserved, in consequence of long habits of abstraction, and a natural diffidence, of which he never could divest himself. He was rather an early riser, and extremely laborious, every moment which he could spare from his necessary duties being devoted to the cultivation of his mind. No one was ever more ambitious of a reputation for science and literature. In some of the physical sciences he was specially versed, and his proficiency as a classical and belles-lettres scholar was very considerable. He was a member of a large part of the literary and scientific institutions of the United States, and an honorary member of many of the learned societies of Great Britain and the continent of Europe. His productions are numerous, and consist of his speeches in the State Legislature and in the senate of the Union, his speeches and messages as governor; his discourses before various literary, philosophical and benevolent institutions; his addresses to the army during the late war; and his judicial opinions; besides various fugitive pieces. As a public character, he is entitled to durable renown. His national services were of the greatest importance; the Erie Canal, especially, will always remain a monument of his patriotism and perseverance. He was, also, a promoter and benefactor of many religious and charitable institutions. In the performance of judicial duties, which he was called upon to discharge while mayor, and as a member of the court of errors, the highest judicial tribunal of New York, his learning and ability have received unqualified encomium. As a magistrate, he was firm, vigilant, dignified, and of incorruptible integrity. From none of his official stations did he derive any pecuniary benefit, though he had often opportunities of acquiring affluence. As an orator, he was forcible and manly, though not very graceful. Mr. Clinton was twice married. His first wife was Miss Maria Franklin, the daughter of an eminent merchant of New York, by whom he had seven sons and three daughters. His second wife was Miss Catharine Jones, the daughter of the late Doctor Thomas Jones, of New York, a lady of great excellence. With these remarks, we close our reference to the prominent individual, whose commemorative statue is herewith given.

THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

One of the earliest discoveries of the great admiral, has been known to Europe since 1492 and has borne successively the names of Juana, Fernandina, Santiago, and Ave Maria, and has found refuge from this confusion of titles in the aboriginal appellation. Soon after its discovery by Columbus, it was colonized by Spaniards from St. Domingo. They found the island inhabited by a native race, a most peculiar people, hospitable, inoffensive, timid, fond of the dance, and the rude music and songs of their own people, yet naturally indolent and lazy from the character of the climate they inhabited. These aborigines had some definite idea of God and heaven, and were governed by patriarchs or kings, whose word was law, and whose age gave them precedence. They were at once subjected by the Spaniards, who reduced them to slavery, and proving hard task-masters, the poor overworked natives died in scores, until they had nearly disappeared, when the home government granted permission to import three hundred negroes from the coast of Africa, to labor on the ground, and seek for gold, which had been represented to exist here. Thus early commenced the first slave trade of Cuba. In 1538, Havana, the capital, was surprised by a French corsair, who reduced it to ashes, and for more than half a century from that period the shores of the island became the haunts of powerful bands of rovers or buccanniers, who spread terror over the Gulf and the neighboring seas. In 1762, the British took the city and the adjoining fortifications, but it was restored to Spain during the subsequent year, since when it has gone on increasing in wealth and resources, rendering an immense income to the home government to this day. The form of the island is quite irregular, and resembles the blade of a Turkish scimitar, slightly curved back, or approaching the form of a long, narrow crescent. It stretches away in this shape from east to west, throwing its western end into a curve, as if to form an impenetrable barrier to the outlet of the Gulf of Mexico, and as though, at some ancient period, it had formed a part of the American continent, and had been severed on its north side from the Florida peninsula, by the wearing of the Gulf Stream, and from Yucatan, on its southwestern point, by a current setting into the gulf. Its political position, all concede to be of vital importance to the United States; and this will be apparent to any one from the slightest inspection of the map. It is the most westerly of the West Indian isles, and, compared with the rest, has nearly twice as much superficial extent of territory. Its greatest extent from east to west is about six hundred miles; its narrowest part is twenty-two miles. The circumference of the island is nearly two thousand miles, containing some thirty-two thousand square miles of available land, which is abundantly fruitful.—John S. Thresher.



BRONZE STATUE OF DE WITT CLINTON, DESIGNED FOR GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

entarrhal affection of the throat and chest, which, being neglected, occasioned a fatal disease of the heart. He expired almost instantaneously, whilst sitting in his library, after dinner, Feb 11, 1828. His son was writing near him, and, on being informed by him of a sense of oppression and stricture across the breast, immediately called in medical aid; but before the physician could arrive, his father was no more. The next day, business was suspended in Albany. The public testimonials of respect paid to his memory, throughout the State and Union, were almost numberless. His body was interred with every honor. Mr. Clinton was tall, finely proportioned, and of a commanding aspect. In his domestic and

ing of the Gulf Stream, and from Yucatan, on its southwestern point, by a current setting into the gulf. Its political position, all concede to be of vital importance to the United States; and this will be apparent to any one from the slightest inspection of the map. It is the most westerly of the West Indian isles, and, compared with the rest, has nearly twice as much superficial extent of territory. Its greatest extent from east to west is about six hundred miles; its narrowest part is twenty-two miles. The circumference of the island is nearly two thousand miles, containing some thirty-two thousand square miles of available land, which is abundantly fruitful.—John S. Thresher.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS

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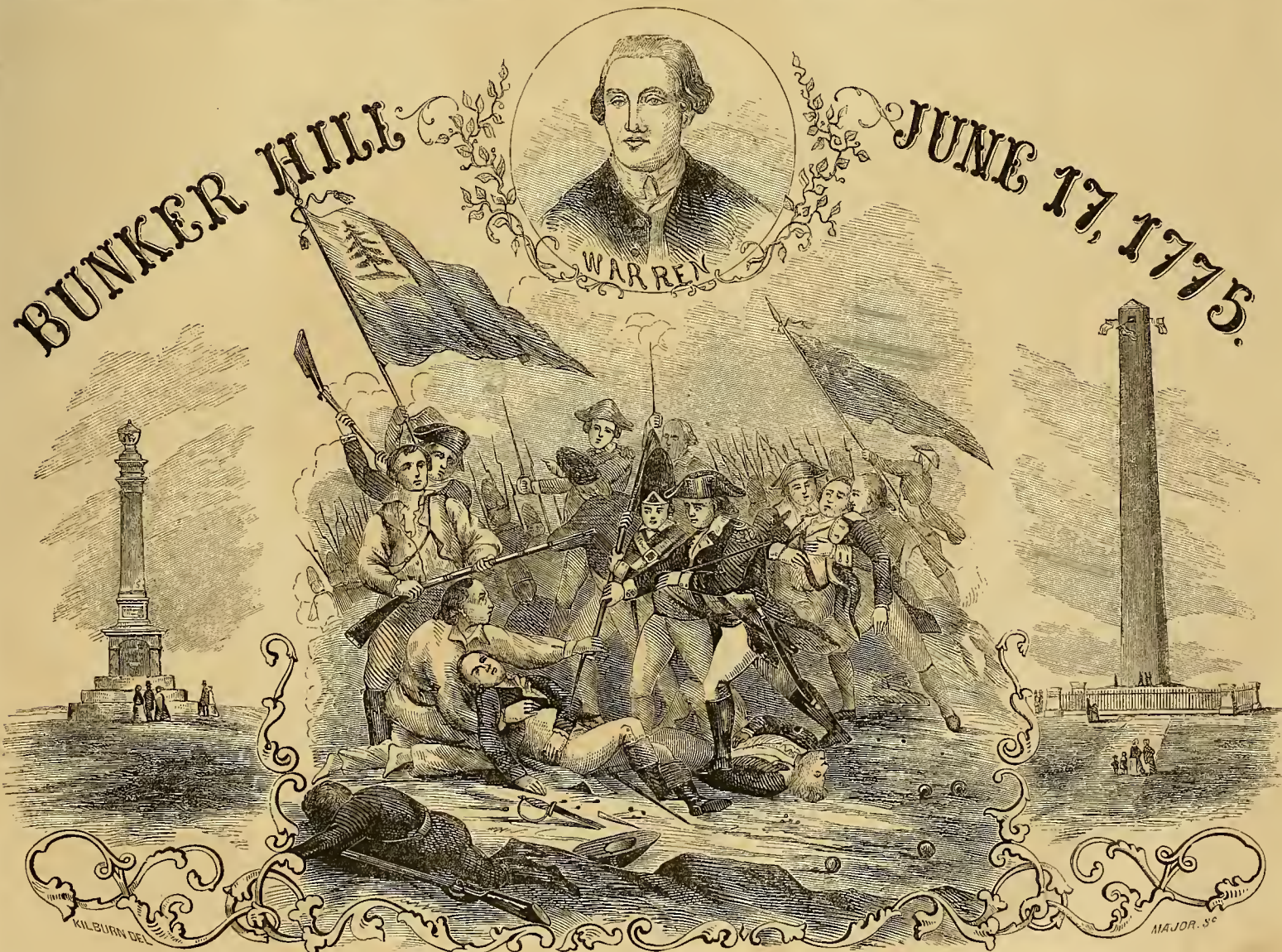
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ALLEGORICAL DESIGN OF THE SEVENTEENTH OF JUNE.

It would be a reflection upon the intelligence and patriotism of our readers to attempt to explain why this date is remarkable in American history, or even to refer to the subject in detail, as it regards the character of the occasion and the belongings which associate themselves with it. Let us proceed, then, simply to refer to the objects most prominently delineated in our illustration below. At the top of the design is seen a likeness of General Warren, the acknowledged hero of the day, who, although commissioned Major General, fought, on this occasion, as a private soldier. Beneath, we have the battle of Bunker Hill, the opening of the conflict between this and the mother country, as far as a regular battle is concerned; for, although the affair of Lexington

and Concord was prior to this, still they were at least but severe skirmishes, whereas, on this occasion, a decided preparation was made, and regular battle was given. The particulars of that battle may be found in various forms in half the school books of America, but in illustration of our engraving, we need only say that the brave and patriotic Warren fell, a martyr to his country's cause. On the left of the picture may be found the monument, erected by the fraternity of Free Masons, which was taken down on the proposed erection of the present monument, which will be found as it now is, on the right of the engraving. Too much cannot be done to memorize these themes and facts upon the minds of the present generation, who, in turn, will hand down these remembrances to their children, and thus keep ever green those

recollections which must conduce to render our institutions and national career, from the very commencement, a sacred tablet in the memories of her sons. The present stately column, which rises its imposing shaft towards heaven, seems to point to the way which the gallant hearts, who perished on that spot for the glorious cause of freedom, have gone, heavenwards! The picture is a timely one, and our readers may find much that is suggestive in the theme, for their well-informed recollections. It is well to commemorate these events and memories by annual celebrations and gala days, that shall serve to fix in the minds of the rising generation the record of that history to which they and their children's children will ever be so much indebted,—the records of those struggles that won the price of our national liberty.



[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HILDEBRAND:

—OR—

THE BUCCANEER AND THE CARDINAL.

A SICILIAN STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FRANCISCAN AGAIN.

LET us go back, now, to the Holy Tribunal. It was nearly noon, and the hot sun was pouring down its rays upon the pavements of the great court till they were heated as if by a furnace. A few agents were seated beneath the great trees that surrounded the great building, and several more were seated upon the edge of the marble basin of the fountain that sent up its cool waters just back of the edifice.

Just as we look into the court, the old Franciscan friar entered the passage-way at the great gate. The porter came out and spoke with him, and would have sent him back, but the old man showed a paper, and he was allowed to pass on. The agents who lounged beneath the trees had seen him pass the porter, and they merely looked curiously upon him as he walked along by them. His step was feeble, but yet he walked quickly for one so old.

When he reached the steps that led up to the main entrance of the building, he encountered a guard, but he showed his pass again, and again he was allowed to go on. Father Hugh now stood within the great hall, and after looking about for a moment, as if to assure himself that he was in the right place, he moved towards the black arras that hung against the wall at the extremity of the hall. This he moved aside, and knocked at the door beyond. It was opened by the grand master.

"Who art thou?" asked the master, with a motion as if to interrupt the visitor.

"Wait till I am within your room, and I will tell you."

The master would have still resisted the old man's entrance, but there was something in his look and tone that awed him, and he moved back.

"Now what is your business?" asked he of the tribunal.

"You have prisoners here whom I have a care for," returned the Franciscan.

"Ah."

"Yes. There is a man here called Hildebrand."

"Mayhap so."

"Ay—but I know it."

"Have a care, good father," uttered the master, in a meaning tone. "Beware that you do not have too much sympathy for that man."

"And why so?" calmly asked the friar.

"Why, you may suffer with him—that's all."

"Ah, I shall not fear that," said Father Hugh, with a strange smile.

"You know not yet how some things can be done here; so I should advise you to be wary. If Hildebrand is here he is safe," haughtily replied the master.

"And you also have a younger man in durance here," resumed the Franciscan, without seeming to notice the master's last remark. "I mean one who is called Francis de Mora."

"It can matter little to you who is here," was the dry reply.

"Ay, but it does matter, though."

"Ah, you are too free, now, holy father. Have a care over that tongue of thine. If you know my office, you should tremble in my presence."

"Let us first to the business I have, and then if I have just cause to tremble, and there is time for it, I may try it. But mark ye," continued the old man, speaking more quickly and vehemently, while he shook his thin finger most portentously, "there may be others who will tremble!"

The master started at this; but he was a man used to strange scenes, and his mind was soon calm. For a moment the idea flashed upon him that his visitor might be insane, but the steady light of those great black eyes soon dispelled that thought.

"Now I know that de Mora is within these walls," continued the friar, "for I saw him led in."

"Well, and what if he is?"

"I would see both him and Hildebrand."

"You ask a strange question, holy father."

"Ay, because this is a strange place, and there have been strange doings here."

"Beware!"

"Enough of that. I would see the men I have spoken of."

"Then, plainly, you are too late."

"Too late? How?" uttered the friar, starting with fear.

"I hardly think they live now."

"By our holy church, signor master, I charge thee to speak more plainly! What do you mean?"

"Simply that both the prisoners have been consigned to the Tomb of Waters!"

"Ha!" shouted the old man, springing forward, and grasping the master by the arm. "I know that doom. When were the waters let in upon them?"

"An hour ago."

"An hour? Then they may be alive yet. Haste thee! Summon thy men! Off! away! Tear open that dungeon! O, by the heavens above me, if they be dead, then there shall be trembling in Palermo!"

"But hold! what—what—means this?" gasped the master.

"Here!" cried the Franciscan, tearing a broad scroll from his bosom, and revealing the great seal which it bore. "Do you see there? Now on! on! Call your men, and lead the way. For your own life be in haste!"

The master gazed for a single instant upon that scroll, and then he started from the wonder that had seized him. With a nervous grasp he seized the bell-rope that hung near him, and only one more minute passed ere four of the black-robed agents were in the apartment.

"To the dungeon beneath the great fountain!" he cried, as soon as his agents entered. "I would save the two men who are there, if possible."

"On! on!" fell breathlessly from the lips of the Franciscan. "Your lives are all at stake!"

The agents sprang from the room, and Hugh and the master followed. With swift steps they hurried along the winding way. In the basement they procured torches, and thus prepared, they plunged into the damp depths of that fearful place.

"There is the wall of the dungeon," said the master, as the party reached the vaulted passage that led to it.

"In Heaven's name, on, then!" shouted the friar. "Tear open the place! Open with it!"

"Stand further back here, good father, for when the place is thrown open, the water will come out here in a torrent. Now back with the gate of the conduit, and then let go the spring of the dungeon."

As the master gave these orders, his agents sprang to obey them. From a place directly in front of the dungeon, a large square flag was slid from its place, and then a stone was moved from the bottom of the wall. The latter was a large square block, and as soon as it started from its place, the water rushed out in a foaming, roaring torrent. It required but a few minutes for all the water to escape into the conduit, and as soon as it ceased flowing, the great stone above the opening was also swung back.

With a quick movement both the friar and the master leaped through into the dungeon.

"Where are they?" exclaimed the Franciscan.

"Here," returned the master, as the light of one of the torches flashed in the place.

And there they were—both the old man and the young—clashed in each other's arms. They lay upon the cold, wet pavement, without sense, without motion.

"Dead!" trembled upon the friar's lips, as he stooped down and laid his hand upon de Mora's cold brow.

"Are you sure?" whispered the master.

"I fear so. O, if they come not back to life, this self same dungeon shall have other victims!"

"Ah!" uttered the master, as he ran his hand into Hildebrand's bosom, "here is life. The heart moves!"

"But I fear 'tis not so with this one."

"Let us take them from here. Above I have cordials. In the torture-chamber there are numerous restoratives. We may yet find life."

The friar made no reply, but he suffered the agents to take the two forms and bear them away. They were carried directly to the master's own room, and there the agents set at work upon them.

Those men understood all the secrets of restoring vital action to the prostrate system, for they had been called upon often to perform the task. Men whose lives had been almost drawn out upon the rack, they had revived, and they had given back life that was of no value to its possessor. But now they were moved by more powerful motives, and ere long Francis de Mora showed signs of returning consciousness. Hildebrand had already opened his eyes, and was gazing vacantly about upon the faces that looked down upon him.

"They both live," said the master.

"It is well for you that they do," returned the friar; "for I tell you that these are not the only lives that are thus saved."

CHAPTER XXII.

HILDEBRAND'S STORY.

IN one of the vestibules of the convent of the Capuchins sat Hildebrand and Francis de Mora. They were both of them pale and somewhat weak, but their strength of body was fast returning. The young man was sitting by an open window, and apparently gazing out upon the orange trees that grew near at hand, but a close observer might have noticed that his eyes had a vacant, abstracted look—that he saw nothing beyond his own busy thoughts. His companion looked far different from what he did when first we saw him. Much of the beard was shorn from his face, his dress was less wild and extravagant than before, and the events of the past four days had thrown a softening effect over his countenance.

"Hildebrand," said Francis, turning from the window and looking upon his companion, "we are alone now, and you know you promised to tell me of your life."

"My mind has been upon the same subject," returned the old man, "and I have no objection to tell you the story now."

Hildebrand moved his seat nearer to the window, and Francis bent his head forward to listen.

"It is many years now since I have been free to tread these streets in safety," commenced the old man. "I was noble born, and I was born with hatred to the Spaniard, for my father transmitted to me the spirit. Yet I lived here in Palermo until I had seen thirty years of life. I was married to one of Sicily's fairest daughters, and our union was blessed with one child, and then the lamp of my earthly joy went out in darkness. My fondly

cherished, my almost madly loved, wife, died. For a while I staggered beneath the blow, and when I recovered from it I began to turn my thoughts upon a theme that had lain dormant in my bosom from childhood. I thought that my country might be free from the rule of a foreign tyrant; I felt that there was strength enough in our land to throw off the yoke, and I swore within my own bosom that I would labor towards that end. I knew that our mountains were full of true hearts and stout arms that would join me—that even our city contained thousands who would like to be free, and with a careful movement I set about the work.

"I found some of the nobles in whom I could confide, and they agreed to second my efforts. Our plans were well matured—over two thousand of our people were ready to join—we had magazines in the mountains, and arms collected there, when one man in whom I had confided betrayed the movement. That man was John de Villani, the Count of Trapani."

"Do you mean the father of Nicholas?" asked Francis.

"Yes, the same. He betrayed me, and our plans were all frustrated. Many of the patriots were seized and hung, and many who could not be found were proscribed. I was among the latter. A price was set upon my head, and I was obliged to flee. I gave my child to a friend, who promised to protect it; and then I took to the mountains. There I remained a year, but I was hunted from place to place like a wild beast, and I knew that I must leave my native island. I stood upon the mountain one day, and looked off upon the fertile vales of our people. There were fifty brave men with me—men proscribed like myself. One of them, my own brave Carlini—you remember him."

"Yes. Your second officer, you mean."

"The same. He came and laid his hand upon my shoulder, and he said to me, 'Let us give war to the Spaniard!' and as he spoke, he pointed off to where we could distinguish the bosom of the great sea. It was a new thought, but it fired my soul in an instant. I still had my heart set upon further efforts to rouse the people, and I jumped at the idea that had presented itself. If we could get a ship, I thought, we might hover about the island, and not only keep up a correspondence with friends upon the shore, but at the same time worry the enemy."

"The ship was found, and we raised money enough to pay for it. I had some knowledge of maritime matters, and by diligent application I soon learned more. I assumed the command, and nearly a hundred men joined under me. For nearly a year we did little else besides drilling ourselves in our new vocation, and in watching the movements in the island; but at the end of that time we set out more fully upon our new mission. We began to intercept the Spanish ships that sailed to and from our land, and everything of a mercantile or warlike character that we could get hold of we destroyed. Of course I was in the eyes of the government but a buccaneer; but I cared not for that. I saw my country groaning beneath her bondage. I saw the spirit of my people being crushed; I saw their liberties ground into the dust, and, worse than all, I saw the blight of ignorance gradually spreading its way over the soul of society."

"I worked hard for the redemption of my native home. Twice I came near starting the people up, but in both cases I was thwarted. You have heard of those rebellions."

"Yes," returned Francis, gazing with a sort of awe into the face of his companion. "I have heard of them; and when I did so the name of Hildebrand always came to my ear with a fearful sound."

"So there were others who trembled at the sound of my name who had no need so to do."

"But you have not told me yet of your connection with the cardinal."

"No, but I will do so. It is now three years, nearly, since I first heard directly from him. It seems he had by some means found out one of my places of rendezvous, and there he met me. There were two Carmelite monks with him. At first I refused to have anything to do with him, but he soon convinced me that he had no stratagem on foot for my harm, and I gave him audience. You may be sure that I was somewhat surprised when I learned his business. He wished to enter into an engagement with me for the destruction of four Spanish officers against whom he had a grudge, and whom he had occasion to fear. It was beyond his power to get hold of them, and he hoped to win me to his aid. The cardinal greatly mistook my character, but I did not undeceive him. I knew his character, and I resolved to get him within my power; and to this end I professed to enter into his scheme. Though I never answered the cardinal's wishes, yet he thinks that I tried to do it. From that day to the present I have had more or less to do with him. I have used but little deception towards him, but he, in his inordinate love of gold, has deceived himself. He has borrowed money of me, and since that I think he has longed to get me within his power; but yet that circumstance has proved a heaven-sent providence, for, as I have once before told you, the borrowing of the money was the means of my knowing of his intentions with regard to Angela Footani."

At the sound of that name the expression of de Mora's countenance changed from one of earnest, listening look to one of quick and fiery impulse.

"And yet, O Heaven! how can she now be mine!" he uttered. "We know how wicked the cardinal is, but who shall break his power?"

"Let that be for the present," was Hildebrand's reply. "If the cardinal's power cannot be broken, we may at least snatch his victim from him."

"O, I pray that we may."

"I think we shall, for that has now become the turn-point of my life. If I could think that my countryman would rise, even now I would still cling to the purpose of my earlier years; but

the thing is hopeless. They have settled down quietly beneath the foreign rule, and I can see plainly enough that henceforth they will be but as crumbs in the plates of foreign kings. I am old now—too old to lead a hard life longer—and I have offered a truce to the Spaniard. I am sure he will accept it. If he does, I shall be at least safe in my native city."

"There is one thing yet I would ask of you," said de Mora. "I know you are a Sicilian noble, but—"

"You would know more," interrupted the old man, with a smile.

"Yes," returned Francis; "for you are yet unknown to me."

"I might tell you all now," said Hildebrand, in a low, thoughtful tone; "but I am not sure that I yet know myself. If I hear not favorably from the king, I may never be known for other than I now am."

"But I understood that you had heard from the king—that he had pardoned you. I thought you told this to your men among the mountains."

"I have seen my pardon, but I do not possess it."

Francis looked inquiringly into his companion's face, and he was about to reply, when the door of the vestibule opened, and Father Hugh, the Franciscan, entered.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CARDINAL AT RAY.

THE Cardinal of Palermo was busy in his private apartment. He sat at a table, and before him were spread a variety of papers and parchment rolls. He was examining them with deep interest, when he was interrupted by the entrance of some one. He turned in his seat, and beheld Benedic.

The last rays of the setting sun struck upon the Carmelite's face, and he looked pale and agitated.

"What now?" uttered Ludovico, dropping the paper which he held, and starting from his seat. "What tidings bring ye, that makes your limbs tremble so?"

"Hildebrand, my lord—"

"Well—he's dead."

"And de Mora—"

"And he, too, is dead."

"No, no, neither of them."

"Why do you lie so to me? Out upon thee. I tell thee that by this time they are both dead."

"I would not lie to thee, my lord; but 'tis true what I tell to thee. Both our victims have escaped."

"Benedic, you are trying my temper. I heard from the master, and he told me that the tide of death had been let in upon them. How then could they be alive now?"

"I cannot explain it, nor tell you why; but I do know that they are both free."

Ludovico gazed into the monk's face for some time without speaking. The color forsook his cheeks, and his limbs trembled.

"You are not lying, then?" he hoarsely whispered.

"No—upon my faith, I am not."

"Have you seen Hildebrand and de Mora?"

"Yes. At the convent of the Capuchins."

"How—how escaped they?"

"I know not. I hastened at once to the tribunal and told the master."

"Ha! And he sent for them at once?"

"Not so, my lord. He told me that he knew they had gone."

"He—knew—it!" gasped the cardinal, sinking back into a chair. "But how got they out?"

"He let them out."

"Not the master?"

"Yes."

Ludovico started up from his seat again.

"By my whole life's hopes," he uttered, "I cannot understand this thing. What reason did the master give for this act?"

"He would give me none."

"Then, by his soul, he shall give me an answer! But hold—you may be mistaken. The master was trifling with you."

"As true as there is a heaven above us, my lord duke, it is just as I say. I saw both the prisoners at the convent, and I know that their judge set them free."

"O, holy Saint Peter, help me now!" fell from the cardinal's lips as he pressed his hand upon his brow. He gazed upon the Carmelite a moment, and then he continued:

"I think I can see this now. The Franciscan has been at work here."

"There I know you are right," returned Benedic, "for the porter at the great gate told me that the old friar passed him, and I saw him, too, at the convent."

"Then the Franciscan shall die for this. I care not—"

"Stop a moment, my lord," interrupted the Carmelite. "I fear he bears a commission from one whom we dare not thwart, and whom it would not be safe to try to circumvent."

"I know he does," furiously returned the cardinal; "but that shall not save him now. I care not what may have been his intentions, he has done that which no law can bear him out in. I am ruler here, and if he had business to do, it should have been done through me. Instead of that, he has trodden upon my authority. Trodden upon me! Do you hear, Benedic? He has cast defiance in my teeth! By Saint Paul, he shall die, and his master shall not know it. I have yet men whom I can trust."

As he spoke, he touched the bell-cord. His youthful page answered.

"Is Spezzoni in the court?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Bid him come here."

While the page was doing his errand, Ludovico stood in one position, with his arms folded across his breast, and his eyes bent upon Benedic. At length Spezzoni came. He was a soldier and an officer—a Spaniard by birth, and the commander of the cardinal's own guard.

"Ha, my noble captain," uttered Ludovico, starting forward as the officer entered, "feel you now like a deep, quick work?"

"Anything with your sanction," returned the captain.

"How many men have you that you would trust with your own life?"

"A score of them, my lord."

"Then mark me, now. At the convent of the Capuchins there are three men whom I would have taken care of. One of them is Hildebrand, another is young Francis de Mora, and the third is an old Franciscan friar, named Hugh. They are snakes! venomous reptiles! their very life is dangerous! Do you understand?"

Spezzoni nodded assent.

"Then will you take them and bring them hither? If I am not here when you come, take them to the prison at once, and place one of your own men over them. Do you understand?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And will you obey?"

"Yes."

"Mind—to the very letter."

"You know you can depend upon me, my lord cardinal."

"Ay, I think I can. But remember your orders. Under no circumstances suffer them to escape. If there should arise a doubt, let its solution rest with me. Away, now, and do your duty."

When the officer departed, the shades of twilight had deepened over the city, and ere long afterwards, the duke of Palermo entered the cardinal's presence. It was not yet so dark but that Fontani could distinguish the round, fat form of the Carmelite, and he made a motion for him to withdraw.

"Now, my lord cardinal," said the duke, "everything is ready, and the sooner the business is done the better."

"I give thee joy, Fontani, that you are so soon to be rid of your troublesome business," returned Ludovico.

The duke did not see the look of contempt that rested upon the prelate's countenance, for it was too dark.

"I shall surely be glad when 'tis off my mind," said Fontani.

"I believe you; and I shall be glad with you. I tell thee, my good duke, I have had more trouble with this affair than I had thought. When first I entertained the idea, I supposed the plan would be very easily carried out; but instead of that, I have been met with obstacles at every turn—obstacles, too, that might have daunted any other man in Palermo; but I am not to be turned aside from a fixed purpose. By the holy church, my lord duke, if I had given up this thing when I had the work half done, I should have looked with disgust upon myself ever afterwards. But now the obstacles are conquered, and this night shall see the triumph of the cardinal. 'Tis a good thing to possess power, but more than half of that good lies in using it boldly and fearlessly. Think, now, if I had given way to the first abjection I had from yourself and your niece—why, instead of standing now upon the very threshold of my wishes, I should be worse off than when I commenced. Wait here for me, my good duke, and I will soon accompany you."

Michael Fontani was left to his own reflections, and they were anything but agreeable. He saw what a man he had sold himself to, and he began to really despise himself. But it was too late now to retrace his steps. The wretched man would have given all his titular honor now could he but have repented and been clear of the business. Repentance was in his heart, and conscience was beginning to do its work.

* * * * *

In the vestibule of the Capuein convent Hildebrand and de Mora were still sitting. It was dark—just commencing night, and Father Hugh had gone to bring a lighted candle.

Suddenly there arose a clattering sound upon the pavement of the court, and the din of voices could be heard. Nearer came the clatter, and louder sounded the hum of voices. Along the basement corridor of the convent came the tramp of feet, and while Hildebrand and de Mora wondered what it could all mean, their door was thrown open, a bright glare of light flashed upon them, and they found themselves surrounded by armed men.

"What means this?" uttered Hildebrand, starting from his seat.

"It means that you are both prisoners," returned Spezzoni, who came at the head of the soldiers.

"Prisoners! By whom?"

"The cardinal. And there is another one, too, an old Franciscan. Where is he?"

At that moment Father Hugh entered. Spezzoni knew him, and his mailed hand was laid quickly upon him.

"How is this?" cried the old friar. "Is this the way you desecrate the house of God's children?"

"It's the way we come for those we want."

"You do not mean that you will make us prisoners?"

"I mean that you are prisoners—and prisoners, too, beyond the power of escape. Fall in, my men. Secure them and guard them well."

"Did the cardinal order this?" asked the Franciscan.

"Yes," returned the officer.

"Will you take us to Ludovico's dwelling?"

"Yes."

"Then lead on."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

AN OCEAN SKETCH BY MOONLIGHT.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

O heaven, the sweet enchantment of this hour
Holds the wild spirit in its mystic power;
And cold indeed must be the human breast,
Which feels not now with hallow thoughts impressed;
While in the deep, blue firmament so broad,
Glimmer the stars around the throne of God!
Stranger! forget awhile life's passing woe,
And gaze with me where ocean's billows flow!
From zone to zone his dark blue waves are hurled,
Majestic in their course—a watery world!
Time changes all the proud works of man,
But thou art glorious as when time began!
Bright, beautiful and vast, I mix with thee
In thy wild play—thou darkly-heaving sea!
The floating palaces—those winged things,
The wooden minions of the will of kings—
Are but as playthings in the awful joy,
And fragile as the wayward infant's toy!
In calm how lovely! or when the strong gale
Sweeps thy wide breast and rends the shivering sail;
Bends the tall pines, and howls the shrouds among,
To sing the drowning seaman's wild death-song.
Terribly beautiful! The ghastly glare
Of arrowy lightnings cleave the sullen air!
And yet I love thee, ocean! and my soul
Feels boundless joy to watch thy surges roll;
And here in humbleness I turn to Thee,
Maker of star-lit worlds—and you proud sea!

THE MOCKING BIRD OF AMERICA.

The American mocking bird is the prince of all song birds, being altogether unrivalled in the extent and variety of his vocal powers; and, besides the fulness and melody of his original notes, he has the faculty of imitating the notes of all other birds, from the humming-bird to the eagle. Pennant states that he heard a caged one imitate the mewling of a cat, and the creaking of a sign in high winds. Barrington says, his pipes come nearest to the nightingale of any bird he ever heard. The description, however, given by Wilson, in his own inimitable manner, as far exceeds Pennant and Barrington, as the bird excels his fellow-singers. Wilson tells us that the ease, elegance and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening to and laying up lessons, mark the peculiarity of his genius. His voice is full, strong and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear, mellow tones of the wood thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accents he faithfully follows his originals, while in strength and sweetness of expression, he greatly improves upon them. In his native woods upon a dewy morning, his song rises above every competitor; for the others appear merely as inferior accompaniments. His own notes are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at most five or six syllables, generally uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardor, for half an hour or for an hour at a time. While singing, he expands his tail, glistening with white, keeping time to his own music; and the buoyant gaiety of his action is no less fascinating than his song. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstacy; he mounts and descends, as his song swells or dies away; he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain. A bystander might suppose, that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill—each striving to produce his utmost effort—so perfect are his imitations. He often deceives the sportsman, and even birds themselves are sometimes imposed upon by this admirable mimic. In confinement, he loses little of the power or energy of his song. He whistles for the dog; Caesar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He cries like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with feathers on end, to protect her injured brood. He repeats the tune taught him, though it be of considerable length, with perfect accuracy. He runs over the notes of the canary, and of the red bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters confess his triumph by their immediate silence. His fondness for variety, some suppose, injures his song. His imitations of the brown thrush is often interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and his exquisite warblings after the blue bird are mingled with the screaming of swallows, or the cackling of hens. During moonlight, both in the wild and tame state, he sings the whole night long. The hunters, in their nocturnal excursions, know that the moon is rising, the instant they hear his delightful solo. After Shakespeare, Barrington attributes, in part, the exquisiteness of the nightingale's song to the silence of the night; but if so, what are we to think of the bird, which, in the open glare of day, overpowers and often silences all competition? The natural notes of the American mocking bird are similar to those of the brown thrush.—Audubon.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

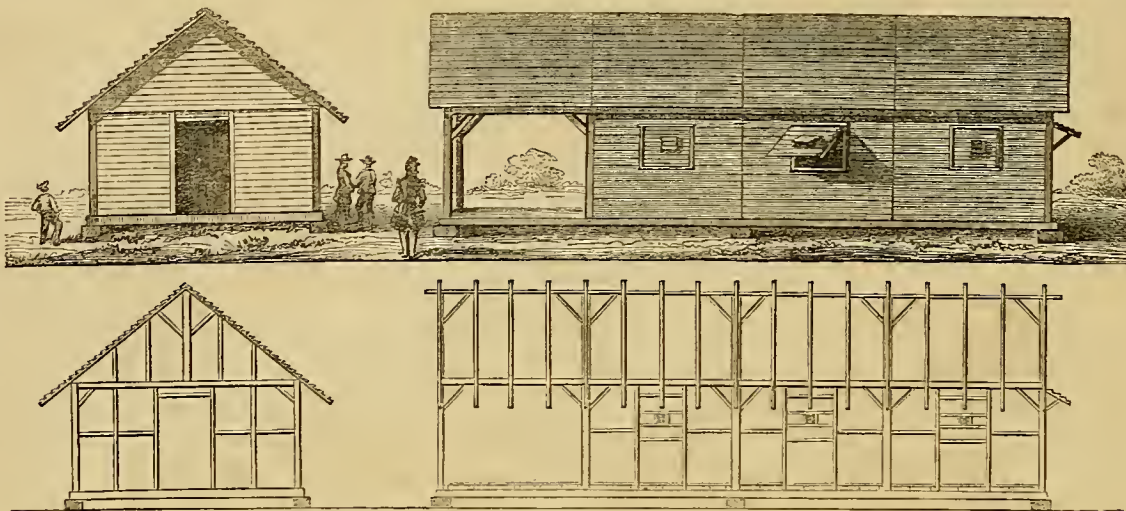
Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands, as was said of Ulysses, "vetulam snam prætulit immortalitati." Chaste women are often proud and forward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds, both of chastity and obedience, in the wife, if she think her husband wise, which she will never do if she find him jealous. Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses; so as a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will: but yet he was reputed one of the wise men that made answer to the question when a man should marry: "A young man not yet, an elder man not at all." It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husbands' kindness when it comes, or that the wives take a pride in their patience; but this never fails if the bad husbands were of their own choosing, against their friends' consent, for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.—Bacon.

TEMPER AND THE VOICE.

The influence of temper upon tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness or ill-nature will communicate a cat like quality to the singing, as infallibly as they give a quality to the speaking voice. That there really exist amiable tones is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception; it is to many the index of the mind, denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked that the low, soft tones of gentle and amiable beings, whatever their musical endowments may be, seldom fail to please; besides which, the singing of ladies indicates the cultivation of their taste generally, and the embellishment of their mind.—Mordaunt.

CAYENNE.

French Guiana, on the northeast coast of South America, was destined as a receptacle of convicts transported from France; but it remained to select the most suitable points for this purpose, and to regulate the treatment to which the condemned should be subjected. Two points seemed to the French ministry to fulfil the desirable conditions: one situated in the part called Windward, on the borders of the Oyapock, and towards the mouth of that river; the other in the Windward part, where the government already possesses an ancient and vast tract, which for the present can serve as a basis for a sufficiently extensive settlement.—We do not know which point was ultimately decided on, but we believe the transported are divided between the two points. We are told that the treatment of the exiles is milder than that of galley slaves, and we trust so for the honor of humanity. For it must be remembered that a large proportion of the unfortunate beings now sent to Cayenne, were condemned for no other offence than that of resisting the usurpation of that consummate scoundrel, Napoleon, on the 2d of December. Torn from their families, associated with the vilest wretches, they are sent to die of grief and disease in the burning climate of the tropics. The barracks, which the usurper has



ELEVATION AND PLAN OF THE PRISONERS' BARRACKS, AT CAYENNE.

the pursuit of small fish, its ordinary prey, that it is often found taken by the hook, or dragged in the nets spread for taking her- ring. In shooting the imbrim, the gunner must take good aim and kill it at a shot, for when wounded, it escapes, and there is little chance of getting again within gunshot of it. Still, from time to time, northern divers have been taken alive, and their habits have thus been more conveniently and closely examined. Montague, the naturalist, kept one in a pond, and succeeded in taming it in a few days. The dole bird came at his call from

visits, it constantly relapsed into its vagrant habits, constantly retreated with its halting gait, seeking some safer retreat more to its taste, and preferred to endure hunger rather than submit to the loss of its liberty." The gait which Mr. Nuttall notices, has procured the imbrim the name it bears in Lapland, where it is called the *cripple-loon*. The build of the great diver is admirably adapted to its aquatic life. Its sharp head is smaller than the adjacent parts of the neck, that it may pierce the water with more facility; the wings of the bird are placed forwards out of the cen-

recommended moaning. If approached too close, it defended itself bravely, sprang angrily at the aggressor, and struck him with its stout dagger-shaped beak. Its eye, the iris of which was red like those of Albinos, seemed to suffer from the brightness of day; it sought to shelter itself from too vivid a light, and only renewed its activity towards evening. The pupil of the eye, like those of all nocturnal animals, dilated readily. An indefatigable diver, it often plunged its head under water to watch for its prey. It remained there hidden for many minutes in succession, and if it mounted to the surface, it was to cleave the water as swiftly as an arrow cleaves the air. Though my imbrim might have finally become more docile and accustomed to



VIEW OF CAYENNE, THE PENAL COLONY OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

designed in his mercy to plan for them, would make very respectable stalls for oxen, or kennels for hounds; but what places to crowd human beings together under the relentless sun of the Equator! The horses and dogs of the prince-president are better cared for than are these unfortunate exiles.

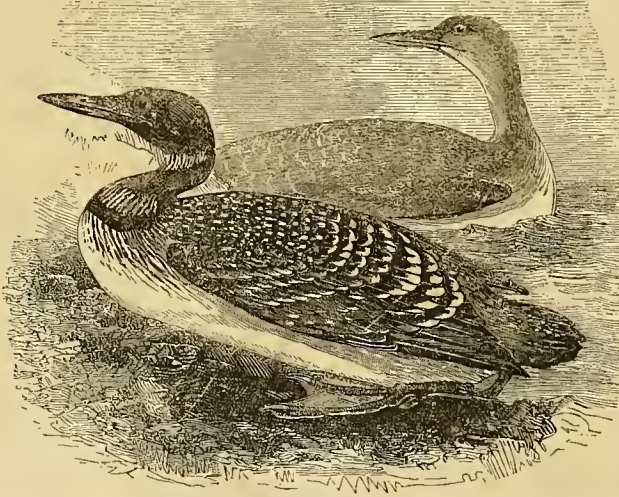
THE IMBRIM, OR GREAT NORTHERN DIVER.

Unskilful in flying or walking, rarely seen out of the water, but when it ventures to traverse the air, rising on short wings to a considerable height, the imbrim inhabits the cold seas and the fresh water lakes of the northern countries of the globe. If the ice expels it, it descends from the bays and crystal gulfs of Spitzbergen and Greenland, the rugged shores of Lapland, and the reefs of Iceland, and directs itself to the Ferroe and Shetland Islands, the Orkades and Scotland. Rigorous winters even force it to the southern shores of England, and sometimes it even descends as far as the lagoons of Picardy. This bird hollows its nest of dry grass among the flags and reeds of the little islands scattered over the fresh water lakes and fens of the north. Each pair lives there apart, and hides themselves so skilfully, that it was believed for a long time that the imbrim brooded at the bottom of the sea, or that, swimming on the surface, it kept under its wings, in the two cavities which they covered, its two large eggs of a brownish olive, spotted here and there with a darker tinge. A path traced in the grass by the frequent passages of the bird, finally betrayed to the hunter the secret of this nest so skilfully hidden, on which the female diver sits in such a manner as to be hidden by the reeds. If she is disturbed in this asylum, if any powerful enemy approaches her too near, the imbrim, which cannot make use of her short legs, placed too far back to sustain her, glides along on her belly by jerks, pushes and drags herself along, the body inclined forward, and plunges into the water, where she dives. Making use then of both of her wings and her powerful palmated feet, she swims with great rapidity. "I have pursued this bird," says an English sportsman, "in a boat which four robust oarsmen drove through the water, without ever being able to gain on it, though the discharges of our guns, as soon as it showed itself, compelled it to dive incessantly." It is when hiding in the irregularities of rocks, near creeks, where the sandy bottom is visible through the shallow water, that the imbrim must be watched and waited for. It frequents these remote bays, so intent on

one hank to another, and fed out of his hand. A wound, which deprived it of one eye, injured the other, which did not prevent its discovering, instantly, a fish, thrown into the farthest part of the pond. When deprived of its habitual food, it was willing to eat ment. Mr. Nuttall, of Boston, also had a diver which he brought alive and placed in a pond full of fish. "This bird," says he, "uttered an incessant wail, and, constantly seeking to escape, would hide itself in the bank. There it remained silent till it was discovered; then it glided rapidly to the water, and

tre of gravity, that the four members acting together, may not interfere with each other; the thighs, completely in the rear, favor the swinging movement which the imbrim requires for diving; its legs, flat, thin, and cutting as the edge of a knife, easily divide the waves, while its feet spread into broad oars which strike the water, and yet fold with such suppleness when the bird brings them forward to give them another sweep, that they are hardly broader than the tibia. Called *ambergoose* by the inhabitants of the Orkneys, because its size surpasses that of the goose, the imbrim is

two feet and a half long from the end of the beak to the extremity of the tail. Its beak, of a lustrous black, is stout; the lower mandible, according to Wilson, is formed of two pieces, which, united by an elastic and thin membrane, can spread apart horizontally, to permit the bird to swallow large fishes. The head and the upper part of the neck are of a fine velvet black, glazed with green and shading purple; a double collar, formed of regular and parallel bands, alternately black and white, ornament only the front of the neck and the throat; below, a broad band of lustrous black, clouded with green and violet blends with the plumage of the back; the wing covers all the upper part of the body, are of the same rich velvet, sowed, in semicircular rows, with white spots, the end of each feather being tipped with white. The under part of the body is of ermine whiteness, and the tail is formed of twenty feathers, brown like the end of the wings. The Barabintzis, a nation which inhabits the north of Siberia, tan the skins of the imbrim, and prepare them in such a manner as to preserve the down. These skins, sewed together, are sold to make pelisses and caps, warm, thick and water-proof garments. The Greenlanders deck themselves, and the savages of Hudson's Bay are crowned with the feathers of the imbrim. Regnard, in his travels in Lapland, relates that the natives wear a hood of the skins of the loon-imbrim—and that they place it in such way that the head of the bird falls over their brows, while their ears are covered by the wings. This original head-dress forms one of the most comfortable coverings that one could possibly desire in the cold regions of the north, and attracted the attention of the poet traveller. The natives seem to esteem it as our belles do sable furs and ermine, and indeed it is scarcely less warm and comfortable for the wearer. The effect, however, of the plumage of this bird, arranged as is described, upon the head of the natives, must be exceedingly unique and grotesque.



THE IMBRIM, OR GREAT NORTHERN DIVER.

THE SALMON.

Salmon fishing is a sport both profitable and entertaining, and is by no means local in its character—being equally pursued and with common success, either in the old or the new world. The large engraving of the series given herewith, represents a famous fishing station in Ireland, known as Hasling Place, a very prolific one as it regards the annual yield of this delightful representative of the finny tribe. Especially is this fish taken in large quantities in the Kennebec and Penobscot Rivers, and forms quite an article of trade between the eastern cities and other portions of New England. The salmon is so well known for its quality as an article of food, as well as for the immense quantities in which it is taken, that it requires no other claims to recommend it strongly to our notice, and probably in no country of the world, in proportion to its size, are the fisheries so extensive, or the value of so much importance as in our own country. The number of fish obtained in the spring in a proper state for food is small compared with the quantity procured as the summer advances. During the early part of the season the salmon appear to ascend only as far as the rivers are influenced by the tide, advancing with the flood and retiring with the ebb, if their progress be not stopped by any of the various means employed to catch them. It is observed that the female fish ascend before the males; and the young fish of the year, called grilse, till they have spawned once, ascend earlier than those of more mature age. As the season advances the salmon ascend higher up the river beyond the influence of the tide; they are observed to be getting full of roe, and are more or less out of condition, according to their forward state as breeding fish. They shoot up rapids with

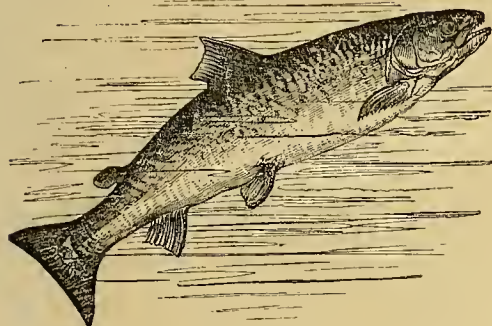


SALMON FISHING GROUND, AT HASLING PLACE, IRELAND.

towards the mid stream; and when the water is increased by rain they move gradually down the river. On meeting the tide they remain for two or three days in that part where the water becomes a little brackish from the mixture of salt water, till they are inured to the change, when they go off to sea all at once. Their growth appears to be very rapid, and many return to the brackish water increased in size in proportion to the time they have been absent. Fry marked in April or early in May have returned by the end of June weighing from two to three pounds and upwards. These small sized fish, when under two pounds

weight, are by some called salmon-peal; when larger, grilse. These fish of the year breed during the first winter; they return from the sea with the roe enlarged; the ova in a grilse being of nearly the same comparative size as those observed in a salmon, but they mature only a much smaller number. The growth of the salmon from the state of fry to that of grilse has been shown to be very rapid; and the increase in weight attained during the second and each subsequent year is believed to be equal, if not to exceed, the weight gained within the first. The increase in size is principally gained during that part of the year in which the fish may be said to be almost a constant resident in the sea. That the food sought for and obtained to produce and sustain so rapid an increase of size must be very considerable in quantity, as well as most nutritious in quality, cannot be doubted. That the salmon is a voracious eater may be safely inferred from the degree of perfection in the arrangement of the teeth, as well as from the well known habits of the species most closely allied to it. From the richness of the food on which the true salmon solely subsists arises, at least to a certain extent, the excellent qualities of the fish as an article of food. The salmon is a noble fish, and most deservedly retains the very highest rank in the angler's estimation. He is the prince of fresh water visitors; and his title to precedence has never yet been questioned. His magnitude, his keen and lively eye, his muscular powers, his rapid and graceful motions, his beautiful proportions, his shining silvery scales, his intellectual instincts, and his superior, rich, and delicate flavor, unite in establishing his decided superiority over all other fish. Nither should it be forgotten that salmon fishing is considered the angler's highest sport, whilst it affords the best criterion of his professional skill. Indeed, angling for this noble fish, may be deemed the measure or standard of the angler's dexterity, the test of his professional proficiency, the legitimate object of his loftiest aspirations; affording an undeniable proof of his fitness to take his stand amongst the most accomplished adepts of this interesting craft. The salmon reaches a considerable size in many of the rivers of both this country and Europe; some attaining the enormous weight of seventy or eighty pounds. The general weight is greatly below this; and from ten pounds to five and twenty may be considered a high average, even in the best salmon rivers. During the spring and summer the markets of our cities and towns are abundantly supplied with this much esteemed fish.

purpose as before. The fry are observed to collect in small pools or mill-dam heads preparatory to quitting the river. The descent begins in March, and continues through April and part of May. It rarely happens that any salmon fry are observed in the rivers late in June. The salmon fry at first keep in the slack water by the sides of the river; as they become stronger they go more



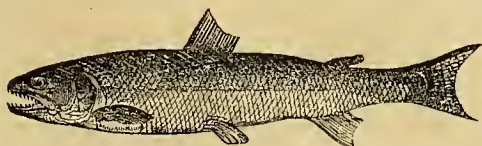
THE SALMON.

the velocity of arrows, and frequently clearing an elevation of eight or ten feet, gain the water above, and pursue their course. If they fail in their attempt, it is only to remain a short time quiescent, and thus recruit their strength to enable them to make new efforts. They often kill themselves by the violence of their exertions to ascend, and sometimes fall upon the rocks and are captured. The fish having at length gained the upper and shallow pools of the river, the process of spawning commences. A pair of fish are seen to make a furrow, by working up the gravel with their noses; when the furrow is made, the male and female



SALMON FRY.

retire to a little distance, one on each side of the furrow; they then throw themselves on their sides, again come together, and rubbing against each other, both shed their spawn into the furrow at the same time; it requires from eight to twelve days to lay all their spawn, and they then betake themselves to the pools to recruit themselves. The adult fish having spawned, are out of condition and unfit for food. With the floods of the end of winter and the commencement of spring they descend the river from pool to pool, and ultimately gain the sea, where they quickly recover their condition, to ascend again in autumn for the same



A SALMON PEAL, OR GRILSE.

purpose as before. The fry are observed to collect in small pools or mill-dam heads preparatory to quitting the river. The descent begins in March, and continues through April and part of May. It rarely happens that any salmon fry are observed in the rivers late in June. The salmon fry at first keep in the slack water by the sides of the river; as they become stronger they go more

THE TAMARIND TREE.

Below we present a view of the tamarind tree (*tamarindus indica*), a large and beautiful tree of the East Indies, belonging to the natural family *leguminosae*. The leaves are pinnate, composed of sixteen or eighteen pairs of sessile leaflets, which are half an inch only in length, and one sixth in breadth. The flowers are disposed, five or six together, in loose clusters: the petals are yellowish, and beautifully variegated with red veins. The pods are thick, compressed, and of a dull brown color when ripe. The seeds are flat, angular, hard and shining, and are lodged in a dark, soft, adhesive pulp. The tamarind tree exists also in Arabia, Egypt and other parts of Africa; but that of the West Indies is, perhaps, a different species, distinguished by the shortness of the pods, which contain two, three or four seeds only. In the West Indies, the pods are gathered in June, July and August, when fully ripe; and the fruit, being freed from the shelly fragments, is placed in layers in a cask, and boiling syrup poured over it till the cask is filled: the syrup pervades every part quite down to the bottom; and when cool the cask is headed for sale. The East India tamarinds are darker colored and drier, are more esteemed, and are said to be preserved without sugar. This fruit has an agreeable acid and sweetish taste, is refrigerant and gently laxative. A simple infusion in

warm water forms a very grateful beverage, which is advantageously used in febrile diseases. The Turks and Arabs carry the pods, prepared with sugar or honey, either green or ripe, in journeys across the deserts; and they are found to constitute an agreeable and wholesome article of food. The pulp of the tamarind, in which the seeds are embedded, contains more acid than any other vegetable substance in a natural state, not even excepting the lemon; and there it is much used as a most agreeable condiment for sharpening food and drink. The pulp is of a very refreshing, vinous taste, of which the natives prepare a light,



THE EAST INDIA TAMARIND TREE.

exhilarating liquor, which is much in favor, and is considered to be very healthy as well as palatable. The shade of these trees shelters houses from the torrid heat of the sun, and its really fine figure greatly adorns the scenery of the country. It is thus exceedingly useful, and a tree much venerated and regarded in the East, forming one of the peculiarities of the national foliage. Every country has its peculiarity in this respect, and the difference between tropical and northern growth and characteristics of trees and floral productions is remarkable. The tamarind, in retaining its freshness nearly all the year round, resembles, in some degree, our pine or evergreen. In no country in the world can such richness of color be found in foliage, as in our own New England clime, when the early frost first touches the birches, and lindens, and maples.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A WAKING DREAM.

BY PAUL DEJASMIN.

It was a still, calm night; the curtaining sky,
Each soft, blue fold laid with gems on high,
In perfect majesty seemed freely thrown
O'er the round world from farthest zone to zone,
To hide angelic legions, whose bright rays
Were else too dazzling for a mortal's gaze.
Awed by the spirit of devotion, far
My thoughts soared upward, linking star with star,
Till they seemed fluttering, poising near the line
Where heaven's intenser glories break and shine.

Above me in that upper ocean, vast
And shoreless as the future and the past,
Slow sailed the moon parting the clouds like waves,
And pouring down sweet light on homes and graves,
Making all joyous or sad places fair;
I longed for wings to scale the lofty air,
That I might stand within her orb and be
A happy sailor on that luminous sea!

All unaccompanied, mid that solemn scene
More beautiful than sunlight on the green
And laughing landscape of a summer morn—
I wandered slowly, though like one forlorn
And grieving, yet with holy thoughts inspired,
In mind a hermit from the world retired.
My feet were on a hill-top that surveyed
A strong, broad river, resting now in shade,
And now reflecting like a silver shield
The moon's white lustre on its burnished field.
Beyond that river, on its eastern side,
Lay a great city, stretching far and wide
Its multitudinous dwellings, lifting high
Its towers and steeples toward that midnight sky,
And sending forth, as from an altar grand,
Its volumed vapor far along the land.

"Here," thus I pondered, "its the power supreme
Of commerce, here her subject thousands dream,
Lapt in hard slumber, of to-morrow's gain,
Striving for pleasure through the toils of pain.
Beneath those roofs, commingled in the dim
Thick mist that darkens the horizon's rim—
Beneath those roofs, some lofty and some low,
Ebbs the full tide of being, swift or slow;
There sleep, or strive to sleep, the bowed with care,
There lightly sleep the youthful and the fair;
There wake the workers of the brain, the had,
The gay, the wild, the reckless, and the sad;
Even in her stillest hour, the city hums
Like a vast hive, and beats like muffled drums."

I felt a sense of sorrow, sinking deep
Into my spirit, like the spell of sleep
On the tired limbs of Labor when he goes,
Fearing the future, to his brief repose,—
When sudden mid the hush there came a swell
Of sound along the night; it was the bell
Of Trinity's high tower. "One!" it tolled, "One!"
And all the hills around assented "One!"
Then, like a man emerging from a cloud,
My thought took shape, and thus I mused, aloud:—

"Sleep on! ye poor and rich, alike sleep on!
Sleep, wakeful eyes, nor languish for the dawn!
Not many years, not many years will fly
Ere all, ye, all of your brave forms must lie
Shrouded and sepulchred!"

Alas! life seems—
This busy life the vainest dream of dreams!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

DURING the spring of 1840 I was engaged by the heirs of a gentleman who had died in Bangor, Me., to go out to Illinois, and look up a "township" which had been bought by said gentleman from the soldiers of the last war, to whom it had been allotted by the government "land warrants," as part pay for services rendered. Most of our readers are probably aware that the men who served in the campaign of 1812 were entitled to one hundred and sixty acres of land, over and above their monthly pay, and at the close of their service they received warrants or bonds for this land, which land was marked off into townships, and these into numbered lots, each man receiving a specified lot. Most of these warrants were sold at the time of their reception for trifling sums—say from five to twenty dollars—and many of them have not even yet been looked up by their owners; but, as civilization is spreading West, more attention is now turned to this matter, and speculators are busy buying up the old "claims."

The man for whose heirs I had interested myself had bought a large number of consecutive lots. They were located near the head waters of the Kaskaskia, and we had reason to believe that they were uncommonly valuable.

After having armed myself with the necessary documents, I set out on my mission. I reached Vandalia without difficulty, and from there I "took the stage" for Shelbyville. Beyond Shelbyville I still had some sixty miles to go, and there was no method of conveyance save such as chance might throw in one's way. I had learned that there was a settlement in Macon county which would come in my way if I kept along by the river; but I could get no direct clue to its whereabouts. I knew, however, that I should find "squatters" on my route, and from them I could learn all that was necessary.

Ten miles from Shelbyville I made in a small boat; and here I purchased a horse of an old settler, and from him I learned that

I should find plenty of "squatters" on the very land of which I was in search. It was early in the forenoon when I started on with my horse, and I made easy progress on the alluvial tract upon the western bank of the Kaskaskia. About two o'clock in the afternoon, whatever pleasing reveries I may have been engaged in were cut short by a sudden darkening of the sun; and, upon looking up, I found that huge clouds were rising in the northwest, and I could hear the wind as it moaned through the trees upon the table land to my left. I knew there was a storm brewing, and I knew, too, that my hopes of shelter were dubious. However, I spurred up my horse, and allowed myself to hope that I might come upon some chance "squatter" before the storm broke.

False hope! In less than half an hour the storm was upon me. For two hours I kept on my way, with only a sort of wind driven mist; but at the end of that time the rain began to come down in torrents. For a while I allowed myself to quail before the combined force of rain and wind; but I found that the enemy must be met; and, at length, with a stout ejaculation of defiance, I faced the storm, and rode on. No shelter arose to my view, and night fell upon me. It was dark—O, how dark! So dark that the sable mass might have been cut with a knife. I gave the horse the rein, and let him follow his own instinct. It still rained as though the big lakes had accidentally been tipped over upon the land, and the wind, too, still piped away without flagging.

I must have ridden thus through the utter darkness for two hours—it seemed two ages to me—when I thought I saw a light ahead of me. It twinkled like a misty star, and then disappeared; but soon I saw it again, and ere long I became convinced that a human habitation of some sort was ahead of me. I urged my beast on, and soon I had the real pleasure of pulling up before a house. What sort of a house it was I could not tell; I could only see a dark mass, and a single window, from which shone the light. I alighted from my horse, and, after groping about for some time, I found a door, and knocked lustily. My call was answered by a woman; but the wind put out her light, and as she turned back to re-light it, I followed her.

At first, the female—a middle-aged, intelligent-looking person—was a little startled at my manner and appearance, but I soon calmed her fears by making known my situation and business. When I asked her if I could remain there during the night, she hesitated, and said she would "let me know;" but she asked me to sit down by the fire, and warm myself. There was a complete puddle of water where I had been standing, for the rain was almost streaming from my garments; so I took off my over-coat, and the lady immediately took it, and carried it out of the room.

It was not until I had drawn a seat up to the warm fire that I thought of my poor beast; and when the woman returned, I asked her if my horse could be taken care of. She replied in the affirmative, and also told me that I could remain through the night. I had left my portmanteau upon the horse, and, of course, I spoke of taking care of the animal myself. The woman told me that he had already been led around to the stable, and that if I wished to go out, I could do so without exposure to the weather. She offered to lead the way, and I followed her.

The passage through which I was led opened into a wood-shed, and from thence I passed to the stable, where a man was unsaddling my horse. He had a lantern, and I could see plainly about the place. I spoke to the fellow, but he made me no answer. I asked him who lived there. He mumbled out something, but I could not understand him. He was a curious-looking fellow, and decidedly averse to answering questions; and he was petulant and crusty, too; but this I naturally attributed to his being called out in such weather, and, having secured my portmanteau, I made my way back to the house.

The same woman who had thus far attended me prepared some food for me, and politely requested me to partake of it. Wet and cold as I was, the fire place was more comfortable and desirable than the table, but I sat me down to the repast out of courtesy.

During the evening I tried to converse with the woman—she was my only companion—but it was with difficulty that I got any answer to my questions. I asked her where I was, and the only reply was a dubious shake of the head. Then I asked her who lived in the house, and she trembled, but said nothing. She seemed anxious for me to retire; and, at length, after I had mostly dried my garments, I signified my readiness to be shown to my bed. The woman actually sprang to obey me, and, having lighted a second lamp, she bade me follow her. I was conducted up a flight of stairs, and shown to a respectably furnished chamber, and there my strange guide left me.

As I was left alone, I was not a little puzzled by what I had seen and heard. The house was evidently a large one, and, from what little I had seen of the outside of it by the light of the lantern from the stable, I judged it to be built of hewn timber, dovetailed together at the corners, with the crevices plastered with cement. The inside, such as I had seen, was finished neatly with well-matched boards, planed and painted. It was strange that I had seen nothing of the owner of the place; and then the behaviour of those I had seen was equally strange. I was confident that the house must be far from any other habitation, and it is not to be wondered at that I allowed an unpleasant train of suspicious thoughts to pass through my mind.

The powder in my pistols had become somewhat damp. My portmanteau I had brought to the chamber with me, and in that I found dry powder. I carefully re-loaded my weapons, and placed them under my pillow, and, having fastened the door, I partially undressed myself, and got into the bed. It was certainly an hour before I slept, but at length the drowsy god overcame me.

I could not have slept long—not over half an hour—when I was awakened by a quick shake of my shoulder. I sprang up in

the bed, and seized a pistol. There was a man by my bedside, and he held a lamp towards me. He was tall, but far from being stout, and his countenance was kind and gentle in its expression. He had entered by a small door at the end of the room, which I had not noticed.

"—sh!" he uttered, placing his finger upon his lip. "Make no noise. Put up your pistol."

"But what seek ye here?" I asked, feeling assured that my visitor meant me no harm.

"I would save you!"

"Save me?" I repeated.

"—sh! Yes. You have one foot in your grave while you are here. Do you not know this house?"

"No. What is it?" I uttered, springing from my bed.

"Be careful! You'll wake the demon before his time! He thinks I do not know him; but by chance I have found him out in time to save my own life and yours!"

By this time I had nearly dressed myself, and, with trembling limbs, I listened, while my visitor explained himself. He told me that the owner of the house was a murderer by profession—that he entrapped travellers, and killed and robbed them. His tale was a horrible one, and he had learned it all by overhearing a conversation between the man of the house and the fellow who had taken care of my horse. He had himself arrived and retired before I came along; but he had awakened just in season to hear the conversation he had related take place in an adjoining room.

"Come, come," he said, as I threw my portmanteau across my arm, and took my second pistol from beneath my pillow; "there is not a moment to lose. If we are discovered, we shall be killed."

With cat-like, noiseless tread, my companion led the way out through the same door by which he had entered, the existence of which, he informed me, he had learned from the conversation he had overheard between the man of the house and the fellow who had taken care of my horse. He had himself arrived and retired before I came along; but he had awakened just in season to hear the conversation he had related take place in an adjoining room.

My guide placed his finger upon his lips for an instant, and then he shaded the lamp with his head, and hurried down the stairs, which led directly to the shed. The outer door was easily unfastened, and I breathed more freely as I stepped forth into the fresh air. The storm had passed over, and the stars were beginning to peep forth from among the fleecy clouds that were sailing away to the southward. The lamp did not go out, and we gained the stable in safety.

"Out with your horse! Quick!" uttered my companion, as he set the lamp down in a corner, where its rays could not find their way into the yard.

"But you—what will you do?"

"I have a horse, too. Quick! Make no noise!"

More quickly than I can describe it did I equip my beast and vault into the saddle; and as I turned towards the yard, my friend led his horse out. I had left the stable, and was just passing from the back-yard, when I heard the house door open. Some one sprang forth with a hoarse cry of alarm, and leaped towards the stable. I heard a sharp cry from my friend, and I thought I heard the noise of a scuffle. My horse started into a gallop, of his own accord, and it was not until I had ridden half a mile to the northward that I tightened the rein.

I thought I was acting the coward's part thus to leave my companion in the hands of murderers, but the second thought convinced me that I should do better to keep on. While I was free, they would not dare to kill him, for they must have known that I should give the alarm, and then the crime would be detected. If I should return, they might capture and kill us both, without fear of detection.

Again I gave my horse the rein, and he galloped on. I know not how far I had ridden, when I thought I detected a stream of water directly ahead; but no movement of mine was necessary, for, with a sudden jerk, my horse stopped, and I was thrown far over his head. I remember the sensation of falling, but that was all.

When I came to myself it was daylight, and the warm sun was looking brightly upon me. I moved heavily to a sitting posture, and found my horse at a short distance from me, cropping the long grass. I felt stiff, and my head ached; but ere long I arose to my feet, and looked about me. The stream which had caused my disaster had dwindled to a mere tiny brook; but the marks of its flood were left, and I could see that it had been quite formidable.

But one thing surprised me. Not more than half a mile ahead I saw quite a town—a large, flourishing village. It was some time before I could collect my scattered senses; but when I did so, I became convinced that the place before me was Decatur! My horse must have left the true road almost immediately after the darkness set in, and here I was, nearly twenty miles out of my way to the westward!

But I forgot all this—I forgot the pain in my head and limbs—in my thoughts of what had occurred during the night; and I resolved to seek immediate aid to arrest the inmates of the horrible abode I had left, and to set free my unfortunate companion. I easily caught my horse, and, though I gained the saddle with difficulty, yet, when once there, I rode with ease. When I reached the town, which proved, as I had thought, to be Decatur, one of the first objects that met my gaze was a lawyer's sign. I drove up to the door of the office, and dismounted. While I was hitching my horse, a wagon drove up, in which was a gentleman and lady; the gentleman was an elderly person, and one whose countenance was such as to command instant and universal respect. He entered the office directly behind me. He smiled and shook hands with the lawyer, and then turned to a desk, and began to

overhaul a bundle of papers which he had just taken from his pocket.

My muddy garments gave me anything but a comely appearance, but as soon as I was assured that I addressed the "lawyer," I proceeded to unfold my fearful tale. The attorney started and trembled as I commenced, and the gentleman who was overhauling the papers stopped from his work, and looked at me. I went on, and described every particular; my hair bristled as I told of the terrible cries of the poor victim I had left behind, and I assured my hearers that it was the hostler who had sprung out as I rode off.

A strange, unaccountable expression passed over the lawyer's face. He gazed at me a moment in silence, and then, clapping his hands upon his sides, he sank back into his chair, and burst into a long, loud, uproarious laugh. I was thunder-struck. The old gentleman dropped his papers, and actually sank upon the floor, as a wild burst of merriment shook his frame.

"Ha, ha, ha! Why, my dear friend," cried the lawyer, as soon as he could command language, "you—ha, ha, ha!—you were—ha, ha!—you have been— O! oh-o-o—ha, ha!—ho-o-e!"

I sank into a seat, utterly overcome, and at length I got at the truth. The old gentleman before me was none other than the celebrated Doctor Gabriel Landresser. He and his wife had left home on the day before, on a visit, and the storm had prevented their return. His dwelling was a private hospital, where he had a number of poor maniacs in course of curative treatment, and with those maniacs I had stopped! His hostler was the only really sane person he had left in charge of the buildings, and I afterwards learned that this hostler had been much averse to my remaining at the house, and hence his gruff manner towards me. The man who had led me from my chamber was a poor fellow who had entertained the idea that some one was seeking to murder him, and his strange monomania had a variety of phases, according to the circumstances about him. He had evidently intended to have escaped from the doctor's house with me, but the timely appearance of the hostler prevented him.

Landresser insisted that I should return with him to his house, and remain there until I had recovered from the effects of my fall, and I consented. The last I heard from the lawyer was just as I mounted my horse, and that was another wild peal of laughter.

I remained with the doctor three days, and during that time I enjoyed his company much. Once I saw my companion of the night's adventure, and he did not fail to whisper earnestly in my ear that I should be murdered if I remained in the house. The female whom I had seen was an inoffensive creature, who had suffered from religious excitement.

At length I set out once more on my mission, which I performed entirely to the satisfaction of all concerned; but I met with no more adventures, or, at any rate, with nothing equal to that "Night's Adventure" on the prairie of Decatur.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

As a judge, Bushe was merciful, and, owing to an incident in his early career as a lawyer, he was somewhat slow to convict on circumstantial evidence. A short time after he was called to the bar he was retained at the Wexford Assizes to defend a prisoner accused of murder. The victim's name was Walter Meyler, and it was supposed that he had been killed by a party of rebels, of whom one became an approver, and was the chief witness for the crown. Like most approvers, the witness was correct and careful in all his details. He stated that the body of Meyler had been buried close to the shore, wrapped in a coat of the same texture and color as that stated to have been worn by the deceased. Bushe neither cross-examined a witness, nor called evidence upon the part of his client; and before the judge commenced his charge, the jury stated that they were prepared with their verdict. Bushe said, "Wait a moment, gentlemen—did any of you know Walter Meyler, the deceased?" The reply was, that all the jury knew him well—and immediately Bushe shouted, to the dismay of the auditors, "Walter Meyler, come into court." The supposed deceased rushed upon the table, and, pointing to him, Bushe exclaimed: "There, gentlemen, is my defence!"—*Irish Quarterly Review*.

THE POET SHELLEY.

When one thinks of the early misery which he suffered, and of the insolent infidelity which, being yet so young, he wooed with a lover's passion, then the darkness of midnight begins to form a deep, impenetrable background, upon which the phantasmagoria of all that is to come may arrange itself in troubled phosphoric streams, and in sweeping processions of woe. Yet, again, when one recurs to his gracious nature, his fearlessness, his truth, his purity from all fleshliness of appetite, his freedom from vanity, his diffusive love and tenderness, suddenly out of the darkness reveals itself a morning of May; forests and thickets of roses advance to the foreground; from the midst of them looks out "the eternal child," cleansed from his sorrow, radiant with joy, having power given him to forget the misery which he suffered, power given him to forget the misery which he caused, and leaning with his heart upon that dove-like faith against which his erring intellect had rebelled.—*De Quincey's "Essays on the Poets."*

THE ODDS AND ENDS OF TIME.

It is the odds and ends of our time, its orts and offals, laid up, as they usually are, in corners, to rot and decay there, instead of being used out as they should be, these—I say, are the occasions of our moral unsoundness and corruption; a dead fly, little thing as it is, will spoil a whole box of precious ointment; and idleness, if it be once suffered, though but for a brief while, is sure, by the communication of its listless quality, to clog and cumber the clockwork of the whole day. It is the ancient enemy,—the old man of the Arabian Tales. Once take him upon your shoulders, and he is not to be shaken off so easily.—*Self-Formation.*

The most elevated and pure souls cannot hear, even from the lips of the most contemptible men, these words: *friendship, sensibility, virtue*, without immediately attaching to them all the grandeur of which their heart is susceptible.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LAMENT OF THE BEREAVED.

BY JAMES LUMBARD.

Spring her robe of green is flinging
O'er the hills and vales of earth,
And the streams and fountains, singing,
Greet her coming with wild mirth;
But while all is joy around me,
Smiling in its bright array,
Sadness with her spell has bound me—
One I love has passed away!

Birds the sunny south are leaving,
For their own dear homes again;
And their sweetest songs are weaving
In the leafy wood and glen;
But while they, with joy and gladness,
Warble o'er their roundelay;
I am filled with grief and sadness—
One I love has passed away!

In unnumbered pleasant places,
Flowerets meet the raptured view;
With their bright and laughing faces
Bathed in morning's pearly dew.
But the flowers that bloom so brightly,
With their varied hues and gay,
Cannot make my heart beat lightly—
One I love has passed away!

Many dear, familiar voices,
That have cheered my spirit long,
Tell me that each heart rejoices,
Welcoming the spring with song;
But they now no longer bind me
With their magic spell and sway,
For the thrilling tones remind me
Of one who has passed away!

When by death and silence parted
From the tried of trusting hearts,
What can cheer the lonely-hearted,
But the balm that faith imparts?
Peace, my heart! no longer sorrow;
Cast aside thy garb of gloom;
And from spring's bright blushes borrow
Hues of beauty, trust and bloom!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

GETTING UP THE STEAM.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

I HAD hurried to the boat, hearing the "last bell" ringing its summons; but hour after hour passed, and no steam could be raised, and all sorts of Yankee ingenuity were tried to remedy the defect in the machinery to no good result. It was now near five P. M., and at seven I was to deliver an anniversary address at a town twelve miles distant. The owner of the boat was sanguine that by five the steam would be raised, and we should be shooting down the Narraquasset in good style.

"But, my dear sir," said I, "what shall I do, if I wait till then, as there is no stable near, where I can be sure of getting a good horse?"

"Well, wait till five, and if we are not off, you shall have my team."

Supposing the "team" to be near at hand, I gave myself to patience for a little time more; but the hour came, and still the best thing done was but a puff and blow, but a no go. I called for the "team," and found it must be sent for. It came, and now the time was near half past five; yet I must call over to the hotel and take a young lady, who had been waiting for the boat, and who had run over there to be called for. The horse was the queerest prancer that ever stepped into the ring to show curious antics, and seemed utterly unconscious of the meaning of the strings made to guide such animals in the road. I made up my mind for "a time" on the way, but thought more of meeting my engagement than of all the dangers that could be conjured up. By a fine effort of agility, the young lady sprang into the chaise, and I soon discovered that she was ready for any adventure needed to meet "her class," at the same place where I was to meet the "Division." With tremendous leaps, the wild horse sprang down the street; and while thus going, my passenger discovered her sister passing, and being eager to let her know that she was on her way, she leaned far out of the "buggy," and waved a roll of music which she held in her hand. This was done at the utmost risk, as the carriage was swinging to and fro from the violence of the horse's movements; but no sooner were my fears of being thrown over by the act ended, than again the lady sprang up and repeated the whirling of the said roll of music, saying, "I'm afraid she didn't see me the first time." Darting a look through the glass in the back of the buggy, the sister was seen standing gazing after us as though petrified with horror, or something equivalent to it; and the passengers in the streets caught the infection, and I was glad that the twilight had come early, with some fog and mist that screened the driver from the scrutiny of the lookers-on. Once on a fair way for the experiment, I let the leaping and tearing creature have a free rein and run till the fire was spent; and a long, steep and rough hill completed the experiment—the horse was tamed.

Pursuing our way swiftly, but without the intense anxiety of the first half hour, I, of course, became interested to know something of my fair companion. There is nothing like a little bit of mutual danger to make strangers acquainted, and to give freedom to the tongue. There was something in the energy of all the speech and movements of my passenger that interested me in her, and I

discovered that she was one of the best specimens of New England enterprise. Of a family that could not furnish her the means of education she desired, her resolution was fixed to find her own path, and pursue it with unflinching faith in success. She was a tailoress, but she aimed for the profession of teaching; and she wanted to be a true teacher—one who has something to teach, and knows how to teach that something with a spirit that puts a value upon knowledge by the zeal with which it is imparted. She had found a little time for recreation, and it was seen that she dined with grace, and went through the "poetry of motion" in a way that seemed to indicate that she could teach others how to write it. She was invited to form a class in dancing in the town whither we were going, and had consented—had formed it, and was now on her way to continue it. This cost her one afternoon and evening of each week; and the rest of the days of labor were given to the swift flying needle, in a company of some dozen or twenty young women, where the stories of good and ill fortune were related to give zest to labor. For awhile she was to occupy her time till she had saved a little money, and then, as in times past, she was to go to one of the best of institutions for the instruction she desired, and whose name would help the scholar in the way of her profession. Here she would tarry as long as her means permitted, and then would go back again to her needle and other labors till the purse was replenished. This mingling of toil and study was finely contributive to health; and she was a beautiful specimen of wholesome beauty. She was interested in everything pertaining to schools and academies, books and teaching, and took hold of every subject with a keen intellectuality, that was equally removed from the stiff pedantry of "the blue," as from the gossiping nonsense of the simpering coquette.

The night had come on with thick darkness, but, fortunately for us, the heavens cleared a little of their gloom away, and we could see our way more plainly, when, as we were turning a short corner in that half circle journey of ten or twelve miles, the horse suddenly stopped and would not go. This was a decidedly new development of character; and thinking he might be frightened at something in or about the road, I got out and attempted to soothe the animal. His ears quivered in my hand, but after a while, he seemed disposed to be quiet, and I attempted to spring into the carriage, but just then he sprang and knocked me into the road. Fearing he might take to waltzing and entangle me in the wheels, I rolled over and down a small bank at the road side, but in a second had him by the bits in a way he understood. Seeing a small house in the distance, my companion in tribulation proposed to run thither and get some man to come to our aid, and to hold the horse while I might safely enter the carriage.

"You'll be afraid," said I, "over there in the field."

"O, no!" she replied, "I know where we are, and I know some of the folks in the family there."

But, fearful that the horse might feel inclined to go ere she could return, and having lost much precious time, I did not consent, but soothed the horse and walked by his side to and fro, till he caught the movement onward, and springing in, I once more was seated in our rickety vehicle, shaking on our way.

How he did go! The speedier the better—whirling round the short corners, that seemed unnecessarily to multiply, with the grace of a true curve. We entered the town, glad to see the pleasant lights in the windows, and to behold the forms moving to and fro in the light of the blazing fires on the hearths. The young lady was in an excess of joy at reaching the end of terror, for she declared no language could describe the multitude of horrors she endured the second of time during which I was rolling down the bank. She thought I was killed, because I was "so still," and then she imagined she would be charged with murder—her busy mind going through all the ways in which her story would be controverted. To this was added, the speculation on what she should do to attempt to recover me, or to get help, when she found the dead man at the horse's head alive and strong. She now alighted, and we parted not to meet since; and I entered the gay and crowded hall a little distance farther on the way, to proceed quietly to deliver a lecture I intended to prepare on my way down the river in the steamboat—but that I did not tell the people. I found I had arrived with ten minutes grace; so that the horse did well in the matter of speed—though for some other of his performances, I had rather go to the circus when I desire to behold such antics.

After I returned, the next day, I found that steam had been raised in another way more rapidly than the engineer of the boat had ever succeeded in raising it, or even the crazy steed that made his nostrils escape steam-pipes with a meaning. In the morning early, the sister, who was met in the street, and to whom the roll of music had been furnished, had told to the needle companions in the shop, that some one had run away with her sister. She "saw her," she said, "in a buggy, leaning out in the greatest agony, waving, as a signal of distress, her handkerchief, while the gentleman was urging the horse to the top of his speed!" The horse and carriage was described, and was known; who had it for a case of necessity was also known; and now the question was, was his engagement that evening a mere pretension or not? There was little romance for a dozen young ladies in anything but the former supposition; and so till the young lady's return to her place and her needle, the lecturer and the dancing teacher were supposed to be gone "to parts unknown." It was a terrible disappointment to some, to find so tame an ending to what promised such romantic interest. But the only moral I could find with which to comfort them was, when making ambitious attempts in the drawing-room—don't flourish your music so that it will be taken for a flag of distress.

Wealth is that which sufficeth, not that which is superfluous.



CAYUGA LAKE, AND DISTANT VIEW OF AURORA, NEW YORK.

SCENES IN NEW YORK.

In previous articles, with the above title, we have given pen-and-pencil sketches of Portage, notable for mechanical and natural wonders; Owego, interesting for poetic associations; and Auburn, well known for public institutions. It remains to offer our readers a taste of the elysian beauty of the lake region of central New York—a beauty that is precious “for its own sweet sake,” and not indebted for its charm to any improvements, institutions, or associations. It is not destitute of these, but is sufficiently interesting for its purely picturesque attractions. Throughout the world there can be no district of country more winning in the softness of shore, water and woodland, and more enchanting in the wildness of ravine and cascade. To one who has passed his childhood and youth in sight of one of these small inland seas, who has watched its varying face in all aspects of season and sky, has wandered with the wandering curves of its shore, floated on its breast, and bathed in its loving waters,—a lake, like Cayuga, comes to be regarded with a lasting, romantic and almost brotherly or filial affection. The great stream of travel rushes over the foot of Cayuga Lake, on the long causeway (once a low bridge) of the Albany and Buffalo Railroad; and the tourist's impressions of this sheet of water are generally, perhaps, not of the most favorable sort. He sees an humble eating-saloon, a few unsightly canal boats, and a not very modern steamboat; he gazes at the famous turnpike bridge, a mile in length, and now tottering with age; he catches, possibly, a distant glimpse up the lake where the gentle hills, wooded capes and silver surface fade into the sky; and no more—the roaring train buries him away through field and forest to Auburn or to Geneva. But let him take passage on the steamboat, and he will find a new world of loveliness opening upon him at every turn of the splashing wheels. The fresh lake-air will inspire him with exhilarating oblivion of the dust, stifling atmosphere, and stunning

noise of the cars. Calmly and steadily he moves over the liquid mirror that reflects the opal clouds and blue heavens, and breaks into brilliants before the unfaltering prow that draws after it a widening series of waves, like a spangled fan, or folds of shining silk—spreading out in long, smooth undulations, until they mingle with the foam from the wheels, and the bubbles that boil, and seethe, and dance in the wake. Many are the hues of ripple and billow as they take a momentary tinge from sky, cloud, boat and shore, or reveal their own tinted transparency. The wild water-birds ride in the pathway of the steamer until it glides too near, when they suddenly flutter along in a bright track of spray, and, gaining their wings, skim away in the air. The gulls, trained to follow the boat and pick up the broken meats thrown to them, hover overhead in a greedy flock; they pause on balanced pin-

ions, long and white, or slowly flap them in a yet rapid flight, or stoop with a quick plunge to the surface, where they beat the water in struggling for some huge morsel, the victor laboriously bearing it upward and off. On the right hand and the left, the shores slant to the water's edge; they are attired in the bridal white of winter, the Quaker brown of early spring, the parrot green of May, the Napoleonic green and buff uniform of harvest, or the royal gold and purple of autumn. Six miles of such fairy-land boating, bring you to Springport, so named from salt-springs near the lake, too weak for “boiling down,” but plenteous enough to propel certain large mills, built of the limestone hereabouts obtained in great quantities. A very thriving village it is, with a large Quaker seminary, and several fine residences—one of them erected by a gentleman from New Bedford, Mass., at a cost of \$25,000. A quarter of a mile in front of the village, is the only island of the lake—a small circular plot of rocks and trees—the one jewel of Cayuga, “Fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky.”—Four miles further up the lake, is the so-called “model-farm of the State,” owned by a gentleman who is brother-in-law of N. P. Willis, nephew-in-law of Washington Irving, and adopted son of the New-Yorker whose name is associated with expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin. The house is covered with rose-vines, and the white-fenced farm slopes gracefully down to a grove that overhangs the water. The hamlet close by is Levanos, and two miles more, with precipitous cliffs, crowned with cedars, intervenes before the boat touches the dock—the bent arm, gallantly offered—of Aurora village. This village is the belle of Cayuga Lake, on a beautiful bay on which it lies, looking over four miles to the opposite shore, where the sun goes down, often doubling his setting splendors in the glassy waters. The paved streets, handsome houses, and wave-kissed gardens have a New England look—so well-to-do, tidy and tasteful in everything. The place was very early settled,



OLYMPIC FALLS, AT ITHACA, NEW YORK.

and now boasts much wealth and refinement, as several lordly colonnades and ornate cottages bear witness. Indeed, it is becoming a somewhat fashionable spot for urban opulence to retire to, or summer at. Here is "Wayn Bank"—the home of the courteous and accomplished "Sentinel" correspondent of the N. Y. Courier, and, near his sweet home, is the expensive villa of the well-known pioneer of our express companies. Aurora has a sectional reputation for regattas, the preparations for one of which are given in our engraving,—also for floral and horticultural fairs, under the superintendence of one of the residents who enjoys the presidency of the N. Y. State Medical Society. More than one hundred varieties of roses were contributed by one lady, on an occasion of this kind when we were present. As for drives and shore views, one of the most charming forms the foreground of our distant and partial view of the village, herewith presented. For the rest, we may borrow the words of one who sojourned in this village of the day-dawning goddess:

"And there are waterfalls and singing streams
Deep hidden in the hills, and sycamores
Along the pebbled beach, and sunset gleams
Far mirrored from the purple western
shores;
And white-winged boats, and many a moon-
light sail,
Regattas, rides, and festivals of Flora—
A thousand charms that could adorn a tale,
If laid among thy quiet scenes, Aurora."

Cayuga Lake is forty miles long, and from two to four miles wide. Alfred Street, in his exciting "metrical romance" of "Frontenac," has devoted several pages to the beauty of its scenery. We have now passed in fancy along twelve miles of the eastern shore. The remaining distance to the head of the lake, at Ithaca, is varied by rocky cliffs, fine farms, busy landings, and elm-shaded cupes that terminate in slender sand-bars which curve one way or the other, elastic as an elephant's trunk—according as the wind has been blowing. No more strange and delightful sight is there, it may be mentioned, than the shores during or after a heavy rain; from all the ribbed hills and tall battlements of rocks, countless snowy waterfalls start in being—some of them of great height or force. The grand cataract of this region, ceaseless except in mid-summer, is Taghcanic Falls, ten miles from Ithaca, and hidden a mile away from the lake. The statistics of it are thus accurately and jocularly recorded by a rhymer who evidently had not seen the stream in high water:

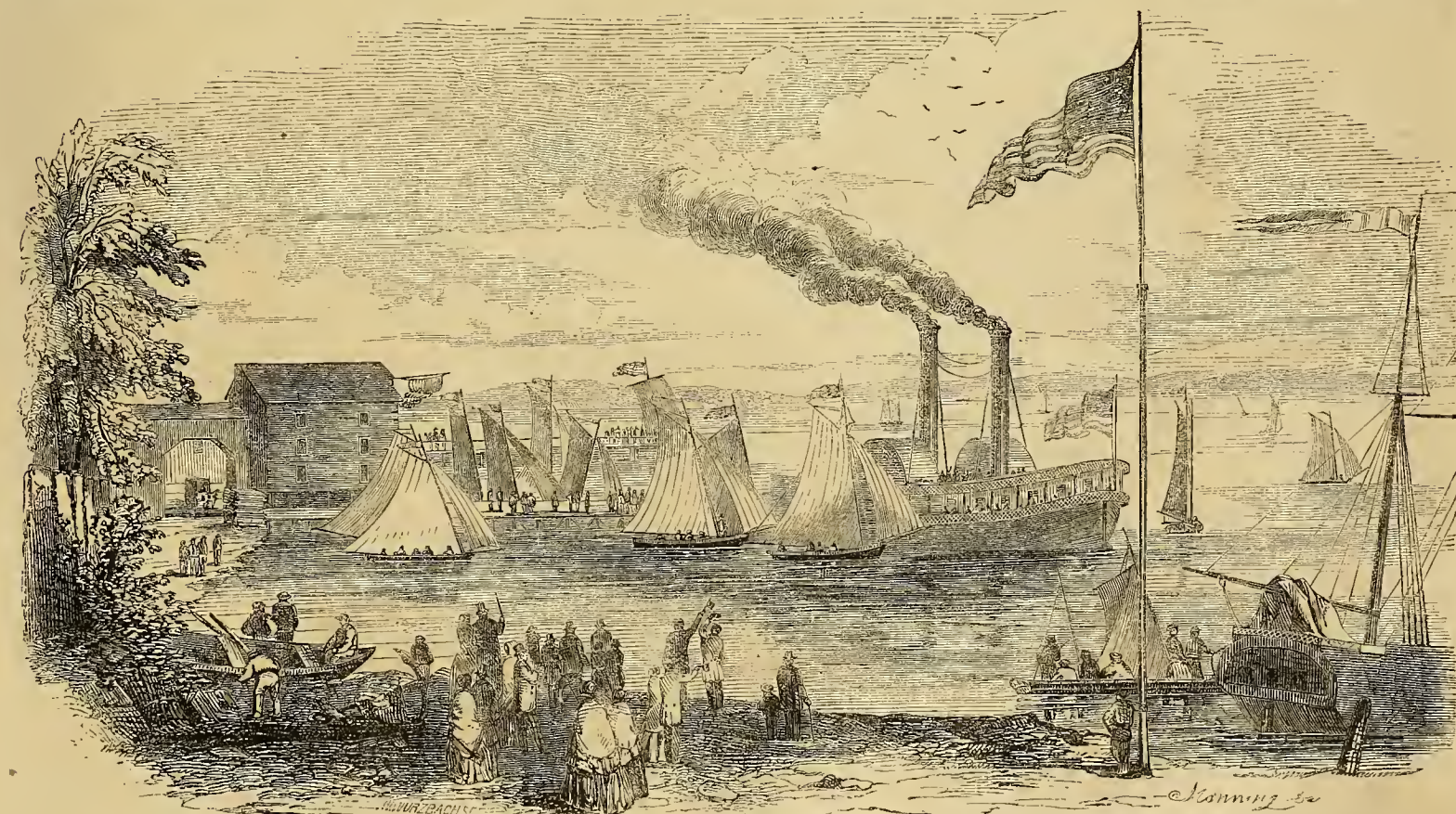
"It lies about (I like to be particular)
One mile from Lake Cayuga's western shore;
On either side the rocks rise perpendicular
Three hundred and thirty feet and something
more.
And all the stream diffused in drops orbicular,
Descends in wreaths and falling mists that
pour



TUNNEL AT OLYMPIC FALLS, ITHACA, NEW YORK.

Two hundred feet and ten, or nearly so,
Before they form again the stream below."

Ithaca is a place of six thousand inhabitants, noticeable for its level, tree-lunging streets, luxuriant shade trees, and the lofty hills that surround it on all sides but the north, where the lake lies. In a zigzag way, switching back and forth, the Cayuga and Susquehanna Railroad manages to ascend the south hill, and the ascent affords many fine views of the valley and lake. The glory of Ithaca is the waterfalls. Five deep ravines pierce the hills, every one with a succession of magnificent cascades. The one most visited is rendered in our picture of the Olympic Falls. These are one hundred and twenty-seven feet high, with a vast amphitheatre below to do the echoing in. Only half the height and width of the Falls can be seen in the engraving. The Tunnel, in the accompanying sketch, was built to supply water-power, and is two hundred feet long, from twelve to twenty in diameter, and cost two thousand dollars. The water, on the right hand of the sketch, is above the cataract, the straight line being the brink. Facing around from this point of view, the spectator sees a second noble cascade, with a reflection of it in the pond that supplies the tunnel. The name "Olympic"—at worst a better one than the common name of "Fall Creek"—was given by the late Solomon Southwick, Esq., of Albany—a venerable leader in lectures and newspapers in New York State. He wrote of this scenery in these words: "This prospect reminded me in some degree, of the Kaaterskill Fall, on the Catskill Mountain, only this terminates in a view of the lake waters, and the smiling scenery of the opposite side of the vale. The Kaaterskill Fall is remarkable for its height—its amphitheatrical form—and its awful sublimity and grandeur; and yet I hardly know to which to give the preference, as interesting portions of natural scenery." The scenery of Ithaca is little known to the travelling public; but Mr. Southwick and Mrs. Ellet have done something to set forth its attractions; and we trust these sketches will aid in directing the seekers of beauty, and induce them at appropriate seasons of the year to resort to this neighborhood. To the artist, this vicinity possesses more than usual interest, every look-out forming a scene for his pencil, and every locality abounding in picturesque blendings of wood and water. Steamers and the railroads (sad dampers upon romance!) are bringing thither the weary and business-worn citizens of less picturesque localities, and since access has become so easy by the means of these modern appliances, the places which we have illustrated are being daily rendered more and more familiar to the public generally.



REGATTA DAY, AT AURORA, NEW YORK.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE ALTAR OF PRAYER.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

When sudden reverses the bosom distress,
And fears of the future o'erwhelm and oppress;
When grief on existence throws doubt and dismay,
And hope, like a phantom, "flies swiftly away,"—

How fervent the heart strives the load to remove,
By asking for courage and strength from above;
Imploping of Him, whose dominion is space,
To grant us His blessing in rivers of grace.

O, lonely disconsolate, hast thou not felt,
In the depths of thy spirit, when'er thou hast knelt
Beside that pure altar, though reared amid care,
A joy beyond measure by offering up prayer?

In that holy season, there comes to the breast
A soothing of passion, of undisturbed rest,
As we to that altar in humbleness stray,
And "Lord be my helper!"—beseechingly pray.

The skeptic may scoff it, but cannot destroy,
'Tis shielded by virtue and based upon joy;
Where the weary and worn of this world may repair,
And find a protection from storms of despair.

When waves of adversity roll full and fast,
And foaming in fury, thy feelings o'ercrest,
Kneel thou at prayer's altar, and there will be given,
A peace to thy soul, as a foretaste of heaven.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TWELVE HUNDRED A YEAR: AND HOW THEY MANAGED TO LIVE ON IT.

BY ALICE D. NEAL.

"WELL, what is the order of the day, Eleanor? We must not lose this fine weather."

The brow of the young hostess was a little disturbed. She had not expected her friend quite so soon, and she had ordered a carriage on this particular Thursday to pay off her more fashion, she calls. It would really "put her out" very much to give up her plans, but she had not the courage to say so. She did not think it would be polite.

Mrs. Hale fancied something of the kind, in her quick discernment. "Do not let me make any difference in your intentions," she said. "You did not expect me until Saturday, and I know city people are always busy. I can amuse myself with a book, and my sewing, or I could find my way to Stewart's myself. Perhaps I had best shop this morning; and I never trouble my friends to wait upon my selections."

Mrs. Allen's face brightened. "I was going to Stewart's myself, and then to pay some visits I ought not to postpone, it is so near the time for every one to go to the country. If you could find your way home, Cousin Mary, I could leave you there."

"Cousin Mary" was one of those very desirable guests, a considerate woman. She never forgot that every person must need some hours in the day to themselves, or that even one new inmate might make a great deal of trouble by not conforming to regular hours and established usages. Never exacting undue attention, she felt that part of the entertainment of the family circle came to her share; and she had a most convenient way of not seeming to notice and never recurring to any of those little *contre temps* that will arise in the best regulated households.

"There's one visit I should like to pay informally, if you will give me the address. I could find it, I am sure. You used to visit Miss Bleeker—are the family in town, do you know?"

"I did visit her," and there was a marked emphasis on the little word, expressive of a great deal more that might be said, if the lady chose.

"And why not now? I never met a young lady that pleased me more; she had a bright, cheerful face, and seemed to be a person of a great deal of taste."

"She used to dress splendidly. Her brothers gave her everything, you know. I don't wonder they were provoked at her throwing herself away."

"O, I am disappointed," and Cousin Mary's expressive face looked really troubled. "So many fine girls ruin themselves by unhappy matches—but I thought she had most excellent judgment. She always seemed to shun the society of gay men."

"Yes—she's thrown herself away, everybody says; and, of course, I had to give her up. No wedding at all, and mine was such an elegant affair. I don't believe she had six wedding presents—and you know every bit of my silver was given me, and my French china, and Horner set, and three fancy chairs—only think of it!—besides a hundred other things. I called once or twice, but I never met her anywhere—she has a child, poor thing—and after a while our acquaintance died off. I suppose it was my fault, but they moved to Brooklyn, and we can't hunt up people there."

"But what is there against her husband? Is he dissipated, or ill-bred, or dishonest?—though that goes for nothing, now a-days, I believe." And Cousin Mary smiled, for she was thinking what a homely virtue integrity had become to city ears.

"Why, he's a bank teller!"

"Dreadful enormity!" And Mrs. Hale held up both hands, as if to break the shock. "Is that all that can be said against Margaret's choice? But I dare say you pity her very much."

The merchant's young wife certainly did. She fancied she had married for love herself; she was sure she liked Mr. Allen better

than any one she had ever seen, and their positions and tastes were congenial. He was in excellent business, and could afford to give her a handsome home, well-furnished and in a fashionable neighborhood. As to living beyond Sixth Avenue, or above Twenty-Third Street, it had never crossed her mind—keeping house without three servants, a silver tea set and damask furniture was equally unthought of. She imagined herself to be a very excellent, careful wife; and so she was, as far as good order, and a watchful regard to the incomings and outgoings of the home were concerned; but with economy, she had but one association—vulgarity and meanness. She might as well attempt to live on nothing, as twelve hundred a year. And so Mrs. Bleeker had decidedly thrown herself away on a bank teller. It was very good reasoning for Eleanor Allen, but Mrs. Hale seemed to come to a less satisfactory conclusion, or at least to suspend it, until she could judge for herself. She wished more than once to pay the proposed visit, for she could not believe Miss Bleeker had acted rashly; and she was curious to see if her young friend had been repaid for foregoing the acquaintance of the circle in which she had always moved.

"It would not have answered for Eleanor, that's true," she thought, as she arranged her bonnet before the costly toilet glass, in the chamber assigned to her. Every article reflected there, was in the most perfect taste. The rosewood furniture was richly, but not too elaborately carved; the Brussels carpet of a small, delicate pattern, corresponding to the walls, and the satin lace hangings of the window in tint. The very halls and stairs had an air, as she passed through them to the half library, half-morning room, where they awaited the carriage. Mrs. Allen liked this room; there was a lace curtained glass door leading into the ample store-room, and the light closet beyond. To a certain degree, she had domestic tastes, and a woman's love for cut glass and china. It was pleasant to be so near her household treasures.

The Allens did not keep a carriage. Mr. Allen was a strict observer of the proprieties of business life, and did not think it looked well for a young merchant to seem extravagant. But his wife always had the same establishment from a neighboring livery, and a coachman with gloves and a cape. So she leaned back on the low, deep-cushioned seat, and crossed her hands as contentedly, as if Mrs. Smith, of the next block, did not have the same carriage from three until five. Mrs. Smith never shopped at Stewart's—there was that consolation.

Mrs. Allen was dressed, for making calls, in most unexceptionable style, that is, she had on "all her best things." Her French embroidery, handkerchief and all, did honor to her handsomest silk, and a dress bonnet from Mallherbis. Her very gaiters were scarcely less elegant than her gloves. Mrs. Hale could, in all sincerity, compliment her cousin on a tasteful and becoming toilet; and, as the carriage rolled smoothly over the Russ pavement, her self-complacent good nature increased at every square.

"That is young Lenox I just bowed to. Do n't you think he's very stylish?" Mr. Allen says, Miss Bleeker could have married him any day, two years ago; and, to my knowledge, Mr. Vance did propose, and he has been out of business these ten years, and is worth a hundred thousand."

"He must have age on his side, too," Mrs. Hale said, playfully. "Mr. Lenox I should call a boy. What is his business?"

"Nothing; the Lenoxes, you know, have not been in business these years. His father built that elegant house in Fourteenth Street I pointed out to you; and the boys are brought up to do nothing. Only think what she threw away!"

"Well, I don't know," was Cousin Mary's quiet answer. "It does not seem to me exactly respectable in this country for a man to be in no business. Young America is not noted for the cultivation of any of the finer tastes that keep a man out of reckless, extravagant dissipation. I think a husband without an occupation, would soon lose the zest for his wife's society which daily absence gives. How old did you say Mr. Vance was?"

"Mary is somewhere about twenty, and I believe one of the sons is older—O, forty-five or fifty, and very well preserved. I think he's as elegant a man as I know."

"Fifty, and a widower! He would not bring any great amount of freshness of feeling or sentiment to the home of a woman of twenty. Margaret Bleeker has thrown away two fortunes, that's clear; but not many other attractions. I wonder if poor people can be happy?"

Mrs. Hale said this so quietly, that Mrs. Allen could not make out whether she was in earnest or not. But the carriage had stopped at Stewart's, and it was not necessary to discover. From Stewart's, each lady pursued her own way—Mrs. Allen to leave large slips of pasteboard, bent at the corners, on people she did not care one penny for, and who scarcely took the trouble to read the name engraved in Italian characters; and Mrs. Hale found amusement in the motley crowd thronging the cabin of a Brooklyn ferry-boat.

There certainly must have been some strong inducement for Miss Bleeker to give up her elegant home with a married brother, to live in the retired street to which Mrs. Allen inquired her way. The houses were all small, though perfectly well built, and had a cheerful exterior, from the neatness with which they were kept. The door-plate, bearing the name she was in quest of—"Gregory"—was as bright as Mrs. Allen's new tea service; and at the summons of the bell, a tidy-looking servant ushered the visitor into a well-furnished parlor. There was no waiting until time and patience were exhausted for the mistress of the house to appear. She was seated at the farther window, near a round table, with a writing-desk and half finished letter lying before her; a cloud of white cambric was thrown across a chair near her, half concealing a pretty work-basket; and on the floor at her feet, a fine looking

child, possibly a year old, was amusing himself with the bright colors of the carpet. Miss Bleeker—or Mrs. Gregory, her new name—came forward without hesitation, or apology for her morning dress, though at first she did not recognize her visitor. She was tall, with what is called an elegant figure, and an open, expressive face. The close-fitting gingham dress, and black silk apron, did not seem unbecoming; and she would have been equally at home in Mrs. Allen's silks and embroideries.

"Mrs. Hale! O, this is very kind!" she said, warmly. "I knew my friends must wish to see me when they can make the journey to Brooklyn. I never blame those who don't come, however. I used to have the fashionable horror of ferry-boats myself. Let me take your bonnet—it is so warm this morning. Come into the back parlor; it is much cooler there."

"And this is your little one, I suppose?" said Mrs. Hale, not unwillingly removing her heavy bonnet, at the candid invitation. The child looked up with large, wondering eyes, and then returned the smile, with that slow, satisfied manner children so frequently have, as if making up their minds about a person.

"Yes, this is baby—little treasure, he is called half the time. Fred, darling, shall Mary take you, or will you be very quiet and good? I never suffer him to annoy strangers, Mrs. Hale, though, when I am alone, he is always with me. I do not believe in nurseries where there is only one child—do you?"

"But it's not fashionable to love one's children, now-a-days Margaret."

"I know it. I pity fashionable people."

Mrs. Gregory certainly seemed to be unaffectedly sorry for that large and unfortunate class of community.

"And they, in return, pity you," answered Mrs. Hale, going back to Mrs. Allen and her lamentations. "Now that I see no signs of it, I must tell you that it was only this morning I heard you had thrown yourself away."

Mrs. Gregory laughed merrily. "That was, Eleanor Allen, I'm sure. I've not seen her for more than a year. Well, I'm glad you don't agree with her. Sit here by the window, Mrs. Hale, there is such a pleasant breeze. I have curtains, you see, though not satin damask. I think even plain muslin looks more cheerful than buff Holland shades alone. I like this one large window, and always pass my mornings here. You won't mind my sewing, will you?"

Cousin Mary did not mind it at all. She thought it was a very pleasant picture—mother and child, sewing and all. The garden was larger than she had expected to find it, and beautifully kept; a grape-vine was trained against the wall—there was not room enough for an arbor—and there were several fruit trees. She said how rare it was to find such a nook of greenery between brick walls.

"I am glad you like it—the garden is our greatest luxury," and Mrs. Gregory put down her sewing, pointing out her favorite rose trees. "It refreshes me so—a 'joy forever,' and Frederick, Mr. Gregory, is as fond of gardening as I am. All our tastes are alike. That Madonna was the only expensive whim of his bachelor days; and between our own picture, baby and the garden, I have always something pleasant to look at. Let me give you a hunch—you will take something;" and with the sudden hospitable thought not waiting for denial, Mrs. Gregory went herself to prepare it. Mrs. Hale took an interested, not merely curious, survey of the room in which she was left alone, baby having departed with his mama. The Madonna, with her large, serious eyes, was the only expensive ornament of the room. The piano was plain and small, and there was only a lounge in place of the usually indispensable sofa. The light chairs, a book-case, the round table, the bright ingrain carpet, were so arranged as to give the cheerful look she had noticed on first entering; and vase of roses stood by the little desk, while the long muslin curtains floated in and out, with a soft, flickering shadow. A half opened volume was lying under the work—Miss Barrett's poems, open at the exquisite description of a sleeping child. Mrs. Hale's heart softened as it had not done for many a day. She could remember when the whole poetry of her life had been centred in the sweet charities of motherhood, as she read:

"Sleep on, baby on the floor,
Tired of all the playing;
Sleep with smile the sweeter for
That you dropped away in!
On your curls' full roundness, stand
Golden lights serenely;
One cheek pushed out by the hand
Folds the dimple inly.

Little head and little foot,
Heavy laid for pleasure;
Underneath the lids half-shut,
Slants the shining azure;
Open-souled in noonday sun,
So you lie and slumber;
Nothing evil having done,
Nothing can encumber."

"You are very thoughtful, I am sure," she said, as Mrs. Gregory returned, bearing a most inviting looking tray. Had she been the wife of a millionaire, the napkin could not have been more delicately white, and the simple china was graceful in shape. There was only thin cut bread and butter, it is true, with a sliced orange sprinkled with powdered sugar; but with the goblet of ice water, Mrs. Hale could not have enjoyed anything more this unusually warm June day.

Mrs. Gregory was pleased at the tribute to her simple fare; and Mrs. Hale could not forbear asking how it all came about, as she finished the orange.

"Do you remember the last time I saw you—two years ago last August—at Newport? I know you will forgive it, if I ask you how you ever made up your mind to change your bellehood and luxurious life for this."

"I feel you are really interested, Mrs. Hale; but if you only knew how much happier I have been here—how truly, truly happy

I am—you would not wonder. I saw at home at brother's, that wealth was not all in all. Julia was always occupied—brother always full of anxious plans, and away on business half the time. You may say they are almost strangers to each other in their own home. I wanted to be loved, and I knew Mr. Gregory was sincere, and so I encouraged him and he proposed."

"I wonder that he should have the courage to, knowing how you had been educated."

"That's what he says often. I tease him sometimes, by pretending I think he regrets it; but you know I always said what I meant. One day we had a long talk, or rather he and old Mr. Colson had, when I was sitting by, about young men marrying. Mr. Colson said it kept them out of mischief; Fred answered, very few could afford it. Mr. Colson said he began on five hundred a year; Fred laughed and said, twenty-five hundred a year was a pittance now, the way people lived. But it was a bitter laugh; and then I met his eyes, so loving, so hopeless, at the same time. I understood him from that moment, and it made me think. I knew so little of household matters; brother had always made me a liberal allowance, and I had to think a great deal before I made up my mind."

"Well, have you been as happy as a story-book ever since?" asked Mrs. Hale, who knew the wide difference between theory and practice.

"It was harder than I expected, and I won't pretend to deny it. At first, I did not feel it; we boarded in a very pleasant home, and, of course, my wardrobe was new and nice. We were very much in love, as the saying is, and I was desperately magnanimous, whenever Fred touched upon the sacrifices I had made for him. Then we began to find boarding very expensive, with baby and nurse, and I felt the coldness of some of my friends more than I cared to acknowledge. My dresses began to look out of date, and I could not renew them in the same style. Of course, if I could not dress, I could not visit; and the only thing in our married life that I don't like to dwell on is, how my fretting at that time must have teased poor Fred. When I began to see how pale and harassed he looked, it brought me to my senses; and I proposed housekeeping of my own accord, as we had to keep a servant at any rate. Then, such a time as we had house-hunting! You would be amused at how my ideas came down. From Irving Place—from the region of Fifth Avenue—even from St. Mark's Place down, down to the ferry, and then across to Brooklyn, which I had always detested. But we got this house for one half the most inconvenient location in town, and the garden was its great attraction. We were offered one in Pierpont Street, much more stylish-looking, at the same rent, but there was only about six feet of brick pavement in the rear. I'm glad you think it pleasant."

"It certainly is, my dear child," and at that moment Mrs. Hale could almost have taken the young wife to her motherly arms and kissed her—she seemed so loving, so wife-like and hopeful. "But how did you succeed housekeeping?"

"O, dear, you ought to have Fred to describe my mishaps! But I have an excellent woman now, who has taught me a great deal of domestic economy, and Fred isn't afraid to invite a friend home to dine now and then. Even brother declares everything tastes well here, though he has a French cook, at eighteen dollars a month, and I pay Judith but eight for doing everything. I take all the care of baby; I set out to do all my own sewing, but I found that was not wise. I fagged over it, and it made me cross and fretful when Fred came home, tired out with his day's work. So I found I could do without a dress bonnet, and a new silk this spring, and that pays my seamstress for several weeks."

Cousin Mary quite agreed with Mrs. Gregory about the economy of hiring plain sewing. She had seen too many women lose their health and spirits, by confining themselves to their needles, instead of moving about in light, household tasks, and spending the money thus saved in dress. It is too common a fault with young American housekeepers; the more so, that they regard it in the light of a virtue.

"I sew for baby still, you see, that is such a great pleasure," ran on Mrs. Gregory, her needle flying through the cambric, "but I never have anything about when Fred comes. After four, our dinner hour, we devote to each other; we read and study a little, walk, ride sometimes and garden. All this pleasure out of twelve hundred a year; for his salary has been increased, and we are beginning to save something now."

Mrs. Hale's question, "I wonder if poor people can be happy," was solved to her entire satisfaction. The Gregories were "poor people," in Mrs. Allen's eyes, and much to be pitied. Mrs. Hale returned to her cousin's elegant house, and sat down to the stylishly-laid table, to be helped by the stylish waiter, and to hear her part in a dull and measured discourse, of the weather, business, early vegetables and French *entrees*—wondering if Mrs. Allen, in her monotonous routine of dressing, visiting and shopping, did not demand the most sympathy. The more especially, when Mr. Allen went to sleep behind the evening paper, and his wife, with her unoccupied mind and heart, yawned over some crochet work until bedtime. But she did not think it would be kind to draw too vivid a contrast.

CHAUCER AND SHAKESPEARE.

I take unceasing delight in Chaucer. His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age. How exquisitely tender he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping! The sympathy of the poet with the subjects of his poetry is particularly remarkable in Shakespeare and Chaucer; but what the first effects by a strong act of imagination and mental metamorphosis, the last does without any effort, merely by the inborn kindly joyousness of his nature. How well we seem to know Chaucer! How absolutely nothing do we know of Shakespeare!—*Coleridge*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MARY.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

How soft the sound, and musical;
There's not another name
So linked with thoughts of sweetness all,
Or so allied to fame.

There's not another name so blest,
So oft recalled in song,
Remembered in the poet's breast
So tenderly and long.

Methinks no bard has ever sung,
By Mary uninspired;
O'er Byron's wondrous harp she sang,
And Burns with ardor fired.

A childish love for her we knew,
Ere romance had grown cool;
She had the sweetest eyes of blue
In all the village school.

And now her name, with no regrets,
Calls up a thousand joys;
The May-days and the violets
Of school-time girls and boys.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE FAITHFUL CLERK.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

You cannot stop the course of Cupid's arrows; they will hit where least expected, and leave a mark that no patent medicine can cure. Mr. Boswell went to the great city, full forty years ago, as a poor boy; but he worked his way up by "clerking it," until he went into business for himself. He then hired poor young men, like his former self, and among the rest took Sam Ofling as a boy to do messages and run of errands. In particular, Sam was always despatched with small notes to his master's house, and while he was sitting in the entry waiting for "ma'am" to return an answer—for she was a terrible slow penman—little Nancy, the rich man's daughter, made his acquaintance. Sam was a bright boy, rather precocious, had an entertaining way to amuse the little girl, so that by-and-by she used to inquire of her father "if he were not coming of some errand again soon?" And there never was any long suspension in his calls, for it either rained and his master wanted an umbrella, or a friend was invited to dinner, or he had heard something of importance to communicate, so Sam was despatched with the message. And then he was a great favorite with the old lady—for he was very exact and truthful—two excellent traits in any messenger.

For years this sort of transmitted intelligence was conveyed by Sam. He was no longer the little boy, but a tall, graceful youth, and little Nancy was some way in her teens. Now, he used to be invited by the daughter into the sitting-room; he was no longer called "Sam," but *Samuel*. Miss Nancy and he discoursed of concerts and theatrical exhibitions, and once in a while Samuel attended the same church, and used to peep over to his master's pew and catch a glimpse of Nancy's black, lustrous eyes. "But what if she did return the glance," thought he, "I am the son of a poor widow, and only a clerk; it is all nonsense to think of being a favorite, only as I am faithful in the old man's service." But somehow Nancy did show winning ways. She half invited him to come and take a seat in the pew—or rather, she said, "we have always room enough,"—and when she gave her birthday party she insisted upon Samuel's being invited. The old lady thought at first it would never do, but Nancy pleaded so hard, at last she told her father in consideration of his faithfulness he ought to be invited, and none of the company would recognize him, yet she should delight to introduce him as *Mr. Ofling*!

She did so, and many inquiries were made by sundry young belles to know "who was that handsome young man?" All this flattered Nancy's vanity, and increased her affection. She now had low conversation when he came of errands, and once her mother detected her in writing a note to him. She reproved her for her temerity, which seemed not a whit to abate her attachment. Finally her mother thought of sending her from home to abate the silly girl's love, and being obliged to tell the secret to the father, he protested she should be sent to a convent rather than disgrace herself in this way.

But Samuel was so well versed in his mercantile affairs; he knew so much better than himself the characters of his customers, and had such a ready tact at detecting any evasive artifice, that he saved him thousands annually; and this fact was not to be overlooked by dismissing him from service. But the affair with Miss Nancy was not to be passed over without a reproof. Boswell had always been on the most intimate terms with his clerk, and how he could so reprimand him as to accomplish his purpose and destroy his attachment for his daughter, was to him a puzzling enigma. He was mistaken, however, in one of his conclusions, which was, that no father ever had so difficult a matter to adjust before. After a sleepless night, Mr. Boswell called his clerk into his presence. At that very moment he was reading a note which ran on this wise:

"My parents may banish me to some foreign shore, or they may immerse me in the walls of a convent; yet I will surmount all barriers and eventually be yours. They may cramp my movements, but they shall never destroy the affection nor the love in my heart towards the 'despised clerk.' N."

"Ofling," said Mr. Boswell, "is there any business on hand requiring immediate attention?"

"None, sir," replied the young man, "save a few unanswered letters to some cotton dealers;" and he twirled the loving note in his hand as if one of them.

"Samuel," said Mr. B., with a loud hem; "Sam, I hear there is an attachment existing between you and my daughter. Report yourself like a man—is it so?"

"It is, sir," replied Samuel, manfully; "but allow me to say, sir, I will never marry her without your consent."

"Keep her affections and not marry,—hey, boy,—do I understand you?"

"The affections are her own, sir. I will use no improper means to retain them, Mr. Boswell—but perhaps you are too late in pushing these inquiries."

"Ofling!—you scapegrace!" replied Boswell, half indignant, and half playful, "you always will have the last word."

He then changed his tone, and inquired about the liabilities of Pettengill & Co.

Mr. Boswell, evidently, was a relieved man. He had done his duty in reprimanding the young man, and he could inform his wife of it, and let her proceed as she thought proper.

Nancy, in the meantime, showed no reluctance to be driven whithersoever they might send her, and the convent in a Southern State was selected. Her outfit was now rapidly purchased and made ready, and the day arrived for her departure. Samuel manifested no outward signs of regret, and the great object seemed to unobservant eyes to be accomplished.

Nancy, upon her arrival, wrote back concerning the delightful home she had entered. She seemed docile and obedient,—loved her parents more than ever, and begged to assure them that they need have no anxiety on her behalf. She stayed a year with the Lady Superior, really improving in all the graces and charms of feminine loveliness, when her father was suddenly taken ill, and she was summoned at his bedside.

The interview was a long and private one—but Mr. Ofling, the clerk, was likewise found by his bedside the same afternoon. "Samuel," said Mr. Boswell, "I am about to leave this world. At such a time everything but one's character seems of little worth. You have been all in all to me in my business transactions. Do you love my daughter, still?" said he, pressing his hand.

"Our affections are unchanged?" remarked Samuel.

"Then," said Mr. Boswell, "she is yours. Call her."

"Nancy, you have my dying approbation to marry this young man, and remember it is in consequence of the discreet and implicit obedience you have both rendered us when we were opposed and indignant at the thought of your marriage. Here is my will; call your mother. Samuel read it, and see if it is satisfactory." He did so, and they were all moved to tears.

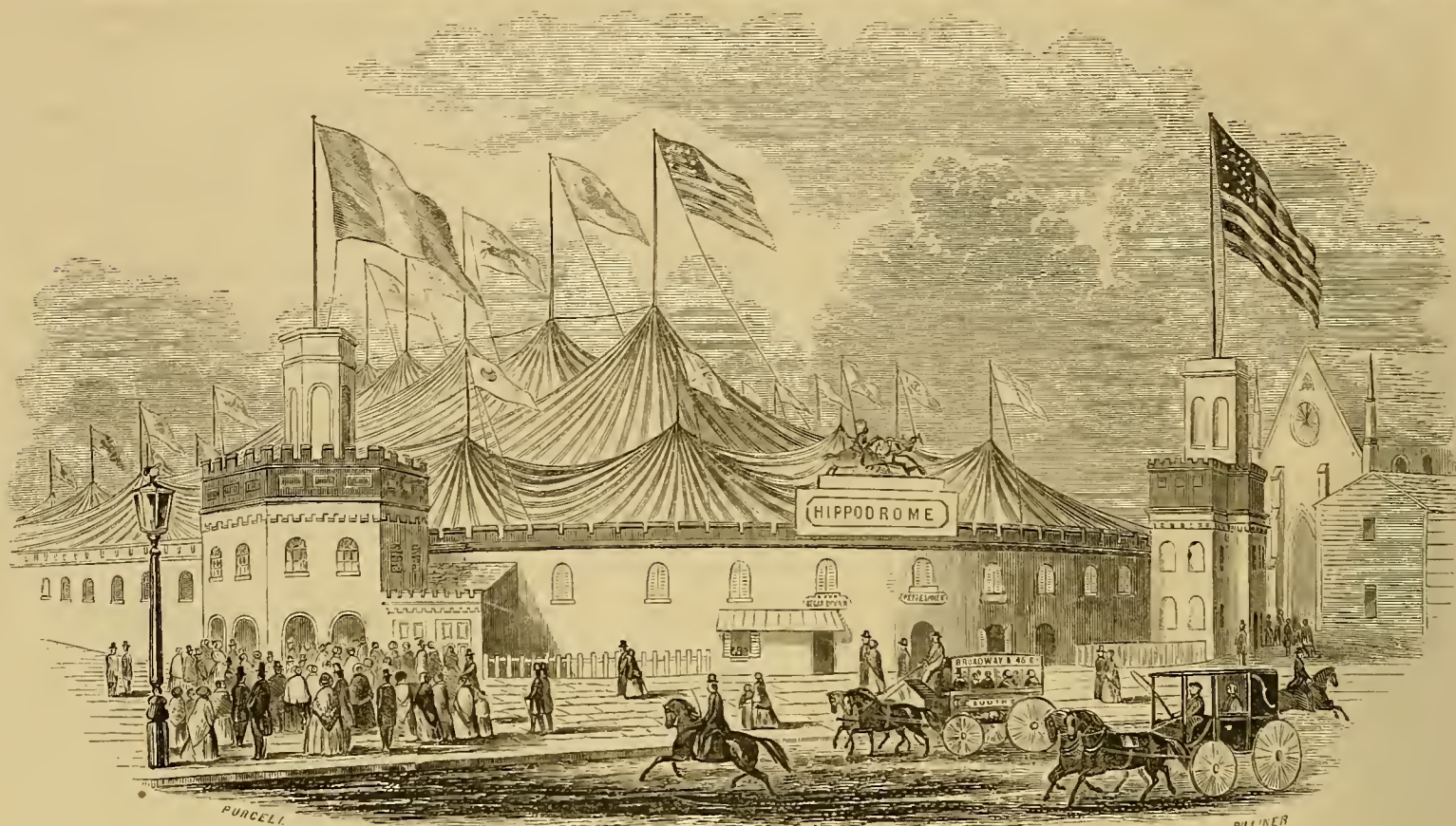
Samuel was appointed his executor—he was likewise his successor in business, with a cash capital of fifty thousand, deposited in his own name for his benefit, besides most ample provision for his widow and daughter. "And in consideration of the sterling integrity and a manifest desire to please," was inserted before the devise to Samuel Ofling.

The clerk now succeeded his master; the marriage soon followed, and the happy couple are still respected, affluent and beloved—an example to all aspiring young men, early restricted by poverty, to be faithful and devoted to their employers, being assured that this is not a solitary instance where a promotion ensues as the reward of undeviating rectitude.

THE POTOMAC THROUGH THE BLUE RIDGE.

The passage of the Potomac, through the Blue Ridge, is, perhaps, one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, seeking a passage also. In the moment of their junction, they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The first glance at this scene hurries our senses into the opinion, that this earth has been created in time; that the mountains were formed first; that the rivers began to flow afterwards; that, in this place particularly, they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that, continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rocks on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disruption and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing, which nature has given to the picture, is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. It is as placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous. For, the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach, and participate of the calm below. Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above its junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you, and within about twenty miles reach Fredericktown, and the fine country round that. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here, as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre.—*Jefferson*.

SHAKESPEARE.—In Shakespeare one sentence begets the next naturally; the meaning is all interwoven. He goes on kindling like a meteor through the dark atmosphere; yet, when the creation in its outline is once perfect, then he seems to rest from his labor, and to smile upon his work, and tell himself that it is very good. You see many scenes and parts of scenes which are simply Shakespeare's disporting himself in joyous triumph and vigorous fun after obtaining a great achievement of his highest genius.—*Table Talk*.



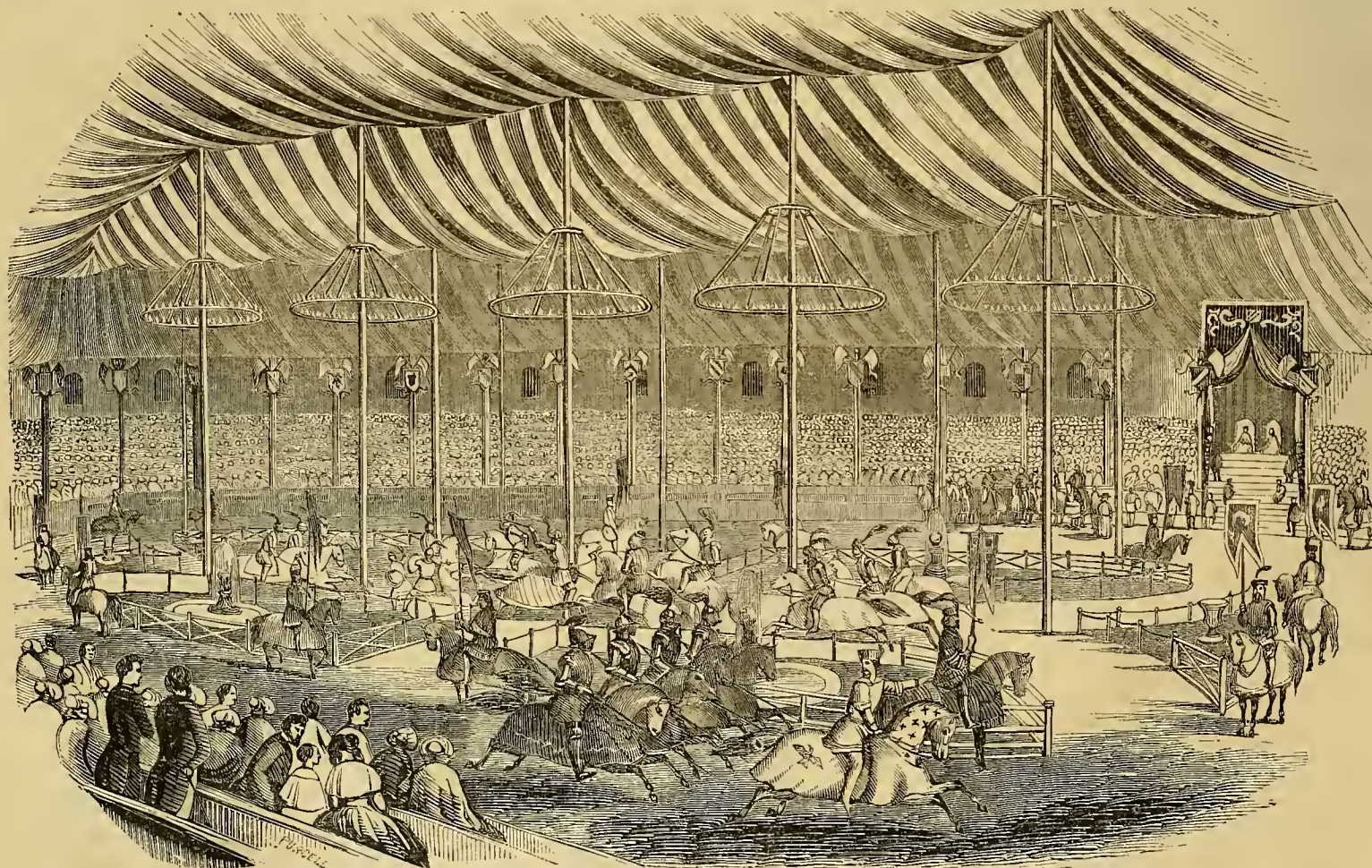
EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE HIPPODROME, ON MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE HIPPODROME.

The above cut conveys a true idea of the great Hippodrome buildings, on Madison Square, New York, covering an area of two acres of ground, with a front on Broadway of two hundred feet wide, extending backwards so as to occupy nearly the entire block, at once forming a grand and imposing feature. The *tout ensemble* is striking and peculiar. Turreted abutments decorated with classic carvings, and capped with grotesque ornaments, and the extended pyramid striped with green and white, that goes to form the covering of the arena, have a most unique contour. To use a familiar mannerism, the Hippodrome is most decidedly French. The fact is, it is a French idea—a regular Paris impor-

tation, but perfected by American enterprise. M. Franconi, a Parisian, "to the *manage-born*," is the manager and projector; but Monsieur Yacoe has supplied the material for the successful conduction of the concern. But if the exterior at once surprises, attracts, and elicits admiration, what must be the effect of the internal arrangements? We have seen them, but to describe them is a task of some difficulty. Classic lore, ancient history, Walter Scott's picture of the tournament, the songs of chivalry, are all competent to give an idea of what is to be seen at Franconi's Hippodrome. Our artist has furnished us with an illustration of the *Tournament*, in which a grand procession of over one hundred and fifty persons and one hundred horses forms a prominent attrac-

tion. Amid the blast of the clarion, two knights engage in conflict; one falls by the hand of the other; his horse is lanced, falls over dead, and is borne motionless upon a hurdle from the avenue! This one thing alone supercedes anything America has ever witnessed. The Steeple Chase, the Stag Hunt, the Olympian Games, lofty aerial flights, and other wonders, are all executed in a new style, and each act is calculated to sustain the reputation the Hippodrome has acquired. The enterprise, notwithstanding the immense outlay necessary to carry it out properly, has already richly returned the money that has been invested in it, and the interest manifested by the public seems not in the least to have abated; strangers from far and near are thronging to witness the exhibition.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE HIPPODROME, ON MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL
FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.
MATURIN M. HALLOU, EDITOR.

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 "The Career of an Artist," a tale, by FRANCIS A. DUMIVAUD.
 "The Mysterious Bell Ringing," a sketch, by REV. HENRY BACON.
 "The Undecided Man," a story, by DR. J. H. ROBINSON.
 "The Boy Child," a sketch, by REV. FRANK FOGGIE.
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 "The Birds are sweetly singing," lines, by W. L. SHOEMAKER.
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 "Would I were a Monk," lines, by H. O. WILEY.
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 "Stanzas," by MARY GRACE HALPIN.
 "Thoughts at Midnight," lines, by JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

BETTER THAN GOING TO CALIFORNIA.

The following is only one among many of the orders we receive from persons now engaged in selling the bound volumes of our Pictorial:

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., June 11, 1853.

F. GLEASON, ESQ.:

Respected Sir,—Send me fifty more of the Pictorials—fifteen of volume I, fifteen of volume II, and twenty of volume III. Send immediately on receipt of this, by express—enclosed is the money. I have been here only two days, and in that time have sold forty-seven out of the fifty volumes I took at your office the other day.

Very truly yours,

JAMES W. PHILLIPS.

By the above letter it will be seen that our bound volumes of the Pictorial are going off rapidly, and that those persons engaged in selling them make a good business for themselves, considering the low price we sell them to those who sell again. Now, as there is room for others who may wish to engage in the business, we shall be happy to inform them of the low price at which we let the agents have the volumes, or give them any other information they require, upon their either calling at our office or writing to us upon the subject by mail.

GRISI IN LONDON.

Speaking of the appearance of Grisi, this season, at the Opera House, London, the *Spectator* says: "Last year it was universally remarked that she had 'renewed her youth'; and from her re-appearance in *Norma*, on Thursday night, the same thing might be said again, still more emphatically. Of course, the matron of forty can never again be the beautiful girl who enchanted the world at nineteen; but in her grandest and most unrivalled impersonations—*Norma*, *Semiramide*, *Lucrezia Borgia*—she is all, and probably more than all, that she ever was. Her *Norma* of Thursday, was one of her greatest triumphs. Its announcement filled every stall, the pit, and most of the boxes; and the audience seemed to feel that they could not sufficiently express their admiration and delight." As Grisi is soon to be among us, we watch her career with more than ordinary interest.

SPLINTERS.

.... It is a somewhat notable fact, that in girls we love what they are; in young men what they promise to be!

.... Coleman & Stetson, of the Astor House, New York, we see by the papers, are to build a mammoth hotel "up town."

.... It is said that money is so plenty in California, that the streets are to be paved with donblons; but this is very doubtful.

.... Europe will be thrown into a fresh state of turmoil and trouble, if the anticipated death of Louis Napoleon occurs.

.... That famous bean, Mr. Wykoff, has at length conquered the prejudices of Miss Gamble, and they are to be married.

.... Charles Levi Woodbury has been appointed to, and has accepted, the mission at Bolivia; he will soon proceed thither.

.... Madame Pfeiffer, the noted, and remarkably fearless female traveller, was last heard from somewhere in Sumatra.

.... The Boston Light Dragoons, Col. I. H. Wright, commanding, is the best volunteer dragoon company in the Union.

.... Ik Marvel, the popular and very delightful author, has, we learn, been appointed United States consul to Venice.

.... A young English officer lately, on a wager, walked 56 miles in twelve hours, winning by only a few moments.

.... In the vicinity of Lynn, a few days since, a farmer had fifteen fowls killed by lightning. They died instantly.

.... Copper, silver and gold mines are said to be immensely abundant and prolific in Japan. All worked by government.

.... Mr. Ball, of this city, has lately completed a most striking full-length statue of Daniel Webster. It is a gem of art.

.... J. Fennimore Cooper's late residence, at Cooperstown, N. Y., has been sold, and is now fitted up as a hotel.

BORES IN SOCIETY.

Too many people look upon half the vicissitudes of life as excessive bores; and simply because, in their limited knowledge, they can see no essential use in a thing, which, for the moment, may cause them temporary annoyance, they unhesitatingly condemn it. But nothing is worthless; it is only ignorance as to its appropriate use that renders anything of little value. Countless wealth lies hidden in all the creations of God, and every green herb and root contains uncounted riches for the use of man. How true it is, that in the perfect circle of creation, nothing could be spared, for there is design in all things. Man, in his weakness, would crush the myriads of insects that people the air, or fatten on decayed substances. He can see no use in the thistle that springs up spontaneously to mock the indolence of the husbandman; he questions the wisdom of Divine Providence when the pestilence claimeth its victims, yet he knows not but it sweepeth away a mightier and unknown curse. It has been beautifully said that the foreknown station of a rush is as fixed as the station of a king; and doubtless the sailing of a cloud hath Providence for its pilot.

Of all the numerous bores with whom society is afflicted, none is more pestilential than the sour man—the fellow who is always dissatisfied, grumbling and discontented. He is not satisfied with being uncomfortable himself, but he seeks to spread a shade of discomfort all around him. If he would be content to confine his mutterings and murmurings to himself, and to maintain a strict seclusion, he might be pardoned and pitied; but when he thrusts his grievances upon society, he then becomes, as Dogberry eloquently observes, "most tolerable and not to be endured."

The sour man is always sour; the milk of human kindness in his breast is curdled—there is no sweetness in the acid principle of his composition; nature has given him a *quantum sufficit* of lemon-juice, but has forgotten the saccharine ingredient. He is sour from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same; in sunshine and moonlight, twilight and gaslight. When he wakes in the morning, he grumbles because it is time to get up; his coffee is always too hot or too cold; his toast and steak either overdone or underdone; he finds nothing satisfactory in the morning papers; he is always in the opposition, let whatever party be in government. When he goes out he invariably grumbles at the weather—if it is a little cool, he calls it Arctic weather; if it is mild, he compares it to the tropics; if it drizzles, he declares it rains pitchforks, and a gentle breeze is a hurricane.

Those who assume a mournful and sad air, though they differ somewhat from the sour man, are much after the same school, save that the weeping philosopher is generally mourning for himself. He will never set out upon a journey without first fortifying himself, by bringing to mind all the horrible steamboat accidents, and stage-coach tragedies, and dismal robberies, and murders of travellers that have occurred within the last half century. He will thus be prepared to "sup full of horrors on the road."

When the engine whistles on approaching a crossing, he will immediately feel certain of a coming collision, and will screw his body into all manner of impossible shapes to meet it; while the ordinary signal of the engineer's bell, on board the boat, will instantly suggest the explosion of the boiler, and the destruction of all the passengers. The porter who takes his carpet bag will bear the aspect of a highway robber; and the pretty waiting-maid at the hotel, as she hands him his sugar for the coffee, will be taken for a Lucrezia Borgia in disguise, serving him with allopathic doses of arsenic or corrosive sublimate!

The laughing philosopher is the very antipodes of both the specimens referred to. He enjoys everything as he goes along; he makes fun of every little mistake he encounters on life's pilgrimage; and a tumble in a stage-coach, or a slip from a rail, are regarded as a matter of course. His flow of spirits never slackens till the tide of life has ceased to ebb; hence he always appears ten years younger than he actually is. His hair never turns gray, or, at least, seems never to do so; his step never loses its elasticity; he trips through life as gaily and unconcerned as he walks through a quadrille, and succeeds not only in making himself, but every one around him, happy; and as the pursuit of happiness is the main object of life, his philosophy, beyond a doubt, is the only true one. "They pass best over the world," said Queen Elizabeth, "who trip over it quickly; for it is but a bog—if we stop, we sink!"

FINE ARTS.—The engravings to which the subscribers of the New York Art Union are entitled, are now ready for delivery at W. Y. Balch's establishment, No. 92 Tremont Street. In this connection, we may mention that Mr. Balch exhibits to his customers a rare and beautiful gallery of paintings, and those in search of artistic gems should call upon him.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—From every State in the Union cheering prospects of the growing crops reach us. In some of the Southern and Western States, drought has prevailed to an alarming extent until recently, when it was succeeded by copious and refreshing showers of rain.

QUITE A FALL.—It is rumored that the mother of the Rev. Elcazer William has commenced a suit for slander against all persons who have asserted that her Elcazer is the son of a king.

GENEROUS.—Madame Sontag has, it is said, distributed over six thousand dollars in private charities since her arrival in the United States.

TRUE.—The grace which makes every other grace amiable, is humility, with which true bravery is ever coupled.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. C. Battell Thompson, editor of the *Le Roy* (N. Y.) Gazette, to Mrs. Sarah H. Shannon.
 By Rev. Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Edward P. Clark to Miss Sarah E. Champlin.
 By Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. Warren French to Miss Emeline Seale.
 By Rev. Mr. Fox, Mr. Edward F. Duseher to Miss Elizabeth McNeil.
 By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Darling Welch to Miss Arvilla Downing.
 At Charlestown, by Rev. Dr. Childcott, David B. Weston to Lucy Hutchinson.
 At Andover, Mr. Emory E. Harwood, of Oxford, to Miss Lucy F. Clark.
 At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Foster, Mr. Francis Gorton, of Rochester, N. Y., to Miss Martha A., eldest daughter of Dea. Judah Crosby.
 At Holliston, Mr. Hiram Nichols to Lucy M. Thurston, both of Southboro'.
 At Milford, by Rev. Mr. Ballou, Mr. George K. Holland to Miss Marie, daughter of Mr. George Bates, of Mendon.
 At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Emory, Mr. Amos F. Rogers to Miss Miranda Deau.
 At Newburyport, Mr. Robert G. Sargent to Miss Eliza J. B. Woods.
 At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Mars, Francis K. Dickson to Miss Sarah A. Gant, both of Providence, R. I.
 At Westfield, Mr. Royal Waller, Cashier of Hampden Bank to Helen Laesing.
 At Charlestown, Mr. George W. Mayhew to Miss Lucia A. Bishop.
 At Middlefield, by Rev. Mr. Herriek, Mr. Wm. L. Church to Nancy A. Smith.
 At Alfred, Me., Rev. Wm. Wilcox, of Kennebunk, to Miss Annie Goodenow.
 At Hartland Vt., Mr. Geo. A. Eaton, of Boston to Miss Abbie C. Cottoe.
 At Fort Smith, Ark., Capt. F. Herriekson, U. S. A., to Lizide A. Griffith.

DEATHS

In this city, Miss Ann Ruggles, daughter of the late Col. Jesse Goodnow, of Cambridge; Grace G., wife of Mr. John Robinson; Rev. Nathl W. Williams 63; Mr. Ralph Smith, 63.
 At Chelsea, Mrs. Julia T., wife of Mr. William E. Stanwood 23.
 At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Franklin Sawyer, 63.
 At Somerville, Miss Constance, daughter of Nathl S. Price, of Newton, 23.
 At Medford, Capt. Andrew Blachard, Jr., 66.
 At Dedham, Mrs. Harriet, wife of Mr. James M. Chase.
 At Newburyport, Mrs. Margaret, wife of Mr. Joshua M. Hibbard, 23.
 At Shrewsbury, Mr. John B. Cummings 78.
 At Marlboro', Emma I., daughter of Mr. L. M. Badrow, 3 mos. 17 days.
 At Oakham, Miss Sarah Crawford, 24. Mr. Jesse Fitts, 61.
 At Hardswick, Miss Lucy Ann, only daughter of Mr. John Deao, 20.
 At Petersham, Mr. John Savage, 44.
 At Lempster, N. H., Dr. T. Abell, 74—editor of N. E. Farmer's Almanac 39 yrs.
 At Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. Eliza Hill, 71.
 At Portland, Me., Capt. James Alden, 78.
 At New Haven, Ct., A. H. Matthey for many years bookseller and publisher.
 At Washington, D. C., Mrs. Lydia, wife of Dea. It. P. Anderson, 66.
 At Georgetown, D. C., Mrs. Julia S., relict of late Com. C. V. Morgan, U.S.N.
 At Columbus, Ga., Mrs. Fanny B. Stoddard, of Milford, Mass., 23.
 At sea, on board ship Hartford, Mr. Daniel Clough, of Alexandria, N. H., 23.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A SONG TO EDITH.

BY ANNA M. HEFFERNAN.

O, come to the banks of the Amazon,
Loved one, come away with me;
And the fairest waters that ever ran,
Thy lovely eyes shall see
There's music in their murmuring,
Like the last notes of the swan;
And they'll hymn a song of tenderness,
On the banks of the Amazon.

There summer lives with her brightest smile,
In a home of tropic flowers;
And joy the steps of time beguiles,
Till the days seem winged hours.
There gentlest winds of heaven breathe,
The rose on thy cheek to fan;
And they'll woo thy lips with their balmy kiss,
On the banks of the Amazon.

O, brighter will glow its waters, love,
As they look on those eyes of thine;
And they'll steal a tone of thy sweet voice,
To make their song divine.
And the bright course of the summer, love,
Will still be as it began;
For endless sunshine with thee will reign,
On the banks of the Amazon.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF RICHELIEU.

BY EDWARD SUTTON SMITH.

SEE the Mediterranean, far distant, washing with its blue waters the sandy shores. Enter that city resembling Athens; and to find him who reigns there, follow that dark and irregular street: mount the steps of the old archiepiscopal palace, and enter the first and largest of its apartments.

It was a very long and high saloon, lighted by a series of lofty windows, of which the upper part only have retained the blue, yellow and red panes, that diffuse a mysterious light through the apartment. An immense round table occupied its entire breadth, near the great fireplace; around this table, covered with a colored cloth, and laden with papers and portfolios, were seated, bending over their pens, eight secretaries, busied in copying letters which were passed to them from a smaller table. Other men moved cautiously to and fro on the carpeted floor, arranging the completed papers in the shelves of a bookcase, partly filled with books bound in black.

Notwithstanding the number of persons assembled in the room, you might have heard a pin drop. The only interruption to the otherwise dead silence, was the sound of pens rapidly gliding over paper, and a shrill voice dictating, stopping every now and then to cough. This voice proceeded from a vast arm-chair, placed by the side of the fire, which was blazing, notwithstanding the heat of the season and of the country. It was one of those arm-chairs that you still see in old castles, and which seem made to read you to sleep in, whatever the book may be, so easy is every part of it: you are received into a circular cushion of down; if the head leans back, the cheeks sink into pillows covered with silk, and the seat juts out so far beyond the elbows, that you may believe the provident upholsterers of our forefathers arranged that the book should make no noise in falling so as to awaken the sleeper. But let us quit this digression, and proceed to the man who occupied the chair, and was very far from sleeping.

He had a broad forehead, bordered with very thin white hair, large, mild eyes, a wan, pale face, to which a small, pointed, white beard gave that air of subtlety observable in all the portraits of the age of Louis XIII. A mouth almost without lips, which Lavater deemed an indubitable sign of an evil mind, was framed, as it were, in a pair of slight, gray moustaches, and a royale, an ornament then in fashion, and which resembled a comma in its form. The old man wore a close, red cap, a large robe-de-chambre, and stockings of purple silk; he was no less a personage than Armand Duplessis, Cardinal de Richelieu.

Near him, round the small table of which we have spoken, were six youths of from fifteen to twenty; these were pages or domestics, according to the term then in use, which signified friends of the house. This custom was a remnant of feudal patronage, which then existed in France. The younger members of high families received wages from the great lords, and were devoted to their service in all things.

The pages we speak of, drew up letters from the outline previously given by the cardinal; and, after their master had thrown a glance over them, passed them to the secretaries, who made fair copies of them. The old duke, for his part, wrote on his knee private notes upon small slips of paper, that he inserted in all the packets before sealing them, which he always did with his own hand.

He had been writing for some minutes, when, in a mirror before him, he saw the youngest of his pages writing something on a sheet of paper much smaller than the official sheet; he hastily wrote a few words, and then slipped it under the large sheet, which, much against his inclination he had to fill; but, seated behind the cardinal, he hoped that the difficulty with which the latter turned round, would prevent him from seeing the little manoeuvre that he had performed with so much difficulty. Suddenly Richelieu said to him, drily:

"Come hither, Monsieur Albert."

These words came like a thunder-clap upon the poor boy, who

appeared about seventeen. He, however, rose at once, and stood before the minister, his arms hanging at his side, and his head down.

The other pages and the secretaries moved no more than soldiers when a comrade is struck down by a ball, so accustomed were they to this species of summons. The present one, however, was delivered in a more energetic tone than usual.

"What were you writing?"

"My lord—what your eminence dictated."

"How?"

"My lord—the letter to Don Juan de Cordova"

"No evasions, sir; you were doing something else."

"My lord," said the page, with tears in his eyes, "it was a letter to one of my consors."

"Let me see it."

The page trembled in every limb, and was obliged to lean against the chimney-piece, as he said in a scarcely audible voice:

"It is impossible."

"Monsieur le Viscomte Albert de Maurepas," said the minister, without showing the least emotion, "you are no longer in my service."

The page withdrew; he knew that there was no reply; so slipping the letter into his pocket, and opening the folding-doors just wide enough to admit of his exit, he glided out, like a bird escaped from his cage.

The minister went on writing his note upon his knee. The secretaries were redoubting their zeal and silence, when the two wings of the door suddenly thrown back showed, standing in the opening, a Capuchin, who bowing with his arms crossed over his breast, seemed waiting for alms or for an order to retire. He had a dark complexion, and was deeply pitted with the small pox; his eyes, mild, but somewhat squinting, were almost hidden by his bushy eyebrows, which met in the middle of his forehead; on his mouth played a crafty, mischievous and sinister smile; his beard was straight and red, and his costume that of the order of Saint Francis, in all its disgusting details, with sandals on his bare feet, that looked altogether unworthy to tread upon the carpet.

Such as he was, however, this personage seemed to create a great sensation throughout the room; for, without finishing the phrase, the line, or even the word commenced, every person rose, and went out by the door where he was still standing: some saluting him as they passed, others turning away their heads, and the young pages holding their fingers to their noses, but not till they were behind him, for they seemed to have a secret fear of him. When they had all passed out, he entered, making a profound reverence, because the door was still open; but as soon as he was shut, advancing unceremoniously, he seated himself near the cardinal, who, having recognized him by the general movement he had created, saluted him with a silent inclination of the head, regarding him fixedly, as if awaiting some intelligence, and yet unable to avoid knitting his brows, as if he beheld a spider, or some other equally disagreeable creature.

The cardinal had been unable to avoid this movement of displeasure, because he felt himself obliged, by the presence of his agent, to resume those profound and painful conversations, from which he had for some days been free, in a country whose pure air, favorable to him, had somewhat mitigated the pain of his malady; that malady had changed to a slow fever, but its intervals were long enough to enable him to forget, during its absence, that it must return. Giving, therefore, a little rest to his hitherto indefatigable mind, he had been awaiting, for the first time in his life, perhaps, without impatience, the return of the couriers he had sent in all directions. He had not expected the visit he now received, and the sight of one of those men whom, to use his own expression, he *steeped in crime*, rendered all his habitual disquietudes more present to him, without entirely dissipating the cloud of melancholy which just then obscured his thoughts.

The beginning of his conversation was overcast with the gloomy hue of his late reveries; but he soon issued from them, more animated than even when his powerful mind had re-entered the actual world.

His confidant, seeing that he was about to break the silence, did so in this abrupt fashion:

"Well, my lord, of what are you thinking?"

"Alas, Joseph, of what should we all think, but of our future happiness in a better life? For many days past I have been reflecting that human interests have too much diverted me from this great thought; and I repent me of having spent some moments of my leisure in profane works, despite the glory they have already gained me amongst our greatest wits, a glory which will extend into futurity."

Father Joseph, full of what he had to say, was at first surprised at this opening; but he knew his master too well to manifest his feelings; and knowing how to change the direction of his ideas, replied:

"Yes, their merit is very great, and France will see with regret, that these immortal works are not followed by others like them."

"Yes, my dear Joseph; but it is in vain that these tragedies are thought the finest that the present or any past age has produced; I reproach myself for them, and bear in mind that I am fifty-six years old, and that I have an incurable malady."

"Those are calculations which your enemies make as closely as your eminence," said the priest, who began to be annoyed with this conversation, and was eager to proceed to other matters.

The color mounted to the cardinal's face.

"I know it, I know it well," he said, "I know all their villany, and I am prepared for it. But what is there new?"

"According to our arrangement, my lord, we have removed the first maid of honor—as she was becoming dangerous; but her place is not supplied by the king—"

"Well!"

"The king has ideas which he never had before."

"Ha! and which proceed not from me! Very well," said the minister, with an angry sneer.

"Yes, your eminence, and her place has been vacant for six whole days! It is not prudent; pardon me for saying so."

"He has ideas—ideas!" repeated Richelieu, with a kind of terror; "and what are they?"

"He talks of recalling the queen mother," said the Capuchin, in a low voice; "of recalling her from Cologne."

"Marie de Medeis!" cried the cardinal, striking the arms of his chair with his two hands. "No, by Heaven, she shall not again set her foot upon the soil of France, from which I drove her, step by step! England has not dared to receive her; Holland fears her; and my kingdom to receive her! No, such an idea could not have originated with him alone. Recall my enemy—recall his mother—what treachery! he would not have dared to think of it."

Then, reflecting for a moment, he added, fixing a look full of fiery anger on Father Joseph:

"But, in what terms did he express this desire? Tell me his words."

"He said publicly, 'I feel that one of the first duties of a Christian is to be a good soo, and I will not resist the struggles of my conscience!'"

"Christian! conscience! these are not his own expressions; it is his confessor who is betraying me," cried the cardinal. "Perfidious Jesuit! I pardoned one of his intrigues; but I shall not pass over his secret counsels. I will have this rascal confessor dismissed, Joseph; he is an enemy to the state, I see it clearly. What a blunder! I have merited this. To leave that fox of a Jesuit with the king, without having given him my secret instructions! What neglect! Joseph, take a pen, and write what I shall dictate for the other confessor, to be chosen in his place."

Father Joseph sat down at the large table, ready to write, and the cardinal dictated to him those duties, which, shortly after, he dared to give to the king, who received them, respected them, and learned them by heart as the commandments of the church. They have come down to us, a painful monument of the humiliation a king may suffer, through intrigue and audacity.

"I. A prince should have a prime minister, and that minister three qualities: he should have no passion but for his prince. He should be able and faithful. He should be an ecclesiastic."

"II. A prince ought entirely to love his prime minister."

"III. Ought never to change his prime minister."

"IV. Ought to tell him all things."

"V. To give him free access to his person."

"VI. To give him sovereign authority over his people."

"VII. Great honors and large possessions."

"VIII. A prince has no treasure more precious than his prime minister."

"IX. A prince should not put faith in what people say against his prime minister, nor listen to any such slanders."

"X. A prince should reveal to his prime minister all that is said against him, even though he has been bound to keep it secret."

"XI. A prince should prefer not only the well being of the state, but also his prime minister, to all his relations."

Such were the commandments of the god of France. While he dictated his instructions, reading them from a small piece of paper, written with his own hand, a profound melancholy seemed to gain possession of him more and more at each successive word; and when he had finished, he fell back in his chair, his arms crossed, and his head sunk on his breast. Father Joseph, leaving his pen, arose, and was inquiring whether he were ill, when he heard the following mournful expressions issue from the depths of his chest.

"What endless disgust! What is my power? A miserable reflection of the royal power. I hold Europe in my hand, and I myself am suspended by a hair. What is a prime minister?"

His features were dreadfully contorted, and at the same moment he was seized with a long and violent fit of coughing, which ended in a slight expectoration of blood. He saw that Father Joseph was about to ring a gold bell that stood on the table; he stopped him, saying:

"'Tis nothing, Joseph. I often give—"

The blood gushed from his nose and mouth, and he fell back a dead man before he reached the floor. He had burst a blood vessel.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SONNET—TO THE WHIPPOORWILL

BY W. L. SHOENAKER.

Sad bird, that siestest when the woods are still,
And mute are all the songsters of the day,
Why pour'st thou forth thy melancholy lay,
Startling the silence, lonely whippoorwill?
Rests on thy heart the thought of former ill,
That thou shouldst thus continually pray
For punishment, like one who goes astray,
And stings of conscience loag his spirit fill?
I will not think it:—thou no wrong hast done;
Yet why dost thou avoid the pleasant light,
And hide in deep woods from the friendly sun,
Then give thy sorrows to the ear of night?
'Tis vain to ask:—from thy monastic bill
Still comes the unvarying plaint of "Whippoorwill!"

Hail! ye small, sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it, like grace and beauty which beget inclinations to love at first sight; 'tis ye who open the door and let the stranger in.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Mr. Pomeroy calls the Yankee "a well-developed interrogation point."—In St. Petersburg there is an old and excellent custom requiring every person taken up drunk, male or female, to sweep the streets the next day for a certain number of hours.—President Pierce and wife, it is said, will pass the summer months in Georgetown, with Secretary McClelland.—The Journal of Commerce justly remarks upon the rejection of the appropriation for a monument to Daniel Webster, by our House of Representatives, that "Webster has no need of a monument on his own account, but that the State needs it for the State's credit."—The insurrection at China was rapidly advancing, and the emperor had formally asked the assistance of the British government to quell it.—Some idea of the annual growth of Cincinnati may be formed from the fact that the increase in the basis of taxable property for 1853, in new structures alone, exceeds the sum of \$700,000.—Cherries without stones are now grown, by nicely splitting the young seedling-tree, carefully removing the entire pith, and hermetically closing the split again.—There are eight hundred and eighty-seven persons employed in and about the New York custom-house. Their average salary is about nine hundred dollars.—Wisconsin has given charters for fifteen thousand miles of railroads, that will require \$300,000,000 to construct.—The pope has ordered the Roman artist, Jacometti, to execute in marble a statue representing "Judas giving the kiss of treason to our Saviour," which is to be placed in an upper hall of the Vatican.—The re-establishment of the death penalty for political crimes has been agreed upon by the French Council of State.—Mr. Bennett, the editor of the New York Herald, is at Weisbaden, trying the effects of the baths upon the bronchitis, a complaint with which he is considerably troubled.—Conscience is decidedly the best friend we have; with it, we may bid defiance to man; without it, all the friends in the world can be of no use to us.—"A lady," says the N. Y. Tribune, "favors especially her clergyman, her physician, and her sea captain. And we are not quite sure that the sea captain is not the greatest pet of the three."—Two brothers have just been convicted at East Feliciana, La., for the murder of a third brother.—We cannot but applaud the recent action of an Ohio Agricultural Society, in offering premiums, to be awarded at the next fair, to the ladies who display the greatest skill in the art equestrian.—More than seventy sea-going steamships are now owned by New York companies.—It has just been discovered that a reputed female—a cutter of ladies' garments, in Maryland, was a man in disguise—one who had donned the petticoats for some unexplained reason, and passed for a female until after death.—Cincinnati has five hundred and fifty-eight gambling places of all kinds, including bagatelles, billiards, cards, rondo, etc.

CUBA AND THE CUBANS.

No person who pauses for a moment to consider the oppression endured by the natives of the island of Cuba will wonder at their eager desire to throw off the Spanish yoke, and to claim the protection of the stars and stripes. An evidence of the arbitrary government of Spain is seen most conspicuously in the matter of taxation. In 1836 the government revenues amounted to \$9,227,266.02, and in 1847 they had increased to \$12,808,713. The government constantly augments the taxes in the most arbitrary manner. It is said, fearing the resistance of the people, they always augment the troops with every increase of taxation. A writer, speaking of Cuba in 1847, states that "the people are taxed beyond any other known community—its half million of whites paying more than twelve millions annually, a trifling portion of which is expended on the island in other than means to keep them in subjection."

NEW VOLUME OF THE PICTORIAL
VOLUME V.

One more number of the Pictorial will close the present volume of the paper, when we shall commence, July 1st, VOLUME FIFTH of our illumined journal, greatly beautified and improved, with an entire new suit of type, and a superb array of elegant illustrations, and original articles from the best literary talent in the country. Cost what it may, the Pictorial shall be made to sustain the high reputation which it has earned, and shall merit the constant approval and unequalled patronage that it receives from all parts of the country. This will form a very proper time for the making up of new clubs, or for single persons to subscribe, being the commencement of the new volume; and for the terms of the paper, we refer the reader to the imprint in another column.

SADLY UNFORTUNATE.—It is stated that Mrs. Sayles, wife of Francis W. Sayles, of Boston, who was killed in the Norwalk slaughter, is now insane. She was with her husband when the accident occurred, and the shock she experienced has bereft her of reason. She is the daughter of Hon. B. F. Hallett.

LIBERAL.—Mr. J. W. Whorter, who for eight years held the office of ticket seller at Buffalo, for the Rochester and Buffalo Railway Company, having lost his eye-sight, has been presented by the directors of the company with the sum of \$2000.

"MAPLETON."—We have received from the publishers, Jenks, Hickling & Swan, a book bearing this title, and the quiet addition, "More Work for the Maine Law." A book with a moral.

RUMORED CESSION.—The people of Newfoundland have been startled by a rumor that Bell Isle is to be ceded to France.

Wayside Gatherings.

The French government has promised its support to the promoters of the ship canal at Darien.

The petrified body of a man has been dug out of a coal bank, at Morris, Illinois. His limbs were as hard as stone.

The hop crop of Derby, Vt., in 1852, namely, 63 1-2 tons, has been sold for \$21,568, an average of seventeen cents a pound.

Though the Ten Hour bill passed the Massachusetts House of Representatives, it failed in the Senate, and did not become a law.

A new singer, Fraulin Ney, has been received at Dresden with the greatest enthusiasm. Her voice and execution are very fine.

Atherton Carroll, of Lynn, a young man, was taken insane, and removed to Ipswich Insane Asylum; but Tuesday afternoon he succeeded in taking his life.

Thomas Johnson, convicted at New Orleans of robbing the mail on board the steamship Mexico, has been sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary.

The ensuing State Fair of New York is to be held at Saratoga Springs. The ground selected is on the farm of Madame Jumel, about one mile east of the village.

A new motor for propelling ships has been invented by Mr. L. R. Brusach, a Hungarian gentleman, of New York. Mr. B. has made application for a patent.

A daughter, six years of age, of Mr. Edw. Cutter, mill keeper, residing in Mill street, Charlestown, was accidentally drowned in the pond, near her father's house.

The recent heavy rains have started the drives in the rivers of Maine and New Hampshire, and there is now no fear that the saw-mills will be obliged to stop operating for want of materials.

A man recently passed a counterfeit gold dollar to a news boy, in Albany, who discovered the imposition, procured an officer, and had the man arrested, who turned out to be a noted counterfeiter.

A colporteur, in Ohio, says (to the honor of Christians on his field), "I have travelled nearly four years as a colporteur, and but one man ever made any charge for meals, horse feed, or lodging."

The Keokuk, Iowa, Despatch states that there has been an accession to its population in eight weeks of about 2500 people; the suburbs are occupied by tents, ranged in close order, over a mile square.

In Quebec, during the recent storm, lightning struck a house. Three persons were seated on a sofa, on the ground floor, one of whom, a young lady of twenty, named Villeneuve, was killed instantly; a second was paralyzed, and is reported dead; and the third is still suffering from the stroke.

During the heavy thunder storm, last week, ten persons who were engaged in fishing in the Delaware, below Lambertown, were all prostrated by the lightning. One of them had his knees badly hurt, but the others received no further injury than being stunned for several minutes.

The Congregational Church, at Lockport, was struck by lightning during divine service, on the afternoon of the 22d ult. Luther Crocker, one of the chorists, was instantly killed, and six others were severely injured. The shock is said to have been so terrible as for a short time to render every person in the building completely powerless.

Foreign Items.

Not less than 35,000 strangers visited Rome during the past winter and spring.

A jubilee meeting of the citizens of Lambeth had been held to encourage Kossuth.

Four hundred and forty-two Episcopal churches in Ireland have been recently repaired.

The Marquis de Valdegamas, the Spanish ambassador to France, died in Paris on Tuesday, 3d ult.

The season in England was very backward, the weather cold, and there was every prospect of a late harvest.

A cheap lodging house for the working-classes is to be erected under the guarantee of the French government.

The increasing emigration from England to the gold countries is having the effect of greatly raising the price of labor.

Silver mines and traces of auriferous quartz have been discovered on government lands near Kongsberg, Norway.

The police of Paris have commenced to arrest the idle children found about the streets, and hold their parents responsible for the fine imposed.

A dozen Jew and Greek merchants of Alexandria, Egypt, having speculated for a rise in the price of corn in England, have been ruined by the late decline.

Miss Hardwick, the daughter of a wholesale chemist, has distributed £22,000 amongst metropolitan charities. While living in a small cottage in Derbyshire, she did not spend £100 a year.

It is said that Professor Wilson (of Blackwood's Magazine) is past hope of recovery. His lower limbs are paralyzed; and, although his mind is still clear, he is but a wreck of his former self.

By an application for a summons made at the Lambeth Police Court, it became known that a blacksmith, named Turoer, lately purchased a wife, in the person of a Mrs. Huntley, for "a pot of beer and a threepenny pie!"

Honora, Bridget and Rachel Stackpole were hanged at Ennis, county Clare, 29th April, for the murder of their nephew, making the forty-sixth execution that has taken place at Ennis since the year 1830.

In reply to Lord Jocelyn, Lord John Russell stated that the Emperor of China had applied to Great Britain for assistance, but no orders had been given to interfere in any way, except for the protection of British property and subjects.

The number of castles of which there are existing remains is, in England, four hundred and sixty-one; Wales, one hundred and seven; Scotland, one hundred and fifty-five; Ireland, one hundred and twenty. Total, eight hundred and forty-three.

A Congress of Sovereigns is expected to take place in Vienna in the course of this month. The Kings of Prussia and Bavaria will certainly attend, and Otto of Greece, and Leopold of Belgium (or rather of the Belgians) will probably be present. The advent of the Emperor of Russia is doubtful.

About half a million of dollars has been subscribed towards a memorial of the late Duke of Wellington. The amount will be applied to the erection of a national monument in the shape of a school or college bearing his name, for the gratuitous, or nearly gratuitous, education of orphan children of officers in the army.

Sands of Gold.

.... Truth is a torch, but an immense torch; so we wink while passing it, for fear of its burning us.—Goethe.

.... That is but an empty purse which is full of other folks' money.

.... He that breaks his promise forfeits his faith, and so becomes an infidel unto him to whom he promised.

.... By the measure of a spirited mind, we find there are many original men; the common people do not discover the difference between men.—Pascal.

.... Every young man should remember that the world will always honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler, whose energies of body and mind are rusting for want of occupation, may look with scorn—it is praise; his contempt is honor.

.... The judicial blindness of pride is seen in this, that those are the proudest who have nothing to be proud of. Such pride is the manifestation of essential self-love—of that love of self which exists where self is most vile and unlovely.

.... Relaxation is a physical and moral necessity. Animals, even to the simplest and dumbest, have their games, their sports, their diversions. The toil worn artisan, stooping and straining over his daily task, which taxes eye and brain and limb, ought to have opportunity and means for an hour or two of relaxation after that task is concluded.—N. Y. Tribune.

.... No passion more base, nor one which seeks to hide itself more than jealousy. It is ashamed of itself; if it appears, it carries its stain and disgrace on the forehead. We do not wish to acknowledge it to ourselves, it is so ignominious; but hidden and ashamed in the character, it will be confused and disconcerted if it appeared, by which we are convinced of our bad minds and debased courage.—Bossuet.

.... When I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene and silent spaces, like eyes glistening with tears over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up by Time, and there remains no record of them any more. Yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and Pleiades, are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar!—Carlyle.

Joker's Budget.

Pistols and a mile were the weapons and distance chosen by an individual lately challenged to fight a duel.

"Wonderful things are done now-a-days," said Mr. Timmins; "the doctor has given Flack's boy a new lip from his cheek." "Ah," said his lady, "many's the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and no very painful operation either."

"Pa," said a little seven-year fellow, "I guess our man, Ralph, is a good Christian." "How so, my boy?" queried the parent. "Why, pa, I read in the Bible that the wicked shall not live out half his days—and Ralph says he has lived out ever since he was a little boy."—Cymon.

Mrs. Partington once invited an aged clergyman from the city to take tea with her. On opening the sugar-bowl, she discovered a deceased mouse in the premises. In the excitement of the moment, she seized a large lump of sugar and flung it behind the back-log, while she carefully deposited the mouse into the gentleman's cup. He discovered the mistake as soon as he began to stir the sugar.

M. de Talleyrand, having one day invited M. Denon, the celebrated traveller, to dine with him, told his wife to read the work of his guest, indicating its place in his library. Madame Talleyrand, unluckily, got hold, by mistake, of the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, which she ran over in great haste; and, at dinner, she began to question Denon about his shipwreck, his island, &c., and, finally, about his man Friday.

A fool, a barber, and a bald-headed man, travelled together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air, and to avert danger it was agreed to keep watch by turns. The lot first fell to the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he slept; he then woke him, and the fool raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed: "Here's a pretty mistake! Rascal, you have waked the bald-headed man instead of me."

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F. GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

MILITARY MONUMENT AT FRANKFORT, KY.

The engraving given on this page is an exact representation of the beautiful military monument erected at Frankfort, Kentucky, in accordance with an act of the Legislature, which was passed to that effect, on the 23d of February, 1848. It is a beautiful tribute from Kentucky, to the memory of her first settlers who perished during the Indian wars, and to the memory of her sons who sacrificed their lives for their country at the battle of New Orleans, and also in the more recent war with Mexico. This monument, looking down upon the little city beneath it, so imposing from its lofty situation, is an attraction that induces all who visit Frankfort to go up to the cemetery and linger for a while in its shade, reading its inscriptions, and the names of the illustrious dead that may be found upon it. The following are the inscriptions upon this monument, one of which can be found on either side: 1st. "Military monument erected by Kentucky, A. D., 1850." 2nd. "The principal battles and campaigns, in which her sons devoted their lives to their country, are too numerous to be inscribed on any column." 3d. "Kentucky has erected this column in gratitude equally to her officers and soldiers." 4th. "By order of the Legislature, the name of Col. J. J. Hardin, of the First Regiment Illinois Infantry, a native of Kentucky, who fell at the battle of Buena Vista, is inscribed hereon." The Goddess of Liberty, standing upon the pinnacle of the shaft, and smiling upon a free people beneath, elegantly adorns this beautiful structure. The best Italian marble is the material of which this monument is built. It is sixty-two feet in height; size of step, twenty feet square. It was designed and executed by Robert E. Lannitz, at a cost of more than twenty thousand dollars.

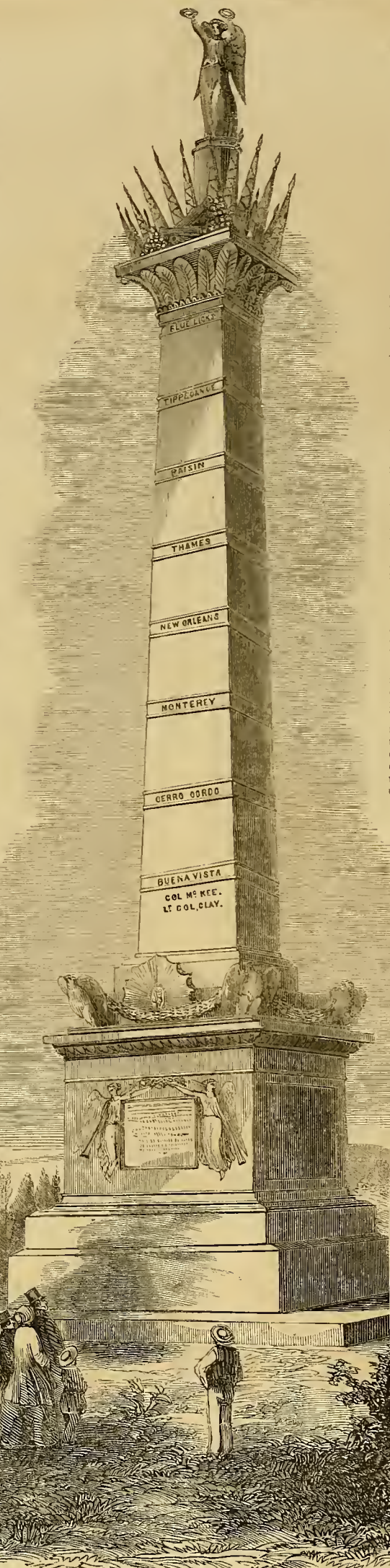
HUDSON HIGHLANDS.

The picturesque beauties of Hudson River have received the highest eulogiums of the foreign as well as the native artist, the poet, the journalist, and the traveller, as combining the grand and beautiful, and spreading before the eye a variety which awakens the admiration of all, and keeps alive a strong interest in the soul of the beholder. What journey can give greater promise of enjoyment than to pursue the route from New York harbor—not inferior to any—passing the island of Manhattan, and then the gigantic palisades, extending nearly twenty miles, and rising from one to five hundred feet—mighty barriers against the ocean; leaving the landing at Fort Lee, and passing Fort Washington on the east—memorable in the campaign of 1776—entering Tappan Bay, where Sir Henry Hudson imagined that his voyage must cease—thirty odd miles from New York—but from whence he pursued his explorations upward; on the east is Tarrytown, and on the west is Tappan village, the one remarkable as the place where Major Andre was taken, and the other as the place where he was executed; from thence, passing Sing Sing, one of the State's prisons, Caldwell's Landing is greeted opposite Peekskill village, and then turning with the course of the river, the Highlands are seen, stupendous in magnitude and hanging over you with a terrific greatness. Never shall we forget a passage through the Highlands on a night in September, when the "moon walked in full brightness." The atmosphere was remarkably clear; small objects in the distance could be distinctly seen, and the shadows of the overhanging highlands were of the most wild character, in contrast with the brilliancy of the scenery on the opposite shore. The heights appeared terrific—the sight ached in attempting to compass their loftiness, and the mighty boat in which we sailed dwindled into a tiny skiff. As though to throw cold water on our enthusiasm, we are reminded that among the chief objects of wonderment in the Highlands is "Saint Anthony's Nose!" The elevation which has received this very unpoetical name is eleven hundred and twenty-eight feet above the waters of the river, and is said to resemble the profile of a human face. Saint Anthony has the honor of having his name applied to many prominences which are supposed to resemble such profiles. The ruined forts—Montgomery and Clinton—lie on the opposite side of the river; passing these, West Point greets you—a place of deep interest. In the revolutionary struggle this point was held firmly, as the key to the western and northern waters; here Arnold's treason was begotten, and here the art of war is taught in the military school, which, though spoken of as "the pride of the nation," shows us far from being christianized.—*Ladies' Repository*.

MUSIC.

The children of Israel cultivated music in the earliest periods of their existence as a people. After the passage of the Red Sea, Moses, and his sister Miriam, the prophetess, assembled two choruses, one of men, and the other of women, with timbrels, who sang and danced. The facility with which the instruments were collected on the spot, and with which the choruses and dances were arranged and executed, necessarily implies a skill in these exercises, which must have been acquired long before, probably from the Egyptians. We have abundant evidence in Holy Writ, of the high estimation in which music was held among the Hebrews at a later period of their history. They also appear to have successfully applied it to the cure of diseases. The whole of David's power over the disorder of Saul may, without any miraculous intervention, be attributed to his skillful performance upon the harp. In 1st Samuel, c. 16, we read that Saul's servants said unto him, "Behold now, an evil spirit from God troubleth thee: Let our lord now command thy servants, which are before thee, to seek out a man who is a cunning player on an harp: and it shall come to pass, when the evil spirit from God is upon thee, that he shall play with his hand, and then shalt be well." Saul having assented to this proposal, the son of Jesse the Bethlehemite was sent for, and stood before him. "And it came to pass when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him." So great were the esteem and love for music among this people when David ascended the throne, that we find that he appointed 4000 Levites to praise the Lord with instruments (1 Chron. c. 23); and that the number of those that were *cunning* in song, was two hundred fourscore and eight (c. 25). Solomon is related by Josephus to have made 200,000 trumpets, and 40,000 instruments of music, to praise God with. In the second chapter of Ecclesiastes, music is mentioned by Solomon among the vanities and follies in which he found no profit, in terms which show how generally a cultivated taste was diffused among his subjects. "I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as that of musical instruments, and that of all sort." Many other passages of similar import might be quoted from the sacred writings, and among others, some from which it would appear that musiciaus marched in the van of the Jewish armies, and not unfrequently contributed to the victory by the animation of their strains; and that music was the universal language of joy and lamentation. There is, however, one portion of Holy Writ, which, from the highly interesting testimony it incidentally bears to the love of music which prevailed in Jerusalem, and the skill of her inhabitants, we cannot forbear to notice. We allude to the 137th Psalm, "By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Zion. As for our harps, we hanged them up upon the trees that are therein. For they that led us away captive required of us there a song and melody in our heaviness: Sing us one of the songs of Zion." From the facts here narrated, we may judge how great was the attachment of the Jewish people for the musical art; their beloved city sacked, their temple plundered and destroyed, their homes desolate, in the midst of danger and despair, deserted by their God, surrounded by infuriated enemies (Isaiah, xlii. 16), nevertheless their harps were not forgotten. From this beautiful and pathetic lamentation, it would also appear that the repute of Hebrew musicians was far extended. No sooner had they arrived in the land of their captivity, than the Chaldean conqueror required of them a song and melody in their heaviness, demanding one of the songs of Zion. The fame of the captives must have long preceded them, for, according to Dr. Burney, the art was then declining in Judea. Pierpont speaks of music as:

"One tie that winds with soft and sweet control,
Its silken fibres round the yielding soul,
Binds us to man, soothes passion's wildest strife,
And through the maze labyrinth of life
Supplies a faithful clue to lead the lone
And weary wanderer to his Father's throne.
That tie is music! how supreme her sway!
How lovely is the power that all obey!
Dumb matter trembles at her thrilling shock,
Her voice is echoed by the desert rock!
For her the asp withouts the sting of death
And bares his lungs but to inhale her breath;
The lonely lion leaves his lonely lair,
And crouches glistening while she treads the air;
And man, by wilder impulse driven to ill,
Is trained and led by this enchantress still.
Who ne'er hath felt her hand assuasive steal
Along his heart that heart can never fail!"



VIEW OF THE MILITARY MONUMENT AT FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM. { VOL. IV. No. 26.—WHOLE No. 104.
6 CTS. SINGLE.

WILLIAM PENN.

A distinguished American observed to us, not long ago, that "of all lawgivers there are none whose names shine so brightly on the page of history as do those of George Washington and William Penn," both of whom he claimed for his country. The former was, indeed, truly a great man; perhaps of all patriots who ever lived, he is the one most "without spot or blemish"—pure, faithful, unselfish, devoted. Yet, all things considered, it may be that William Penn is entitled to even higher admiration. The one, nurtured in liberty, became its high priest; the other, cradled in luxury, lived to endure a long and fierce struggle with oppression. And yet amid sore temptations and seductive flatteries, he passed with the innate consciousness of genius, and a human desire of approbation, conquering not only others but himself, and finally doing justice to the "red men" of a new country, whom all his predecessors had sought to pillage and destroy. The sense of right must indeed have been of great strength in the nature of William Penn. In an age fertile of slander against every act of virtue, and of calumny as regarded all good men, the marvel is, how his reputation has descended to us so unscathed; living, as he did, with those who make us blush for England, and often in contact with the low-minded and the false, who were ever on the watch to do him wrong, still the evil imputed to him is little, if it be any, more than tradition; while his goodness is, to this day, as a beacon, casting its clear light from the waves of the Atlantic, and his name a watchword of honor, and a synonyme for probity and philanthropy. It's a joy and a comfort to turn over the pages of this great man's life; to view him as a statesman, acting upon Christian principles in direct opposition to the ordinary policy of the world; and it was to us a source of high enjoyment to reflect upon his eventful career, while spending, during the past



PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM PENN.

summer, some sunny days wandering amid scenes in Buckinghamshire—in places which bear his honored name. In Penn Wood there are trees yet in the vigor of green old age, beneath the shadow of which the peaceful lawgiver of Pennsylvania might have pondered on the true and rational liberty he would have so gladly died to establish. There is one spot—the most hallowed of them all—of which we shall presently write; a simple, quiet resting-place for those who had gone to sleep in peace. But, ere we pause at this shrine, we must recall the lawgiver, amid the billows of life, huffing the waves which, in the end, floated him into the haven of rest. The family of William Penn were of Buckinghamshire, and from them sprang the Penns of Penn's Lodge. From the Penns of Penn's Lodge our William Penn came in direct descent. His father was, by profession, one of England's rough bulwarks, braving "the battle and the breeze." Admiral Sir William Penn married Margaret, the daughter of John Jasper, of Rotterdam, and in due time the fair Dutch woman's son became the "proprietor" of Pennsylvania. William was born in the parish of St. Catherine's, Tower Hill, on the 14th day of October, 1644; doubtless his mother left her home at Wansted, in Essex, to be confined in London, although the neighborhood of the Tower could not have been a quiet retreat. The heat of the drum and the blast of the trumpet must have often disturbed the couch of the young mother. The fashionable world of those days knew nothing of the "west end," except from the salubrity of its fields and mulberry gardens; and the locality of Tower Hill was well adapted to suit the taste and calling of the admiral, who had there chosen his "town-house." In due time the mother and child returned to Wansted, and the Archbishop of York having, a little time previously, founded a grammar school at Chigwell, the embryo lawgiver was sent there at a very early age. [See page 408.]

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HILDEBRAND:

—OR—

THE BUCCANEER AND THE CARDINAL.

A SICILIAN STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXV.

THE UNWILLING BRIDE.

In the ducal palace of the Fontani was being enacted a scene of more than usual interest and importance. In the great hall were collected a party who had assembled to see a wedding. Yet there were no signs of revelry there—no tokens of joy or pleasure. The place was lighted by great lamps that hang down from the vaulted ceiling, and the heavy curtains of the windows were drawn. At the head of the hall, where a small altar had been raised, stood the cardinal and the duke. The former looked towering and triumphant—the latter appeared covering and dejected. Ludovico was about to do the deed upon which he had set his soul's highest desires, and Michael Fontani was about to see the last bold upon self-respect depart from him.

Upon the cardinal's right hand, and at a little distance off, stood an old man whose face condemned him at once as the wreck of a bad being. He wore the garb of a count. He was John de Villani. By his side stood his son Nicholas, the young marquis. They were both—the father and the son—trembling with excited expectations. The countenance of the young man was gleaming, though, with a sort of selfish exultation, he watched the movements of the cardinal with interest.

Benedic, Sopho, and Paroli, the three Carmelites, were there, and they seemed to have come as witnesses of the ceremony that was about to take place. There were armed men there, too—soldiers dressed in mail, and wearing their polished helmets. Ludovico had called them to stand by him in case of need; for, powerful as he was, he had a secret fear that he might not get through with his business without trouble.

Soon there came a shuffling of light feet in the corridor—the great doors at the foot of the hall were thrown open, and Donna Angela Fontani entered. She was leaning upon the arm of her faithful Lucia, and four other females followed on after them. The duke hurried across the hall, and took his niece's hand, and then led her towards the altar.

Even the iron-hearted cardinal started, when he saw the countenance of the maiden who was to be made a wife. It was so ashy pale—so rigid—so lifeless, and yet so stumped with sculptured pain, that he could not but feel a sudden pang; but that pang, after all, was more of wonder than of any other feeling. He wondered to see how the human features can image forth pain and suffering.

"Now, my lord duke," he said, as the maiden was led to the altar, "our ceremony may go on."

"All is ready," returned Fontani, in a husky voice.

The cardinal turned to John de Villani.

"Now, signor count, where is your son?"

"Here, my lord cardinal."

Nicholas de Villani came forward, and the maiden's hand was placed in his. Angela uttered a low cry, as she felt her hand thus imprisoned, and a shudder ran through her frame. For an instant the blood rushed to her face, but in a moment it was gone again, and her features were as hard and rigid as ever.

O, it must be torture most exquisite that can so freeze the tide of life. None can know, but those who have passed the ordeal, how keen, how crashing, how terrible is that process which can make almost senseless the tender heart while yet the body lives. Few can ever know it, for few can live through it.

The cardinal gazed a moment upon the young couple after their hands were joined, and then he bade them kneel.

Nicholas de Villani would have gone down upon his knees at once, but Angela hesitated. She cast her eyes about upon those who stood around, and at length they fastened upon her uncle. She spoke not, but then there was a world of imploring language in her painfully burning eyes. The duke could not stand that glance, and his eyes fell before it. The maiden knew that from him she had nothing to hope, and she knelt before the altar.

The cardinal opened his book and commenced the services. His voice trembled as he proceeded, but yet he hurried on. He asked the bridegroom the usual questions, and they were directly answered. Then he asked the same of the bride. She murmured a reply, so faint that few could hear it; and the next moment she was pronounced—a wife!

Lucia saw that her mistress was unable to rise, and she sprang to assist her. The duke came forward, but he had not the heart to offer his hand.

"Angela," he said, "I wish you joy."

The maiden looked up into his face.

"Do not speak to me," she said, in a husky, hollow tone.

"Wait until you attend my funeral, and then you may wish me joy in truth."

The cardinal was upon the point of stepping down from the place where he had stood, when there was a movement among the soldiers who stood by the door. He hesitated, and in a moment more he heard footsteps upon the pavement of the corridor. He started down from his place, but before he could speak, the door was flung wide open, and Hildebrand rushed into the apartment. He was followed by Francis de Mora

"Angela! Angela!" cried the young man, rushing up the hall. "Where is she?"

At the sound of that voice, the new-made wife turned, and on the next moment Francis had caught her in his arms.

"Saved! saved!" he murmured.

The girl—the wife—gazed one instant into her lover's face, and then a wild, long shriek broke from her lips.

"Signor de Mora," said the young Marquis de Villani, "that is my wife! I will not trouble you to hold her longer."

Francis de Mora heard that word. His arms relaxed from their grasp, and as Angela sank upon de Villani's support, he tottered back. He saw the duke, and he sprang towards him and grasped him by the arm.

"Michael Fontani," he whispered, while his frame shook fearfully, "tell me the truth. Is she married?"

"Yes," fell convulsively from the duke's lips.

The young man's hands fell by his side, and a deep groan came up from his bosom. Angela did not faint, but she looked wildly about her. She seemed like one just awaking from some fearful dream, but she awoke to a reality still as fearful.

By this time the cardinal could command his speech. He sprang forward and shook his hand towards the soldiers.

"Seize upon these two men," he shouted. "Seize upon them and bear them off!"

"Hold, a moment, Ludovico," said Hildebrand. "You have no cause for my arrest."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the cardinal, in the fulness of his triumph. "No cause against the buccaneer—the renegade—the traitor! Seize him, soldiers!"

"Back!" cried the old man, drawing his sword and pointing it towards the soldiers, who were advancing upon him. "Another step, and you shall repent it. I am a noble of Palermo, and you I command."

The armed men shrank back. It was not fear of the drawn sword; but it was the majesty of the man who spoke to them.

"Destruction on your heads for cowards!" yelled the cardinal, while his whole frame shook with rage. "Seize him, I command you. Seize them both, and bear them away!"

"Not so, Ludovico," returned Hildebrand. "You cannot command me now. I bear the pardon of your king."

"The king is in Spain."

"I know he is; but he has sent my pardon to me through one who knows you well. I am again a noble in my native land, and more than your equal now in power. Did you never hear the name of Lorenzo de Mora?"

"Lorenzo de Mora!" uttered the cardinal, turning pale.

"Ay," returned Hildebrand. "You have had some strange dealings with him, at all events, though you knew him not at the time."

Ludovico wore a dagger beneath his robes. He knew that the old man could expose him, and quick as thought, he drew his weapon and sprang upon his intended victim. The latter had not expected this movement, nor was he prepared to resist it; but there was one who did see it, and who leaped forward in time. It was Francis de Mora. He seized the prelate's arm, and wrenched the dagger from him, and then he turned and placed his arms about the old man's neck.

"Father," he said, "this thing has not been wholly hidden from me. I suspected the truth when we were in the mountains, and I have often suspected it since; but I dared not speak it, lest it should prove false. O, bless God, I have a father; but—"

The young man's words failed him, and his gaze rested upon Angela.

"O, Michael Fontani," said the old noble, as he saw his son's sorrow, "how have ye kept the pledge given to your brother!"

"It has been kept well," cried the cardinal, arising from his fears. "You may return to your station, but you cannot undo what I have done; and as for your son, he is under condemnation now—a condemnation from which no power can save him."

"O!" groaned Michael Fontani, clasping his hands together. "My heart is aching! Would to God I had never seen a ducal coronet—never known the lust of ambition. O, Ludovico, you have led me to the purgatory of the soul's hottest torment!"

"Out upon thee, thou prating coward!" hissed the cardinal. "It is too late for thee to wring thy hands now. The work is done, and well done, too. All I sought has been accomplished. And as for you, Lorenzo de Mora," he continued, turning to him whom we have known only as the buccaneer, "if your pardon be a true one, you may come back to your home; but you had better beware of your tongue! I do not believe you will dare to set yourself against the Cardinal of Palermo. At least, 'twere very unsafe for you to do so."

"The future shall show you what I dare," promptly returned the old man. "And as for my noble son, here, you have yet got to answer for your deeds against him. And look, too, proud prelate, upon that fair girl whom you would ruin. How will you answer to her?"

A defiant smile curled about the cardinal's lips.

"She will look to her husband for redress, and not to you."

"O, merciful God!" shrieked Angela, springing from the grasp of Nicholas de Villani, and sinking upon her knees at the prelate's feet, "is there no salvation for me?"

"Your husband will care for you," said Ludovico.

At this moment the old Franciscan entered the hall. His feeble limbs had borne him less slowly than came his companions. He entered without noise, and those at the upper end of the hall did not notice him.

"O, call him not my husband!" cried the poor girl, wringing her hands in agony.

"But he is your husband, and no power on earth can—"

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.

THE cardinal had stopped in his speech, for he saw the Franciscan standing before him. That old man had thrown back his cowl, and his great, black eyes were fastened upon the guilty prelate with a look of fire.

"Ludovico," he said, "have you married our daughter?"

"Yes," gasped the cardinal.

"Arise, my child," said Father Hugh, lifting the girl to her feet.

"Was this thing done with your wish?"

"No, no, no!" uttered Angela. "O, no! They forced me!"

"They told me de Mora was dead! Can you—can you save me?"

"Get thee hence, thou meddling monk," broke from the cardinal's lips.

"Hold, one moment, my lord cardinal," calmly returned the Franciscan, still holding Angela by the hand. "Let me tell thee how I came here."

The prelate was spell bound by that voice—Angela arose to hope beneath it—Francis moved breathlessly up—the duke trembled with strange emotion, and even the marquis and the old count forgot the excitement that had just moved them.

"Years ago—'tis nearly forty now," said the old Franciscan, "I was a poor monk in Bologna. There I met a fair haired boy, whose parents had come to Italy to travel. He was left with me to study; I taught him, and he learned fast; I loved him because he was good, and kind, and noble. I loved him with my whole heart's affections. There was one thing I tried to eradicate from his bosom, and that was his hatred for the Spaniard. I may have smothered it for a while, but I could not quench the flame that was burning there. I could not blame him for his emotions, but I tried to show him they would be dangerous. My scholar was Lorenzo de Mora. At the age of fifteen, he returned to his native land. I heard no more of him for many years; but when I did hear of him he had been proscribed. Then I lost him again. I often heard of Hildebrand, but I knew not that he was my quondam pupil. When we met again, we were both of us somewhat charged. He had come to lay down his sword, and beg assistance from his old master and teacher. He was tired of his rough life—all his hopes of freedom for his country were gone, and he was anxious to be at peace with his enemy. Then, too, he told me some things concerning yourself, my lord cardinal, that startled me. I resolved to help him if I could, for the poor Father Hugh of other years had grown to favor with the king. Philip gave me the pardon I sought, and now I have come here to do the rest."

"Ay, but you cannot annul the marriage," said Nicholas de Villani. "You cannot break the bonds of the church."

"Poor boy!" returned the Franciscan. "Your situation is a melancholy one, and were you less the sinner, I could pity you."

"And can you save me?" fell tremblingly, breathlessly, from Angela's lips.

"Yes," my child.

The old man raised his hand to the maiden's head as he spoke, and then turning to those who stood around, he continued:

"Take witness, God, and you who stand about me, that I annul the union which has been so unrighteously made. Between Nicholas de Villani and Donna Angela Fontani there is no bond of marriage, for I tear it in sunder forever! Look up, my sweet daughter, for you are free!"

"Now, by heavens!" gasped the cardinal, throwing all his power into one last effort, "there is but one man on earth can do that thing!"

"And I am the man!" calmly returned the Franciscan. "I am Hugh Buoncompagno; but they call me Gregory, now."

"The Pope!" feebly pronounced Ludovico, as he let go the edge of the altar, and sank upon his knees.

A moment the people there stood and gazed upon that old man, and then, with one movement, they sank down and bowed their heads. They were in the presence of Gregory XIII.

"Up, up, my children," cried the pope, as he lifted Angela once more to his bosom. "Here, Francis de Mora, to you I give this charge."

He took the fair hand of the maiden as he spoke, and passed it to the young man's keeping.

"Stop," he uttered, as the couple were about to sink down a second time. "Not now, not now. You shall go upon your knees ere long. Stand away, for I have more to do with the cardinal yet."

Ludovico had arisen to his feet, and he stood by the altar, with one hand upon it to support him. It was fearful to look upon him. One who knew not his heart would have pitied him.

"Where is John de Villani?" asked Gregory.

"Here," replied the old count, coming forward and sinking upon his knees.

"Get up and answer me. Now," continued the pope, "whose son is that?"

The old man pointed towards Nicholas de Villani, as he spoke. "Answer me, John de Villani."

"He is Ludovico's son," tremblingly returned the old count.

"It's a lie!" gasped the cardinal.

"It is not a lie," strongly returned the pope. "No, no, Ludovico. I have heard from a poor woman who died within the walls of Saint Mary's Convent—a woman whom you secretly married in disguise. You would have left the holy orders then, but you hoped to be cardinal; and for ambition you sacrificed the wife. The child you hired de Villani to own and keep. Ah, Ludovico, there are few men more sin-laden than yourself. You have broken your holy vows on every hand—you have abused your authority in every possible way, and now I am about to punish you. Your scarlet hat is yours no longer; your vows are no longer binding;

and from this time forth you are dragged from the order you have disgraced, and upon the world I cast you, there to meet the scorn of men, and gain salvation through repentance if you can.

"Nicholas de Villani, you are not all to blame for what you have done; yet you will need to pray some ere you can be what you ought to be. You may retain the name you now bear, if you choose; at least, I will not scourge you with your father's name unless you desire it.

"Now to you, signor count," continued the pope, turning to John de Villani, "I have but little to say. I know not that you have been a great sinner, but you have helped to deceive us, and shield a villain. All I have to put upon you is this:—You shall maintain the son you have adopted till he can find some honest maintenance for himself.

"Now, where are the three Carmelites? Ah, here you come. Stop; do not get upon your knees now. Go you now to your convent, and for one year you are not to step from without your cells. I shall see that my sentence is enforced. Get thee gone!"

As the pope ceased speaking, he turned his eyes upon Michael Fontani. That man sank upon his knees and clasped his hands together.

"O, mercy! mercy!" he cried.

"Donna Angela, what say you?"

"If your holiness can pardon him," murmured the fair girl, "I would pray you to do it. My uncle has been very unhappy."

"O, pardon! pardon!" groaned Fontani.

"Then I will pardon you, Michael Fontani; but you are no longer Duke of Palermo. Lorenzo de Mora takes your place there."

"O, I would not hold that office if I could. It came to me through sin, and I could only hold it in suffering."

"Then arise, my son, for you are pardoned. Nay, thank not me. Thank that fair girl whom you have wronged; for it is she who has pardoned you."

John de Villani and his adopted son left the place, and the three Carmelites followed. Then Gregory called upon the soldiers, and bade them conduct Ludovico to his palace and hold him there until morning.

"Go, Ludovico," said the pope, "go and spend one more night in your palace, and on the morrow I will see thee. Your soldiers conducted me there this evening, but I found you gone, and was forced to tell your officer who I was. He will hold thee more securely when you go back than he did me."

Without a word, Ludovico was led from the ball. His step was feeble, and his head was bowed.

"Now," said Gregory, after the bad man had gone, and while his face became illumined with more pleasant feelings, "now, Francis de Mora, you may kneel. And you, too, Angela Fontani. Kneel, both of you."

Those young people knelt there; and there Gregory stretched out his hands over them. He spoke a few magic words, uttered a simple blessing, and when they arose to their feet, they were man and wife!

The furious tempest had swept by—the black clouds had rolled off—the thunders had ceased—and the angel of joy struck the chords of her harp till her heavenly music filled the air, and the voice of praise and thanksgiving joined in the strain.

On the next morning, Gregory went to Ludovico's palace, but the cardinal had not outlived the first night of his disgrace. When the sun rose, Spezzoni went to his room, and found him sitting at his table, with his head bowed upon his hands. He touched him, but there was no movement in reply. The cardinal's fearful fall had killed him!

Another and a better man was made cardinal in Palermo; and after the pope had seen to it that the sentence he had passed upon the three Carmelites should be most rigorously executed, he bade farewell to his friends, blessed Angela once more, and then took a ship and left for Rome.

Lorenzo de Mora, now Duke of Palermo, went to the mountains, as he had promised. He found his old followers, and gave them their letters of pardon. Some of them settled down in their mountain homes, and others returned to the city, where they were re-instated to all their rights.

John de Villani and his adopted son stayed not long in Palermo after their peculiar relation to each other became generally known. They both went to Spazio, and Sicily never received the impress of their feet again.

Michael Fontani lived with those who had forgiven him. He saw his niece happy—saw her noble husband honored and respected by all who knew him, and he saw, too, what a life of torture he had narrowly escaped. He never saw the ducal coronet, which Lorenzo de Mora now wore, without a shudder—for it was the prize he had once won at the sacrifice of his honor. But ambition had no more allurements for him. Forgiveness was all he asked for on earth, and that he had full and ample. But, he was like all others who have deeply sinned; though the wound had become healed, yet the scar was left—a scar that was ever present, ever in sight—putting him constantly in mind of what he had suffered, and leading him meekly and humbly towards the throne of Him, who alone can forgive forever.

TOM MOORE AND THE TIMES.

Moore's political connection with the Times, as a contributor of squibs, at £500 a year, is well known, but it appears from his diary, just published by Lord John Russell, that he was offered the editorship of that paper for at least a limited period. Under date 17th August, 1822, he writes: "Received to day a letter from Brougham, inclosing one from Barnes (editor of the Times,) proposing that, as he is ill, I shall take his place for some time, in writing the leading articles for that paper; the pay to be £100 a month. This is flattering, to be thought capable of wielding so powerful a political machine."—*Pen and Pencil.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THOUGHTS AT MIDNIGHT.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

The solemn midnight hour is here; and hark!
The village bell strikes twelve. All—'tis still.
Hearts not the rushing wind—but mild, and soft,
As the sweet kisses of a maiden's love,
Come the young breezes from the south.
Yonder the sombre forest, towering high,
Rises in all the majesty of strength,
Like armed giants, standing in array
For battle, on the horizon's extreme verge.
How still the silver lake sleeps in the blue
Of star-lit heaven! Its willow-fringed banks
Are full of beauty, and exhaling, comes
Ambrosial fragrance from the buds of flowers.

If I might choose my grave, it should be one,
Lone and apart from all the busy world;
Where smiles a lovely lake, and willows wave,
And round about the giant mountains stand,
Like guards, to watch my everlasting sleep!
Over the simple mound, let the wild flowers
Of early spring peep forth, and singing birds
Dwell in the branches of the waving trees,
And warble anthems o'er my peaceful bed!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE MYSTERIOUS BELL RINGING.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

TINKLE, tinkle, went the bells—the door bell, the parlor-bell, the chamber-bell, all ringing at the same time. Margaret was alone in the house, and she started with no little surprise, exclaiming, "How can a girl answer three calls at once?"

But she did her best. She flew to the door, but only the silence and the broad glare from the tall gas-light was there.

She drew back and entered the parlor, and all was dark, save where the hanging-light from the hall shone in to make her shadow on the wall. That shadow alarmed her, and she was about to talk of "a crazy old woman," when she walked straight up to it, and burst into a broad laugh as she left the room.

She hastened up the stairs to the chamber, and there was no sound to be heard but the breathing of the sleeping children in the ante-room. "Well, this is strange," said Margaret, and strange it was.

She lit the gas, but no being was to be found, and she charmed away the ugly feeling that was coming to her heart, by going in and looking on the sweet faces of the children.

"Ah, it's heaven where they are, and no harm can come to a poor body here," said Margaret, as she turned to go back to the kitchen and its cheerful fire.

As she entered the kitchen, of course her eyes would glance, first of all, at the bells. There they were—their tongues hanging as mute as "a rare jewel in an Ethiopian's ear."

Margaret stopped to look at them. She gazed at their spiral springs, and all along their wires, and the hinges of connection, but they still were mute. Not a tongue would stir. She could not "will" one to move, and it was no marvel that she tried to do so, since the commonest talk she heard was of the "manifestations," and the wondrous movement of things by the force of the will. She did not tremble, but said, as though the argument was summed up in her mind and closed, "Well, well, if the spirits ring them, they must n't ring from so many places at once."

Margaret sat down to her work. What she said over of the holy books she loved, I know not, but I have no doubt that many a sweet passage of divine counsels went through her mind, and something of prayer lingered on her lip. The knife went on its way round the crimson apples, as she kept at the work of paring them, and she tried to turn the rind off without breaking the narrow ribbon of paring which she made to fall from the apple; thus she drew her mind from the disturbance, and was charmed with the beauty of the paring that fell into her lap.

Tinkle, tinkle, went the bells again!—door, parlor and chamber bells, all at the same instant.

Margaret put her work down carefully. She brushed her apron smoother. She put her hands to her temples to lay down more closely the sweep of her hair over her ears, and pinned more snugly the kerchief about her neck. She then rose up and looked at the bells. They were still. The tongue of one was still swinging, but it made no stroke against the cup in which it hung. She watched that tongue. Its oscillation became less and less, and now it was still. They were all mute, and not a wire quivered—not a spring moved.

She continued to gaze up at them, and exclaimed, "Ring now, if ye want me!" and she resolved to go where the first one that struck its call belonged. She folded her arms and looked steadily at them with a most commendable patience.

Not long did she wait. Tinkle, tinkle, went the bells, and as the chamber-bell was the first she saw move its tongue, she cursed and said, "Please Mr. Door, and Mistress Parlor, wait till I come down."

Up stairs she flew, taking with her a lamp this time, and entered the chamber. The blinds creaked, and the sash-frame rattled, but she marched the entire round of the room, but no one was present to require her services. She looked behind the fire-place-board, and up the chimney—the wind only moved down through that fine ventilator, and she turned away. She peeped under the bed, and a pair of boots at first looked ominous, but the body to which they seemed attached was but a roll of carpet. She rose and went to the wardrobe, and as she unfastened the

door, a pressure seemed against it, and it burst wide apart, and the sudden movement of the doors blew her light out, and something like long robes swung into her face.

"Lucifer against Lucifer," said she, as she moved to the mantel where she knew some matches were kept, and soon her lamp was lit again, and then she saw the wardrobe was overstocked, and as soon as the fastening was removed, the garments pressed out beyond the doors.

She lighted the gas again, and sat down to gaze awhile on the bell-rope as it hung with its innocently-looking silk tassel at the end.

Tinkle, tinkle, went the bells below, but that bell-rope moved not. Its shadow was still and quiet on the wall. Margaret knew it did not stir. She shut off the gas, went in to look at the children again, and she saw one of them smile, and she smiled too.

Margaret went once more into the kitchen, resolved to be impartial, and so she stood to see which of the two bells belonging to the parlor and the door should ring first. She stood under them, and gazed steadily, as a physician gazes when seeking for the signs of fever on the tongue of his patient.

Tinkle, tinkle, went the bells, but she could see no difference in the time of their tongues moving, but as she thought it most polite to wait on the parlor first, she said, "Please wait, Mr. Door, and give way to Mistress Parlor."

She entered the parlor, but all was still. She lighted the gas, looked around the room, gazed up to the pictures, looked under the sofas, and even into the piano. She started at the sound of this instrument, but knew it was only caused by the jar of opening, and ran her fingers lightly over the keys. Again she went round the room, and lifted herself high enough to look down into the tall vase that stood on the marble mantel, and tried the register where the hot air came up from the furnace, to see if it was not a doorway from below. The hot air seemed, as it came up into her face, like the breathing of a giant. She moved away, and tried the spring, to see if the bell would sound from that movement. Yes, tinkle, tinkle, it went, and that bell alone.

"Now," said Margaret, "Mr. Door, it is your turn;" and to the door she went.

She opened the door, but no one was present on the step; but she found the new mat there, and as she took it up, she said, "Thanks to somebody, and who knows but the jar might have rung the others when this was rung!"

She thought she would try the experiment, and she pulled the bell-handle violently, and ran swiftly through the hall to the kitchen. But only that door-bell swung to her sight; and she was puzzled.

But she sat down to her work again, saying, "I don't think it right that spirits should bother a poor body so. No, no! Ye'll not catch me to believe it's spirits."

Just then tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, went the bells again, and more in unison than ever.

"I wish there were seven of ye, and then we'd have a chime," said Margaret. "I'll find it out if I can," she added, after a moment's silence.

She now began to think, as she had never thought before, how the wires were laid. She tried to trace them, and she found they ran beneath the floor, and might, perhaps, be seen in the cellar.

"May it not be some chap is down there, trying to scare a soul out of its five senses?" said Margaret, as she discovered this clue to the course of the wires.

She resolved to go down. She prepared her lamp that it should not be easily blown out, and bravely she went down the cellar stairway.

A large hole was seen where the bricks had been driven out between the main house and the back building, and she put her light in, but nothing moved there.

Down still farther did she go, and searched the cellar through. All the boxes and barrels, coal-bins and arches, were searched, and even the furnace was not unexamined, for its air-chamber might make a comfortable place for some disturbers of the peace. But no moving thing was to be found; and as the only place that could not be fully examined was the space under the back building, where the hole in the brick wall made the opening, she resolved to place her light where it would give a glimmer enough to make the space about that opening apparent, and then to sit down and watch.

Margaret did so, the cheerful blaze of the furnace her only companion.

She waited quietly. Her head drooped upon her hand, and she sat for a while as if asleep.

Tinkle, tinkle, went the bells in a merry play, and she started, but was on the alert in silence in an instant. She had not sat long before she discovered that two cats were playing or fighting, and as they ran in and out at the broken wall, they went over or against the wires, and thus all the bells were made to ring.

Her laugh was hearty, and when she had lifted the grate at the cellar-window, and had scared the cats from their refuge and driven them into the street, she returned to her cheerful fire in the kitchen, with no small rejoicing.

She had accomplished a feat that will go with her through life, imparting presence of mind under trying circumstances, forbidding her to tremble when she should courageously inquire.

The door bell now rung, and Margaret went to the call, saying, "That's right—a body can answer one bell, if the others will hold their tongues."

The door was opened, and the family entered. Margaret told the story of the mystery of the evening, and was greatly delighted at the praise she received.

There is nothing honorable that is not innocent, and nothing mean but what attaches guilt.



AMBER GATHERING IN THE BALTIC SEA.

AMBER GATHERING IN THE BALTIC.

The engravings here given exhibit the mode in which amber fishing, in deep water, has been carried on in the Baltic, with an accurate representation of an amber diver in full costume, with his complete apparatus and implements. The continually increasing scarcity of this valuable article on the sea-shore rendered it imperative to employ some means whereby the business might be extended to fresh localities and deep water, and suggested the use of a diving apparatus similar to that employed about sunken vessels. Accordingly boats were fitted up for this purpose, and provided with an air-pump and other requisites, as depicted in the above engraving. Anchoring in a depth of from ten to fifteen feet, the diver descends to the bottom by a ladder. The air pump is contained in a simple wooden reservoir, and is worked by two men through means of iron cranks—and a continual supply of air is conveyed to the amber seeker through the hose which communicates with the iron helmet-shaped covering in which his head and shoulders are enveloped. The man is completely encased with a water-proof dress, fastened about the throat. His feet are heavily laden with boots having thick soles of lead. The aforesaid helmet covers the neck and shoulders, which are well padded. It is furnished with two glass eyes, protected from without by wire gratings, and is securely attached to the body. Around the waist is worn a strong girdle provided with iron rings, one on each side, from which ascend cords to the men in the boat, for the purpose not only of guiding the submarine traveller over the slippery rocks, and helping to sustain him in an upright position, but to serve for signaling in case of sudden danger or accident, and as a means of hauling him up when required. Thus, although the diver is at

perfect freedom to direct his movements, he is held in leading-strings from above, and his whole motions are vigilantly watched and cared for by his comrades aloft. In order to keep beneath the water, the diver wears two very heavy plates of lead, one in front, and the other behind, not unlike the steel breast and back-plates of cuirassiers, which are so adjusted as to leave the arms at liberty, and give equilibrium to the submerged body—but under these circumstances it is no easy matter to discover and collect the amber. For the purpose of loosening the precious substance from amongst the stones, the diver is provided with a small, narrow and sharp-pointed sort of spade with a long handle (see engraving); he has also a scoop net with which to collect the amber to be found in the sand—and in front, depending from his girdle, you may see the bag into which he puts the dear bought earnings. This is the mode which for a time was practised in the amber-gathering trade, or fishery—but as the danger and cost far exceeded the profit, not at all realizing the expectations entertained, it was abandoned for the ancient way of seeking only what might be found on the seashore.

OFFICERS OF THE SWISS CADET CORPS.

It is uncertain at what precise period the cadet corps, or the first arming and training of the youths of Switzerland took place, neither is it here requisite to be determined. Traces of the system and practice are to be found, at Berne, so far back as 1565 and 1711. We shall confine ourselves to the actual condition and *modus operandi* of this highly interesting and patriotic band of youthful soldiery, as they are at the present day, with a description, from the life, of the mode in which they celebrate the festive occasions of camp duty, and the military operations performed by the accomplished juveniles. To prevent any jealous feeling amongst the sovereign capital cities of Switzerland, the Helvetic military associations were accustomed to rendezvous alternately in the different municipal chief towns of Sursee, Olten and Aarau. To this circumstance it is mainly due that in both the latter places, particularly in Aarau, even long before it had attained its present pitch of perfection, the cadet corps numbered eighty years of existence. That of Aarau was for a long time the most considerable corps in Switzerland. It received, however, a very great increase of members when Aarau was made the capital city of the new formed Canton of Aargau, and by a happy junction of the members of the town establishment and those of the canton school, a very large and handsome body was formed, of different sorts of troops. The tallest and generally most advanced of the scholars formed a grenadier corps. A selection from the liveliest and most active furnished a voltigeur company. Then a set of able-bodied fellows served as a team for the artillery. The rest of the lads made up three companies of fusiliers. The uniform was very handsome, that of most of the corps being green—but the dress of the voltigeurs was most particularly showy and tasteful, as they wore black stocks, helmets with orange-colored facings with white sprigs. Grenadiers and fusiliers had red facings, and the former bearskin caps—the artillerymen dark blue with red and tselukos. The arms consist of small and light muskets with bayonets, the belts being of white leather. Besides these the grenadiers and fusiliers wore swords. The artillerymen also wore side-arms, and had two small cannons, which were drawn, as well as manned, by the company. The officers had long swords, and were distinguished by sashes. Every year, in spring, and until late in the summer, this corps have been accustomed to be well drilled, and exercised once or twice a week under experienced officers, appointed for this purpose by the parish or school authorities, and generally those who in their youth belonged to the cadet corps. In August (or as it is there called—the May-month), the May procession, or youths' festival, takes place, at which all the young females are present. This is indeed the most attractive *fi*le of the year. It is a day in which the whole people take the liveliest interest. A day to which thousands of young hearts look forward with eager delight, and the purest anticipations of innocent pleasure. For many days previous, numberless fair hands are busily engaged in preparing garlands of flowers, wreaths and nosegays, with which to adorn the school-houses, town house, etc, and to strew even the streets. Early on the morning of the auspicious day, the drums of the cadet corps beat the signal for the day guard. About eight o'clock, from every quarter the girls pour along to the different school houses, all arrayed in white, with flowers plentifully arranged in their hair and about their persons. The cadets too, are hurrying to the place of meeting—in their gay uniforms, and with bunches of flowers on their bel-

metts or tselukos. The bells call to church, and, leading the procession, the cadets march to the beat of drum and sound of martial music, with flying colors, shining arms, and rattling cannons, to the sacred edifice where they take possession of the principal entrance, forming in line. Here they present arms, and beat the parade march as the gay, festive procession approaches—first of which are the blooming school-girls, and the boys who are not yet old enough to carry arms, each class accompanied by its respective schoolmaster or preceptor. Then follow the governmental, parochial, and school authorities, close to which press the delighted parents and relatives, and elderly sisters, who perhaps amongst pleasurable feelings, drop a tear of regret, or heave a tender sigh over the recollection of the too fleeting days of innocent childhood and youth! In the church, music and singing alternate with the beautiful chorusses of the large collection of children. After service, and the solemn address of the head minister—to the assembled authorities, the parents and children—one of the most proficient of the pupils makes a speech on a self-chosen subject for the occasion. Then follows the distribution of prizes amongst the scholars, of both sexes, who approach in order according to their classes,



AMBER DIVER IN WORKING COSTUME

and arrange themselves in a large circle around the altar. As the prizes are handed to these who have distinguished themselves for diligence, good behaviour, etc., the names are pronounced—and with music and singing, as at the commencement, the church service is concluded. After noon, arms are again resumed. The juveniles are re-formed in procession, in well-ordered rows, their faces beaming with joy—at their head are the proud cadets, and thus they pursue their triumphal way through crowds of well-pleased spectators who line the streets, to the shooting and training ground, which is a spacious and suitable place in the neighborhood. There, under the friendly shade of linden and chestnut trees, is erected an airy dancing-saloon, of which the merry maidens, under the care of their mothers, speedily take possession. The cadets, however, proceed at once to their exercises on the field, and go through all the regular movements and operations in battalions, and in single file, prescribed by the military school of direction. After which, the cadets frequently are formed into two corps—offensive and defensive—the latter of which entrench themselves amongst the hedges and ditches of the adjacent gardens, or on some eminence, from which they must be driven out. Sometimes, however, a large party of adults—hunters, militia, friends of the youthful soldiery—in citizens' attire—take upon themselves the part of an enemy, and occupying some old redoubt, defend it obstinately for a length of time against the most vigorous assaults—yielding in the end, and making a disorderly retreat amid the tumultuous clamor, and the victorious huzzas of the cadets, the acclamations of the spectators! In either case, the mock fight exhibits a very lively and highly interesting scene. At a signal from their commander, the voltigeurs rush impetuously forward, and commence the fight; under cover of their fire, the main body takes up its position, and the artillery emulate the volleys of the infantry, which are given in platoons, or continuous running fire, as occasion suggests—whilst from behind walls, hedges and trees, a steady, galling discharge of musketry is kept up by the enemy. Thus attack and repulse, repeated and varied, with all the attendant manoeuvres and change of position, all the ardor of enthusiasm, and the vicissitudes of war, enliven the whole face of the battle-ground, embracing, in the many evolutions, a very large circumference. In the course of the well-sustained struggle, numerous are the difficulties to be overcome by the ardent youths, but gallantly they are surmounted. Under the enemy's fire they boldly advance in line, or deploy into columns, and rush undauntedly to the attack, with the bayonet's point. After a variety of skirmishes, when the grand attack is to be made on the redoubt, the grenadiers take the lead, and flinging themselves into the ditches in grand style, they storm the breast-



OFFICERS OF THE SWISS CADETS CORPS.

works so impetuously, that it is sometimes with the greatest difficulty, that the shorter-legged fusiliers can follow up to sustain them. The artillery, meanwhile, keep up an incessant fire, and are obliged to use almost incredible exertions to draw along their guns over the uneven ground, and on to commanding eminences—but their honor is enlisted and set upon it, never to be left in the rear, and manfully they succeed. In the evening, when the military display is over, the cadets return in a body to the parade ground, where, in the meantime, some jolly fellows of their number, dressed in jackets of ticking, with aprons and peaked caps, have been busily engaged over large fires with boiling kettles, in preparing the beef and broth for the campaigners, who partake gloriously and in high glee of the repast. It may also be said, that to the soldier's fare of the conquering army, is added a large supply of cakes and dainty bits, provided from the baskets of sundry careful mothers, and other relatives! With boisterous mirth the hearty meal is speedily concluded, and the youths hurry to join their sisters and sweethearts, who anxiously await their company in the dance, having too long been left alone to their own pastimes. At last, when it is completely dark—or sometimes by torchlight—old and young separate for the night, reluctantly ceasing from unalloyed happiness which is only too fleeting! After this fashion were all the *festivals of the youths* (*Jugendfeste*) solemnized in the Aargau towns, Aarau, Zofingen, Lenzburg, and Brugg, only differing in degree according to numbers and auxiliary circumstances—but never wanting in that good nature and sympathy, and the friendly interest of all classes, which throws every other consideration into the background. Never, on these occasions, was the military procession omitted, even in those places where the cadet corps only numbered seventy or eighty lads, and they were always able to go through the primary exercises and evolutions in a very creditable manner. In Aarau, besides this *Jugendfeste*, or May-day *fete*, the cadet corps are accustomed to have a so-called parade, or muster, at a later season—but it is improperly so called—for they in fact march out to some suitable place in the vicinity, and have a regular mock field-fight, with which the military exercises, for the year, are terminated. Formerly it was often the case that the cadet corps of neighboring districts used to reciprocate visits, or meet to practise their field engagements, each taking an opposite side, but this only extended within the limits of each canton. However, with the increase of a national spirit in the Swiss confederacy, a more liberal and benevolent feeling of friendliness ruled the actions of the cadet corps. Those of different cantons began to be acquainted with each other, and co-operate on the most agreeable terms. The Canton of Aargau took the lead in this familiar interchange, and the extension of operations and manoeuvres became gradually more frequent—first in Aarau, then in Zofingen, and afterwards in Lenzburg—at which place we find that in 1846, on the 24th of July, about one thousand cadets, from ten different places, collected together, formed a regular camp, and, in view of an immense concourse of people from far and near, held one of the most splendid and famous cadet festivals that had ever been known. On another occasion the numerous cadet corps of Aarau united with that of the town of Olten, Canton of Solothurn, at the ruined castle of Gosslen. They crossed over the Aare in boats, and stormed Brühl, and the country



HOTEL, IN DAMASCUS.

town Schönenwerd, with the beautifully situated monastery Chörrenstift. In August, 1850, four hundred and fifteen cadets from Schaffhausen, Stein, Unterhallau and Winterthur, had a great campaign, or display of military skill and manoeuvres, at Andelfingen. All of these doings were entirely surpassed by the celebration of the festival at Baden, under the management of the town council of that place, on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of August, 1851, at which were assembled all the cadets of the Canton of Aargau, i. e.—from Aarau, Zofingen, Aarburg, Reinach, Schoftland, Lenzburg, Brugg, Muri, Baden Zurzach, and Reinfelden, as well as those from Zurich and Winterthur—all of which numbering a total of 1550 cadets, or lads, joined in the splendid display!

SCENES IN THE EAST.

The hotels of Damascus, in Syria, though exceedingly picturesque, as our picture shows, are not very far advanced in point of accommodation for travellers, or other matters, compared with American or European hotels, generally; travellers agree, however, in describing them as very comfortable, and the charges being at the same time quite reasonable—Beyrout, a view of which is given below, is a seaport town of Syria, with a population of some fifteen thousand. There are here no public buildings of any beauty or importance, nor are many remains of antiquity to be met with; for though the modern town occupies the site of the ancient one, the latter was long since destroyed by repeated earthquakes, and the recent buildings are erected over the ruins of those which they have superseded. Along the shore, however, and in part under the water, are some mosaic pavements, fragments of columns, and (west of the town) a thick wall, supposed to be of the time of Herod the Great. The bazars are large and well frequented; but there seems to be a deficiency of private shops, and the streets are, in general, narrow and crooked. A plentiful supply of water from a tolerably large river (*Nahr Beyrout*), and a great number of wells, modify, in some degree, the heat of the atmosphere, and render the streets much cleaner than the generality of those in the East. The walls (of a soft sandstone) are about three miles in circumference, and the suburbs are perhaps equal in extent to the town itself. The neighborhood is very fertile, producing all kinds of fruit; but the chief article of cultivation is the mulberry tree, an extensive and important manufacture being carried on here of silk goods, especially of sashes. Beyrout had formerly a small port, formed by a strong mole, but its present mole or jetty is of very inferior dimensions, and is scarcely sufficient to shelter boats. There is, however, good anchorage one third of a mile from the town, in six or seven fathoms; and large ships may anchor a little farther out in ten or eleven fathoms. After centuries of neglect, it seems to be again rising into some importance as a place of trade. Its exports are—galls, madder, gums, silk (raw and wrought), wine and oil. The imports are—muslins, cottons, tin, hardware, cloths, and West India produce; there are about twelve European establishments in the place, and previously to 1852, the only English consul in Syria was resident here. Berytus was a very ancient town of the Phœnicians, deriving its name, according to Stephen of Byzantium, from the number of its wells. Under the Romans it rose to great eminence, notwithstanding it had been entirely destroyed in the wars of Alexander's successors, about eighty years before the Roman conquest of Syria. Augustus planted in it a colony, gave it his daughter's name, with the addition of the epithet Felix. A school of law, established here in the beginning of the third century (probably by Alexander Severus), continued for 300 years, or till the town was overwhelmed by an earthquake in 551, to be the most celebrated institution of the kind in the empire. But the town again revived; and, under the Saracens, attained to considerable importance. It was frequently captured and recaptured during the crusades, at which period the mole, forming its port, was destroyed. Latterly it fell into the hands of Djézzar, pasha of Acre, who built its present walls, cut a canal from the river to the town, erected several fountains, and otherwise improved the place.



VIEW OF THE PORT OF BEYROUT.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE BIRDS ARE SWEETLY SINGING.

BY W. L. BROWNAKE.

The birds are sweetly singing
On every waving bough.
And the air is filled with sunshine,—
O, it's summer now!
There are roses in the gardens.
In the woods are sweet wild-flowers;
And the brooks have a tone of music,
As they sing to the laughing brook.

The earth has a smile of gladness,
The sky has a smile above,
As sweet as those that lighten
The faces of those we love;
And the zephyrs upon their pinions
A burden of fragrance bear,
As they daily amid the tree-tops,
And toss their long, green hair.

But 'mid this light and joyance,
My heart has a vain regret
For a vision of beauty vanished,
That I never can forget;
And the present seems o'erdarkened,
By a shadow deep and dim,
As a landscape by the shadow
Of a cloud that hides the sun.

For I think of a sweet maiden,
More fair than summer's bloom,
That death from me has hidden,
In the darkness of the tomb.
Like a dream of heaven she faded,
Or a strain of music rare,
And love was left with sorrow
That the heart could hardly bear.

Ah, many and many a summer
With its flowers, may come and go;
And many and many a winter
May cover her grave with snow,
Ere my heart shall lose its sadness
At the memory of her,
Or the days assume the brightness
Of the happy days that were.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE CAREER OF AN ARTIST.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

I woke up one morning and found myself famous.—Egmont.

JULIAN MONTFORT was a farmer's boy; bred up to the plough-handle and cart-tail. His father and mother were plain, honest people, of hard-working habits and limited ideas, and without the slightest dash of romance in their temperaments. Their house, their lands were unprepossessing in appearance. The soil was impoverished by long and illiberal culture; and Old Montfort had a true old-fashioned prejudice against trees. Instead of smiling hedgerows, with here and there a weeping elm or plummy evergreen to cast their graceful shadows upon the pasture-land, his acres were enclosed with harsh stone walls, or an unpicturesque Virginia fence with its zigzag of rude rails. The farmer had an equal prejudice against "books, book-learning and book-larned men." Of course, with these ideas, Julian's education was limited to a few quarters' schooling under an old pedagogue, whose native language was Dutch, and who never took very kindly to the English tongue. Besides, teaching was only an episode with him; for his vocation was that of a clergyman, and he held forth on Sundays in alternate Dutch and English to his little congregation—as is still the custom in many of the small agricultural parishes in New York State, where the scene of our veritable story lies.

Our hero, young Julian, early began to show a restiveness under the training he received, which sadly perplexed his plain matter-of-fact father. The latter could not conceive why the boy should sometimes leave his plough in the furrow, and sit upon a hillock, gazing curiously and admiringly upon a simple wild flower. He knew not why the youth should stand with his eyes fixed upon the western sky when it was pavilioned with crimson, and gold, and purple; or later yet, when, one by one, the stars came timidly forth and took their places in the darkening heaven. He shook his head at these manifestations, and confidently informed his helpmate that he feared the boy was "not right"—significantly touching, as he spoke, that portion of his anatomy where he fondly imagined a vast quantity of brain of very superior quality was safely stowed away, guarded by a sufficient quantity of skull to protect it against any accident. Neither he nor the good wife imagined, for a moment, that Julian was a genius, and that his talent, circumscribed by circumstances, was struggling for an outlet for its development.

At last the divine spark within him was kindled into flame. An itinerant portrait painter came round, with his tools of trade, and did the Dominic in brown and red, and the squire's daughter in vermilion and flake-white, and set the whole village agog with his marvellous achievements. Julian cultivated his acquaintance, received some secret instructions in the A B C of art, and bargained for some drawing and painting materials. His aspirations had at length found an object. Long and painfully he labored in secret; but his advances were rapid, for he took nature as a model. At last he ventured to display his latest achievement—a small portrait of his father. It was first shown to his mother, and filled her with astonishment and delight. It is the privilege of woman,

however circumstanced, to appreciate and applaud true genius. Of course, Moliere's housekeeper occurs to the reader as an illustration. The picture was next shown to the old man. He gazed at it with a sort of silent horror, puffing the smoke from his pipe in short, spasmodic jerks, and slowly shaking his head before he spoke.

"Do you know it, father?" asked the young artist.

"Know it!" exclaimed the old man. "Yes—yes—I see myself there like I was lookin' into a glass. There's my nose, and eyes, and mouth, and hair; yes, and there's my pipe. It aint right—it can't be right—it's witchcraft. Satan most ha' helped you, boy—you couldn't never ha' done it without the aid of the evil one."

This was a sad damper. But just then the Dominic luckily happened in to take a pipe with his parishioner. He pronounced the work excellent, and satisfied his old friend's doubts as to the honesty of the transaction. Julian blessed the old man in his heart for the comfort he afforded.

And now the fame of the young painter flew through the village. The tavern-keeper ordered a head of Gen. Washington for his sign board, the old one—originally a portrait of the Duke of Cambridge with the emerald dress painted out—not satisfying some of his critical customers. And for the blacksmith, Montfort painted a rampant black horse, prevented from falling backward by a solid tail. The stable keeper also gave him orders for sundry coats-of-arms to be depicted on wagon-panels and sleigh-dashers, so that the incipient artist had plenty of orders and not a little cash.

But he soon grew tired of this local reputation. He panted for the association of kindred spirits; for the impulse and example to be found in some great centre of civilization; for refinement, fame—all that is dear to an ardent imagination. And so, one morning, he announced his intention of seeking his fortune in the city of New York.

His mother was sad, but did not oppose his wishes; his father shook his head, as he always did when anything was proposed—no matter what. The old gentleman seemed to derive great pleasure from shaking his head, and no one interfered with so harmless an amusement.

"Goin' to York, hey?" said he, emitting sundry puffs of smoke. "The Yorkers are a curious set of people, boy. I read into a paper once 'bout how they car' on—droppin' pocket-books, and sellin' brass watches for gold, and knockin' people down and stomping onto 'em."

"But the Dominic thinks I might make money there," said the young man.

"O, then you'd better go. The Dominic's got a longer head than you or I, boy," said the old man.

"Yes, father," said the youth, kindling with animation. "In New York I am sure to win fame and fortune. I shall come back, then, and buy you a better farm, and hire hands for you so that you won't be obliged to work so hard—and you can set out trees."

"Haint no opinion of trees," said the old man, shaking his head.

"Well, well, father, you shall have money, and do what you like with it; for my part, I shall be content with fame."

"Fame! what is that?" said the old man, laying down his pipe in bewilderment.

"Fame! Do you ask what fame is?" exclaimed the romantic boy. But he paused, convinced in a moment of the perfect futility of attempting to convey an idea of the unsubstantial phantom to the old man's intellect. Perhaps the old farmer was the better philosopher of the two.

But Julian gained his point, and departed for the great city—the goal of so many struggles, the grave of so many hopes. He was at first dazzled by the splendors of the artificial life, into the heart of which he plunged; and then with a homesick feeling, he sighed for that verdurous luxury of nature he had left. He missed the trees—for he thought the shabby and rusty foliage of the Battery and Park hardly worthy of that name. But, in time to save him from utter disappointment and heart sickness, there opened on his vision the glorious dawning of the world of art. He passed from gallery to gallery, and from studio to studio, drinking in the beauties that unfolded before him with the eyes of his body and his soul. He was enraptured, dazzled, enchanted. Then he settled down to work in his humble room, economizing the scanty funds he had brought with him to the city. Like many young aspirants, he grasped, at first, at the most difficult subjects. He constantly groped for a high ideal. He would fly before he had learned to walk. With an imperfect knowledge of architecture and anatomy, and a limited stock of information, he would paint history-mythology. He sought to illustrate poetry, and dared attempt scenes from the Bible, Shakespeare and Milton. He failed, though there were glimpses of grandeur and glory in his faulty attempts.

Then he turned back with a sickening feeling to the elements of art, distasteful as he found them. It was hard to pore over rectangles and curves, bones and muscles, angles and measurements, after sporting with irregular forms and fascinating colors. He tried portraiture; but he had no feeling for the business. He could not transfigure the dull and commonplace heads he was to copy. He had not the nice tact that makes beauty of ugliness without the loss of identity. He could not ennoble vulgarities. The sordid man bore the stamp of baseness on his canvass. His pictures were too true; and truth is death to the portrait-painter.

He began to grow morbid in his feelings, and was fast verging to a misanthrope. His clothes grew shabby, and looked shabbier for his careless way of wearing them. He was often cold and hungry. There were times when he viewed with envy and hate the evidences of prosperity he saw about him. He railed against

those pursuits of life which made men rich and prosperous. He began to think with the French demagogue, that "property was a theft," and to regard with great favor the socialistic doctrines then coming into vogue. The American social system he pronounced corrupt and rotten, and deserving to be uprooted and subverted. And this was the rustic boy, who, a few months before, had left his home so full of hope and generous feeling and high aspiration.

There were times when he yearned for the humble scenes of his boyhood. But he was too proud to throw up his pencils and palette, and go back to the old farm-house; and so he found a vent for his home-feeling in painting some of the scenes of his earliest life—the rustic dances, the huskings, the baymakings and junketings with which he was so familiar.

One of these pictures—a rustic dance was the subject—he sent to a gilder's to be framed. He had consecrated three dollars to this purpose, and went one day to see how his commission had been executed. He found the picture-framer, who was also a picture-dealer, in his shirt-sleeves, talking with a middle-aged gentleman, who was praising his performance.

"Really a very clever thing," said the gentleman, scanning the painting through his gold-bowed eye glasses. "The composition, coloring, and light and shade are admirable; but the life, animation and naturalness of the figures make its great charm. Ah, why don't our artists study to produce life as it exists around them, and as they themselves know it and feel it, instead of giving us the gods and goddesses of a defunct and false religion, and scenes three thousand miles and years away?"

"Mr. Greville," said the picture-framer, "allow me to make you acquainted with the artist, Mr. Montfort; he's a next-door neighbor of yours—lives at No. — Broadway."

"Mr. Montfort," said the gentleman, warmly shaking the hand the artist shyly extended, "you found me admiring your work. And I'm sure I did not know I had so talented a neighbor. I shall be glad to be better acquainted with you. I presume your picture is for sale."

"Not so, sir," replied the artist, coldly. "It is a reminiscence of earlier and happier days. It was painted for my own satisfaction, and I shall keep it as long as I have a place to hang it in. It is a common mistake, sir, with our patrons, to suppose they can buy our souls as well as our labor."

Mr. Greville's cheek flushed; but as he glanced at the shabby exterior and wan face of the artist, his color faded, and he answered gently:

"Believe me, Mr. Montfort, I am not one of the persons you describe—if, indeed, they exist elsewhere but in your imagination. I should be the last person to fail in sympathy for the high-toned feelings of an artist; for in early life I was thought to manifest a talent for art—and, indeed, I had a strong desire to follow the vocation."

"And you abandoned it—you turned a deaf ear to the divine inspiration—you preferred wealth to glory—to be one of the vulgar many rather than to belong to the choice few. I congratulate you, Mr. Greville, on your taste."

"You judge me, harshly, Mr. Montfort," replied the gentleman, pleasantly. "I am hardly required to justify my choice of calling to a perfect stranger; and yet your very frankness induces me to say a word or two of the motives which impelled me. My parents were poor. An artist's life seemed to hold no immediate prospects of competence. They to whom I owed my being might die of want before I had established a reputation. I had an opportunity to enter commercial life advantageously; I prospered. I have lived to see the declining days of my parents cheered by every comfort, and to rear a family in comfort and opulence. One of my boys promises to make a good artist. Fortunately, I can bestow on him the means of following the bent of his inclination. Instead of being an indifferent painter myself, I am an extensive purchaser of works of art, so that my conscience acquits me of any very great wrong in the course I adopted."

Montfort was silent; he was worsted in the argument.

"Mr. Montfort," pursued the gentleman, after a pause, "my evenings are always at my disposal, and I like to surround myself with men of talent. I have already a large circle of acquaintances among artists, musicians and literary men, and once a week they meet at my house; I shall be very happy to see you among us. To-night is my evening of reception—will you join us?"

Proud and shy as he was, Montfort could not help accepting an invitation so frankly and pleasantly tendered—he promised to come.

"One favor more," said Mr. Greville. "You won't sell that picture—will you lend it to me for a day or two?"

"I cannot refuse you, of course, Mr. Greville."

"If you have the slightest objection, say so frankly," said the kind-hearted merchant.

"I have not the slightest objection, Mr. Greville. It is entirely at your disposal."

Mr. Greville was profuse in his thanks.

"Shall I send it to your house?" asked the picture-framer.

"No, Mr. Tennant," replied the merchant. "It is too valuable to be trusted out of my hands. I am personally responsible, and I fear that I am not rich enough to remunerate the artist, if any harm happens to it."

With these words, bowing to the artist, Mr. Greville took the picture carefully under his arm and left the shop, Montfort soon following.

"Well, I declare," said the picture-framer, when he was left alone, "artists is queer animals, and no mistake. Neglect 'em, and it makes 'em as mad as a short horned bull in fly time; coax 'em and pat 'em, and they let's fly their heels in your face. Seems to me if I was an artist, I shouldn't be particular about being a

hog, too. There ain't no sense in it. Now, it beats my nation all to pieces to see how Mr. Greville could talk so pleasantly and gentlemanly to that dratted Montfort, and be flyin' into his face all the time like a tarrier dog. I'd a punched his head for him. I would—if they'd had me up afore the Sessions for saltin' and batterin'. Consequently it's better to be a pictur'-framer than a pictur'-painter. Cause why?—a pictur'-framer is a gentleman, and a pictur'-painter is a hog."

There was a good deal in what Mr. Tennant said, mixed up with a good deal of uncharitableness. But what did he know of the *gens irritabile vatum*?

Evening came; and after many misgivings, Montfort, in an eclectic costume, selected from his whole wardrobe, at a late hour, ventured to emerge from his humble domicile, and present himself at the rosewood portal of his aristocratic neighbor. He soon found himself in the dazzling drawing-room, bewildered by the lights, and the splendor of the decoration and the furniture. Mr. Greville saw his embarrassment, and hastened to dispel it. He shook him warmly by the hand, and presented him to his lady and daughter, and then to a crowd of guests. A distinguished artist begged the honor of an introduction to him, and he soon found himself among people who understood him, and with whom he could converse at his ease. Though he was lionized, he was lionized by people who understood the sensitiveness of artistic natures. They flattered delicately and tastefully. Their incense excited, but did not intoxicate or suffocate. In one of the drawing-rooms, the gratified artist beheld his picture placed in an admirable light, the cynosure of all eyes, and the theme of all lips.

"I am certainly very much indebted to you for placing it so advantageously," said the artist to his host. "It owes at least half its success to the arrangement of the light."

"Do you hear that, Caroline?" asked Mr. Greville, turning to his beautiful daughter, who stood smiling beside him.

"I was afraid I had made some mistake in the arrangement," said the beautiful girl, blushing with pleasure.

Montfort attempted a complimentary remark, but his tongue failed him. He would have given worlds for the self-possession of some of the nonchalant dandies he saw hovering around the peerless beauty. He was forced to content himself with awkwardly bowing his thanks.

In the latter part of the evening, one of the rooms was cleared for a dance. Montfort was solicited to join in a quadrille, and a beautiful partner was even presented to his notice; but he wanted confidence and knowledge, and he had no faith in the integrity of the gaiter shoes he had vamped up for the occasion, so that he was forced to decline. This incident revived some of his morbid feelings that had begun to slumber, and he caught himself muttering something about the "frivolities of fashion."

He thought to make his exit unnoticed; but Mr. Greville detected him and urged him to repeat his visit.

The next day, during his reception hours, several visitors called—an unheard-of thing. They glanced indifferently at his mythological daubs, but were enthusiastic in their praises of his rustic subjects. The day following, more visitors came. He was offered and accepted four hundred dollars for one of his cabinet-pictures. In a word, orders flowed in upon him; he could hardly paint fast enough to supply the demand. He became rather fastidious in his dress—patronized the first tailors and bootmakers, cultivated the graces, and took lessons in the waltz and polka. At Mr. Greville's, and some of the other houses he visited, he was remarked as being somewhat of a dandy. And this was Montfort the misanthrope—Montfort the socialist—Montfort the agrarian.

An important episode in his career was an order to paint the portrait of Miss Caroline Greville. He had already had three or four sittings, and the picture was approaching completion; then the work suddenly ceased. Day after day the artist pleaded engagements. At the same time, he discontinued his visits at the house.

Mr. Greville, somewhat offended, called on Montfort for an explanation. He found his daughter's picture covered by a curtain.

"My dear sir," said he, "how does it happen that you can't go on with that picture? My wife is very anxious about it."

"I can never finish it," said the artist, sadly.

"How so, my young friend?"

"Mr. Greville, I will be frank with you. I love your daughter; I, a poor artist, have dared to lift my eyes to the child of the opulent merchant. I have never in look or word, though, led her to divine my feelings—the secret is in my own keeping. But I cannot see her day after day—I cannot scan her beautiful and innocent features, or listen to the brilliant flow of her conversation, without agony. This has compelled me, sir, to suspend my work."

"Mr. Julian Montfort," said the merchant, "you seem bent—excuse me—on making yourself miserable. You are no longer a poor artist; you have a fortune in your pencil. Your profession is now a surer thing than mine. There is no gentleman in the city who ought not to be proud of your alliance; and if you can make yourself acceptable to my daughter, why, take her and be happy."

How Julian sped in his wooing may be inferred from the fact that, at a certain wedding ceremony in Grace Church, he performed the important part of bridegroom to the bride of Miss Caroline Greville; and after the usual quantity of hand-shakings, and tears and kisses, and all the usual efforts to make a wedding resemble a funeral as much as possible, Mr. and Mrs. Montfort took passage in one of the Havre steamers for an extensive tour upon the European continent.

When they returned, Mr. Montfort's reputation rose higher than ever, of course, and he made money with marvellous rapidity. He is now as well known in Wall Street as in his studio,

has a town and country house, is a strong conservative in politics, and talks very learnedly about the moneyed interest. He has made some efforts to transplant his good old father and mother to New York; but they prefer residing at his villa, and taking care of his Durham cattle and Suffolk pigs, and seeing that his "Cochin Chinas" and "Brahma Pootras" do not trample down the children when they go out to feed the poultry of a summer morning.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE APPEAL.

BY PHOEBE CARRY.

Olive me back, give me back the sweet peace that is banished,
No more to abide in my bosom a guest;
And the many and beautiful hopes which have vanished,
And left me to wander alone and unblest.

Give me back the sweet draught of delight which I tasted,
When thy kisses were lovingly pressed on my brow;
And all the fond sighs that I ever have wasted
In thinking of thee, from that moment till now.

Olive me back the delight of those exquisite hours,
With their delicate shadows, and sunny gleams,
When, down on a pathway all bordered with flowers,
I nightly descended the valley of dreams.

Olive me back each kind word that my lips may have spoken,
Let me lightly again from thy fetters go free;
O, give me the heart thou hast carelessly broken,
And the years I have recklessly wasted for thee.

'Tis in vain! and in vain have I ever besought thee;
Thou canst not bow sad and how ceaseless I yearn:
Then if thou wilt give me not what I brought thee,
But give me, O, give me, thy heart in return!

CHANGE OF COLOR IN THE HAIR.

Dr. Wardrop, an English author, in a treatise on "Diseases of the Hair," relates some cases of the sudden changing of the hair from black to white. A lady, who was deeply grieved on receiving the intelligence of a great change in her worldly condition, and who had a very remarkable quantity of dark hair, found, on the following morning, the whole of her hair had become of a silver white. Some striking instances of this kind are narrated by historians. "I was struck," says Madame Campan, "with the astonishing change misfortune had wrought upon Marie Antoinette's features; her whole head of hair had turned almost white during her transit from Varennes to Paris." The Duchess of Luxembourg was caught making her escape during the terrors of the French Revolution, and put in prison; the next morning it was observed that her hair had become white. A Spanish officer, distinguished for his bravery, was in the Duke of Alva's camp, and an experiment was made by one of the authorities to test his courage. At midnight, the Provost Marshal, accompanied by his guard and a confessor, awoke him from his sleep, informing him that, by the order of the Viceroy, he was to be immediately executed, and had only a quarter of an hour left to make his peace with Heaven. After he had confessed, he said that he was prepared for death, but declared his innocence. The Provost Marshal at this moment broke into a fit of laughter, and told him that they merely wanted to try his courage. Placing his hand upon his heart, and with ghastly paleness, he ordered the Provost out of his tent, observing that he had "done him an evil office;" and the next morning, to the wonder of the whole army, the hair of his head, from having been a deep black color, had become perfectly white.—*Horne Journal*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WOULD I WERE A MONK.

BY R. O. WILEY.

Would I were a monk, in cloister old,
Some cloister far away;
A cowed monk, who his beads had told,
Till his locks were thin and gray;
On whom the world had lost its hold,
Would I were a monk, in cloister old.

Would I were a monk, with cloistered heart,
That never of feeling told;
One that at love nor hope should start,
Heart to human softness cold;
Bound to none by affection's art,
Would I were a monk, with cloistered heart.

A bearded monk, in some cloister old,
Whom deep passion ne'er could thrill;
Over whose heart in waves had rolled
The waters of good and ill;
Till it was calm, and still, and cold,
Would I were a monk in some cloister old.

THE ROSE.

I saw a rose perfect in beauty; it rested gracefully upon its stalk, and its perfume filled the air. Many stopped to gaze upon it, many bowed to taste its fragrance, and its owner hung over it with delight. I passed it again, and behold it was gone—its stem was leafless—its root had withered; the enclosure which surrounded it was broken down. The spoiler had been there; he saw that many admired it; he knew it was dear to him who planted it, and beside it he had no other plant to love. Yet he snatched it secretly from the hand that cherished it; he wore it on his bosom till it hung its head and faded, and, when he saw that its glory was departed, he flung it rudely away. But it left a thorn in his bosom, and vainly did he seek to extract it; for now it pierces the spoiler, even in the hour of mirth. And when I saw that no man, who had loved the beauty of the rose, gathered again its scattered leaves, or bound up the stock which the hands of violence had broken, I looked earnestly at the spot where it grew, and my soul received instruction. And I said, Let her who is full of beauty and admiration, sitting like the queen of flowers in majesty among the daughters of women, let her watch lest vanity enter her heart, beguiling her to rest proudly upon her own strength; let her remember that she standeth upon slippery places, "and be not high-minded, but fear."—*Sigourney*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

BURIED LOVE.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHAMBLER.

Slowly the day goes down, lighting the sunset fires in the broad west,
And pausing on the hill with sad and patient smile,
To watch the pale, fair moon calmly uprising from the sea's deep breast,
And blushing bright at her own lowliness the while.

Even-stars climb upward, pale and silent, like the ghosts of hurried hopes,
That make our stricken hearts to ache—thrilling to their core,
For those that once beside us watched the day go down the sunset slopes,
For those that with us watch the day go down no more!

The fainting wail goes sighing through the far-off eldron grove,
A reed-like voice comes downward from the eve-stars bright,
Wailing in weary monotone, old ballad tales of hopeless love,
While the stars breathe sadly back that love's stern blight!

I know not why it is, friend of my earlier and my brighter years,
That thou out of thy grave shouldst come to me to-night,
In all the glory of thy golden hair undimmed by my wild tears,
Standing beside me, in thy coffin-robes so white!

I know not how it is I dare to lay my head upon thy breast,
And gaze with calm, relying eyes into thine own;
Did they not lay thee, long ago, 'neath graveyard turf and sod to rest,
And say, my buried one, that thou must rest alone!

Nay, look not down on me, sweet love, with the cold calmness of thy smile,
Nor dream thy image ever from my heart had flown;
Though with my foot upon thy grave I kneel at other shrines the while,
Or watched on other brows the light and shade o'erblown!

Hail me once more as in those elder days upon thy faithful heart,
Clasp me but once within thine arms' most fond embrace;
E'en though like mortals seeing gods, so that e'er my soul depart,
Enough 't will be, once more to gaze upon thy face!

YOUNG MEN.

There is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in heaven; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind them, and will beam forth again; the blaze of others' popularity may outshine him, but we know that, though unseen, he illuminates his own true sphere. He resists temptation, not without a struggle, for that is not a virtue; but he resists and conquers; he hears the sarcasm of the profligate, and it stings him, for that is a trait of virtue, but he heals with his own pure touch. He who says in his heart, but not with his lips, "There is no God," controls him not; he sees the hand of a creating God, and rejoices in it. Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving counsel; old age is protected by experience, and manhood is protected by strength; but the young man stands amid the temptations of the world like a self-balanced tower. Happy is he who seeks and gains the prop of morality. Onward, then, conscientious youth! raise thy standard, and nerve thyself for goodness! If God has given thee intellectual power, awake in that cause. Never let it be said of thee, "He helped to swell the river of sin by pouring his influence into its channels." If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! assume that beautiful garb of virtue! It is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength, then. Let truth be the lady of thy love. Defend her.—*Mrs. Caroline Gilman*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MAN AND THE STREAMLET.

BY R. A. WIGAT.

"Whither, merry little streamlet,
Hast'nest thou on silver feet?"
"I am hurrying to the ocean,
Hurrying ocean's waves to greet."

"I am but a little brooklet,
And I would a river be;
And I'm pushing onward,
Till my waters find the sea."

"But a rill the morning found thee,
O'er thy waves the flowers bent;
Canst thou not, ambitious streamlet,
Canst not be therewith content?"

Then the brook to me replying,
"How can man reprove the stream?
Is not he forever trying
To obtain ambition's dream?"

"My pure waters, flowing onward,
Nourish flowers as they go;
You may trace each brooklet's pathway
By the flowers that round it grow."

"Ah, not thus with man's ambition,
Every path a desert shows;
Blackened ruins—desolation,
Follow him where'er he goes."

"When man's lot in life is humble,
Let him learn content to be;
Then reprove ambition's streamlets,
As they're hurrying to the sea."

FEMALE DELICACY.

Above other features which adorn the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste as from good feeling and good sense; but the high-minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike amongst women as in the society of men—which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak, when required, with seriousness and kindness, of things at which it would be ashamed to smile or to blush—that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feelings of another, and which understands also how and when to receive one—that delicacy which can give alms without assumption, and which pains not the most susceptible being in creation.—*Thackeray*.

Chigwell is an old and silent village; the church, with its row of arching yews, the large inn opposite, with its deep gables and bowed windows, and the entire character of the village carried the mind insensibly back. The school is an ivy-covered building, and the room in which the after governor of Pennsylvania was educated, bears traces of considerable antiquity. The temperament of William Penn was sensitive and enthusiastic, and most have caused his parents much anxiety. It is certain that while at Chigwell, his mind became seriously impressed on the great subject of religion. The admiral, we may suppose, if he knew of this impression, would not have regarded it favorably; and if it were known to him, it made him hasten his son's departure from Chigwell; for the following year we find him at school near his birthplace on Tower Hill, and most likely at a day school, for his father, to augment his scholarship, kept a private tutor for him at his own house. Sir William had high hopes for this darling child. His talents were of lofty order, his accomplishments were many, and he won all hearts by his captivating manners. When fifteen, he entered Christ Church, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner. There, without neglecting his studies, he took great delight in manly sports, and in the society of his companions. But it would be impossible in our limits to enter upon minute details of this remarkable man. Passing over, therefore, the early years of his life, his peculiar struggles for religious liberty, and many events which are matters of history, we must enter upon his connection with affairs on our own continent. In 1676, Penn became manager of "property concerns" in New Jersey; he invited settlers, sent them out in three vessels, and occupied himself in the formation of a constitution, consisting of terms of agreement and concession. Perfect religious liberty was, of course, established, and William Penn left no record that "he hoped he had laid the foundation for those to after ages of their liberty both as men and Christians, and by an adherence to which, they never could be brought into bondage but by their own consent." In these days, it is little more than a pleasure-trip to cross the Atlantic; but in the time of William Penn it was a serious undertaking. Yet nothing obstructed his progress; when once he fixed within his mind it was right to act, the act was "afoot." For several succeeding years he was projecting plans for the good of New Jersey. His heart was rent asunder by the persecutions endured by his people—especially in the "rough" city of Bristol—and anxious as he then was for the grants, which he in after time obtained, the fear of "great ones" never prevented raising hand and voice against tyranny. At length, one of his great objects was attained; the charter, granting him the tract of land which he himself had marked out, bears date the fourth of March, 1681. He had petitioned for land in "the far West" where brethren might dwell together in unity, in love, and in security, chiefly as the liquidation of debt which the government owed his father. And when his petition was granted, then commenced the career by which his name is chiefly known and honored. Gathering a "favored people" together from wherever he had preached "the word," at a very early period, he freighted two ships with Irish Quakers. Merciful as the Irish are, there is no country where Quakers are more beloved and trusted to this day, than in Ireland. The embarkation of this Quaker colony must have formed a strange contrast to the going out of an emigrant ship in our own day. The well-clad, well organized, steadfast, earnest, subdued, yet hopeful people, taking leave of those whom they loved, yet left—subdued, as is their custom, all outward indications of anguish, and seeming ashamed of the emotion which sent tears to their eyes, and tremor to their lips! Two of the good ships—well ordered, well-appointed, well provisioned—sailed from London, and another from Bristol. How different from the wretched hulks which are now sent staggering across the seas, to convey a diseased, half-naked and



STOKE—THE RESIDENCE OF THE
PENN FAMILY



EXTERIOR OF CHIGWELL SCHOOL, WHERE PENN RECEIVED HIS EARLY INSTRUCTION.



PENN'S TREATY GROUND, WITH THE FAIRMAN, ON THE DELAWARE.

where Philadelphia now stands—foremost of a handful of Quakers, without a weapon, undefended, except by that true protector which the Almighty has stamped on every honest brow. Here the peace-loving lawmaker awaited the pouring out of the dark tribes. Amid the woods, as far as eye could reach, dark masses of wild, uncouth creatures, some with paint and feathers, and rude but deadly weapons, advanced slowly, and in good order; grave, stern chiefs, and strong-armed braves gathering to meet a few unarmed strangers, their future friends, not masters! There was neither spear nor pistol, sword nor rifle, scourge nor fetter, open or concealed among these white men; the trying place was an elm-tree of prodigious growth at Shackamaxon, the present Kensington of Philadelphia. The large elm under which Penn concluded his treaty is seen to the right in the foreground of the engraving representing the treaty. It was blown down on the 3d of March, 1810. In its form it was remarkably wide-spread, but not lofty; its main branch, inclining towards the river, measured fifteen feet in length, its girth around the trunk was twenty-four feet, and its age, as it was counted by the inspection of its circle of annual growth, was two hundred and eighty-three years. It stood on the edge of the bank which sloped to the river. The avenue of trees seen in the view, and Fairman's Mansion opposite, was constructed in 1702. Penn greatly desired to purchase it as a country residence for himself, but failed to do so. Towards this tree, the leaders of both tribes drew near, approaching each other under its widely spreading branches—front to front, eye to eye, neither having a dishonorable thought

of the multitude to the promised land! Penn's letter to the Indians, transmitted by one of the earlier ships, is a masterpiece of what worldlings call policy, but which is simply justice and right feeling. This letter preceded his visit, and was well calculated to excite the confidence and curiosity of the red men, who must have felt deeply anxious to see the pale faces who addressed them, and was disposed to treat them as brethren. The death of his mother, at this time, spread a gloom over his loving spirit, and delayed his departure; but the interest of the new world summoned him from the old. He at length sailed for the new world, in the ship *Welcome*, and was there greeted by his future subjects; consisting of English, Irish, Dutch and Swedes, then in number about 3000. He had people of many lands and many creeds to deal with, as well as an unseen and almost unknown nation; but he commenced with so noble an act of justice, in paying the Indians for the lands already given him in payment by the king of England, that pale faces and red skins were alike convinced of his certain honesty of purpose. There are few persons whose pulsations are so numbered that they will not beat the quicker when they bear of a generous action; the soul is revived, even in a worldly bosom, by the throbs of immortality which tell as they are great and righteous deeds prompted by God himself. With what an upright gait and open brow must Wm. Penn have met the tribes at Coquannoc—the Indian name for the place

towards his fellow man, comprehending each other by means of that great interpreter—truth! How vexations that history should be so mute as to this most glorious meeting, and that there is but little tradition—that faintest echo of the past—to tell of the speeches made by the Indians, and replied to by Penn, after his first address had been delivered. The Quaker used no subterfuge, employed no stratagem to draw them into confidence; imposed not upon their senses by a display of crown, sceptre, mace, sword, halbert, or any of the visible signs of stately dominion or warlike power, to which, like all wild men, they were inclined to render homage. And this is a thing to look at with pride and thankfulness, when man, in a righteous purpose, and with simplicity and steadfast intent, becomes so completely one of Heaven's delegates, that he is looked up to and respected by his fellow-mortals, who are not so richly endowed by God. It must have been a sight of exceeding glory, when Penn, whose only personal distinction was a netted sash of light blue silk, cast his eyes over the mighty and strange multitude, who observed him with an earnest interest, while his followers displayed to the tribes various articles of merchandise, and he advanced steadily towards the great sachem, chief of them all, who, as Penn drew near, placed a horned chaplet on his head, which gave his people intimation that the sacredness of peace was over all. With one consent, the tribes threw down their bows and arrows, crouched around their great chiefs,



LANDING OF PENN AT BLUE ANCHOR INN.

forming a huge half moon on the ground, while their great chief told William Penn, by his interpreter, that the nations were ready to bear him. This scene has never been recorded or painted as it might be. The great fact that he there spoke fearlessly and honestly what they heard and believed, pledging themselves, when he had concluded, according to their country's manner, to live in love with William Penn and his children so long as the sun and moon should endure, is more suggestive than any record in modern history. Slate-roof house, the city residence of William Penn and family while in Philadelphia, on his second visit in 1700, is remarkable as the birthplace of the only one of the race of Penn born in the country. Here John Penn, the American, was born one month after the arrival of his family. After Penn's decease, the house was retained as the governor's residence, and John Adams and other members of the congress had their lodgings in the Slate-house. After arranging all matters as to the future city, well might Penn write home: "In fine, here is what Abraham, Isaac and Jacob would be well content with, and service enough for God, for the fields here are white to the harvest. O, how sweet it is, the quiet of these parts, freed from the anxious and troublesome solicitations, hurries and perplexities of woful Europe!" But much as the lawgiver enjoyed the quiet of his new colony, he was not content to remain there. His mind was anxious, his affections were divided between two hemispheres; his ardent, restless nature longed to act wherever action was needed. He, therefore, returned to England; Charles II was trembling on the verge of the grave, which soon closed over him, leaving nothing for immortality but the fame of weakness even in vice. William Penn records James telling him, soon after the accession, that now he meant to "go to mass above board," upon which the Quaker remarked quaintly and promptly, "that he hoped his majesty would grant to others the liberty he so loved himself, and let all go where they pleased." He resided then in a house at Charing Cross, most probably one ready finished, as it has not been pointed out as a resi-



PENN'S RESIDENCE, SLATE ROOF HOUSE, CORNER OF NORRIS ALLEY AND THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.



PENN'S HOUSE, IN LETITIA COURT, PHILADELPHIA.

and an old countryman—who noticed our scrutiny of the village, and entered freely into the interest of our visit—described it as a large, quaint old mansion, which stood opposite the church, and commanded the view exhibited in our wood cut—a view entirely unaltered by modernization, and upon which the eye of Penn must have often rested. Here a stroke of apoplexy benumbed his active brain, and rendered him unfit for business. Such strokes were repeated, during six years, until he finally sank beneath them. Those who visited him between the periods of infirmity, bore testimony to his faith, and hope, and trust in the Lord, and of his unfading loving kindness and gentleness to those around him. Thus, through faintness and weakness, he had but little actual suffering, though there was a gradual pacing towards eternity, and on the 30th day of July, 1718, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, he put off the mortal coil which he had worn, even to the wearing out, and joined in heaven those he had loved on earth. There was an immediate and mighty gathering of his friends and admirers, who attended his remains to the burying-grounds of Jordans. It must have been a thrilling sight—the silent and solemn people wending their way through the embowered lands leading from Rushcombe into Buckinghamshire, that hallowed land of Hampden, consecrated by so many memories, of which Penn, if not chiefest, is now among the chief. In Thomas Story's Journal, he narrates the circumstances of Penn's death and funeral with touching simplicity: "On the thirty-first of the fifth month, 1718, I received a letter from Hannah Penn, of the decease of her husband, our ancient and honorable friend, William Penn, who departed this life on the thirtieth, between two and three in the morning, of a short sickness." He then notes his visit on the first of the succeeding month to Rushcombe, where "I staid till the fifth of August, and that day accompanied the corpse to the grave at Jordans meeting place in the county of Bucks, where we had a large meeting of Friends, and others from many places; and as the Lord had made choice of him in the days of his youth for great and good service, and had been with him in many dangers and difficulties of various kinds, so he did not leave him in his last moments, but honored the occasion with his blessed presence, and gave a happy season of his goodness to the general satisfaction of all, the meeting being well spoken of by strangers afterwards." The dense, unweeping sorrow of a Quaker funeral once witnessed, can never be forgotten. The sun had begun to make long shadows on the grass, and the bright stems of the birch threw up, as it were, the foliage of heavier trees before we came in sight of the quaint, solitary place of silence and of graves. The narrow road leading to the Quakers'

dence. His journeyings to and fro were resumed, and as he was known to be affectionately attached to James, when William came to the throne, he was persecuted nearly as much as in old times. Pennsylvania, too, became disturbed, not by discontent of the red man, but by discontent with another governor. After a lapse of seventeen years, he again sailed with his family to Pennsylvania, and was received by white and red as their father and their friend. He dispelled many differences, healed many sores, and saw the city he had planned rising rapidly on every side. These seventeen years seemed to have done the work of seventy, and the prosperity of Pennsylvania was secured. He had shown the possibility of a nation maintaining its own internal policy amid a mixture of different nations and opposite civil and religious opinions, and of maintaining its foreign relations also, without the aid of a soldier or a man-at-arms. The constable's staff was the only symbol of authority in Pennsylvania for the greater part of a century! He had still abundant vexations to endure; his circumstances became embarrassed. He returned with his family to England an aged man—though more aged by the unceasing anxiety and activity of his life, than by his years. There are traditions of his dwelling at Kensington Knightsbridge; but it is known that he possessed himself of a handsome mansion at Rushcombe, near Twyford, in Berkshire. Rushcombe is a quiet, little village on the borders of Berkshire. It lies in a valley; and the gently rising hills afar off add to the placid beauty of the scene. Some very old cottages and farms constitute the homes of its inhabitants, which remain much as they must have been when Penn was here a resident. The house in which he died was destroyed nearly twenty years ago;

meeting-house was not often disturbed by the echo of carriage wheels, and before we alighted, an aged woman had looked out with a perplexed, yet kindly countenance, and then went back and sent forth her little grand-daughter, who met us with a self-possessed and quiet air, which showed that, if not "a friend," she had dwelt among friends. The meeting-house is, of course, perfectly unadorned—plain benches and a plain table, such as you sometimes see in furniture prints of Queen Anne's time. This table the little maid placed outside, to enable our artist to sketch the grave-yard, and that we might write our names in a book, where a few English, and a number of Americans had written before us. It contained simply, as it ought, the names of those who, like ourselves, wished to be instructed and elevated by a sight of the grave of William Penn. The burying-ground might be termed a little meadow; for the long grass waved over, while it, in a great degree, concealed the several undulations, which showed where many sleep. But when observed more closely, chequered though it was by increasing shadows, the very undulations gave an appearance of green waves to the verdure, as it swept above the slightly-raised mounds. There was something to us sacred beyond all telling in this green place of nameless graves, as if, having done with the world, the world had nothing more to do with those whose stations were filled up, whose names were forgotten! It was more solemn—told more truly of actual death, than the monuments beneath the fretted roofs of Westminster or St. Paul's, laboring, often unworthily, "to point a moral or adorn a tale"—to keep memory green, which else had moldered! The young girl knew the lawgiver's grave among the many, as

[FOR CONCLUSION, SEE PAGE 412.]

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STANZAS.

BY J. D. JOHNSON, M. D.

O, woman! by whose influence alone
Mankind exalts—*Dante's Inferno.*

O where's the spell like woman's smile,
To drive the clouds of care away;
To charm again, with winsome wile,
Back to the heart joy's sunny ray?

The brightest beam that pleasure throws
Emits a feeble transient glow,
If it across our pathway flows
Without the light her eyes bestow.

The best, the highest meed of fame
Is gained from her admiring praise;
The deepest, keenest sting of shame
Darts from her disdainful gaze!

Then strive to make bright woman thine,
Her light will cheer thy darkness way;
For like the diamond in the mine
Gloom most draws forth her sparkling ray.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE FAY CHILD.

BY DEN: PERLEY POORE.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry in Fairy-land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing.

And gaily shines that Fairy-land,—
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Doth dart o'er ice and snow—*Scott.*

"Write you a fairy story, fair Mary," was our answer to a recent request, from a young and gentle reader of the "Pictorial." "Why you must think that the author of fictitious tales requires little more than Dr. Franklin demanded when he began to edit the "Mercury"—a bottle of ink, and a quire of paper. It might once have been so, when romancers could trick out their heroes and heroines in whatever raggedry their own ideas of dress might furnish. But now-a-days, readers are dainty, and he who composes fiction must have a positive acquaintance with the localities, customs and characters which he introduces. Now all our knowledge of the elves who danced upon the wild, or the giant who wielded his club, comes from stories as familiar as household words. You would not wish to hear these twice-told tales repeated, and so, sweet coz, excuse us."

"I am so sorry," she replied, pouting lips even more red and cheread in their hue than was her pretty bonnet. "The mythological tales in the 'Pictorial' were so interesting, that I should like to read about the faeries."

And we felt sorry too, for we delight in pleasing a half-score of merry cousins, more or less related—especially those of them with whom we hold frequent converse through the "Pictorial," and on returning home we rummaged over a huge mass of "material" in quest of something about elfin land. At last we came to an old manuscript, which had been purchased at an English sale, and forgotten. It was a fairy-story! And in giving it, in a modern garb, we must conscientiously state that its veracity is doubtful—but we hope it will be acceptable to cousin Mary, and many other readers. Here it is:]

Sir Owen O'More, a wealthy Irish baronet, lived quietly on his estate, at a period when Queen Elizabeth's warlike spirit sent abroad most of the gallant noblemen in her realms. Neither age nor original disposition suited him from taking that command to which his birth and name entitled him, but his every thought was centered in a young babe, his first-born son. He had been sent, as was then the custom with Irishmen of rank, to a Spanish college, and while there had wooed and won the daughter of an English ambassador. The union was a happy one, and when the approach of manhood rendered it necessary for him to return and take possession of his estate (his father having died in his infancy), he was accompanied by his young bride. A new tie to their happiness was given on the birth of their son, but, ere he was a week old, the father's joy was clouded. The fond mother at first smiled to see the serious looks with which he now regarded the infant, but was seldom able to produce a similar effect on him, as he bent over the cradle, endeavoring with a trembling kiss to dissemble his fears. There was no apparent reason for this extreme terror—at least, Sir Owen assigned none to the numerous inquirers around him—but it was said by the domestics that one day, while hunting, the dogs seized a hare. Just as they were about to tear their game to pieces, it changed into a fairy, which ascended into the clouds, threatening the baronet to take vengeance upon his son, then but a few days old.

Meanwhile his child improved and prospered—Lady Owen was soon able to enjoy his caresses, and in due time all the wealthy neighbors assembled at the hall, to enjoy the christening feast. The priests and sponsors were ready—the friends of the family were ranged around in joyful expectation—and Sir Owen himself went to the nursery to hasten the coming of the child. As he entered the room he heard a loud shriek from the women who surrounded the cradle, and rushing to it, after a single glance, fell senseless on the floor.

The apartment was filled quickly with his friends and retainers, who had but to give one look at the cradle to avoid it—so disgusting was its occupant. In vain did the priest, on his knees,

implore a re-change—his prayers were unavailing. The young O'More was gone, and in his place there was an idiotic-looking, distorted child, whose light glassy eyes were strangely contrasted with a profusion of coarse, thick hair.

Sir Owen was the first to recover himself, and appeared to perceive that immediate and energetic action was necessary. "My friends," said he, "this has been a transformation, but let us hope that our loss may not be irreparable. To this end perseverance and courage are necessary, and I think that I possess both. But in this strife your brave hearts and strong hands will, I fear, be of little use. The monk's breviary, and not the warrior's sword, must be our weapon—and faith, not steel, must be our armor. My friends, I bid ye depart in sorrow; let us trust we may yet meet in joy."

The saddened neighbors and tenants of Sir Owen now departed in small groups, eagerly conversing on the singular occurrence. Numerous stories were related connected with this well-known Irish superstition, and the means of recovering the child from Fairy-land were discussed. Some advised invoking the priests' and some the witches' assistance. But there was a pretty general agreement that "watching the daylight," as it was termed, was likely to be the most efficient. It was to be thus performed: In the fifth summer from the time of the child's birth, the nearest maiden relation under twenty, after a week spent in prayer and fasting, was to proceed alone, on the evening of the first of May, to the nearest haunt of the faeries. She was there to seat herself upon a stone, with her face towards the east, and read her breviary until the first glimpse of morning. Then, if all the circumstances of the ceremony were correct, she would perceive a troop of faeries mounted on small milk-white steeds, prancing before her, and on the last, the person she sought. Him she was to clasp firmly, and if she had fortitude to resist the imaginary terrors created by the spell, for a few minutes, was certain to recover him.

The unfortunate mother felt the blow to the full extent of human agony; but when she reflected on the late gloom of her husband, and the chance of its increase by this evil, she determined to give up all useless sorrow, and be to him, in the hour of misfortune, more than she was ever in the hour of joy. That evening, he alluded to the sad change. "I now, my love," said he, in a solemn tone, "know the worst, and know it may be remedied. Among the monks at the neighboring abbey are many excellent men, but I am determined to trust a Spaniard, named Iago. To perfect faith he joins a knowledge of the hidden secrets of the world, said not always to be compatible with it. This he tells not to the vulgar, who would see little difference between the power arising from superior intelligence and forbidden art, but I once befriended him, and feel sure of his aid. And now, my love, let us banish this subject from all future conversations. Need I say how anxiously, how ardently I shall fly to convey the first glimpse of hope to her, without whose participation all earthly happiness must be imperfect—but until success crown my exertions, let them be unmarked and unregarded."

Early on the following morning, Sir Owen, unaccompanied, took the path leading through the woods in which the abbey was situated. This forest was so large as, according to tradition, never to have been completely explored. As far as the site of the abbey, a modern one (instituted a few years previous by some emigrant monks from Spain), it was well known—but beyond that it became so entangled with dwarf oak, beech and hazel, as to be entirely impervious. When Sir Owen arrived at the abbey, he was received as wealthy patrons usually are, with real or feigned welcome, perhaps both—and after he had properly ensured the good offices of the fraternity, he inquired for brother Iago.

"Alas, my son," said the abbot, "I fear he will not live long to ornament our community with his talents—but I will introduce you to his cell. There Sir Owen found his old friend in the last stages of consumption, but he listened with attentive ear to the bereaved father. "Go and walk in the garden," said the invalid, when the sad tale was completed, "and in an hour return here—I will do my best."

Returning promptly at the appointed time, Sir Owen saw on the monk's table some curious instruments, and two parchment manuscripts, evidently written with blood. "My power fails me, I fear," said the suffering student, "but I can assure you one thing. Your son is not now within the grasp or influence of the revengeful fairy who obtained a temporary possession of him. On your return to the hall you will find his mis-shapen substitute fled, but little further can I say. There are moments when the wishes of pure and innocent hearts have power over the most fixed resolves of the numberless spirits that inhabit the secret places of earth, and air, and sea—perhaps some happy coincidence of this kind has redeemed him. If so, and he is again an inhabitant of the mortal world, mortal means alone must be used for his recovery."

"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Owen. "Does it rest upon my exertions? a father's perseverance will not be easily overcome." And with many expressions of gratitude, he returned to communicate the joyful hope to his lady. On his arrival, his heart beat high with delight, for the ill-favored substitute had disappeared during his absence.

Years rolled on, and few changes had taken place either at the abbey or the hall. No second child came to divert the attention of Sir Owen from the pertinacity with which he had devoted it to the recovery of the first. His lady sat alone, in sorrow and solitude, while she saw his spirits wasted, and the best years of his life lost, in what had long since appeared a fruitless pursuit. He, with a single-purposed steadiness, urged on his hopes, cloaking his existence in their accomplishment, and there appeared reason to suppose that if this stimulus were lost, there would be little re-

maing to bind him to life. Father Iago, who had partially recovered his health, was his only companion, and often did they recall the past, or hope for the future.

When the appointed period arrived, the ceremony of "watching the daylight" was performed, with all the pomp which the rank of the persons interested, and the importance of the object demanded. For a fortnight before the first of May, there was unceasing feasting and revelry at the hall, and praying and fasting at the abbey. At length the evening arrived.

A beautiful girl, who stood in the proper degree of relationship, had come from a distant part of the country to be the agent of the child's release, and was escorted to the vicinity of the hallowed spot by a crowd of fair ladies and gallant cavaliers. She then proceeded alone. Awful and impressive was the silence with which that lately joyous company awaited, in a tent erected by Sir Owen, the return of daybreak. At last, the first faint indications of the coming morning were visible—with hurried steps they sought the "Faires' Vale,"—and there they found the disappointed girl, cold, pale, and in tears. She had seen the spiritual beings—and when the first burst of agitation was over, she related wonders of the beauty and grace of their forms, their elegant attire of forest green, the symmetry of their snow-white steeds, the delicious harmony which issued from the instruments of their tiny bands, and the order and regularity of their evolutions. But when the close of the procession arrived, and she could easily perceive, by the firm, healthful cheek with the fresh blood of youth mantling over it, that the sons and daughters of earth were now passing in slow review before her, still more intense became her anxiety. Closely and minutely did she look into every face that approached her, but she perceived not the distinctive sign which (not by outward mark but by inward conviction) she was told would indisputably discover to her the son of Sir Owen. But speculation was set at rest, when she found that not one among the mortal train was, within many years, so young as the lost heir. The faeries still continued their procession, as if to afford her the amplest opportunity for research, and it was not until the broad sunbeam came slanting along the green buds and gray bark of the slender birch and graceful willow, that "they made themselves air, when they vanished." The persons most interested in the result, excepting Lady O'More, were those best satisfied with it. Sir Owen, and Father Iago, regarded it as a proof that the child had been, indeed, delivered from Fairy-land;—and, although he might be in poverty and misery, it was a relief to believe him beyond the reach of evil power.

Meanwhile, of late years a man of singular appearance, but of simple and honest habits, had occasionally found his way through the intricacies of the forest to the abbey and to the hall. He was accustomed to bribe with him fish of a superior flavor to any to be procured in the neighborhood, by the sale of which, and a quantity of willow baskets, he represented himself as obtaining the means of subsistence. For many years he had taken his fish and baskets to a small village at the other extremity of the forest, but as he grew old, this journey required two days instead of one—then could only be performed in fine weather, with great fatigue—and he looked anxiously about for a market nearer home. This he found at the abbey and at the hall, where his visits were soon anxiously expected, and the old fisherman greeted with profitable kindness. As he became acquainted, he spoke to his new customers of his son, whom he described as a fine, stout boy, who caught most of the fish, and wove most of the baskets which he sold. But it was remarked, that this lad never accompanied him, while to the numerous solicitations to bring him, he always opposed the fear of making him idle, and giving him a taste for rambling.

One night, when all was hushed in repose, there was a loud knocking at the abbey postern gate, and on opening the door, the porter found the old fisherman. His wife, he said, with whom he had lived long and happily, was on her death-bed, and he requested one of the brothers might accompany him to speak the words of peace and promise, to dispel the doubts and soothe the fears of her departing spirit. There were few of the monks who were wont to volunteer upon such expeditions, but Father Iago (now recovered) was ever ready, and the abbot detailed him for the task. A waning moon gave its partial light to a calm summer's sky, as, at one o'clock of a fine June morning, they left the abbey for the fisherman's hut. The heart of the old man was depressed, but he was as active as usual, and his unwonted silence showed that, even in him, there was a chord which care could touch, a medicine through which sorrow could exert its inherent influence over mortality.

Father Iago, wrapped in his meditations, said nothing, and they proceeded without any conversation. The path was narrow and intricate, amid the tangled wilds of a dense forest—then, as the sun came forth, and they approached their destination, the landscape was more open to view. Large meadows, only partially covered with trees, stretched, in rich luxuriance, to a lake whose calm, clear waters seemed, on the opposite side, completely embosomed in a wood of trees, larger and taller than any they had yet seen. Here they entered a skiff, which had been fastened to an overhanging willow, and in a few moments reached the opposite beach, where the old man's cottage was in sight.

It was a humble dwelling, and furnished scantily, while on a rude pallet lay the poor woman, scarcely alive. A few moments more, and they had been too late—she was, however, fully sensible, and having participated in the necessary religious ceremonies, explained to the monk why she had wished to confess. There was a secret, she said, respecting a child—not hers, although she had ever loved it fondly—and as she could not die in peace unless the secret was acknowledged, and as she had not strength sufficient, her husband agreed to tell the story for her.

The old fisherman, who had left the cottage, was now recalled by the monk. A glow of shame was on his cheek as he re-entered, and tears, arising from conflicting feelings, filled his dim gray eyes as he at once commenced the recital. "It is now," said he, "about twelve years since, that one morning, before daybreak, I was untying the rope that fastened my boat to the stump of the old willow, when suddenly I heard music so loud and so delightful, that the whole forest seemed filled with it. I turned round to perceive whence it came, and saw crowds of fairies, of every description, surrounding a small coach, in which was a young child, the most beautiful I ever beheld. I did not care for the fairies then, although at any other time I should have been afraid; but the singular beauty of the infant filled my thoughts."

"Involuntarily, and as if urged by some secret impulse, I exclaimed: 'would that it would please Providence to give me a child like that to be the comfort of the rest of my life!' No sooner had I spoken, than loud wailings and shrieks resounded all around me, mixed with the most discordant noises. The pageantry faded away, like the mist on the lake before the morning sun—but the boy—the boy thus providentially given me, alone remained! For twelve years we have cherished and taught, as well as we could, this sacred gift, as our adopted son—and it would go hard to lose him now—for me to lose both—"

Tears choked the old man's utterance. "Tell me," asked Father Iago, "have you preserved the clothes in which the child was dressed when you found it?"

"We have," was the fisherman's reply, and opening an antique chest, he produced them. They were elegantly wrought, and prominent amid the embroidery was the armorial bearing of the O Mores.

"The mystery is solved!" exclaimed Father Iago, and then explained all the circumstances to the fisherman and his wife, to their great joy. Absolution was administered to the poor woman, and soon after she breathed her last with serenity, and in a well-grounded hope.

Soon after, the boy returned from the village, where he had gone in quest of medical advice. He was tall beyond his years, strongly and finely formed, and (perhaps from the solitude in which he had lived, necessarily inducing a consciousness that there was no one to control him) had an appearance of careless freedom, better suited for his new station in life than for an humble lot. Father Iago endeavored to persuade him to go with him at once to the hall, but in vain. His mother, as he had always called and known her, was dead, and he was determined to assist in placing her in her grave.

Early the next day they started, sending a messenger in advance with the glad tidings of their coming. As they approached the hall, the great bell pealed forth its welcome notes, and the tenantry, with cheers and shouts, made the welkin ring. No pen can portray the joy of the meeting, and the delight of the mother, as she clasped her long-lost boy to her heart, almost repaid her for the bitter griefs she had endured during his absence. The gloom, which had so long clouded the life of Sir Owen, vanished—his son was his joy and his pride—and we leave him in possession of as much as is permitted to mortality to know of human happiness.

[Translated from the French, for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A FLASK OF MALAGA WINE.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

The Marquis de Nointel was the son of the ambassador, who, in the reign of Louis XIV., had so worthily represented the king, his master, at Constantinople, before the divan. M. de Nointel did not pursue the career of his father; he became a magistrate, entered Parliament, and was distinguished for his scrupulous fulfilment of his duties.

Two years before the period of which we are about to speak, he had been appointed to examine *clairs* made by the Count de Toulouse on forests, included in those of the crown. The counsellor reported in a manner favorable to the interests of the prince, and the court decided the affair accordingly. The Count de Toulouse, delighted with having gained his cause, wished to manifest his gratitude to the magistrate, whose impartiality had been proof against such powerful considerations; but the thing was difficult with regard to a man of integrity, who possessed a considerable fortune; a present could be accepted only by reason of its little importance. The chief butler of the Count de Toulouse received an order to send to M. de Nointel twenty-four bottles of Malaga wine; the accompanying note, written in the hand of the prince, stated that the wine could be valuable to the person who received it only on one account, that M. de Toulouse had himself brought it from Spain, on his first maritime expedition. This motive was appreciated, and the present readily accepted. The Malaga wine was of the first quality, and was but rarely used in the family of M. de Nointel—the counsellor of Parliament being himself its sole dispenser.

M. de Nointel, the father, inhabited a fine hotel in the Rue de Clery, at one extremity of Paris. His garden bordered on the ramparts, which, at that period, still separated the city from the faubourg. The habits of the counsellor were strictly magisterial; he rose and retired very early, and never indulged in the boisterous pleasures of the world. His son, on the contrary, dissipated, sought by the nobility, was quoted as a fashionable man; he often returned home when his father was rising to renew his laborious profession; the father, who was very indulgent to his son, therefore gave him a pavilion entirely separate, opening from the garden.

The Chevalier de Nointel had returned home about two o'clock in the morning—one of the first days of October, in the year

1721. His valet, having waited for him a long time, had kindled a fire in the large fireplace in his master's sleeping apartment, but had neglected to feed it, so that only a bed of warm ashes remained. The domestic was preparing to re-light the fire, but the Chevalier de Nointel objected, and dismissed him, after taking from his hands two letters that had arrived in the course of the evening, and without more delay undressed and went to bed, having placed a candle on the lightstand, in order to read the two letters. While he was reading the first, a noise was heard in the chimney, like that of birds seeking a refuge from a storm. The tumult ceased; at the expiration of a few moments it recommenced. This attracted the attention of the Chevalier de Nointel, whose eyes were fixed upon the hearth; he expected to see some poor swallows fall, and a sentiment of compassion agitated his soul. The sound was renewed with more violence, and terminated by the fall—not of a bird, but of a heavy body, whose descent scattered throughout the apartment the ashes and burning cinders.

The astonished chevalier sprang up; his single candle lighted the large room but feebly. Soon after the fall plaintive sounds proceeded from this body, which appeared to move. M. de Nointel, more and more astonished, cried out:

"Who is there?"

The reply was in new cries of pain. The following colloquy then took place between the officer and this extraordinary object:

"Who are you?"

"Have pity on me, sir; I am an unfortunate fugitive from justice; pursued all day by the soldiers of the watch I was obliged to conceal myself in a chimney, and becoming exhausted, have fallen into your fireplace."

"Well, what is your request?"

"I entreat you to allow me to pass the night on your floor, and to-morrow I will withdraw in any way you may point out; I am now so fatigued and bruised with my fall, that I could not leave without having had some rest."

The Chevalier de Nointel, young and compassionate, thought not of the danger of giving an asylum so near him to a man who had incurred the rigor of the law. He replied:

"I accede to your request; place yourself in this arm-chair, and rest; but as soon as it is day I shall expect you to leave through the garden."

The unknown replied that he submitted to these conditions.

He thereupon dragged himself with difficulty to a large arm-chair, beside the fireplace. M. de Nointel had followed his movements with his eye, and seeing him comfortably seated, blew out his candle, drew his curtains, and fell asleep.

The young officer having retired at three in the morning, did not awake until the clock on the mantel piece struck nine; his sleep might have lasted still longer, but the domestics had forgotten to close the shutters, and the daylight could therefore enter the room without obstacle. As M. de Nointel was rubbing his eyes, he said to himself: "I have had a strange dream—a man fell down my chimney, and I gave him shelter." Upon this, he hastily drew aside his curtains, and what was his surprise on seeing before him the man whose existence seemed to belong to a dream! The stranger was in a profound slumber, buried as it were in the large arm chair; his face, bruised and covered with blood, appeared hideous; his hair fell in disorder, his clothes were torn. One of his hands hung outside the chair—it was sullied with blood proceeding from his wounds. On one of the fingers of the hand was a magnificent diamond ring. This increased the astonishment of M. de Nointel. At the expiration of a few moments, the stranger stretched out his arms and opened his eyes; seeing that his host looked at him fixedly, he rose from his seat and advanced towards the bed, saluting the chevalier in an easy manner. He was of middle stature, and his figure, seen more nearly, announced a man of from twenty-eight to thirty years; there was nothing forbidding in his face, and his eye expressed gentleness, and at the same time intrepidity.

"Sir," said the unknown, "I have introduced myself into your apartment in an unusual manner, and renew my most sincere thanks for the hospitality which you have been so kind as to accord me."

"I receive them," replied M. de Nointel, in a firm tone, "but you know the conditions. You are to leave this house immediately. I will myself open the garden gate to you, through which you may reach the faubourgs."

"I am ready, sir, to execute your orders, without seeking to prolong my stay here. Nevertheless, allow me to address to you a humble request. I passed the entire day yesterday without taking the least nourishment; I am exhausted with hunger, and could hardly drag myself ten steps. Crown, I entreat you, your noble act, by procuring for me a morsel of bread and a glass of water."

This request, uttered in a faint voice, moved with compassion the young officer, who, brought up in opulence, was terrified at the idea of a fellow-creature suffering with hunger.

"I will accede to your request," said he; "conceal yourself in this wardrobe, the door of which opens at the foot of my bed." The stranger eagerly obeyed. M. de Nointel rang the bell; his valet came immediately, and the master said: "I did not sup last evening, and I am hungry—ask the cook for a bit of cold meat; then you will go to my father, ask for me how he has passed the night, and tell him, that having need of refreshment, I desire he will send me a glass of that excellent Malaga wine, from the cellars of the Count de Toulouse."

The servant went out. M. de Nointel sprang from the bed, and hastily threw on his dressing-gown. The valet returned immediately, bringing a piece of cold veal, with bread, and a bottle of Burgundy, besides the flask of Malaga wine, asked for by his

master; then he withdrew, and the chevalier hastened to draw the bolt that no one might enter. Afterwards approaching the wardrobe, he invited the stranger to come out; the host pointed to the dishes and invited him to eat. The stranger did not wait to be urged; nevertheless he acted like a man accustomed to self-control, and took his repast without any undue eagerness. M. de Nointel was pleased to see him eat. When the provisions were consumed, he said: "I do not know, sir, what awaits you on your leaving this place; you may, perhaps, have to spend a day as disagreeably as yesterday—I will give you something to strengthen you." As he said these words he presented him with a glass of Malaga wine, which he poured out himself. The stranger took it, and tasted the liquor repeatedly, like a connoisseur. "Sir," said he, "this Malaga wine is very good, but I think there might be better."

"Indeed!" said the chevalier, with a sort of vexation, for the observation seemed out of place in these circumstances. "It is well," pursued he, "you know our agreement, and I must now request you to leave." At the same time he opened the door which led to the garden, caused the stranger to pass before him, made him descend the steps, cross the garden, undrew the bolts which closed a gate, and the man, seeing this outlet, hastily left, after having profoundly saluted his generous host.

M. de Nointel had said nothing to his father of the nocturnal visit. He feared his reproaches for having given an asylum to a malefactor; no one in the hotel had known of the adventure.

A week had passed away since the event, when, at the moment in which the whole family of the counsellor were assembled in the saloon, after dinner, about two o'clock, a domestic entered, and addressing the son, said: "A basket, containing six bottles of Malaga wine, has just been left with the concierge, destined for the chevalier."

"For me?" replied the latter; "it is doubtless for my father."

"Pardon me; here is the note accompanying it."

M. de Nointel took it, and placed himself in the recess of the window to read it. It was as follows:

"MONSIEUR LE CHEVALIER.—I have the honor to renew my very sincere thanks for the amiable hospitality with which you received me, not forgetting the good breakfast which I ate with so good an appetite. You appeared piqued when, on tasting your Malaga wine, I said it was excellent, but might be better. I take the liberty to send you some flasks of Malaga wine, which I believe superior to yours. I hope you will be of my opinion when you drink it. CARTOUCHE."

The young officer was petrified after having read the billet; he could then appreciate all the extent of the danger of a *tele-a-tele* with such a companion. Having crushed the letter in his hand, he hastily approached the fire, and delivered to the flames this dangerous document. Scarcely was the sacrifice consummated, when the door opened, and M. de Salaberi was announced; he was one of the colleagues in Parliament of M. de Nointel.

"Have you heard the news?" said he, with unusual vivacity.

"He is at last arrested."

"Who?"

"Cartouche, the leader of the bandits; who, for two years past, have kept Paris in commotion with their daring exploits; the watch and the police have been closely on his track for several weeks. He was almost caught a week ago, in this neighborhood, but escaped miraculously."

"Indeed," said M. de Nointel, "I was ignorant of it. I shall be glad to see society delivered from this criminal."

Imagine the dismay of the chevalier, when M. de Salaberi continued his recital, saying: "Cartouche, I am assured, has made revelations which seriously compromise eminent persons, great ladies, nobles of the courts, soldiers and magistrates. This will be very piquant."

Every word pronounced by M. de Salaberi made the Chevalier de Nointel tremble. He feared lest his name should be mingled with these revelations, on account of this nocturnal visit.

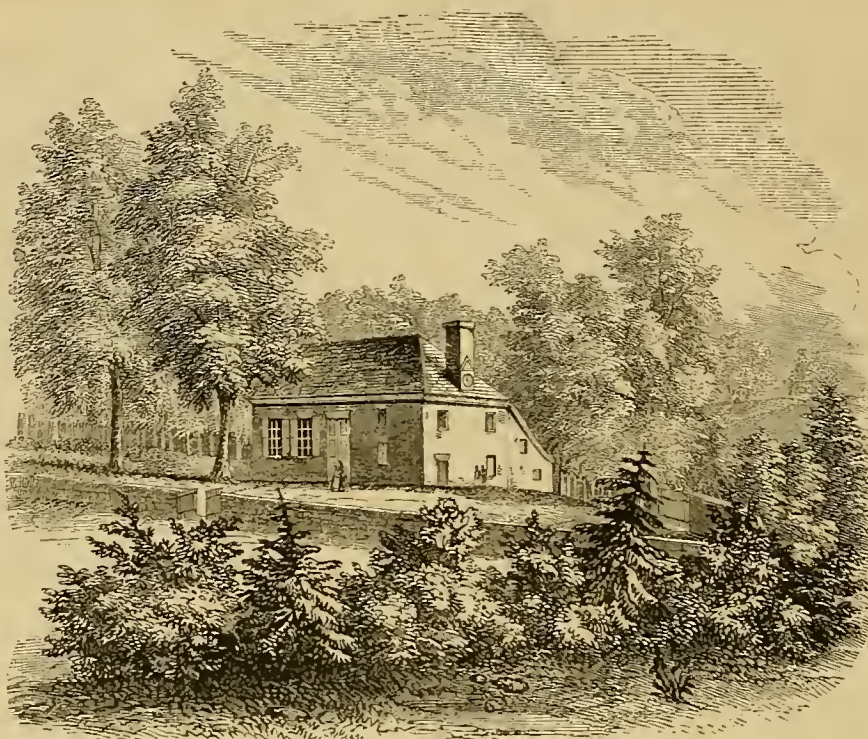
M. de Salaberi had spoken truly. The trial of Cartouche, before the criminal court, occupied the capital an entire month. The court and the city thronged to the Conciergerie to visit in his prison this famous brigand chief, who seemed to be proud of the eagerness to see him, and never for one moment lost that assurance for which he was renowned. These visits to the Conciergerie were in the height of the fashion, so the Chevalier de Nointel was often asked: "Have you seen Cartouche?" Fashionable people were surprised that he did not visit the prison, but he persevered in staying away, for undoubtedly his visitor would recognize him, and the result might be disagreeable.

Cartouche was broken alive, in November, 1721. M. de Nointel could not help experiencing an emotion of pity; but while his father lived, he never mentioned his singular interview with the bandit chief. Light, gay, and dissipated in his youth, he became at forty an officer of merit, distinguished himself in the campaigns of Marshals Saxe and Lowendal, and loved to relate to his fellow-officers the story of his *tele-a-tele* with Cartouche.

SONS OF CRISPIN.

The craft is rich in names which have become in greater or lesser degree, household property. There was the eccentric Lackington, who, in the title-page of his autobiography, tells us that he came to London with five dollars in his pocket, and rose to be a bookseller, having an annual sale of a hundred thousand volumes. He had been a shoemaker in the west of England. There was Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the redoubtable admiral.—There was Fox, the real original Friend. There was Hans Sachs, the poet of Nuremberg, and the friend of Luther. There were the learned Bandonin and Jacob Bohmen. There were the radical Hardy and the astrological Partridge; the powerful Gifford, and the gentle Bloomfield. There were Savage, and many others—all sons of Crispin before they turned their thoughts and energies into new channels.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

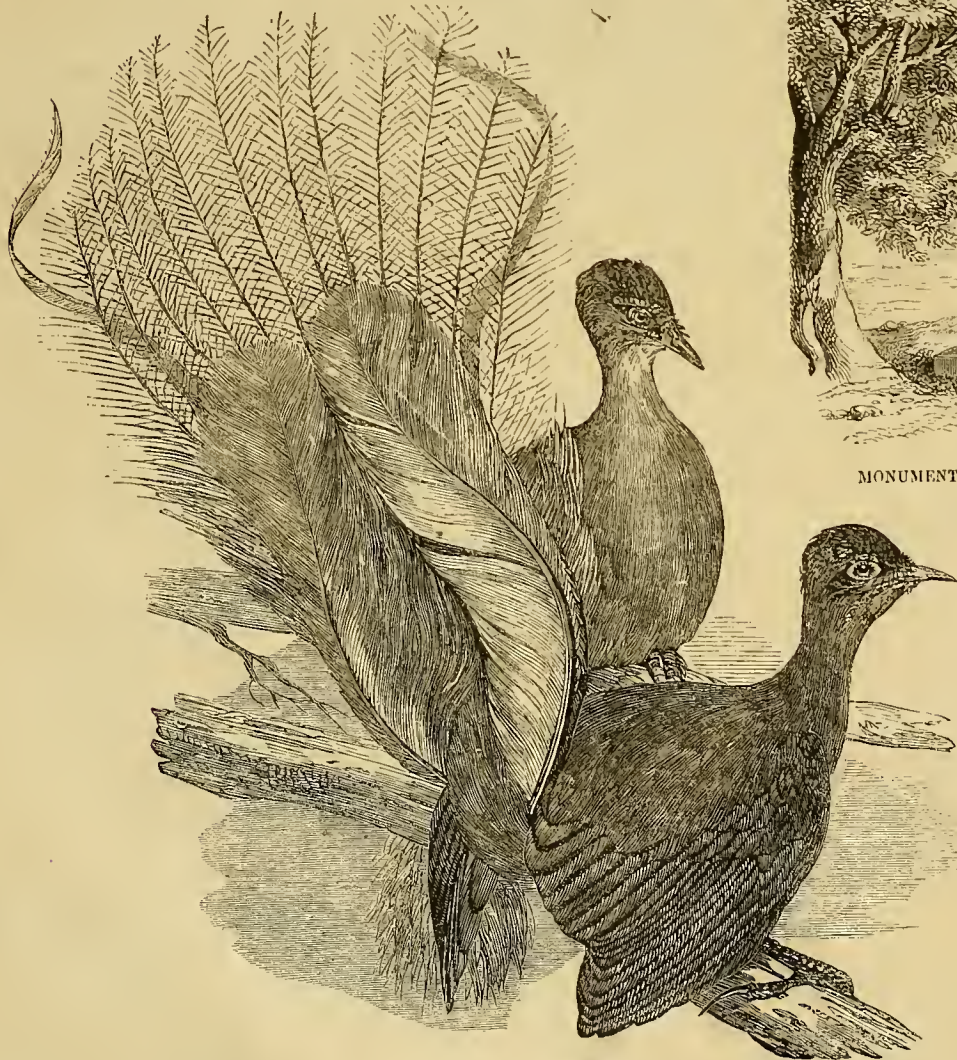
well as if it had been cherished by a tower of monumental marble. She pointed it out, between the graves of his two wives. Some pilgrim to the shrine had planted a little branch, a mere twig, which had sprouted and sent forth leaves just at the head of the mound of earth—an effort and distinction that seemed somewhat to displease the old woman, who had come forth looking well satisfied at what she called the "quiet place" being so noticed. "All who came," she said, "knew the grave of William Penn." There was no need of any distinction; there it was—every one knew it. Yes, many came, especially Americans; ladies now and then plucked a little root of grass, and took it away as a treasure; and no wonder, every one said he was a man of peace—a good man! We walked along the road that leads to the upland, and, leaning against a stile, saw the shadows of the tall trees grow longer and longer, as if drawing themselves closer to the hallowed earth. The meeting-house had a solemn aspect; so lonely, so embowered, so closed up, as if it would rather keep within itself, and to itself, than be a part of the busy world of busy men. How still and beautiful a scene! How grand in its simplicity! How unostentatiously religious! Those green mounds, upon which the setting sun was now casting its good night in golden benisons, seemed to us more spirit moving than all the vaunted monuments of antiquity we had ever seen. How we wished all lawgivers had been like him, who rested within the sanctuary of that green grass grave. We thought how he had the success of a conqueror in establishing and defending his colony, without ever, as was said of him, drawing a sword; the goodness of the most benevolent ruler, in treating his subjects like his own children; the tenderness of an universal father, who opened his arms, without distinction of sect or party, to the worthy of all mankind; the man who really wishes to establish a mission of peace, and love, and justice to the ends of the earth, should first pray beside the grave of William Penn. At the outset of this article, we had proposed to refer somewhat more at length to the earlier history of the eminent man, whose career we have thus illustrated. We might have traced the first dawning of a religious spirit in his bosom, and how his early conversion to Quakerism led him to such infringement of the school rules of Oxford, as to cause him to be expelled from the institution. We might relate in detail his management of his father's estates in Ireland, where he had full sway, and where he strove to inculcate the principles of his early faith; how he suffered imprisonment and all sorts of obloquy in behalf of his honest convictions, and how his father even turned him forth from his doors, and thus virtually



FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE AT JORDANS, AND THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM PENN.

disinherited him; how at an early age he became the author of elaborate doctrinal books; and, in short, we might have given consecutively his career in England, had we found space in our columns. As it is, we trust that enough has been said to give a just and correct idea of a great and good man; one who is so intimately connected with the early history of our country, and more especially with the State of Pennsylvania, and the city of Brotherly Love; and with this hope, we close this series of illustrations of William Penn, trusting our readers will be gratified in sketches so characteristic of the history of this pioneer of religious liberty.

pounds, and surpasses the East Indian birds in size and in the beauty of its plumage; and the black swan. There are also hens, doves and ducks. While the productions of Australia are, in part, the same as those of other countries in the same latitude, there are also some peculiar to itself, as, for instance, birds without wings, having hair, instead of feathers; quadrupeds with the



THE MENURA ALBERTI.



MONUMENT TO PENN, AT KENSINGTON, ON THE DELAWARE RIVER.

beaks of birds, and white eagles. Another creature, perhaps the most singular animal in the world, is the ornithorynchus, to which nature has given the body of a quadruped, and the head, or, at least, the beak of a bird; the dasyure, the dingo, or New Holland dog, the New Holland flying squirrel, several species of opossum, the kangaroo rat, hogs, dogs, rats, bats, whales, sea-bears, scallions and sea-elephants. The coasts are well stocked with fish, of which there are several kinds peculiar to them. The varieties of insects and shell-fish are very great. The richness of the vegetable kingdom is still greater; in New Holland alone, one thousand new plants have been discovered. The smaller islands are still richer than New Holland in esculent plants. Among these are the sago, areca, cocoa and eucalyptus trees, which attain a height of one hundred and eighty feet, and a circumference of thirty feet; the cajuputi, gum-tree, bread-fruit, gnava, bananas, rotang; casuarina, or club trees, of which the natives make the most durable weapons and furniture; paper mulberry-trees, from the finest bark of which cloth is manufactured; lemons, oranges, figs, sugar-cane, betel pepper, and another kind of pepper, of which an intoxicating drink called *ava* is made; cotton-trees; New Zealand flax, which forms an excellent cord; yams, arum. These form the principal articles of agriculture in the Sandwich Islands. The Europeans have introduced European plants, grain, garden fruits, almonds, pomegranates, tobacco, hemp, flax, hops, etc. In the mineral kingdom, besides the abundance of gold lately discovered, there have been found copper and iron ore, granite, porphyry, basalt, chalcodou, agate, jade, or oriental kidney-stone, marble, lime, rock salt, etc. The climate of Australia, as it lies partly in the southern temperate zone, and partly in the torrid, is in some parts warm, though the heat is generally less oppressive than in the same latitudes in Asia and Africa. In other parts, it is temperate, mild and healthy. Those counties of Australia which lie in the southern hemisphere are colder than those of the northern.

THE MENURA ALBERTI.

The curious bird, a representation of which we give below, is a native of Australia. By most writers, this bird has been placed among the *Gallinacea*, a group of birds scarcely any member of which constructs a nest, and the young of which are in possession of the powers of running and feeding immediately after their exclusion from the egg; while, as is now known, the *Menura* constructs a large, oven-shaped nest, which, in its materials and in its form, more nearly assimilate to those of the common wren and its allies, than to those of any other known group of birds; and the young, so far from being endowed with the powers of motion, and procuring their own food on their exclusion from the egg, are unable to leave the nest for some time afterwards. Whether the bird lays one or two eggs is somewhat uncertain, at present it would seem to be but one. In size it is about that of a domestic hen, of a very dark olive stone color, with blotches and specks of a darker hue. Mr. Wilcox states that the nest was placed on a rocky ledge, about one hundred feet above the stream of the Richmond River, so difficult of access as to render its acquisition a task of no ordinary kind; the entrance of the nest being placed towards the rock. About two years ago, Mr. Gould named this fine bird *Menura Alberti*, in honor of His Royal Highness, Prince Albert; the original specimens to which the name was applied had been received by him from the brushes of the Richmond River, which, together with the other brushes between the ranges and the coast of the eastern portions of Australia, constitute the natural habitat of the species. There are in Australia, many other kinds of birds which are distinguished for the splendor of their colors, and the variety of their plumage, among which are several kinds of parrots and birds of paradise; the New Holland cassowary, which weighs seventy

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

INVOCATION.

BY MARY GRACE HALDING.

O, Thou, whose glory makes the stars grow dim,
Before thy throne I lay my forehead low;
I know that Thou wilt hear the child of him
Who joyed to preach thy word while here below;
Whose labors in thy vineyard now are o'er,
Who, at the sacred desk no more may how;
Whose breath can sound the gospel's trump no more,
Whose voice on Zion's wall is silent now!

With trembling lips I fain would speak of one,
For whom I bend so oft the imploring knee;
Who is to life the light, the joy, the sun,
Without whom all is drear and dark to me.
Eternal Being! Source of light and truth!
Who trod of old life's strangely devious way;
Thou knowest the deceitful heart of youth,
Thou knowest all the snares that lead astray.

Be near him, Father, when the storm-clouds lower,
When wildly round his head the tempests rave;
And in temptation's dread and awful hour,
When there are none to pity, none to save—
O, Thou, whose pure and precious blood was spilt,
Whose glorious eye on Calvary's mount grew dim;
Saviour of men! forget me, if Thou wilt,
But in thy mercy, Lord, remember him!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE UNDECIDED MAN:

—OR—

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

INDECISION is a failing common to humanity. There are many individuals, who, during their whole lives, are unable to decide upon any particular vocation, calling, or line of conduct. Persons of this class, however, are not at a loss for plans and thoughts; they have, on the contrary, as a general thing, the ability to project many hopeful and apparently promising schemes for the government of their lives. Indecisive people often think rapidly and much; but the great trouble with them appears to be, to decide what suggestions are the most wise and judicious. At one moment they are ready to imagine that they have decided the whole question of their future; and thirty seconds afterwards, they relapse into their former condition of chaotic confusion and uncertainty.

Necessity, at length, forces them to some action; and for the purpose of employment and self-preservation, they follow that course which is most convenient, and promises to reward their exertions most speedily. The victims of indecision are seldom at their ease; they fear that they have been hasty in their judgment, and should have deliberated more fully before acting. Reflections of this nature ultimate in a change, and some other experiment is tried. This constitutional uncertainty follows the person through life, impelling him for a time in this direction, and then forcing him in that, until he has walked toward all the points of the compass of human life. The subject of indecision often believes himself an object fated to misfortune; that he is a being standing without the pale of the laws that govern mundane destiny.

Rufus Sewall could never make up his mind what to do; or, to speak more properly, was constantly making up his mind what to do, without doing anything.

"Congratulate me, my dear fellow," he said one day to his friend, Richard Dunbar, "for I have, at length, decided what my future calling shall be."

"I am very glad to hear it, really," replied Mr. Dunbar, with a quiet smile. "Permit me to ask what you have decided upon?"

"Ah, my thoughtful and prudent friend, I am sure you cannot guess!"

"Rest assured that I shall not try; but the last time we met, you had resolved to devote yourself to the lofty study of astronomy," replied the other, with the slightest tone of sarcasm.

"Yes, I know it; but that decision was made without proper deliberation. I was precipitate in my conclusions, Richard—ridiculously precipitate; I had not examined the subject closely. I see every day the necessity of being more cautious in my movements; it will not do to be rash in deciding the matter of the employment of our whole lives. Discretion, sir, discretion is the word," resumed Sewall.

"Of course, you are correct; but do not keep me in suspense, if you please. Upon what are you about to concentrate your mental forces? Anything sublimer than astronomy?" And again Mr. Dunbar looked at his friend with that same quiet, meaning smile.

"Something deeper than astronomy," responded Rufus; "one of the most profound pursuits imaginable. Geology, my friend, geology."

"Is it possible?"

"Quite possible, I assure you! Isn't it a deep conception? Why, geology is a sure key to the history of the past; it will unlock the secrets of buried cities, and fallen empires. It will develop the story of mighty nations, and tell all the progressive steps of humanity since its first creation. It will do more, it will tell the age of the world itself. Divine geology! already I begin to love the science. How happily I have chosen—how well I am content."

"Perhaps you will write a work on the subject?" queried Mr. Dunbar, not at all moved by his friend's enthusiasm.

"My dear Richard, you have divined my intentions!" exclaimed the other, earnestly. "I have already laid the plan of one of the most splendid works you ever heard of; it will be published in sixteen volumes!"

"What will the title be?" asked his friend.

"Well, I don't mind telling you, because I know you have discretion enough to keep it to yourself. It will be called 'The Secrets of Creation, or, The Key of the Past, with Notes and Annotations concerning the Lost Arts of Extinct Nations.' It will have a great sale—a wonderful sale—and will make me famous, no doubt."

Mr. Dunbar paused a moment before making any reply.

"With whom will you commence your studies?" at length he inquired.

"O, I have n't attended to the details yet," returned Sewall, carelessly.

"Some of the great professors, doubtless?" added Dunbar.

"Most probably."

"When will you commence your profound investigations?"

"Have n't decided."

"In this country, or Europe?"

"Have n't decided that either."

"How long before you will begin to write 'The Secrets of Creation'?"

"As I have told you, the details are not yet arranged. A mind like mine scorns the intervening steps. I contemplate only the grand results. I open my hands and grasp the great climax at once."

"The work will probably occupy your time some years, even after you have made yourself thoroughly acquainted with the science of geology?"

"Yes, of course."

"It will also cost you considerable money to acquire the intimate knowledge you will need of the subject, travelling expenses,—for, of course, you will visit different localities,—also to procure books already extant on the science. Where is all this money to come from? The few hundreds of ready money which you now have will do but little towards accomplishing all that you have resolved upon."

"You forget," resumed Sewall, warmly, "that 'The Key of the Past' is destined to have a great sale, and will furnish me with any amount of funds."

"Alas! my friend, you are placing results before causes!" returned Dunbar, with difficulty restraining his inclination to laugh. "All the expenses enumerated must be incurred before 'The Secrets of Creation' can be laid before the public."

Rufus Sewall paused and stared at his friend. A train of thoughts appeared to wheel along the track of his mind, throwing the dust, smoke, cinders, and steam of its reality into his eyes. He saw his glorious superstructure tottering to its fall; he beheld the strong columns of his fame tumbling down, and crumbling into the nothing from which they had been reared by his fanciful brain. He sighed in his soul, and was disposed to regard Richard Dunbar as a pitiless Nero, who took pleasure in injuring him. He was ready to weep over the early grave of "The Secrets of Creation," and to be angry that the Jonah's gourd of his fertile imagination should perish ingloriously at so juvenile an age. He laid his hand upon the organ of causality, and sorrowed because "The Key of the Past" would never be placed in the lock of the door that shuts out from the vision the history of extinct races and buried cities.

"How old are you?" asked Mr. Dunbar, abruptly, while Rufus was writhing under the loss of his sixteen volumes.

"I am only thirty," he replied, gravely.

"That is the average period of human life," said Dunbar.

"You have reached an age when you should be fully persuaded in your own mind. You should, long ago, have been firmly established upon some basis or other. Callings and professions should be chosen at an early age, in order that we may grow into them, and adapt ourselves to them. It requires many years of constant application to become a proficient in anything useful. The mind should discover its ruling attraction as early as the age of twenty-one, if not before; and I might add, without much fear of contradiction from those who have reflected upon the subject, that the age of sixteen would be still better. Indeed, the sooner one follows the bent of his genius or inclination, the greater his prospect of success in the world. What is learned in youth is seldom entirely forgotten; that impressive period is the proper time for the ideal to begin to shape out its future destiny. My friend, you have not followed the great law of nature, in this respect. You have reached the age of thirty years without having settled plans for the future; or, to speak more truly to the point, you have thought without acting—idealized, without projecting into external form your mental creations. To be brief, you have wasted the last ten years of your existence in a state of sublime indecision. I grant that you have schemed, but you have not put forth a hand to make those schemes assume tangible form. You have planned, and planned only. You have theory in abundance, but not a tittle of practice. You can build castles in your brains, but you cannot do so much, or at least have not, as even to erect a cottage, in reality. You can erect a splendid fabric of fame and fortune, internally, but which will fall to pieces, like tinsel, when touched by the band of reason. You can write works in imagination, and achieve greatness in thought, but you have hitherto shown yourself entirely incapable of precipitating a single new idea upon paper. You can sell an imaginary work, and make yourself rich as Cæsar, and as celebrated as Newton, without once having thought of the many necessary,

important, and toilsome steps, intervening between the conception and the accomplishment of your high purposes. Day before yesterday, you were in the clouds; you were sitting on the born of the moon, sunning yourself in the light of a science that will never grow old; you were looking down, with unruffled equanimity, upon the circumvolving earth; you had fairly outrun Herschel, Newton, and other famous names. You had written ten volumes on the motions of the heavenly bodies—discovered four comets, and three new planets, besides demonstrating the problem of imponderable forces. And all these wonders you had achieved without so much as spending a single rational thought upon the simple and every-day subject of ways and means—Like many others, you do not reason from cause to effect. I will allow that you have some excellent ideas; but there is a certain element of human character which you have taken no pains to develop. The ideal man is only half a man; if he has not the will or ability to reflect the ideal into the real, all his thinking will amount to nothing in the great sum of existence. Nature declares that all the mental functions were given for use; every creation of the brain should serve as a cause to some external manifestation. Again—a week ago, your head was filled with geometry—you could see nothing but right angles, triangles, cubes, surfaces, velocities, solids, weight, etc. You either ran your brain against the hypotenuse of a square, or geometrized some other things that were entirely unintelligible to common perceptions. You accomplished a triumph in the field of angles, lines, surfaces, etc., but it was as ephemeral as your previous achievement.

"At one time astrology held out its wonders to you, and you had much to say about horoscopes, conjunctions, constellations, houses, nativities, and so on. At that period you avowed your belief that the race of mankind were governed solely by planetary influences. I might go on and enumerate an hundred other absurdities of which you have been guilty. Pardon my bluntness, my dear Rufus, for, if I did not really feel interested in you, I would not thus incur the risk of your anger. I feel a strong assurance within me that I am truly your friend; and how can I demonstrate my friendship any better than by rebuking what appear to me to be your failings. The plain and common sense truth is, that you are an undecided man, and always will be, until you firmly resolve to act as well as to think. Your manhood is not fully developed, until you become practical. Theory is good for nothing without practice. Resolve what you will do, and be sure that you do it; you have a mind not deficient naturally in strength; but your mind cannot work alone; your hands must help it; and when those useful members co-operate, energetically, there will be a result—the thought will become embodied, and will furnish demonstrative evidence that you have not thought in vain. The painter creates first a beautiful image in his brain; he sees it, distinctly, before he touches a brush. When the ideal exists palpably in his mental being, he projects it upon the canvass, and it becomes a real thing, whose beauty can delight others as well as himself. You must do the same; and your morbid tendency to scheming, without acting, will disappear."

Mr. Dunbar passed. Rufus Sewall grasped his hand, and while the tears stood in his eyes, said, in a voice full of emotion:

"You are indeed my friend, for you are the first man who has had the moral courage to tell me the truth. Your arguments cannot be refuted, because they are based upon the principles of immutable right, and carry conviction with them. I have never taken this common sense view of the subject; your words awaken me as from a long dream. I feel, deeply, the force of your just reasonings; your assumptions and conclusions are irrefragable. Although this frankness bumbles me, and wounds my self love, I thank you for it, and will remember it to the latest hour of existence. I will reform, or at least I will strive very hard to do so; I will no longer lead a life of indecision; I will embrace some honest calling or pursuit; my hands shall grasp my thoughts and embody them, that they may be of use to myself and others. I will go home full of this grand conception. If my mind wavers or falters in its purpose, in the future, I know you will strive to strengthen and encourage me to perseverance and well-doing. Adieu to theory without practice. During the time to come, I will think to some effect; for my physical forces shall be employed in giving tangibility to the mental."

We have only to add that Rufus Sewall achieved a glorious triumph over indecision and morbid inaction, and is, at this time, a useful, practical, and happy man; if there are others who can profit by his experience and his reform, we shall not have written these hints in vain, but feel that we have accomplished some good in presenting them to the reader.

MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR KINDRED.

It is a sad thing to feel that we must die away from our home. Tell not the invalid, who is yearning after his distant country, that the atmosphere around him is soft; that the gales are filled with balm, and the flowers are springing from the green earth;—he knows that the softest air to his heart would be the air which blows over his native land; that more grateful than all the gales of the south, would breathe the low whispers of anxious affection; that the very icicles clinging to his own eaves, and the snow beating against his own windows, would be far more pleasant to his eyes, than the bloom and verdure which only more forcibly remind him how far he is from that one spot which is dearer to him than the world beside. He may, indeed, find estimable friends, who will do all in their power to promote his comfort and assuage his pains; but they cannot supply the place of the long known and long loved; they cannot read as in a book the mute language of his face; they have not learned to wait upon his habits, and anticipate his wants, and he has not learned to communicate, without hesitation, all his wishes, impressions, and thoughts, to them. He feels that he is a stranger; and a more desolate feeling than that could not visit his soul. How much is expressed by that form of oriental benediction, *May you die among your kindred!*—Greenwood.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Omnibuses, in New York, have nearly doubled in number since 1839. — At the express wish of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Rossini recently conducted the orchestra at the production of his celebrated work, "William Tell." — Barney Williams, the actor, has purchased a house in New York, valued with its contents at \$17,000, which he presented to his aged mother. — Dr. Young, the author of "Night Thoughts," wrote his tragedy of "The Brothers," and had it acted, expressly for the benefit of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. — On the Housatonic railroad, a girl of ten years was instantly killed by being run over while walking on the railroad track. — The Judiciary Committee of the Connecticut House of Representatives have reported a bill, making one year's desertion a ground of divorce. — In Russia, without reckoning Poland, there are one hundred and fifty-six journals, of which one hundred and ten are in the national language. — In the six lower wards of New York city, containing a population of 107,000, there are only twenty-five churches, or a number insufficient for the accommodation of more than one quarter of the inhabitants. — Rosemary is a token of remembrance; sweet pea, white or pink, respect and love; purple, or dark rose color, respect and friendship. — Lowell, Mass., has appropriated 2000 to celebrate the coming Fourth of July. — A correspondent of the *Apalachicola Advertiser* advocates the planting of vineyards in Florida for the production of wine, for which the soil and climate are both favorable. He says wine, dried figs and raisins can be produced in abundance there. — It is announced that Madame Sontag will retire to private life after the completion of her American tour, having realized about \$60,000 since her arrival in the United States. — A man who is seventy years old has spent twenty-three years of his life in bed, and five years at table! — One hundred thousand dollars is the sum proposed to be raised by the New School Presbyterian General Assembly, for the purpose of Church extension in the west. — The first Agricultural State Fair in Illinois is to be held at Chicago, next October. — A female soliciting charity, lately, in Southwark, being asked if she was a Methodist, replied, "My God, madam, I have a mouth if I am not a Methodist!" — The Presbyterian Assembly, at Buffalo, have fulminated an edict against dancing, making it punishable with expulsion from the society. — At a recent bull fight, in Madrid, eleven horses were killed. — Mr. Vandenhoff, in responding to the toast of his health, at the Shaksperian festival, recently held at Stratford, declared that he had entered upon his professional career by playing in a barn, at Stratford, forty-five years ago.

STRINGENT MEASURES.

They push things to extremities in the Great West. In the *Western Magazine*, for May, there is a long article which seriously discusses the following question:—"Ought Old Bachelors to Pay a Tax for the Support of Old Maids?" Yes, thinks the writer. "We conceive it," says he, "to be the duty of the philanthropist, not only to agitate for the abrogation of existing customs that tend to celibacy, but also to establish laws, which shall, by their penalty enforce upon mankind this obligation to marriage. If this duty is such as represented, and the obligation to its performance so weighty, how severe should that penalty be which must atone for such mighty wrongs? It is evident that a tax, sufficiently great to support old maids in ease and luxury all their days, would not cover half the wrong. But if, out of pity to erring man, we should be disposed to lighten the burden to a certain degree, wise legislators could never, with a sound conscience, make a less exaction than that we have intimated should be required—a competent support. It is most astonishing that a subject of such importance as this should never have been considered in our national Congress!"—and so on, for pages.

FUNERALS IN PARIS.

All funerals in Paris are performed by one chartered, registered company. They have got a privilege, a concession, a monopoly, from the government. If you die in the Catholic religion, nobody else can bury you. They have an office that is open fourteen hours out of the twenty-four; they own five hundred black horses, eighty hearses of various sizes (one expressly for giants), drivers, mourners, hier-carriers, carpenters, drapers, without number; they have shields and armorial bearings ready painted for all the titled families in Paris; they have hangings for door-ways and churches, with every combination of embroidered initials in the alphabet; they supply water—whether blessed or not, makes no difference; they undertake everything with nothing—do the whole, and then send you, or rather your executors and survivors, a swinging bill. The tariff of prices shows that there are pomps from 3968f. down to 5f.

WOMAN.—When women attempt publicly, and strive to become notorious in the matter of "woman's rights conventions," etc., set them down as "no better than they should be." No truly delicate and modest woman will ever be recognized as connected with any such vulgarism. "The empire of woman," says Rousseau, "is an empire of gentleness, of softness," and when she attempts to assume a position foreign from her domestic throne, she becomes weak and imbecile indeed.

MUSICAL.—Catherine Hayes and Herr Mengis left California for Valparaiso on the 15th ult. They have given over sixty concerts in California, which netted a profit of more than \$150,000.

RATHER BAD.—A Syracuse paper says thousands of acres of the land which Gerrit Smith distributed among poor black and white laborers, has been advertised to be sold for taxes.

Wayside Gatherings.

Mrs. Mowatt is preparing a volume of her memoirs. Sarah Flood recently shot John McKenzie, at Savannah, killing him instantly.

Nearly all of the eighty-four Italian exiles, brought over in the *San Giovanni*, have been provided with employment.

William Wardle having married eight wives, Judge Ingham has mercifully sent him out of the way of them for seven years.

The Empress of China is said to be a Christian, the daughter of a Christian; and the emperor himself more than half a convert.

William E. Brainerd, an insane book-binder, who has worked in Boston, lately murdered his brother and mother in Melbourne, Canada East, and escaped.

About fifty years after his death, a public dispute was held in the University of Paris, whether Becket ought to be condemned as a rebel or honored as a saint.

The Boston Artillery challenges, in the sum of \$1000, any company in the State, artillery or infantry, to drill with it on Boston Common—a month's notice to be given.

We learn, says the *Memphis Enquirer* of the 19th ult., that the steamboat General Scott caught fire near New Madrid, a few days ago, and was scuttled in deep water.

We see it stated that the fees paid the attorney and counsel of the city of New York, for the year 1852, amounted to the enormous sum of 71,296 02, besides certain perquisites not included.

The Mormons of Utah are about to cultivate oysters, crabs and lobsters in the Salt Lake. If the water should prove too salt, they design to construct sluices to let off the salt water and let in the fresh.

A live alligator, fourteen feet long, and weighing in his box seven hundred and fifty pounds, has been sent from Louisiana to New York, where he is to be exhibited in the Crystal Palace as a specimen of "American industry."

The furniture of the Belgian Minister has been sold at auction in Washington. It was very splendid, and mainly European. The rosewood damask chairs cost \$200 per dozen, and sold for \$10 each; arm-chairs sold for \$32 each.

It is proposed to remove the remains of General Harrison, which are entombed at North Bend, to the battle-field of Tippecanoe, there to slumber with those of the intrepid Col. Joseph Davis and their compatriots.

New York morals appear to be getting no better fast. Not only have their aldermen been sentenced to the penitentiary, but it is now suggested to appoint a new police to watch the old, several of whom have been arrested for robbery and breaches of the peace.

A census of the city of Worcester has lately been taken by the city government, which gives the total population at 20,274, which is an increase of 4306 in three years. This does not include the inmates of the State Hospital, the county jail, or the several seminaries.

A beautiful small locomotive engine, says the *Scientific American*, is to be sent out with the Japan expedition. It will have all its accompaniments of tender and carriage, and a railroad of some length to match. It is intended to astonish the Emperor of Japan, as it is a perfect working model, and will be in the charge of a competent engineer from Philadelphia.

Foreign Items.

Mormon elders are to be expelled from Persia.

M. Odry, the celebrated French low comedian, died at Paris recently.

The coach which travels from Barnsley (England), to Sheffield, has a female guard.

The colossal statue of Napoleon is to be erected at the Barriere du Trone, in Paris. Eighty thousand francs have been spent for the models alone.

The early closing-on-Saturday-afternoon movement is beginning to find favor among the merchants of Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool.

The quantity of rain which fell in Ireland during the past year exceeded that of 1851 by more than thirteen, and the preceding year by fourteen inches.

The commander of the French fleet in Oceania has received the title of Governor of the Marquesas Islands, which is looked upon in those regions as the forerunner of annexation.

The widows and children of French dramatic authors are, in future, to enjoy the right of property in their copyright for thirty years after the author's decease.

From experiments made at Tours or Orleans, it is found that whilst under the influence of chloroform the leaves of the sensitive plant are perfectly insensible to any touch.

There are seventy-five Roman Catholic convents in England and Wales, besides one hundred Anglo-Catholic or Puseyite nunneries, which contain within them three thousand females.

In Hungary, four thousand passports have been issued for America—many for California—emigrants promising not to return to Austria.

A company is being organized for the purpose of establishing a crystal palace in Glasgow, on the plan of the great institution at Sydenham.

In a late letter from the British Consul, at Madeira, it is mentioned that all duties and imposts have been removed from articles of food sent there for the distressed inhabitants.

A Paris despatch, telegraphed 19th, confirms the report of the rupture of diplomatic relations, and adds, the Russian troops are receiving reinforcements. The state of affairs appears critical.

An officer of one of the Royal British regiments, only eighteen years of age, has recently walked fifty-six miles in eleven hours and fifty-six minutes. He undertook to perform the feat in twelve hours.

It is expected that the American ship-of-war Cumberland, with Mr. Marsh on board, has demanded explanation and three hundred thousand drachmas from Greece, for illegal imprisonment of Mr. King, at Athens.

The American, French, and English ships of war, on the coast of China, have, on the urgent requisition of the Chinese authorities, consented to guard Nankin, Shanghai, and the mouths of the great Canal, against the rebels.

A meeting of merchants and bankers was held, recently, at the London Tavern, London, to promote the establishment in the city of a Mercantile and Maritime College, together with a museum of trade, where specimens of produce, etc., as well as commercial statistics of all kinds, may be collected.

Sands of Gold.

.... A man of pure genius can no more divest himself of freedom of opinion than of the features of his face.

.... Men are sometimes accused of pride merely because their accusers would be proud themselves, if they were in their places.

.... Years are the sum of hours. Vain is it at wide intervals to say, "I'll save this year," if at each narrow interval you do not say, "I'll save this hour."

.... How many fine huts cover a multitude of sins and worthless heads; and how many plaited shirt bosoms cover a cold, hollow cavern where there ought to be a heart.

.... The only fountain in the wilderness of life, where man drinks of water totally unmixed with bitterness, is that which gushes for him in the calm and shady recess of domestic life.

.... The man who is one thing to-day, and another to-morrow—who drives an idea pell-mell this week, while it drives him the next—is always in trouble, and does just nothing from one year's end to the other.

.... Bad thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your heads full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

.... How sacred, how beautiful is the feeling of affection in pure and guileless bosoms! The proud may sneer at it, the fashionable may call it fable, the selfish and dissipated may affect to despise it; but the holy passion is surely of heaven, and is made evil by the corruptions of those whom it was sent to bless and to preserve!—*Mordant.*

.... No woman ever loved to the full extent of the passion, who did not feel humbled (delighted in that humility) by her exaggerated and overweening estimate of the superiority of the object of her worship. What state could fall, what liberty decay, if the zeal of man's noisy patriotism was as pure as the silent loyalty of woman's love?

Joker's Budget.

What a vegetarian cannot do—say grace before meat.

Give an inch to some people and they will take an ell; but buy a quart bottle of wine of some other people, and a pint and a half is all you will get out of them.

A "down-east" paper states that a machine has lately been invented, which will peg three rows on the sole of a shoe in a few minutes. The same machine also manufactures the pegs.

An apparatus enabling a person to remain under water for twenty minutes without requiring a supply of air, has been tried successfully on the Seine. [A man must surely be in-sane to try it, though.]

A butcher's boy carrying a tray on his shoulders, accidentally struck it against a lady's head. "The deuce take the tray," said the lady. "Madam," said the boy, gravely, "the deuce can't take the tray."

Tacitus says, "In the early ages, man lived a life of innocence and simplicity." Upon this, a critic remarks, "when was this period of innocence? The first man who was born into the world killed the second. When did the times of simplicity begin?"

If a person were asked what affinity there exists between wood and vegetables, the chances are that nine times in ten he would "give it up." Yet it is affirmed, in certain cases, that a yard or two of fine broadcloth, obtained in a certain way, makes quite a cabbage.

As it is suspected, the pupils at Girard College frequently feign to have the toothache, for the purpose of getting a holiday to go to the dentist's; the committee of councils recommend the employment of a dentist within the establishment; so that the boys will be kept from the contamination of the city, in spite of their teeth!

Turner, the painter, was a ready wit. Once, at a dianer, where several artists, amateurs and literary men were convened, a poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast, the health of the painters and glaziers of Great Britain. The toast was drank; and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed the health of the British paper-stainers.

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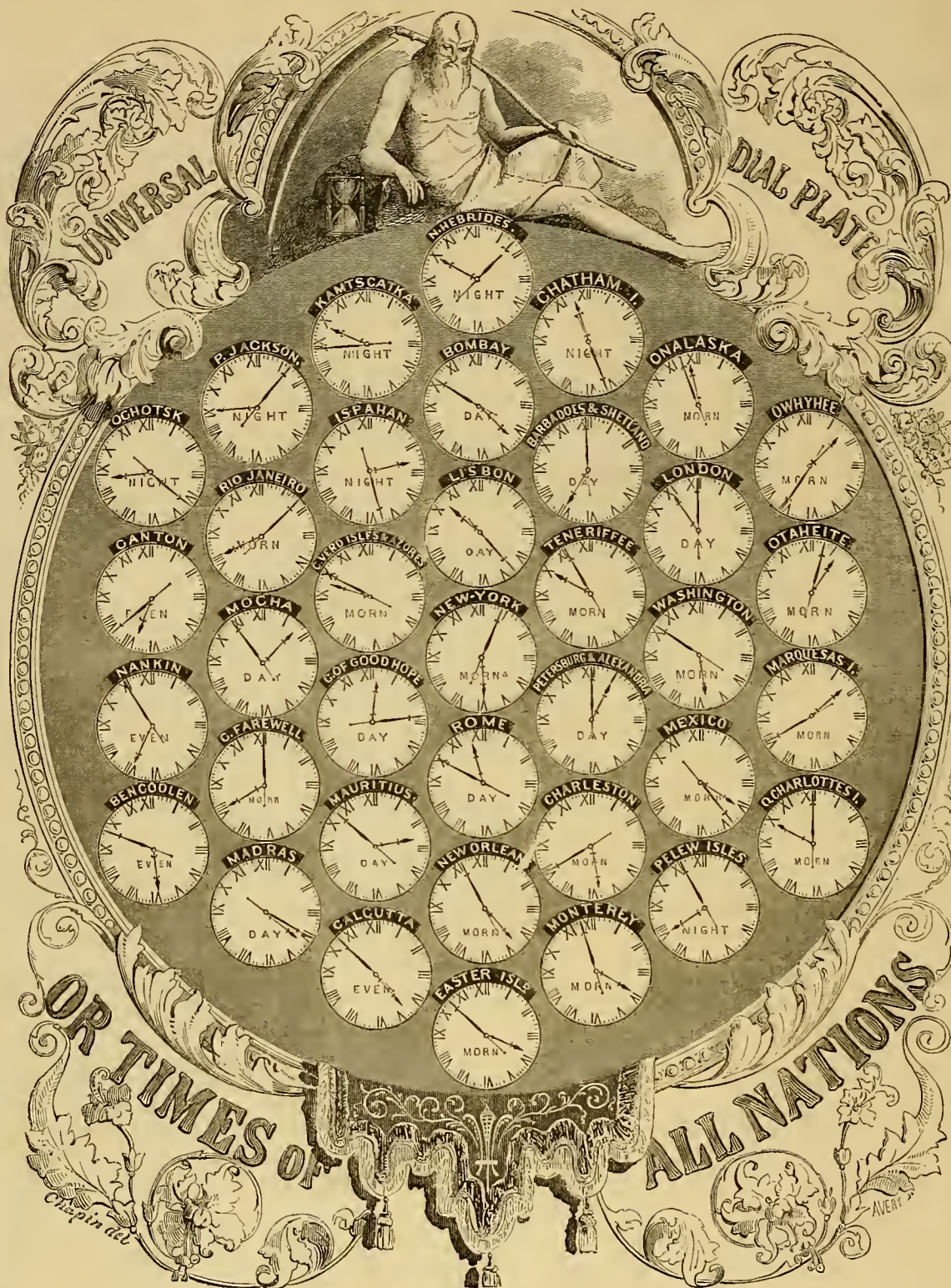
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UNIVERSAL TIME.

Our picture is a representation of a universal dial-plate, giving the time of all nations, in their relative bearing towards each other. Thus, it will be seen, while it is night with us, of course it is day in the East Indies. By referring to the face signifying time in New York, we see that it is four minutes past six o'clock in the morning, while by referring to that of Canton, we see that at the same moment in that city, it is twenty-one minutes to seven o'clock in the evening, and thus the reader can satisfy his curiosity, as it regards the relative time at any two, or more, given points, by consulting this universal dial. When it is four minutes past six o'clock, P. M., at New Orleans, it is four minutes past six o'clock, P. M., at New York, and so on through the various localities designated. The diurnal revolutions of the earth, as affected by the sun's rays, constitute the criterion upon which time is gauged. Old Father Time sits sagely, with his scythe and hour-glass, overlooking this dial of all nations, the guardian of the earth's revolutions. Time is the general relation in which all things perceptible stand to each other, in regard to their origin, continuance and dissolution. It is a form necessary to enable the mind to unite successive existence. It is not an external object, nor a mere relation of individual things to each other, but is infinite, like the phenomena which are submitted to this form in our perceptions. We speak of a distinct period of time—relative time—only in reference to that which fills time. Accordingly, we also distinguish the past, present and future as its component parts, which pass continually each into the succeeding. In order to measure the succession and duration of particular things and events, the great motions of the heavenly bodies, which always continue the same, particularly of those bodies which are most closely connected with the earth, have been taken as standards; hence the physical or astronomical time. Such a measure of time is afforded, by nature herself, in the rotation of the earth on its axis.



FLOWERS.

The country is a true home of beauty, and horticulture is the free school of taste, in which all our readers may become apt pupils, if they choose, and gratified and useful professors if they will it, and help to create as much beauty in their spare hours as the wealthy citizen can purchase with the gains of years, to decorate his brick and mortar palace, in the metropolis. There is no mere ornament, in the house or out of it, so cheap and so tasteful as healthy plants and flowers; and you will find ten persons of sense admiring your geraniums or fuschias, where one will notice your rich curtains and tall mirrors. And out of doors, the eye that would never be attracted by glaring paint, cornice, or column, will be instantly arrested by the living arabesque of a native creeper, or the umbrageous outline of an American tree. Do you not admire that simple little cottage, with its graceful trees from our native woods; the vines making beautiful, while they conceal the rough out-building; the little "front yard," or more fitting lawn, gemmed with shrubbery and sparkling with flowers; with neat walks with a tinge of velvety turf, or natural ones over it, all in keeping, and all suited to the means of the tasteful owner? If you have been able to lift the veil that hides the life within, have you not found real comfort and true happiness there, and are not the inmates really deserving of what they enjoy? And how much, in time and money, has all this cost? Perhaps less than a tithe of what your rich neighbor has expended to rear a great pile of shingles, or more ambitious mountain of bricks and mortar, and has erected an edifice as destitute of the accompaniments of beauty as a lumber-yard or brick kiln, and not a thing except weeds in the grounds, or paints on the walls, either greener or brighter than the man who can deem this huge abortion the *ne plus ultra* of architectural taste. Ten to one he who built that dwelling, if a farmer, is one of those who would rather have a hill of potatoes than a rose bush, and sooner raise a snarling cur than plant a tree.—*Prairie Farmer.*

END OF VOLUME IV.



